









# THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

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# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



## THE TRANSFORMED ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

### CHAPTER I.

WHEN Napoleon was in Egypt, at the period of his unscrupulous invasion of that country, he wished, it is said, to impress its native chiefs with a sense of the vast power of their conquerors. For that purpose, some chemical experiments were performed by the scientific men attached to Buonaparte's staff, and wonderful transformations were in consequence effected. Napoleon judged wisely in thus selecting chemistry as the medium for astonishing the Egyp-

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tians; for assuredly there was no science so well calculated to remind them of their own magicians of old. The chemist can change a black into a white colour, can transform poisons into health-giving medicines, and out of nauseous or inodorous substances can extract delicious and fragrant perfumes.

Wonderful as is the chemist's skill, however, there is a moral and a spiritual chemistry occasionally displayed in the world around us which is still more marvellous — that by which God extracts good out of evil. Often and often has this problem been worked out by the Almighty governor of the universe, sometimes

Price One Penny.

upon a large, and sometimes upon a small scale, we scarcely know an instance in which it was more singularly demonstrated than in a small islet in the Pacific Ocean, not much larger than the area of Hyde Park. In Pitcairn's island, for to that locality we refer, the dark elements of lawlessness, licentiousness, murder, and infidelity, wore, by the grace of God, and the power of his Holy Spirit, blessing the perusal of a copy of the sacred volume, transformed into the fair and beauteous qualities of love, peace, gentleness, order, and tranquillity. In opening a publication intended to occupy in its perusal a portion of the day of holy rest,\* we have selected this subject because it illustrates in an agreeable form many important spiritual truths, while it has all the attractions of novelty in consequence of the recent visit to this country of a gentleman who, for more than twenty years, has laboured on the spot as an evangelist and pastor.

Pitcairn's island is a small speck in the Pacific Ocean, about 1200 miles from Otaheite. It belongs to a region where the bountiful Creator has scattered beauties with a lavish hand, and where by a little stretch of the fancy we might suppose the "Isles of the blest," of which poets have dreamed, to be situated. A sunny clime, tropical plants, rich fruits, gorgeous flowers, majestic sunsets, and the perpetual roll of an ocean of azure blue round its coral-bound shores, render Pitcairn a spot calculated to charm the most ardent fancy. At the period of which we write it was uninhabited, being known only by name, and scarcely even that to the inhabitants of Europe.

In 1767, when Captain Carteret was cruising in these latitudes, a young midshipman, of the name of Pitcairn, was the first to discover what seemed in the distance to be little else than a tall rock. On drawing nearer, it was discovered to be an island in miniature; but the tempestuous state of the waters that encompassed it, forbade all landing upon it. The young gentleman who first saw it had his name given to it (alas! for the brevity of human distinctions, he died soon afterwards); a brief record was made of the event in the vessel's log; the next

\* One great aim of this periodical, we may observe, is to obtain admission among the families of those millions of our population whom the late religious census has shown to be living in a state of estrangement from all religious ordinances. While keeping in view, therefore, the disfication of the established Christian, we should come short of our mission unless we endeavoured to provide reading of such a character as is calculated to lay hold upon the minds of the masses whom the rest of the Sabbath disengages from secular pursuits, and who, it is to be feared, are very ill provided with suitable publications for that day. To effect this desirable object, it will be necessary to intersperse graver articles with others specially attractive to a subject, and at times rudimentary in their theological teachings.

hydrographer who drew a chart of the South sea, perhaps, added a new dot to it; Captain Carteret shortly mentioned the circumstance in a printed narrative of his voyage; but this was all that was known of Pitcairn for many a long day. How silently are important events often born into existence. The complex web of Providence is being constantly woven around us by a Divine hand; but there is no bell to ring, as in the Jacquard loom in the Exhibition of 1851, and announce that some new thread, the first portion of some beauteous pattern, is about to be introduced.

Some twenty years had rolled on since the discovery of Pitcairn, when, in 1787, the *Bounty*, a vessel bearing the British pennant, was on her homeward voyage from Otaheite, laden with plants of the bread-fruit tree, which the government of that day intended to introduce into the West Indies. Calmly and majestically the ship sailed on, apparently all peace and tranquillity, everything in it seemingly the very type of discipline and order. But this calm was a deceptive one. Within that vessel there was smouldering the sullen fire of sinful and evil passions which wanted but an appropriate opportunity to break forth into a blaze. Fletcher Christian, a young man of a respectable family in the north of England, gifted with good abilities, but of a quick and revengeful spirit, was on board the *Bounty*, in the capacity of master's mate. His superior in command, Captain Bligh, appears to have been of an unhappy temper, and of an exacting and imperious disposition. Ah! what need is there, in all the relations of life, of the grace of Christian love. How would the inequalities of our social system be rectified did but this grace everywhere prevail, dropping like oil upon all the jarring wheels of the political machine. Had Bligh but remembered the Divine command, "Forbear threatening;" had he acted under the habitual conviction that he too "had a master in heaven;" and had Fletcher Christian remembered the Divine command, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," our story would not have had to be written. But, alas! it was far otherwise. Bligh kept his crew in a state of exasperation, and Christian, resenting his treatment, gave way to the spirit of revenge. He fomented a mutiny amongst his companions, which came to a head on the 28th of April, 1789—a day which had been preceded by a night remarkable even in that tropical region for its stillness and beauty.

Into the details of that mutiny it is not our province to enter here. Let it suffice to say that Captain Bligh, with a handful of men who had remained faithful to him, and a small allowance of provisions, was placed in a small boat, laden to within a few inches of the water's edge,

and left to the mercies of the wind and waves. As the unhappy commander awoke to a perception of the calamity that had befallen him, he made a farewell appeal to the conscience of Christian, on the subject of his undutiful conduct. The reply expressed the stormy tumult of feeling that raged within : " I am in hell—I am in hell, Captain Bligh," he said—expressions incoherent perhaps, but sufficiently significant, however interpreted, of the volcanic fires that raged within. " There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God ; he is as the troubled sea which cannot rest."

Having seen the last of the boat of Captain Bligh and his crew, the mutineers turned the head of their vessel back to Otaheite, longing for the revelry and sensual ease which they hoped there to enjoy. In those days, our seamen were too often but emissaries of evil, and, while professing the name of Christ, brought to heathen lands only a subtler and more degrading form of heathenism. There was indeed something mournfully affecting in the spectacle which the mutinous vessel now presented. She had flung to the winds the restraints of law and order. Like some wild youth or prodigal, who has thrown aside all the barriers of discipline or parental control, she hurried on, lured by the false mirage of sinful pleasure, and dreaming that no retribution awaited her. But never, as the sequel will show, was mistake more complete. Though the ocean did not engulf the guilty crew—though the winds did not overwhelm them in their fury (as in the providential government of God they might have been permitted to do)—yet the retribution was equally effectual. They carried in their own breasts the witness and the avenger of their crime. " To see," says an American divine, " to see men reasoning against retribution, when retribution is working within them ! Reasoning against the government of God and eternal justice, when doing upon themselves the very work of Divine government, and the sorest part of the retributive vengeance ! They may reason against a judgment to come, but it is like reasoning against the fact of their own existence. It is a necessity as inexorable as the memory of sin."

Fre long, the Bounty reached once more the shores of Otaheite ; but there a difficulty arose. In what manner should they account to the natives for their unexpected return, and for the absence of their commander and so many of the crew. There was but one course open, and that was to follow the crime which they had committed with a lie ; for let the young reader remember that sin is ever prolific, and that one deviation from rectitude almost inevitably necessitates a second, in the shape of a falsehood, to cloak it. The lie was soon told. The mutineers

had met, they said, the Otaheitans' old friend, Captain Cook, and Bligh, with a portion of their comrades, had joined him. The simple-minded children of the south readily credited the tale, and warmly welcomed the wanderers to their shores. Reflection was flung to the winds, and Christian and his companions indulged in the pleasures of sin for a season. It was only for a season, however ; the pleasures of sin never last longer. The mysterious phantasmagoria painted by a guilty conscience would flash across their soul. Imagination would paint their commander and his crew suffering the horrors of starvation, or engulfed in the ocean ; while at other times it would represent them as safely guided to some European settlement ; their tale of wrong echoing through the community ; government justly indignant at the outrage on their authority, and the avenger of blood upon their track. Ah ! Fletcher Christian, little did you foresee the miseries that were to track your deviation from the path of duty. Would that thy example may ring like an alarm-bell in the ears of any young man dallying with temptation, and startle him back from the edge of the precipice.

No time was to be lost ; so the mutineers concluded on seeking a safer shelter than what Otaheite afforded. Leaving, therefore, a portion of the crew behind them, they again set sail.\* Cain found no rest for the sole of his foot, and so seemed it to be with this little company. Mutual recriminations ensued, and Christian's temper became broken, moody, and fitful. He again landed at Tonbonai, and as the first fratricide built a city, to ease by occupation his mental agony, so he ordered a fort to be constructed ; but the work prospered not. Again, with a heavy heart, he ordered the anchor to be heaved, the sail to be unfurled, and once more the " Bounty," like a guilty thing, sought some spot where it might evade the grasp of justice. Thus sailing about, the little island of Pitcairn was reached. Situated at a vast distance from any other land, and inaccessible except at certain states of the weather, it seemed to promise seclusion and protection. Now, then, the die was to be cast, and the last link that bound them to the society of civilized man to be cut, by the destruction of their vessel. The little party accordingly landed, and, unshipping their effects, carried them ashore. Amongst other things, some books were landed. If we examine these closely, we shall mark an old Bible lying in the heap. That volume, reader, we shall meet with again before closing this eventful history. All having been arranged,

\* They carried also with them six Tahitian men and twelve Tahitian women ; of the latter, nine were wives of the mutineers, and three were wives of the Tahitians.

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the brand is applied, and the Bounty is wrapped in flames—flames that typify too appropriately the fires of remorse, by which the mutineers are surrounded.

And now the deed is done, the work of destruction is complete! They stand on the soil of their adoption henceforward to herd with savages, and to share no more the delights of an English home. When the pilgrim fathers, in the Mayflower, landed on the shores of America, severe privations and an unknown wilderness lay before them; but they felt neither lonely nor discouraged, for GOD WAS WITH THEM—a sun and a shield—a very present refuge in the time of trouble. Far different, alas! was it with Fletcher Christian and his crew. In an emphatic sense, they stood alone—exiles from social life—fugitives from justice—while unrepented guilt arose as a wall of separation between them and their Creator. Unhappy men! But here for the present the curtain must fall upon the scene. Our next chapter will open a new phase of this eventful transaction, and furnish a fresh illustration of that thrilling maxim of the Divine record, "Be sure your sins will find you out." Yes, reader, it is even so; in eternity, if not in time, all sin not put away by a living faith in the atonement of the Saviour, finds its victim out.

### FIRMNESS OF RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

FRANK EDWARDS, a young married man, employed as a workman in an English manufactory, was converted. His conversion was deep and genuine; it reached both heart and life. The change was complete, and from being notoriously trifling and thoughtless, he became a proverb for cheerful gravity and serious deportment.

Very delightful was the first experience of that young man. A good workman, he enjoyed constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who wanted to Jesus by his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health, and contentment dwelt with them; probably there was not another home in England more pleasant than that of this young, pious mechanic. \*

But piety is not an effectual shield to defend from trouble. It supports, gloriously supports, the sufferer; but his path to heaven is appointed to lead through "much tribulation." As in nature, the storm-cloud gathers in the horizon while the sun shines with splendour in the heavens; so in the kingdom of grace, while the child of God rejoices in ease and prosperity, and ascends the summit of Pisgah, he may rest assured that events are in preparation which

will hurl him down to the vale of Baca—to the place of weeping and lamentation.

It was thus with Frank Edwards and his happy family. In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door; poverty sat down at their table. Let us trace the cause of their trouble. One day a lucrative order came, and all hands were set to execute it with the utmost haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished. "On Saturday evening the overseer entered and said to the men, "You must work all day to-morrow."

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him under all circumstances to refrain from labour on the Lord's day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer.

"Sir, to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it, but our order must be executed."

"Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Lord's day?"

"No, Frank, I can't excuse any one. The company will give you double wages, and you must work."

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot work to-morrow."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? you know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration." \*

"Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough, no price high enough, to induce me to offend my Maker."

"I am not here to argue the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work to-morrow or be discharged."

"I cannot hesitate, sir, a moment; I have resolved to please God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep his commandments."

"Then, Mr. Edwards, if you will step into the counting-room, I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave our establishment."

To say that Frank's heart did not shrink from this trial would be to deny his humanity; but his faith came to his help. Casting himself upon God, he gathered up his tools and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly, while handing him his wages:—"Mr. Edwards, had you not better re-consider your resolution? Remember, work is scarce, we pay you high wages, and it is not often we require you to labour on Sunday."

"Sir," replied Frank, "my mind is fixed. I will not work on Sundays if I have to starve."

"Very well, sir," was the cool answer of the overseer, who, not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank's reply.

On reaching his humble cottage, the mechanic could not forbear a sigh, as the thought flitted across his mind, that possibly he might soon lose his home comforts. But that sigh was momentary. He remembered the promise of God, and grew calmly peaceful. Entering his house, he said to his wife, "Mary, I am discharged!"

"Discharged, Frank! What has happened? Oh what will become of us! Tell me why you are discharged!"

"Be calm, Mary! God will provide! I left the shop because I would not break the Lord's day. They wanted me to work to-morrow, and because I refused they discharged me."

Mary was silent. She looked doubtful, as if not quite sure that her husband was right. Her faith was not so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought, as thousands of fearful disciples would under similar circumstances, that her husband had gone too far. But although she said nothing, Frank read her thoughts, and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to Frank that evening, sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet, and he never closed his eyes with more heavenly calmness of spirit than when he sank to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severer test. All his friends condemned him; even some members of his church said they thought he had gone beyond the strict requirement of duty. "It was well," they said, "to honour the Lord's day; but then a man like Frank Edwards ought to look at the wants of his family, and not strain at a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the workhouse."

This was dastardly language for Christians, but there are always too many of this class of irresolute sight-walking "disciples." Frank met them on all sides and felt himself without sympathy. A few noble, enlightened Christians, however, admired and encouraged him. Frank held to his purpose with a spirit worthy of a martyr.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left them, the other companies refused to employ him. Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face. Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture, went to the auction shop. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and one small garret held the little afflicted family and the slender remains of their cottage furniture.

Did Frank regret his devotion to God? No!

he rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, he said, and God would take care of him. Light would break out of darkness. All would yet be well. So spoke his unyielding faith; his fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphing faith. With his Mary the case was different. Her faith was weak, and, pressing her babes to her bosom, she often wept, and bent before the sweeping storm.

The winter passed away, and Frank was still in the fiery furnace, rejoicing, however, amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a light gleam. He rejoiced in it, and prepared to quit a place which refused him bread because he feared God.

Behold him! that martyr-mechanic, on board the emigrant ship. Her white sails catch the favoring breeze, and with a soul full of hope, Frank looked toward this western world. A short, pleasant passage, brought them to one of the Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival saw him not merely employed, but filling the station of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank, and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home comforts. They lived in a style far better and more comfortable than when in their English cottage. "Mary," Frank would often ask, pointing to their charming little parlour, "is it not best to obey God?"

Mary could only reply to this question with smiles and tears; for everything around them said, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud. Surely he shall not be moved for ever."

\*But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for labour on the Lord's day was made upon him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad or steamboat was broken, and must be repaired. "You will keep your men employed through to-morrow, Mr. Edwards, so that the engine may be finished on Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir; I cannot break the Lord's day. I will work until midnight on Saturday, and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning. God's holy time I will not touch."

"That won't do, Mr. Edwards. You must work your men through the Sabbath, or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so, sir!" replied Frank. "I crossed the Atlantic because I would not work on Sunday. I will not do it here."

Monday came, and the work was unfinished.

Frank expected his discharge. While at work, a gentleman inquired for him. "I wish you to go with me to \_\_\_\_\_, to take charge of my establishment. Will you go?"

"I don't know," replied Frank. "If, as I expect, my present employers dismiss me, I will go. If they do not, I have no wish to leave."

"This is settled. They intend to dismiss you, and I know the reason. I honour you for it, and wish you to enter my establishment."

Here again our mechanic saw the hand of God. His decision had again brought him into trial, and God had come to his aid. The new situation for which he had just engaged was worth much more than the one he was to leave. God had kept his promise.\*

#### LEBANON AND ITS CEDARS.

SOME of the most elegant scripture imagery is derived from this mountain, or rather, range of mountains, and its scenery. Its trees, its fruits, its fragrance, its cattle, its streams, and its cooling streams, have furnished the sacred writers with abundant material for the exhibition of whatever is august, dignified, or sublime. The strength,

called Libanus (or White Mountain); the other, Anti-Libanus. The sublime elevation, the steep ascent, and the gigantic masses which shoot into the clouds, excite in the mind of the traveller feelings of reverence and astonishment; and should he reach the highest point of Lebanon, the immensity of space which expands around him becomes a fresh subject of admiration.

The general appearance of Lebanon as it now exists, may be thus briefly described:—"Around its base is a girdle of terraced hills; higher up is a zone of oak and cedar; next comes a belt of green pastures and flowery herbs; and above, the barren, craggy, and snow-covered heights of the upper Lebanon." Streams, fed by the snows and ice, descend from the rocks in many places, forming beautiful cascades, and diffusing a fertilizing influence on every side.

"But Lebanon," as another writer observes, "so renowned for its extensive forests of cedar, coeval with the sky-crowned mountain's self, is now almost entirely unclothed, only here and there presenting to the traveller a solitary specimen of its former glory."

Various accounts have from time to time been



beauty, and prosperity of the church have been shadowed forth from these magnificent heights, not only over Syria, but throughout all lands.

This range of mountains forms the northern boundary of the Holy Land, stretching from Sidon on the west, to the vicinity of Damascus on the east. There are two ridges running parallel, in a crescent form, and pursuing nearly the course of the Mediterranean—the one

given of the exact number of cedars to be found on Lebanon. They differ considerably, since some counted the younger trees and others did not:—

In 1565, Furer counted . . . . .	25	In 1696, Maundrell . . . . .	16
1575, Rauwolf . . . . .	24	1734, Pococke . . . . .	15
1583, Radzivil . . . . .	24	1810, Burckhardt . . . . .	11 or 12
1600, Biddulph . . . . .	24	1818, Richardson . . . . .	8
1605, De Breve . . . . .	24	1832, Lamartine . . . . .	7
1612, Lithgow . . . . .	24	1836, Lord Lindsay . . . . .	7
1630, Fermenel . . . . .	22	1846, Buckingham . . . . .	20
1633, Rodger . . . . .	22	large and single, 200 altogether.	
1696, Le Roque . . . . .	20		

\* From "The Path of Life."

While Dr. Kitto also remarks that more cedars are now growing in England than in the whole of Mount Lebanon.

Robinson, referring to the somewhat secluded position of the ancient cedars now remaining, says, "They stand in a hollow, as if ashamed," verifying the prophetic allusion, (Isa. xxxiii. 9,) "Lebanon is ashamed." And Elliot informs us that the modern cedars are never allowed to attain any considerable size, the mountaineers cutting them down for the sake of the charcoal and tar. (See Isaiah x. 16, 18.) The present comparative desolation of this once glorious region has been thus celebrated in song:—

Where are the goodly cedars now,  
That from the stately mountain's brow  
Look'd once upon a land of glory?  
How thinly scattered now they stand,  
A small and melancholy band,  
Recorders of their own sad story!  
  
They tell us of those pillar'd domes,  
Where princes had their costly homes,  
With gems, and gold, and ivory,  
Wrought by the famed artificer;  
Alas! they only live to stir  
The bitter thought, the fruitless sigh!  
  
For who can look on Lebanon,  
Nor sigh to see its glory gone?  
Or see unmov'd that front of snow,  
That wont to wear a verdant crown,  
Dart through the misty air its frown  
Upon the howling scene below?  
  
Mourner of Israel! take thy stand  
Upon that height, and there command  
All Sharon's vale and Bashan's plain,  
Where once a blooming surface smil'd,  
And Sunnier spread his banquet wild,  
And Autumn stretched his golden reign.  
  
There from those Cedars might be seen  
Unnumbered rills and forests green,  
And cities in the distant blue,  
With terrac'd Tabor's beamy crest,  
And Carmel for her vintage drest,  
All bursting on the conscious view.  
  
What hand hath laid that circuit bare,  
And scattered thorns and thistles there,  
Apostate Earth's too natural dress?  
What spell upon that scenery  
Hath made it interdicted lie,  
Mock'd by its claim to fruitfulness?  
  
The dread anathema of God  
Hath struck the vales and cursed the clod;  
They lie in blank astonishment;  
Ages of barrenness attest  
The sentence which has all unblest  
The blessings to his chosen sent.  
  
Mourner of Israel! turn thine eye  
To that prophetic mystery  
Which offers comfort to the soul;  
See, in the treasure of God's word  
For thee, e'en thee, rich blessings stor'd,  
And healing grace that "maketh whole."  
  
Again shall Sharon's roses bloom,  
And Salem rise amid the gloom,  
More great and glorious to behold;  
When God shall make his promise good,  
And give the conquest of his blood  
To the lost sheep of Israel's fold.

#### REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN AUSTRALIAN SETTLER.

In a work of deep interest to every friend of missionary enterprise, lately issued from the press, entitled the "Life and Labours of the Rev. Samuel Leigh," and to which it is our intention to refer more largely, we meet with the following striking example of the extraordinary methods which God sometimes adopts in order to bring the wandering souls of men to himself. The subject of the incident was an Australian settler, with whom Mr. Leigh was brought into contact in the course of his evangelic excursions, and who had reduced himself to a state of physical necessity and moral degradation by the habit of intoxication. The singular cause which led, under providence, to the abandonment of his ruinous excesses is worthy of remark, as affording a striking illustration of that well-known passage of scripture in which the drunkard is warned to beware of the deceitful and insidious cup, which, however sparkling to the eye, and exciting to the taste, "at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"The Lord having raised up two or three lay helpers," says his biographer, "Mr. Leigh purchased a horse and began to make excursions into the country. A gentleman in Sydney expressed a wish that he would visit a friend of his at the settlement of Castlereagh, and gave him a letter of introduction. Mr. Leigh mounted his horse, and reached Castlereagh late in the evening. On riding up to the fence enclosing the premises, he observed a gentleman standing at the door. 'Sir,' said Mr. Leigh, 'I have a letter from your friend, Mr. M., of Sydney; he wishes you to allow me to preach to your people.' The haughty settler replied peremptorily, 'I shall do nothing of the kind.' 'Perhaps,' said Mr. Leigh, 'you will be so kind as to allow my horse to remain in your yard all night, and permit me to sleep in your barn. I shall pay you whatever you may demand for our accommodation.' The gentleman repeated, in a tone and with a vehemence that settled the question, 'I will do nothing of the kind.' 'Do you think,' inquired Mr. Leigh, 'that any one in the settlement will take me in for the night?' 'I think John Lees will,' said the farmer; 'he lives about two miles off.'

"Mr. Leigh turned his horse, and rode, as fast as the entangling nature of the underwood would admit, in search of the homestead of John Lees. On arriving at his wood-hut, he knocked with the end of his whip at the door, and called out, 'Will you receive a missionary?' The door opened, and out came a little stiff, ruddy lad, who laid hold of the bridle with one hand, and the stirrup with the other, and said, 'Get

off, sir! my father will be glad to see you.' Mr. Leigh dismounted, and entered the hut. His astonishment may well be conceived, when he observed a number of persons sitting round a three-legged table in the most orderly manner. Directing the attention of the stranger to some books that lay on the table, old Lees said, 'We were just going to have family worship. Perhaps you will have no objection to take that duty off my hands?' 'Not at all,' said Mr. Leigh, and, taking up the Bible, opened it at Isaiah xxxv.: 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Here he was obliged to pause, and allow the tears to flow, until he could again command the power of utterance. He then proceeded with the second verse: 'It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God:' but he could proceed no further. Five minutes before, he had felt himself to be a stranger in a strange land, enclosed in the woods of Australia at a late hour, and without a home: now he was in Bethel; while the verses which he had read opened to his view the moral renovation of the world. He was quite overcome; and his manly spirit, that could unbutton his waistcoat to receive the spear of the man-eater, was unable to breast the tide of its own feelings. The gurgling of restrained emotion interrupted the harmonious flow of their evening song, while their prayers, offered in broken sentences, were the simple expression of humble and adoring gratitude. When they rose from their knees, the farmer crossed the floor, and seizing Mr. Leigh's hand, squeezed it until he felt as if the blood were dropping from the points of his fingers. 'We have been praying for three years,' said Lees, 'that God would send us a missionary; now that you are come, we are right glad to see you. We had not even heard of your arrival in the colony.' After supper they retired to rest, exclaiming, 'We have seen strange things to-day.'

"Next day Lees gave the missionary an account of the circumstances under which he became serious. He was formerly a soldier, belonging to the New South Wales corps. After the corps was disbanded, the Government granted him a small allotment of land, with some other aid, to commence the 'settler's life.' He married, and soon had a rising family. After hard work, several acres of tall trees were felled by his own axe, and the timber burnt off. His live-stock increased, and he began to thrive. But his former propensity for strong drink, checked for a while by industry, again developed itself, and grew on him, till he bore all the

marks of a reckless, confirmed drunkard. It happened in his case, as in a thousand others, one useful article after another went, till part of his land and all his live-stock were gone, *except one pig*, now fat, and ready for the knife. The unhappy man was contemplating the sale of this *last pig*, to pay off a debt which he had contracted for spirituous liquors, when a circumstance occurred which changed the whole course of his future life, and, we believe, his final destiny. While in bed one night, in a sound sleep, his mind wandered to the usual place of conviviality: he was in the act of grasping the spirit-bottle to fill another glass, when, to his terror, he observed a snake rising out of the bottle with expanded jaws, and striking its fangs in all directions. Its deadly eye,



flashing fire, was fixed upon him, and occasioned a convulsive horror, which awoke him; he thanked God it was but a dream; yet the impression then made upon his mind could never be obliterated. He regarded the whole scene as indicating the inseparable connection between intemperance, suffering, and death. The more he reflected upon it, the more deeply was he convinced of his guilt and danger. His distress of mind so increased, that he resolved to go over to Windsor, a distance of twelve miles, to consult the assistant colonial chaplain. That gentleman spoke earnestly and kindly to him, recommending the reading of the scriptures, much prayer, and a believing appropriation of the promised mercy of God in Christ Jesus. 'Having obtained help of God,' he continued in the diligent use of these means up to the time of Mr. Leigh's arrival."



### AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE, OF HALLE.

THERE are few towns in Germany, of the same size, less attractive than Halle. What could take a tourist there? The streets are crooked and dirty, as crooked and as dirty as those of Cologne; but then the Saale is not the Rhine, and the market church is not a cathedral. The scenery in the neighbourhood, too, is as uninteresting as one can possibly imagine. A pleasure-seeking tourist has nothing to do there, except he should happen to be passing through on his way to or from Saxon Switzerland and the Hartz. And yet, in primitive railway times, when the German railways were conducted generally on the principle of stopping about sunset or shortly after, and starting again the next morning, one might have been obliged to spend a night there against his will. And where a tourist spends a night, he ought always to contrive to spend a portion of the next day too. Perhaps he will find some old narrative connected with the place, some spirit of olden times haunting a broken tower, or a cave, or a glen, and calling with spirit-stirring strains, in the words of wisdom, "Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither."

So we thought as, in the year 185—, we sauntered down towards the University, and looked at its long stone stairs; but the sight of some peasants baking peat within a few yards of the seat of learning, made us thankful that the place is distinguished by something else than its mere outward appearance. The saline works produce on an average some 20,000*t.* annually, but what arithmetic can tell the value of the salt which Tholuck, and Julius Muller, and other professors in this venerable building, have pumped and boiled and scattered over the earth? But we have not wandered far from the University till we find ourselves standing in the midst of a vast pile of buildings, with a fine bronze statue; and here we are reminded that it is not merely in the present generation that Halle has begun to prove itself a great spiritual salt-mine, for this building is the orphan-house, and that statue, done in Rauch's best style, is in commemoration of the founder of the orphan-house, August Hermann Francke. Beside the good old man stand two children, and underneath, the motto, "HE TRUSTED IN GOD."

If the reader will only have a little patience, we would tell the story of the man and the motto.

The front of the building had already prepared us for hearing something worth the trouble, for in the stone above the door was carved, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;" and two eagles with outstretched wings stood above. The building contains an orphan-house, a free school for both sexes, a mercantile school, a classical school, with six classes, a normal school to train teachers, with its seven classes, a high school, the teachers' dwelling, the great Canstein Bible depot, a printing and bookselling establishment, an apothecary's hall, a library with 20,000 volumes, and a museum. And all this was the work of one man, brought into existence during the space of one single life, and left as a monument to tell posterity how much man can do if he will. A hundred teachers, and three hundred boarders residing on the premises, above 2000 children receiving instruction, with everything else that one sees, awaken a desire to hear the history of the building and of the founder. He must have been a man of faith and prayer, we see, for earth has no other magic wand by which to conjure up such a building, in such a place, at such a time, than faith on the Son of God. We remember, too, that all this was done, not in the nineteenth century, when the world had learnt the secrets of railways and telegraphs, and steamers sailing round the world, but in the days of William, prince of Orange, and of queen Anne. From the history of the founder we may learn something of the power of faith and love.

#### II. FRANCKE AS SCHOLAR AND STUDENT.

August Hermann Francke was born in Lübeck in 1663. His father was a lawyer, holding an office of some importance in that city; but when August was three years old he removed to Gotha, and lived only four years there, till he was called away, leaving young Francke an orphan in his seventh year. Instead of sending him to school, his pious mother provided private tutors for him till he had reached his thirteenth year; and the training of his young heart in the fear of God was still regarded as the most important branch of education. A sister three years older than himself, of a gentle, loving disposition, the liveliest of all her companions, who made the house ring with her joyous laugh,

gained a great influence over him, and filled up the chasm which the father's decease had made in his gentle heart. But this sister's chief pleasure consisted in reading the word of God and prayer, and many an hour did the quiet retiring brother listen, as with her silvery voice she read out of the scriptures; yea, and knelt beside her as she poured out the warm feelings of her inmost soul to the orphan's God. What his sister loved he loved, and the hour of prayer, when the two children were alone, became the happiest hour of the whole day. The two hearts were linked together like those of David and Jonathan. But when a gardener is about to rear a strong tree he takes away all supports and cuts down all that sheltered the sapling bough; so it pleased Him, who had removed the father, to call away the sister also. This was a hard stroke; still the youth was not alone, for, in his tenth year, he had begged of his mother to have a room for himself, where, free from all disturbance, he could read and pray. And happy is the orphan that has learned the power of prayer. His solitary hours are no more lonely; no fear that melancholy shall nip that bud where the heart has learned to hold converse with the Eternal. Each day, when his lessons were over, he hastened to that room and renewed his strength, and poured out his childlike wishes into a father's ear. One prayer, which he often repeated, was—"Dear Father! there must be all kinds of employments in the world, and all must be to thy glory; but grant me such an employment that my whole time may be devoted to thee and to thee alone!"

The study of theology was, therefore, his own early choice, and there was no want of diligent application to prepare himself for that great work. He had succeeded so well under private tutors, that when he entered the gymnasium, in his thirteenth year, he was at once placed in the highest class. There was no want of vanity when he found himself able to measure his strength with young men of twice his years; still there was one effectual means of healing this disease, which would soon have spoiled his whole character. If he could surpass his fellow scholars in learning, they soon made him feel that they could surpass him in physical force; and poor Francke, who was delicate and small for his years, and who was not accustomed to the ways of a school, was obliged to bear taunts and blows unrevenged. This, however, was much better for him than flattery. After attending the gymnasium one long dreary year, he was declared ready to enter the university. But his youth, which had already caused him many a bitter hour, obliged him still to wait two years quietly at home.

During this time, he studied languages. But

as he had ceased to advance in spiritual life, his heart was slowly becoming colder. His dear sister was no more alive. The fire which she had awakened in his soul, was burning still, but not so bright as once; the thirst for knowledge was becoming stronger than the thirst for the water of life. He felt this himself, and his most earnest prayer was that a friend should be given to him with whom he could take sweet counsel, and to whom he could pour out his inmost soul. His prayer was not answered in the way he had expected. His Saviour wished to be his friend and brother, and Francke had not yet learned to love him fully.

In his sixteenth year (1679), he went to study at Erfurt and afterwards at Kiel. He lived in the house of the pious and learned professor, Dr. Kortholt, and enjoyed free access to his valuable library. Here he gave himself entirely to study, and his natural ambition gained complete mastery over him. He wished to become something extraordinary, and paid little attention to the warning of his venerable friend and patron, who often reminded him how the mere possession of knowledge is insufficient to procure true happiness. Respecting the state of his mind at this time, he afterwards wrote: "I could prove all the leading doctrines of theology out of the scriptures, knew all the definitions of metaphysics and ethics, neglected none of the outward forms of religion, still my theology was only in the head and not in the heart. It was a lifeless thing which influenced only the memory and imagination. I read the bible merely for the sake of knowing what it contained, not with any intention of practising its precious truths. I wrote whole piles of exegesis on paper, but had not yet learned to write it on my heart." "And yet he had times of much earnestness at Kiel, in which he prayed for strength to give his heart wholly to God. These prayers too were, in due season, to be richly answered. He tells us how he often wandered alone by the shores of the Baltic, earnestly revolving with himself —

1. How he could obtain that peace which true religion brings;
2. How he could best increase his knowledge, and,
3. What means he must take to enable him successfully to communicate what he had learned.

He had not, however, then learned the secret that his Lord would have an undivided heart—one wholly devoted to him alone.

After three years spent at Kiel, the student proceeded to Hamburg, to be near the great Hebrew scholar, Ezra Edzardi. Hitherto he had neglected the study of this language, but was now resolved thoroughly to master it. On con-

sunting Edzardi how to carry out his plans, he was informed that he might, with the help of a lexicon, learn the first four chapters of Genesis till he thoroughly knew every word, and then come back. "That was strange advice," thought Francke; "there was no need of coming to Hamburg to hear such counsel." He took the advice, however, and when he had thoroughly mastered the four chapters he returned to his teacher. To his great astonishment he now discovered that he knew one-third of all the Hebrew words in the bible. This gave him encouragement to attend further to the advice of his preceptor, and the new counsel which he received was to read the whole bible two or three times quite through. "When you have done this," said Edzardi, "we can then proceed to study the language thoroughly." Francke now returned home to Gotha to his mother, and there, in the course of a year, read the whole Hebrew bible seven times through from beginning to end. He had studied English at Kiel, and now he learned French. But with all this close study he had as little inward peace as before.

The next year he proceeded to Leipzig, and became private tutor to a young man, whom he brought so far in the Hebrew that he afterwards became professor of Hebrew in Wittenberg. Among other relaxations in his leisure hours, Francke here studied Italian, and, in 1685, took his degree of master of arts.

[To be continued.]

### THE UNINVITED GUEST AND THE TWO DEBTQRS.

In the course of his ministry on earth, the Lord Jesus Christ received an invitation to "take meat" with a Pharisee and his friends. He complied; and while reclining at the table, another, and an uninvited, guest entered—"a woman," it is said by special emphasis, who "was a sinner."

It is easy to be imagined that every eye was turned towards this sinful woman, thus intruding within the precincts of sanctity, with amazement and indignation. Every eye! No, we are wrong. There was One who seeth not as man seeth; and by him was discerned that in the approaching intruder which lighted up HIS eye with benevolence and mercy. Look up, weeping penitent; he smiles! and when Jesus smiles, it matters little who frowns!

Look up! How can she look up, whose heart is bowed down with guilt and grief? She did not look up; but hurrying to the Saviour's feet, she cast herself there. It may be that murmurs of disapprobation, contempt, and disgust, broke from the lips of the spectators; but, little heed-

ing them, she thought only of the Great Master before whom she knelt. To her perceptions, he only was present—the object of her adoring faith; the sinless One, but "the friend of sinners;" and she—was not she a sinner? Was he not her friend, then? Surely yes, or why was she there?

With trembling hands and a throbbing heart, the sinner embraced the feet which were thereafter to be nailed to the cross; she "washed them with her tears, and wiped them with her hair." Then, taking from her bosom a box of rich and costly perfume, she anointed his feet and kissed them.

The Pharisee looked on in silent astonishment. "If this man were a prophet," thought he, "he would know what manner of woman this is, and would not suffer her to touch him; for she is a sinner." His thoughts were interrupted by a voice which we may well conceive thrilled through the souls of those who heard it with mingled sweetness and authority, for "never man spake like this man"—this Jesus.

"Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee:—There was a certain creditor had two debtors; the one owed him five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most."

The reply was natural and reasonable:—"I suppose," said he, "that he to whom he forgave most."

"Thou hast rightly judged," said Jesus; and turning to the woman, he continued his address to the Pharisee:—"Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house; thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." Then speaking to the penitent, he said, "Thy sins are forgiven."

Then began the assembled guests to say one to another:—"Who is this, that forgiveth sins also?" And here the narrative leaves them. Here, too, we leave them, to ponder over the lessons which it teaches.

For instance, we may learn from it, if we will, what God is in relation to us; and what we are in relation to him: he is a creditor—we are debtors. In other words—we are sinners.

We will admit, reader, for the sake of argument, that you are not an enormous transgressor, that you have committed no flagrant

crimes, that you have all your life long acted with becoming rectitude towards your fellows ; and that you have not, by any outward act of immorality and rebellion, exhibited your disobedience and dislike to your Maker. What then ? Why just this ; you have not shown yourself, as you suppose, a *great* sinner ; but are you not a sinner ? Look back through the past : has there been no deviation from the path of rectitude ?—no sin cherished in the heart ?—no inordinate attachment to some other object, in disparagement of the claims of Him whose requirement is, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength ?”—no rebellions against his government, and his dealings towards you in providence ? However momentary the wavering, then, and apparently slight the departure from the narrow and straight line of obedience, and however strong the temptation which has drawn you astray, you are a sinner ; and your character, as such, is fixed.

We may learn, too, that a sinner has no means in himself of avoiding or escaping the consequences of sin ; the debtor has nothing wherewith to pay. That this is the case will appear if we bear in mind that we owe to God a whole life of perfect obedience ; and that failing in this obedience in *one* instance, we cannot make up for the failure by future efforts. There is nothing strange in this : the principle is recognised in our dealings with each other. You have a servant, to whom you intrust property. Say that he is honest in general ; but, just once, temptation overcomes him, and he robs you. Will his partial integrity, or his care and integrity ever after that lapse, restore to you what he has taken away, or to himself the character which he previously deserved ? Assuredly not ; he was bound to be ever honest, and the deficiency remains unprovided for.

It is here that the gospel steps in with its announcement of pardon to the helpless sinner—of relief to the bankrupt debtor. “When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.” “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.”

But then it rests with God to decide *how* sin shall be forgiven ; just in the same way that a creditor is entitled to dictate the medium through which he is willing to forego and blot out his claim on an insolvent debtor. The medium that God has appointed for the forgiveness of sin, is the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the condition on the sinner's part is

that of faith in Christ. “Neither is there salvation in any other ; for there is none other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved.” “He that believeth on him is not condemned ; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.”

But there is one consideration which must not be lost sight of. When sin is compared to a debt, sinners to debtors, and God is represented as a creditor, the language implies more than is understood in a money transaction between man and man. A debt may be contracted, and a debtor become insolvent, without stain on his character for uprightness and integrity ; and in this case, without prejudice to moral justice, the creditor may forgive the debt without an equivalent paid. It is not so with sin and the sinner. Sin is the transgression of God's law, and Divine justice requires satisfaction ; before the sinner can be pardoned, justice must be satisfied ; and how shall this be accomplished ? Hear the language of an apostle : “For when we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly.” “He is the propitiation for our sins.” Well, then, may the pardoned sinner exclaim in grateful adoration and love, “Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.”

This, then, is the way of God's own appointment—a way by which he can be just and the justifier of the ungodly. This is the salvation of the gospel. It follows, then, that the forgiveness of sin is all of grace. There was no obligation laid upon the creditor to forgive the two debtors. He might have insisted on their imprisonment till their debts were paid, or till death released them from his power. So it is with God in the redemption of a ruined world.

‘And if forgiveness be all of grace, then are all sinners on the same level of incapacity on the one hand, and obligation on the other. Of the debtors, one owed fifty, and the other five hundred pence ; but they were bankrupt, and the creditor frankly forgave them both. The obligation to pay was the same—the inability the same—the mercy extended the same. Let not then the Pharisees exult over “the woman that was a sinner.” Boasting is excluded. Grace alone is exalted.

Reader, how much owest thou thy Lord ? How much for daily mercies ? How much for preserving care ? How much for forbearance in spite of ten thousand provocations ? How much for sins wilfully committed since you knew of his merciful designs ? Is it fifty pence ? is it five hundred ?

Are you able to pay ? Alas ! you, in common

with every sinner, are bankrupt. Already the thunders of Divine wrath are heard; the crisis is approaching; the debt is accumulating. Is there no hope? . . . "And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." "There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayst be feared." "Able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." And he against whom the sinner has rebelled is the Merciful One, who raises the prostrate penitent, and says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

### THE MILLION TESTAMENTS FOR CHINA.

CHINA has now become a household word; the remarkable insurrection progressing throughout the length and breadth of that ancient land, is the subject of conversation everywhere, and much anxiety is felt by all classes as to the issue of this great struggle. But the chief point of interest in connexion with China at the present time, is that noble measure familiarly called "The Million Testament Scheme." For the last few months, newspapers and periodicals, sermons and speeches, have directed attention to the subject. It has been spoken of in the pulpit and on the platform, in the parlour and the kitchen, in the field and the factory, and it is doubtful whether any measure of Christian benevolence has ever taken a deeper hold of the public mind, or secured a larger amount of sympathy and co-operation.

It is well known that, for ages past, China has been inaccessible to Christian effort, and that, until a very recent period, missionaries were only allowed to occupy certain outposts of that vast empire. The "Treaty of Nanking" opened the Five Ports, and this served as an occasion to increase their number; both from Europe and America. The immortal Morrison laid the foundation of permanent missionary operations in China, and, by his translation of the bible, provided the great element of perpetuity and success. Various editions of the scriptures have been printed and circulated; tracts also have been freely and generally dispersed. The seeds of truth thus scattered, by missionaries and others, are beginning to bear fruit, and the religious element, in the present revolution, can be traced to the possession of portions of the scriptures and religious tracts by some of the leaders.

"There is a time for all things." It was thought that the progress of the insurgent, or perhaps we should call it the *patriot*, army, afforded additional facilities for the prosecution of missionary labours in China; and the very

gross and imperfect views of Christianity entertained by the insurgents served as an additional reason for a special effort to circulate the holy scriptures amongst them.

Like all other great schemes of Christian benevolence, the origin of the Million Testament movement is very simple and soon told. The first gerim of it may be found in a letter addressed, by a benevolent individual, Thomas Thompson, esq., of Poundsford Park, to the Rev. J. A. James of Birmingham, proposing to raise a fund immediately for printing and circulating in China *a million copies of the Chinese New Testament*. In this letter, Mr. Thompson urged Mr. James to lay the subject before the public through the medium of the press, and to call out the Sunday-school teachers and scholars to do the work. Mr. James acceded to this request, and wrote a most able letter to the papers, directing attention to the subject, and committing the work, not to Sunday-schools *exclusively*, as Mr. Thompson proposed, but to the Christian public at large, more especially the friends and supporters of the Bible Society. Having received from Dr. Campbell a letter of inquiry as to the course which the Society intended to pursue, the Jubilee Secretary brought the subject before the committee, and the result was the adoption of a resolution, dated Sept. 19, 1853, "taking upon themselves all the measures necessary for printing, with the least practicable delay, one million copies of the Chinese New Testament." In order to carry out this magnificent scheme, a special appeal was issued, requesting contributions, whether in sums of any amount, or in the exact value of a specified number of copies, estimated at four pence per copy. The original projectors of the scheme rejoiced to see the work in abler hands than their own, and they threw their whole soul into it. In consequence of the appeal thus made, applications were received for thousands of the Chinese Testament "collecting cards," together with papers explanatory of the object.

Although the Society was in the midst of its Jubilee celebration, and contributions were pouring in from all quarters for that special fund, the additional object thus presented was met most liberally, and the zeal displayed in many places amounted to enthusiasm. The result is most satisfactory. In six months from the issuing of the Appeal, the sums actually received at the Bible Society House amounted to 30,485*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*, including the noble contribution of 3,213*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.* received from the United Presbyterians of Scotland. It is pleasing to know, too, that churchmen and dissenters, ministers of religion and ministers of state, rich and poor, Sunday-school teachers and scholars, have contributed to swell this mighty

amount. Where there is so much to approve and to praise, it would be almost invidious to specify particular instances. Mr. James and his congregation have raised 500*l.*, being equal to 80,000 copies. Several individuals have contributed 100*l.* each. The Sunday-school at the Calvinistic methodist chapel, at Bangor, North Wales, sent upwards of 65*l.*; and many schools have subscribed for 1000 copies. Nor let it be supposed that the "widow's mite" has been withheld from this "treasury." A poor and aged widow at Hereford denied herself the use of her usual candle for eight winter evenings, in order to save 4*d.* to send the better light of Divine truth to some benighted Chinamen! The colonies also have nobly helped forward this great enterprise; and even from Aden, in Arabia Felix, the sum of 15*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* has been received.

It will be seen that the sum already contributed will produce more than 1,000,000 testaments, estimated at 4*d.* each; and so much the better, because the Society is *pledged to print 50,000 copies of the entire bible.* Nor is this all; the purchase and transmission, the working and management of at least one more printing press, the cost of types, together with the employment of colporteurs for the distribution, will involve a large additional expense. The Society can well employ in the prosecution of their pledged measures, the sum of 80,000*l.*

Great caution was observed in making the first appeal; for it was not the wish of the Society to raise expectations which could not be realised; and they wished all the friends of the bible and of China to act from principle and conviction, rather than from impulse and excitement. In due time, letters of a most encouraging character were received from Dr. Medhurst, Secretary of the "Corresponding Committee" at Shanghai, from Dr. Legge, and from the Lord Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, and others. The Society now assumes a tone of greater confidence, and active measures are taken to carry out practically and effectually the Million Testament scheme. In a spirit of friendly co-operation, the missionaries and others of different societies have commenced the great undertaking, and are exerting all their power to produce the copies. It is already agreed that the first quarter of a million shall be provided as follows:—115,000 at Shanghai, under the superintendence of Dr. Medhurst; 50,000 at Hong Kong, under the care of Dr. Legge; while the Bishop of Victoria has undertaken the remaining 85,000 copies. It is expected that the first quarter of a million will be ready by June, 1855. If, however, another press is sent out, as requested, and if any part of the million is printed in this country, the work will be

greatly expedited, and the great object accomplished in a comparatively short period. Much, however, will depend on the cordial co-operation of the missionaries, both European and American, and very much on the disposition of the ruling powers in China. Should the Tae-ping-wang army succeed, there is good ground to look for encouragement, inasmuch as the circulation of the Christian scriptures is to some extent carried on by themselves. Indeed, we are told that 400 printers are employed in the insurgent camp, superintended by Tae-ping-wang, and, that they have already printed considerable portions of the Old and New Testament. The missionaries are full of hope, and the language of providence to them and to us is—*Go FORWARD!* Go forward, not only to multiply copies of the scriptures and religious tracts, but to supply China with able and devoted missionaries, so that, as far as practicable, the written word and the living voice may go together. A wide breach has been made in the hitherto impregnable wall; be it ours to pour in bibles and missionaries to the full extent of our means and opportunities; and earnestly seeking the blessing of Almighty God upon every agency employed, let us look for the accomplishment of the ancient prophecy: "And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted. Behold, these shall come from far; and lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim," Isa. xlix. 11, 12.

### Varieties.

#### THE CENSOR AND THE SERMON.

"It is a good many years since Adolphe Monod one day preached a sermon to his people on the words, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The true Godhead and manhood of our Lord was the subject on which the preacher eloquently dwelt; and, at the conclusion, he announced that on the following Lord's day he would again preach from the same text, and show the connexion of these great doctrines with the salvation of men. There was very much in the preaching of M. Monod that was distasteful to his congregation, or at least to his Consistoire, deeply tainted as they were with Socinianism, and other errors too prevalent among the Protestants of France; but the breadth and power with which the doctrines they disliked were asserted in this particular sermon exasperated them beyond measure, and they warned M. M., that unless he abstained from preaching the second sermon, and avoided such subjects in future, they would complain of him to the prefect, and demand his removal. The law regarding Protestantism, at that time, made the twenty-five highest tax-payers of the congregation elders and members of the Consistoire; and, in order to secure the removal of any pastor, nothing more was needed than that the Consistoire should formally complain of his preaching to the prefect of the department: when his sermons were examined, it made no difference how

excellent and true they might be, if the matter complained of were found in them, the prefect had no choice but to deprive the minister of his charge. In the present instance, accordingly, M. Monod very well knew what was before him; but, in the circumstances, he could not hesitate. The sermon was preached, and the following day brought an order from the prefect requiring both the sermons to be sent to him. The prefect was a Roman Catholic, quite a man of the world, who never had paid much attention to religion of any kind; but was highly esteemed for his good sense and right feeling. That evening, returning home late with his wife, he found the two sermons lying on his table, and requiring his immediate examination. Sermons at any time were not very much to his taste, least of all Protestant sermons, and at such an hour—so it was little wonder that, coming in to his wife with the papers in his hand, he should complain somewhat of the infliction he had to undergo. The annoyance was one in which she could very well sympathize; but, as a burden shared is somewhat lighter, she offered, late as it was, to read them with him. So, rather drearily, he began to read to her, resolved, if possible, to get through one sermon that night. It was not long, however, before both were roused to the deepest attention, and when the first sermon was ended, they turned eagerly to the second. It was a new thing to them which they that night heard; and the effect of that reading, under God's blessing, was, that while the prefect found himself obliged, upon reference to the minister of public worship, to deprive M. Monod of his charge, he and his wife became, not Protestants merely, but sincere Christians.

"That prefect was the Count de Gasparin; and his son, the present Count Agénor de Gasparin, must be remembered by many as the only man who, in the old Chamber of Peers, under Louis Philippe, dared to stand up amidst the bitter mockery of all around him, and assert the claims of true religion. During the troubles of 1848, M. de Gasparin left France, and after travelling for some time in the East, settled down at last at Geneva."—*The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith.*

#### REV. JOHN ELIOT.

THE attachment of the Rev. John Eliot, usually called the "Apostle to the Indians," to peace and union among Christians, was exceedingly great. When he heard ministers complain that some in their congregations were too difficult for them, the substance of his advice would be, "Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words—bear, forbear, forgive." His love of peace, indeed, almost led him to sacrifice right itself. When a bundle of papers was laid before an assembly of ministers, which contained the particulars of a contention between parties who he thought ought at once to be agreed, he hastily threw them into the fire, and said, "Brethren, wonder not at what I have done; I did it on my knees, this morning, before I came among you."

#### A LESSON FROM AN ARAB.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move

from this spot to seek for food! I am dying! help me, and heaven will reward you!" The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise, I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to his horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it!" Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter, "since heaven has willed it; I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it!" "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then sprang from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

#### Poetry.

##### THE LORD HATH NEED OF THEE

"The Lord hath need of thee!"—It fell  
Upon a worldling's ear,  
As in the flush of youth he dashed  
Along his wild career!  
Like Saul of Tarsus, with affright  
He saw his Maker's presence bright;  
Then lowly bent before his sight,  
"Speak—let thy servant hear!"

"Lift up thine eyes upon the fields,  
The whit'ning harvest see!  
There as the labourers are few  
The Lord hath need of thee!  
Go forth with speed—the work is great,  
And early must thou toil and late,  
But glory, 'an eternal weight,'  
Thy full reward shall be."

The Lord hath need of him!—he rose  
And did his high behest;  
Right onward to the mighty task  
With earnest zeal he prest!  
He caused the widow's heart to glow,  
A hundred homes he cheered—and lo!  
The stricken sons of strife and woe  
Arose and call'd him blest!

Through all life's changeful day he toils,  
Till in its ev'ning dim,  
There came a messenger of love,  
(Oh! not a tyrant grim!)  
Who told him in fair mansions bright,  
Beyond his soaring fancy's flight,  
In a sweet Paradise of light,  
The Lord had need of him.

Dear reader! doth thy heart desire  
To be as blest as he?  
Know, old or young, or rich or poor,  
Whate'er thy state may be,  
Ere "come up hither" soundeth near,  
Like heav'n's sweet music on thine ear,  
Now in his own wide harvest here,  
The Lord hath need of thee. JOSEPHINE.



## Page for the Young.

### LESSONS FROM FLOWERS.

WHEN I was quite a child, I went to spend a few days in the country with an old friend of my mother's. I had looked forward to my visit with great pleasure, and I was not at all disappointed. Mrs. Allen—for that was the name of my mother's friend—was very glad to see me, and gave me a very kind reception. Mrs. Allen was a widow with an only daughter, whose name was Anne; Mr. Allen died at sea many years before. Anne was a few years older than I; but being very kind and affectionate, I soon felt quite at home with her. She had a little library of her own, and every evening she would bring one of the books and read it to me. She had also a piece of ground, filled with flowers of various kinds and colours, all of which were arranged with much taste and care. Every morning we gathered fresh flowers to enliven the nosegays which Mrs. Allen kept upon her parlour table.

My new friend was very careful to put those only together which, as she said, "spoke the same language." I asked her what she meant; to which she replied, "We like such as these, because they teach us sweet lessons. This," said she, handing me a little rock-rose, "is so frail, that its leaves drop off by the afternoon; it tells us how everything fades and dies. This amaranth, just beside it, never fades; so that, as mother says, they tell us of time and eternity." Anne then added other flowers to her nosegay—a lily of the valley, which she called innocence; a pink, which was cheerfulness; a harebell, which she named meekness; some forget-me-nots, which she said spoke of unchanging love; and so on with many others. "When," said she, "we look at these flowers, we learn to be meek, cheerful, and affectionate."

"Oh, Anne!" I exclaimed, "how very nice; I am so glad you have told me; I shall never forget these lessons. But why don't you add some marigolds and tulips?"

"Tulips," said she; "they speak quite a different language; they are vain-looking flowers."

"Perhaps so," I replied; "but then I should have thought there was a lesson to be learned from them too."

"And so there is; mother always tells me to remember the words of the wise man, 'favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.' But she likes to have nosegays which teach lessons of love, and meekness, and cheerfulness, and so on."

Mrs. Allen came into the garden at this moment. "Would you like to walk to the cemetery, my dears?" "Oh, yes," replied Anne; "and wouldn't you?" said she, turning to me. "Indeed I should," I replied. We accordingly accompanied Mrs. Allen thither. It was a sweet spot; here within the enclosures were shrubs and trees, and flowers shedding their fragrance in the air. Some grew near the graves, and some on the mounds, evidently planted there by the hand of affection. After passing many tombs, and reading the various inscriptions, we came to one upon which was written, "The flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord abideth for ever." "There," said Anne, "is a lesson from the flowers; is it not, mother?" "Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Allen, "it is a lesson. The child who lies beneath that stone was indeed a flower; and a sad trial it was to

her dear parents to lose one so promising. But the lesson which it teaches us is, that the young die, and frequently *very early*. How necessary to be prepared for death whenever it may come!"

The day following, we left our friends. As we entered our conveyance, Anne, smiling and blushing, placed in my hand a nosegay composed of the flowers to which I have already alluded. I received it as the language of her heart, although she could not speak, so sorry was she to bid us adieu. The flowers soon faded, but I trust the lessons which they were intended to convey have never been effaced.

Dear young reader, these were three of the lessons:

The lily was an emblem of *innocence*. The bible says, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

The harebell was an emblem of *meekness*. The bible says, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

The amaranth and forget-me-not were emblems of *unchanging love and eternity*. The bible says, "Be thou faithful unto death; and I will give thee a crown of life."

I never forgot these lessons. The pure in heart are those who are holy—who are free from sin. True Christians are pure in heart. They pray for clean hearts—to be kept free from evil thoughts, desires, and actions. And God answers their prayers. None but the holy can see God; for to see God we must be like him.

The second lesson was *meekness*. The meek are happy even on earth. They are not easily provoked; they bear evil rather than return it. They are thus saved many of the troubles of earth, and enjoy quietness even in this life. They are happy, for they are like Jesus who was meek and lowly in heart.

The third lesson was *faithfulness and its reward*. These are faithful who, whatever may befall them, continue to trust in God; and their reward will be everlasting life—"a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

### THE BLOSSOM.

A BEAUTROUS fragile blossom grew  
Upon a lowly stem;  
Its op'ning leaves disclos'd to view  
A glitt'ring dewy gem.

Jane saw, and gently on her breast,  
The tender flow'ret plac'd,  
When lo! a rude and angry gust  
Its beauties all effac'd.

Its leaves were scatter'd by the wind,  
Its fragrance lost in air;  
Till nothing there was left behind  
Of all that was so fair.

Young children, like this little flower,  
Though beautiful and gay,  
May in some sudden, mournful hour,  
By death be borne away.

But the dear child who loves to pray,  
Whose sins are all forgiv'n,  
Who loves the Saviour to obey,  
Will live and bloom in heav'n.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



JOHN ADAMS, THE MUTINEER, READING THE SCRIPTURES.

## THE TRANSFORMED ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

### CHAPTER II.

THE commander of the Bounty, and such of his crew as remained faithful to him, found themselves, when the mutinous vessel had departed, in circumstances that might well have daunted the stoutest hearts. They were nearly four thousand miles from any European settlement; their allowance of food and water was limited to an ounce per day of the former, and a miserable pittance of the latter for each man. The ocean beneath them revealed the forms of

ravenous animals ready to seize them as their prey, while, as if to mock their misery, fair and verdant islands lay within sight, although unapproachable from the cruel character of the savages by which they were inhabited. How much, we may observe in passing, does commerce owe to the gospel and the missions which it has originated. The spots where, from fear of massacre, Bligh and his crew dared not land (one of the men having been killed in an attempt to do so), have since, by means of the labours of Williams and others, been made accessible with safety to the mariner and the merchant. Surely this is a fact worthy of being pondered by those

who have hitherto looked with coldness on missionary enterprise.

The boat in which the little party was crowded together was laden to within a few inches of the water's edge; yet, terrible as this situation was, there was one load, more dreadful than any material burden, from which they were happily free—the consciousness of crime. They needed, in the tremendous circumstances in which they were placed, to put forth exertion, and their energies were not paralyzed by the recollection of rebellion and outrage having been perpetrated by them. Men can fight the battle of life courageously when they have the music of a good conscience to sweeten their toils; but feeble is that arm, and dull is that brain, whose vigour is depressed by the sense of unrepented and unpardoned guilt.

After a long and trying voyage of forty-one days, they reached a friendly shore, life having been preserved amidst almost unparalleled dangers. With a leaden bullet for his weight (long preserved as a memento of the occasion), and two cocoa-nut shells for his scales, the commander had daily measured out their slender portion of sustenance. Their little bark at times had passed through seas so stormy that often its sail was becalmed between the mountainous waves that reared themselves on either side. A special providence, however, had watched over them. Prayer for Divine protection had been daily offered up, and amidst the desolate waste of waters their supplications were heard, and the needful succour vouchsafed.

The tale of suffering and wrong which Bligh brought home rang through England, and created a lively sympathy in his favour. Government felt keenly the outrage committed upon its authority, and a swift-footed messenger of vengeance, in the shape of a frigate, was dispatched to track the *Bounty*, and bring Christian and his companions to justice. The *Pandora*, for so the vessel was named, scoured the Pacific on this errand, but no trace of the vessel could be obtained. A few of the mutineers, however, who had been left at Otaheite, were arrested, and two others, it was found, had been murdered. Of the captured men, three were drowned in the homeward voyage, and three forfeited their lives to justice upon their arrival in England. But where were Christian and the remaining mutineers? That was a mystery which none could solve.

The readers of our former chapter are, however, already in possession of that secret; and it is time now to return to Pitcairn. Of the refugees on that island, the first to awake to a consciousness of their position were the Otaheitan natives, whom the mutineers had lured to join their band, in order, as it proved, to make

use of them as slaves. Thoroughly disabused of their former confidence, they now rebelled and plotted against their selfish tyrants. Suspicion, and fear too, were rife in the little colony. Christian was haunted with the dread of discovery, and constructed for himself, on an elevated part of the island, a species of stronghold from which he could scan the horizon and detect the approach of any vessel in the distance. Ah! what melancholy hours must he have passed in solitude there; his prospects in life all blighted; and he an exile from his native soil, and subject to a felon's doom. Truly he had sold himself for nought, and might with mournful truth exclaim, "What fruit have I in those things wherof I am now ashamed? for the end of those things is death."

The dread of a visit from a man-of-war sent in pursuit of them was not, however, confined to Christian, but was shared in by his English companions. The clouds in these regions often take the resemblance of material objects, and would, to the guilty fancy of the mutineers, at times assume the shape of a vessel approaching the island. Then was fulfilled the saying of scripture, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth;" for, startled by the form which their guilty conscience had conjured up, they would hurry to caves and other retreats for shelter. Once, however, their apprehensions were attended with some degree of reality. A vessel did touch at the island, and as the mutineers on timidly emerging from concealment discovered, by the marks of a fire on shore, actually landed a party, who had retreated, however, without discovering the *Bounty*'s secret.

But sin is its own avenger, and he who commits a crime forges fetters for his soul. Often, too, it happens that the punishment bears a strong resemblance to the crime which has been committed. So it proved in the present instance. The tyranny which Bligh exercised upon Christian and his companions, they, in their turn, appear to have displayed towards the Otaheitan natives, who, watching an opportunity, slew Christian and four of the whites at a moment when they were totally unsuspecting such a fate. Thus perished this unhappy man, pursued by the same violence that he had unchained upon others. A few of his comrades still remained, however, and between them and the male Otaheitans a civil war raged which ended in the destruction of the latter. The soil of Pitcairn was now literally drenched in blood.

But a new and more dreadful element was yet to mingle with the strife. One of the mutineers had learned in his mother country the art of distillation, and, in an evil hour for himself, he succeeded in extracting spirits from a native plant. Intoxication was now added to the

other horrors of the scene. Two of the men were almost constantly drunk, and one of them speedily met with an appalling doom, having thrown himself from a cliff in a fit of *delirium tremens*. His companion in intoxication died in a manner equally awful—for the two surviving mutineers (to that little number had the *Bounty's* crew been reduced), finding their lives endangered by his excesses, slew him in self-defence!

But here surely we may appropriately pause and reflect. These men had escaped retribution from the hands of society, but their own wickedness punished them. *Sin proved their destruction*, and the working of their evil passions changed a natural paradise into a *pandemonium*. It is no idle fiction, therefore, that we repeat, when we warn men to beware of sin as their worst enemy, and beseech them to get rid of a principle that must, if unchecked, prove their ruin, by seeking those renewing influences of the Holy Spirit which can alone deliver them from its power.

Meanwhile a group of children was springing up, born of English fathers and Otaheitan mothers. Uncared-for and unattended, with nothing but sin as an example, they seemed likely to grow up heathens, with the vices of civilization added to those of paganism. The mutineers, we have said, were reduced to two in number—one formerly a midshipman, of the name of Young (who died not long after the events narrated above), and the other a common seaman, known on board the *Bounty* as Alexander Smith, but whose real name was John Adams. One day as he rummaged amidst his stores, a book turned up. That book was the *bible*—a volume to which he had long been a stranger. In early life, when he wandered as an errand boy about the streets of London, he had taught himself to read by perusing the bills upon the walls. And now was to be seen the value even of that partial knowledge. It had prepared him to read the word of God. Take courage, then, ragged or Sunday school teachers, in your self-denying labours of love. That rude, wayward, and uncouth child, whom you train with difficulty, and amidst sore discouragement, may yet, in the providence of God, be thrown into circumstances where the instruction, now seemingly so valueless, may be all potential for good.

But to return to Adams. He opened the scriptures. His soul was sick and weary of the scenes of outrage and lawlessness which he had witnessed, and in the silence of the night his sleep had been troubled and disturbed by recollections of the past and apprehensions of the future. He had been made to eat of the fruit of his own ways, and his own wickedness had corrected him. And now he turns over the volume.

Can there be hope, he thinks, within its pages for such as him? Yes, blessed be God! there is. As he glances through it, texts like these, peradventure, may meet his eye: “As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his wickedness and live.” “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” What then is to be the issue of these studies? Many have gone thus far, who go no farther. Many have been thus aroused, and yet slept once more the sleep of sin. But the next chapter must show the result. Meanwhile we may say of Adams, as was declared of one of old, “BEHOLD HE PEAYETH.”

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF SELF-CONQUEST.

RICHARD WILLIAMS.

In Dr. Hamilton's admirable memoir of Richard Williams, the surgeon missionary to Patagonia, there occurs a remarkable illustration of the importance of self-denial as a means of growth in the divine life. The incident in question has particular claims upon the attention of young men. It is, however, interesting to all, for, although we share the doctor's estimate of the habit of tobacco-smoking, it is not as a lesson against that practice that we introduce the anecdote, but as a proof of the need, if we would be happy and consistent Christians, of our putting away anything, however lawful under ordinary circumstances, which interferes with our progress in holiness.

“Some,” says the doctor, “may regard the homely details of the following passage as a dreadful descent. We have no such feeling. It is in such contests that the reality of men's faith, and the value of their ‘frames’ are tested. And the Christianity, however rapturous, which has never renounced a besetting sin, nor conquered a bad habit, is too like the patriotism which is confined to toasts and national melodies or the filial piety which, offering fond words and embraces in lieu of solid services, tries to be at once dutiful and self-indulgent. Mr. Williams was honest. He believed that it was God's will that he should give up a certain gratification; and, though some would have tried to evade the sacrifice, though they would have offered confessions of their own weakness, or high-flown protestations of their general devotedness, in lieu of this particular obedience, it was not thus deceitfully that he dealt with his Heavenly Father and with himself.”

“Nor should we be sorry if Mr. Williams' example should find imitators amongst our readers. It is true that Dr. Parr and Robert Hall

were smokers. It is true that many good men are fond of the 'naughty foreign weed,' and that Ralph Erskine 'spiritualised' it. And it may be true that under its influence the spirits are serene, the temper mild, and the entire man in a state of comfortable self-complacency. But we prefer the temper which is independent of tobacco; and we fear that in its self-complacency there is something illusive. At least we have known friends who, under its influence, fancied themselves far up Parnassus, but when the fog cleared away, it proved only a spur of the mountain; and although, among our college companions, we remember clever men who smoked, whilst their duller neighbours studied; and although, in the midst of the meerschaum, they used to espy gigantic figures, which they hailed as their own glorious future; now that the 'morgana' has melted, there is a sad contrast betwixt the cloudy colossus and the slip-shod original from which it was projected, and into which the stern day-light has resolved it again.

"At all events a minister, and much more a missionary, should deem himself a soldier; and the less dependent he is on these time-wasting enjoyments, the more lightly will he march, and the more ready will he be for instant action. Besides, a soldier must endure hardness. It is good for a man's Christianity to be the victor, even in such a contest as the battle with tobacco. Every success makes him a stronger and a happier man; yes, and a great deal richer. In this warfare there is always prize-money. And if the reader is a lover of books, or if, with a most benevolent heart, he is always lamenting his empty hand, let him attack and spoil his enemy. The cigar-case will soon fill a handsome book-case; and were the snuff-box of the British churches converted into a box of charity, it would maintain all our missionaries, and would soon pay the debts of our chapels and schools."

Then follows this extract from Mr. Williams' journal:—

"Saturday, Oct. 26.—This has been a day ever to be remembered. The light of the Lord's countenance has broken upon me, after having severely felt that clouds of darkness were around me. For more than a month before leaving England, I had given up the practice of smoking and taking snuff. The former habit I had practised for seven or eight years; the latter only occasionally. In fact, it was in consequence of leaving off smoking that I had recourse to a pinch as an occasional substitute. At various times I have been under strong impressions that I ought to leave it off, and have felt dissatisfied with myself for the self-indulgence. But the cravings after it were become so strong, and the will of the flesh so urgently demanded it, that it was no easy

task to overcome the propensity. There is a charm in tobacco powerfully beguiling to the senses. Whether this arises from its soothing and sedative quality, or from its being generally associated with self-indulgence—serving as a plea for idleness, and for a general relaxation of the whole man, body and mind—certain it is, that tobacco has the power of enslaving its votaries to a remarkable degree. No one has ever been more enslaved than I have been; yet many times has my conscience smitten me, and frequently, whilst in the act of smoking, I have been obliged to lay the pipe aside. At times I thought I would leave it off altogether; accordingly, I have given away or burnt the stock of tobacco I had in hand, broken my pipes, and for days essayed to do without it. What cravings—what a sense of bereavement have I felt! None but an old smoker can have any idea of my miserable longings. I have envied the hodman and the meanest person with his short black pipe. The very perfume was a treat—to inhale it a respite. Painful were the efforts thus made. A toothache, some bodily disease, or the persuasions of others, induced a renewal of the habit, and its bond became stronger than ever. But the fiat had gone forth, 'Crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts;' and, blessed be God, there was One in me greater than all that were against me. Conscience became more and more severe upon me. At length I resolved to leave it off, and happily succeeded without experiencing any uncomfortable effects. This was six weeks before leaving England. During that time I kept my firm resolution, though, in lieu of smoking, I had recourse to snuff. Some of my friends, who thought I was going to unnecessary lengths of self-denial, would put up for me, amongst the equipments for my voyage, both tobacco, cigars, and a canister of snuff, and they made me promise to purchase a meerschaum. Well, I thought, circumstances may possibly be such as to render it desirable to have them; so I yielded to their wish. On board I could not resist the temptation of taking a cigar—such was my weakness; giving them freely away, and smoking them daily, my stock was soon exhausted; but all the cravings for tobacco were re-acquired. I took to the meerschaum; but with the indulgence came the condemnation. My conscience would not allow me to continue; so I gave the canister of snuff to the captain of the ship, and reserved only a small quantity. Captain Cooper likewise had my meerschaum, on condition of my not requiring it again. Three or four days passed without having recourse to him for it, but never did I suffer such cravings after it. My stomach became affected, and my spirits so depressed that I was compelled to ask for it again. With

a sense of great bodily relief and comfort, I smoked it; but, alas! my condemnation was great. Hurriedly opening a book in my hand, the question of the Psalmist was presented to my eye. 'Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.' These words were applied to my mind most forcibly. I was condemned. But now I saw my duty; and suffer what, I might, I resolved to give up the practice in all its forms. Having sought mercy and forgiveness with the Lord, and his grace to help me, I gave away, in good earnest, all my tobacco, my pipe, and my snuff-box, and I threw overboard the small quantity of snuff I had reserved. Thus a complete riddance was effected."

#### ANCIENT HYMN ON THE JUDGMENT.

THERE is a Latin dirge, known as the *Dies Iræ*, from the opening words, which has deservedly acquired celebrity, as a most solemn and affecting composition, calculated to lead to salutary reflection and feeling. It is a description of the awful events of the final day, and of the emotions of an awakened and contrite spirit in the anticipation of it. The hymn was written by Thomas von Celano, towards the middle of the thirteenth century. Crashaw was the first who introduced it to our language by a translation, but of a very paraphrastic kind. Lord Roscommon, the author of another version, died repeating two of the lines with great energy and devotion:—

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Do not forsake me in the end."

Sir Walter Scott has imitated the first three verses in the well-known stanzas:—

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The frowning heavens together roll,  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away."

There have been several recent translations. The one we now cite appeared anonymously some years ago.

Day of wrath! that dreadful day  
Shall the banner'd cross display,  
Earth in ashes melt away!

The trembling, the agony,  
When his coming shall be nigh,  
Who shall all things judge and try!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone  
Through the tombs of ages gone  
Summons all before the throne,

Death and Time shall stand aghast,  
And Creation at the blast,  
Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,  
And the writing shall be read  
Which shall judge the quick and dead;

Then the Judge shall sit! Oh! then,  
All that's hid shall be made plain,  
Unrequited nought remain.

What shall wretched I then plead?  
Who for me shall intercede,  
When the righteous scarce is freed?"

Perhaps, however, the most appropriate reply to this enquiry is contained in the well-known hymn:—

Jesus! thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

The original Latin of the *Dies Iræ* is the ground-work of Mozart's requiem, the most sublime work of the musical composer, which he executed upon his death-bed. The transition from the tremendous scenery of the last day to the enquiry of the soul respecting its own fate—"What shall wretched I then plead?" with the succeeding appeal to the Judge, is given in the requiem in inexpressibly solemn strains.

"King of dreadful majesty,  
Saving souls in mercy free,  
Fount of pity, save thou me!

Bear me, Lord, in heart, I pray,  
Object of thy saving way,  
Lest thou lose me on that day!

Weary, seeking me, wast thou,  
And for me in death didst vow;  
Be thy toils availing now! •

Judge of Justice! thee, I pray,  
Grant me pardon, while I may,  
Ere that awful reckoning day!

O'er my crimes I guilty mourn,  
Blush to think what I have done,  
Spare thy suppliant, Holy One!

Nought of thee my prayers can claim,  
Save in thy free mercy's name,  
Save me from the deathless flame!

With thy sleep my place assign,  
Separate from th' accursed line,  
Set me on thy right with thine.

When the lost, to silence driven,  
To devouring flames are given,  
Call me with the blest to heaven.

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,  
My bruised heart to ashes rend,  
Care thou, Lord, for my last end!

Full of tears the day shall prove,  
When, from ashes rising, move  
To the judgment, guilty men—  
Spare, thou God of mercy, then!"

Lord, all pitying! Jesu, blest!  
Grant me thine eternal rest."

\* The *Dies Irae* has not been adapted with us to Protestant hymnology, though made use of for the purpose on the continent. Professor Park, of Andover, speaks of an American clergyman hearing it in the university church of Halle, and finding it impossible to refrain from tears. This was on the occasion of a sermon by the celebrated Tholuck, now among his printed discourses. It has the following note, appended to it by the preacher, referring to the hymn:—"This is the second time that this hymn has been sung at the university church service. The impression, especially that which was made by the last words, will be forgotten by no one." Tholuck's sermon is upon the repentance and pardon of the thief on the cross, in which he illustrates, in a truly Germanic, though very striking manner, the awful import of being "*too late*" in its inferior and highest relations. \*

"*It is too late!*" Oh! word of terror, which has already fallen like the thunder of God upon many a heart of man. See that father as he hastens from the burning house, and thinks he has all his children with him; he counts—one dear head is missing; he hastens back—*It is too late!* is the hollow sound that strikes his ear; the stone wall tumbles under the roaring torrent of flame; he swoons, and sinks to the ground. Who is that hastening through the darkness of night on the winged courser? It is the son who has been wandering in the ways of sin, and now at last longs to hear from the lips of his dying father the words, 'I have forgiven you!' Soon he is at his journey's end; in the twinkling of an eye he is at the door. '*It is too late!*' shrieks forth the mother's voice, 'that mouth is closed for ever!' Yea, since the earth has stood, the heart of many a man has been fearfully pierced through with the cutting words, '*It is too late!*'

"But oh! who will describe to me the lamentation that will arise, when at the boundary-line which parts time from eternity, the voice of the righteous Judge will cry, '*It is too late!*' Long have the wide gates of heaven stood open, and its messengers have cried at one time and another, 'To-day, to-day, if you will hear his voice!' Man, man, how then will it be with you, when once these gates, with appalling sound, shall be shut for eternity! Agonise that you may enter in, for many, I say unto you, shall strive to enter in, and shall not be able! But, my friends, the more appalling the truth is, that at the dividing-line between time and eternity, the sentence will be proclaimed, '*It is too late!*' so much the more crushing is the word pouring down to us from the cross of

Jesus, 'Sinner, while thou standest on this side of the grave, it is not too late.' Whether the voice of thy God will come to thee again, and search thee out—this thou knowest not; but whatever may lie behind thee, whether nights of the darkest error, whether mountains of sin—thou distinctly hearest to-day this proclamation, '*It is not too late!*'"

That the Judgment hymn, in connection with the subject of the sermon, and the solemn mode of representation adopted by the preacher, produced a powerful impression upon Tholuck's congregation is "not surprising—a congregation disposed to serious religion, as we may presume from his evangelical ministry. No thoughtful Christian will deem it inappropriate to himself. The chief of the apostles, who, in the confidence of faith could triumphantly refer to his own transition from time to eternity as an assured "gain," felt himself solely indebted to the free mercy of God in Christ for not being "a cast-away." Although in proportion as we have religious light the plan of salvation is seen to be a covenant ordered in all things and sure, and the finished work of Christ is recognised as the sole foundation of hope, yet we realise at the same time the necessity of watchfulness, the propriety of prayers, supplications, confessions, and tears, as sinners whose acceptance with the final Judge is entirely of grace. But perhaps, as in almost all congregations, the one at Halle consisted of a large number of careless or undecided hearers. In the minds of such, both the sermon and the hymn were eminently calculated to awaken thought respecting the solemnities of the future; and if the impression of the awful "*It is too late!*" of the former was strengthened by the latter, an important and valuable end was gained: Thus should the pulpit and the choir, sermons, prayers, psalms, and hymns, mutually illustrate and sustain each other, for then are the services of the sanctuary conducted in the manner best adapted to answer their designed end, the glory of God and the good of man.

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

IN a large old-fashioned house, standing in beautiful grounds about half a mile from the sea-shore, there lived a good and charitable widow lady and her only son. This son was the only one left to her of six children, with whom at different ages she had been called to part; and on Edward, the sole treasure saved from the household wreck, her affections centred with all the fervour of a very loving heart. She did not show her love, however, as some mothers show it, by indulging the boy in every wayward fancy, and leading him to suppose that the world was

made for him; but he was trained carefully, guided wisely, tenderly, and firmly, and educated for heaven.

I cannot tell, my readers, the depths of that widow's love. He was not merely her *only* son, but he was a good, obedient, and loving child, and amid all the sad memories of the past, she would lift up her soul in thankful joyful hope, that this child was God's child, and that they would pass eternity together. And so they lived in the world, not unto themselves, but unto God. When the eye of the poor saw them, it blessed them. One dull afternoon, however, in autumn, when the November winds were out, and the distant sea roared fearfully, the mother and son sat in the dim twilight. The widow's eyes were full of tears, and not the pressure of the kind hand she held could comfort her aching heart—for the wind and waves had a recalling voice. It reminded her of one dear child, who lay buried in an ocean grave.

"There is many a sorrowful wife and mother-to-night, my Edward," she said mournfully; "God protect those who travel on the deep!"

"He is there, mother, as well as here," said the youth; and again they sat silently musing. At this moment the old butler entered; his quiet face wore an anxious expression as he said: "Ma'am, there is a ship just struck on the sands, almost in front of our house. The life-boat is going off, and I thought may be, Mr. Edward"—. But Edward had sprung up, and looking for the consent which he was sure to find in his mother's face, he was soon on his way to the beach.

"And I will go too," said the widow, as, wrapping herself in her dreadfought cloak, she and the old butler followed the rapid steps of the only son.

By the time they reached the beach, twilight had merged into night. Now and then the clouds as they rolled in heavy masses over the sky, unveiled the moon which had just risen, but it was only for a moment, and seemed but to make the darkness more intense. The billows dashed with a deafening noise on the shingly beach, and drowned the voices of the men as they shouted hopefully to the crew of the distant ship, or encouraged the life-boat's men to exertions for the perishing ones. The life-boat was manned at last, and as it put off the moon's light showed to those on the shore that it looked but a feather on the waves. Now it was lost to view; now it appeared again; now it neared the vessel; and, in a momentary hush, the cry and wail of sorrow was changed for one of gratitude and joy. And now the boat was ploughing its way through the breakers, when a heavy sea, rushing forward with destructive violence, swept it as a toy to the shore, and such cries of mortal

agony mingled with the uproar of nature as you must have heard to believe. "Lost! lost!" said those on shore; but not so; many a stout-hearted seaman plunged into the surf, and succeeded in rescuing all but *one*. When the captain himself, a good swimmer, reported the number of the crew, one was missing—an orphan lad, whose father, the pilot, had died upon the passage. What should be done? Those capable of reflection stood irresolute, when, during a hush of the wind, a faint shrill cry was heard, "Save me;" and at the same moment a speck—it might be a human form—it might be a fragment of the vessel—was discernible in the moon-beam. But hearts and bodies were now alike faint, and no one stirred. Perhaps it might enter into the hearts of some that it was but a lad, a friendless lad, for whom no one would mourn. Be that as it may, the boy on the billows was within a few moments of eternity, when Edward stepped forward.

"Mother, I must save that boy," he said; "only, without your blessing and your consent I will not venture."

The mother's heart beat, and who can wonder that she lay a detaining hand on the young arm.

"Mother, his soul is as precious in God's sight as that of your son—speak but the word."

"Go," she said, "and God be with you;" and in a moment he was in the surf. He was a tall, powerful, athletic youth; but at the moment of being borne away by the retreating billows, it was as though the sea played with him, as he might have played with a shuttlecock. After a few minutes of suspense, he and his insensible charge were washed ashore, both pale and motionless. The friendless child was spared; but alas! the only child—he on whom the widow's heart had cast anchor so firmly—was taken. Still she did not murmur; amid nature's agony, she recalled her child's last words—"His soul is as precious in God's sight as mine;" and she added, "Yes, and perhaps not so fit for his presence."

There was a long mournful procession to the church-yard, a few days after the shipwreck. Stalwart fishermen, strong-built sailors, village matrons, and cottage maidens, followed the sable train, and many a tear bedewed the bronzed cheek which had never known its passage there before.

The orphan boy thus marvellously saved, was now taken to the widow's childless home, and he was to her as a son—never more to know the hardships and the perils of a sailor's life—never more to endure the rough handling of the world, or, during early youth, its sharp temptations.

The prayers, the hopes, the labours of the widow were now directed to the friendless one.

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

Year after year passed away, with all its sad recollections and its anxious thoughts for the future; and as the lad grew up to manhood, each year added to the weight of his obligation. There was no response of gratitude and love, however, in the wandering heart. Not the knowledge that to save his life the mother had given up her son, her own and only son—that she had taken him, an orphan and helpless lad, to her own home—had fed, clothed, and instructed him—awoke one feeling of duty, or obedience. His life was but the story of the prodigal—her forgiving love on his return, an imitation of him whom she desired to serve; but his were the prodigal's sins without any true and lasting repentance, and he brought her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

And now we would, from this illustration of the Divine love—faint indeed and imperfect as all illustrations of the Divine love must be—ask you, reader, what feature in the orphan's character strikes you with the greatest horror: I think I hear you say, *iniquitudo*, standing as it does in such strong contrast with the love and sacrifice of the noble-hearted mother, who, for the stranger lad, murmured not at the loss of her earthly all. Yet there is not a sinner upon God's earth who is not, in his impenitent state, acting towards God as the boy acted to his deliverer. God gave his Son for you, in order to save you from making shipwreck of your soul; and how do you requite him. He loadeth you with benefits, he would bring you to all the safety and comfort of a father's house; and even while sinners and aliens, Christ died for you. But there is no just parallel between the love of man to man and the love of the Saviour to us. If such be his love to you, then is it too much that he asks you for a child's heart, a child's service, a child's affection. Do not read the story as one not intended for you, but listen to the words which in tenderness and pathos can be equalled by those of no earthly parent—"My son, give me thine heart;" "wilt thou not cry unto me from this time—"My father, thou art the guide of my youth."

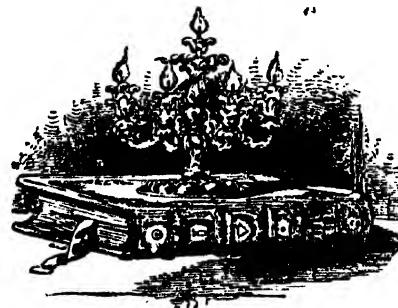
### THE FOUNTAIN AND THE OIL.

An excellent missionary in South Africa, in one of his early journeys, came to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange river. Having travelled a long distance, and being very hungry, thirsty, and weary, fearing also the lions which prowl about at eventide in search of prey, he resolved to go into the village and tarry for the night. The inhabitants, however, roughly bade him and his companion keep at a distance. The missionary begged a little water, but they would

give him none. He then offered the three or four buttons which were still left upon his jacket for a drink of milk: this also was refused, and the only prospect before them was a night of hunger and thirst, within reach of food and within sight of the river. This was indeed a trying position; and as if to add to their distress, the manner of the villagers was such as to arouse their suspicions regarding their personal safety. But "the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy."

"When twilight came on," says the missionary, "a woman drew near from the height beyond which the village lay. She carried on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. Without speaking, she handed us the milk, laid down the wood, and went away. Soon she came back with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She then kindled a fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She said not a word, until we asked her why she showed this unlooked-for kindness towards strangers. A tear stole down her black cheek as she answered, 'I love him whose servant you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.'

"On learning a little of her history, and finding she was a Christian, a solitary light burning



in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the life of God in her soul without Christian society. She drew from her bosom an old Dutch New Testament, which she received from a missionary while at his school many years since, before her relatives took her away to this distant region.

"This," she said, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn." I looked on the precious volume, and you may conceive how we felt when we met with this disciple, and mingled together our sympathies and prayers at the throne of our heavenly Father."



## GOD IS LOVE.

THERE are scenes and states of mind in which this truth comes home with all the force of demonstration. On bright summer days; in lovely nooks of nature, shutting out man's world; with health and vigour and muscular enjoyment; with the presence of friends and an entire suspension of care and sorrow; we feel, as the heart gushes forth in gladness, how truly God is love. The words are seen written over the heavens, and we think, if bare utility had been contemplated by the Maker of the firmament, a radiant mist or a naked sun might have served the purpose; but in the azure sky and the painted cloud there are proofs of abounding benevolence which goes beyond mere necessities and provides for man's pleasure as well as his profit. The words are seen written over the earth in characters no less glowingly illuminated; mountains, and woods, and rivers, and lakes being so many capitals out of which it seems that all but the idiot and the fool may spell God's beautiful name.

But there are other scenes and states of mind when the impression is not the same. In the darkened chamber of sickness, amidst racking pain, holding the bitter medicine cup, or gazing on the pallid features of a little child, feverish and distressed, who cannot tell his woe; or alone beside an open coffin where lies one's last earthly friend; or dwelling on forms of misery ever prevalent in the world, and reading about earthquakes, pestilences, and famines; persons of irreligious mind will ask, Can God be love? And under such circumstances do not others, who are religious, sometimes stagger in doubt? Do arguments, then, founded on certain beneficent arrangements of creation, appear quite satisfactory? Do they crush all objections, and silence all doubts? Are these enough, in sorrow, to satisfy the cravings of the sorrow-stricken for relief and comfort? Surely then we want something besides what we see, what reason tells us of, to keep alive in our minds a conviction that "God is love."

The gospel is essential to the satisfaction of our minds respecting this infinitely momentous question. Apart from it, we must candidly confess that sometimes our spirits, in spite of

the teachings of natural religion, would be sorely tried. But the Divine word is a light to our feet and a lamp to our path, in the darkest and dreariest passages of our pilgrimage; for it explains what otherwise would be overwhelmingly mysterious. The sentence of the apostle John, at the head of this article, is not a mere recognition of what creation teaches; it does not sum up the result of reason's investigations; it must not be mistaken for the formula of the naturalist's philosophy; we do not need to prove it by a reference to the arrangements of the physical and intellectual universe; it does not send us back to a Paley's "Natural Theology" and the "Bridgewater Treatises." We are not driven for the preservation of our faith to pick up such evidences and illustrations as clear-seeing men of science have taught us to find. The words are in themselves a revelation. They are attended by a voice from heaven. God describes and explains himself. Jehovah declares to the sons of men what he is, and what is the principle of his government, and what is the meaning of his ways. We have here an assurance of the *universality* of that truth of which nature supplies beautiful but only partial manifestations. Enigmas are solved; light scatters darkness; what, under particular circumstances, we have before felt to be joyously true, we now believe to be equally so under all circumstances and for ever. What we hear all around us on life's sunny days we have repeated to us, and are made sure of, on life's stormy ones. From childhood we have seen upon the blessings of health, peace, and beauty the rich inscription; but now, opening the gospel, we find God's finger writing it where, to nature's eye, it would be wanting.

The bible fully recognises all the facts connected with human condition and history. It does not paint the earth as a paradise; it does not dwell exclusively on what is good and fair; it does not tell of health, and vigour, and affluence, and ease, and hope, and love, to the exclusion of the long list of calamities and vexations which every man's memory can in a moment supply. It is not a book of sentimental poetry; it is not a treatise exhibiting certain classes of facts to the ignoring of others. There never was a volume in the world so free from the charge of onesidedness; it looks at everything; it faces the whole world of events; it assumes the prevalence of sorrow, and says more about

trouble and calamity than about pleasure and joy. We sometimes meet with works containing descriptions of life, which, from their very brilliancy, are distressing. We say to ourselves, "This is life on festival holidays, not life on common days, much less on sorrowful ones." But we never have this feeling on taking up the bible. There is nothing in its pages to tantalize and irritate the mourner. There is abundance of joy in the book, yet, strange to say, it is joy compatible with the sorrow of him that reads it. Much of its joy is really a joy in the midst of tribulation. None of its songs to the heavy heart are "as vinegar upon nitre." Touchingly are we told that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Losses, disappointment, sickness, death, all come in for their full share of notice; yet in the presence of this entire circle of facts, with the distinct acknowledgment of them all, the Spirit that authorises every portion of the record writes down, for the silencing of the sceptic, and the comfort of the Christian, "God is love."

Now it should be well understood that there are some who, as a matter of course, may be expected not to see the truth of this. We have heard of men, who, looking on the agonies of infants, have loudly questioned the love of God. No doubt there are many who feel in the same way, but do not express it. Cases every day occur in which people show that they fancy themselves hardly dealt with by the Ruler of the universe. No wonder. The fact is, we must be morally prepared for the apprehension of the doctrine of the Divine Benevolence in all its bearings. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God." Love to him opens our eyes to see his love to us. We must sympathize in an object, before we can comprehend it. We must have sympathy with a character, before we can appreciate it. The virtuous only can know the virtuous; the pure only know the pure; the holy only know the holy; the wisely-loving only know those who wisely love. The principle is universal. So we must come to God in a spirit free from rebellion, from irreverence, from suspicion, from mistrust; we must come with deep humility and filial affection; we must come in a spirit of love to God, that we may take in the great fact that God is love. There must indeed be a knowledge of him before he can be loved; there must also be some love before there can be fuller knowledge. We have need of a love founded on proofs presently to be noticed, in order to our being prepared to see his love in other things at first perplexing. Manifold are the instances in which a man can understand the conduct of his friend only through the love he has for him. And it is the same between child and parent.

This being so, it follows that where there is the absence of the love we speak of, where men's hearts are out of sympathy with God, where they are alienated from him, and do not believe his gospel, they will fail to see at times the graciousness of his ways in providence. Their want of right dispositions towards him make them ignorant of his character, and blind to his dealings. When we are estranged from a person in temper, and feeling, and principle, we misunderstand him, misconstrue his meaning, and misinterpret his motives. We take partial views, and shut our eyes against some things, to fix our gaze on others. We dwell on what looks inconsistent, and are discontented with assurances of kindness, without a full explanation of every act. And just so do some proceed in reference to God. They cannot and will not see that he is love. They love him not, therefore they know him not.

Now the gospel reveals one fact which settles for ever the main question: "In this was the love of God manifested towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him." That is conclusive. Should it be objected that certain signs of beneficence in the natural world are insufficient, because there are over against them signs which seem inconsistent with them; no one can demur to this manifestation of Divine love, as wanting something more to make it completely demonstrative. Whatever difficulty we might feel about a person's benevolence, whom we saw making arrangements on the whole beneficial, but yet allowing numerous occasions of suffering to arise, we certainly could not doubt his thoroughly generous disposition, if we saw him *making a sacrifice* for the good of others. A sacrifice shows the heart of him who makes it. The sacrifice of the patriot undeniably declares his patriotism. The sacrifice of the friend leaves no room to doubt his friendship. If sacrifice be not a proof of love, nothing can be. However inconsistent some parts of a person's conduct toward you might seem, yet you would be perfectly satisfied with his love, and would employ it to reconcile apparent inconsistencies, if you saw that he spared not what was dearest to Him for your sake. Now "God spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all." That, to our mind, settles the question of his love. We ask for no proofs of it after this. Here is THE proof. It interprets everything else. We are prepared to look in the face of apparently antagonistic facts, assured that there is some principle of sufficient explanation, which exists in concealment, and will be one day revealed.

Thus the gospel enables us to write over every scene and event what nature could not,

We remember that he who chastises us, gave his Son. That very Son who died, now lives and reigns. All things happen under his government. The Divine meaning then never can be unkind to his children. We know who does it, and the tendency of the thing done is unquestionable. When sure that we hear him saying, "It is I," we can, though perhaps only with a tremulous voice, respond, "It is well." Whatever troubles happen, we are sure they must be meant for our good. And what we deduce from the one grand conclusive fact of redemption, is confirmed by our experience; for holiness, which is better than happiness, comes forth as the harvest and vintage of sanctified suffering and affliction. Sickness often yields larger spiritual benefit than health has done—poverty than riches do—losses than gains, and disappointment than gratification. Merchants have found the sinking of an argosy more profitable than its safe arrival in port. And farmers have found a blighted crop more productive than a full harvest. Friends have come to learn that the rupture of cherished ties has been a gracious boon, and fathers, that the death of children is a better blessing than their birth.

And, moreover, we know that whatever the God of love appoints, he will give his children strength to bear, and that after the stormy days of this life, there shall come peace and rest at last. Christ's history is a representative fact, to the effect that, as he reached his crown by way of the cross, so we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God. Hence, believing the gospel, we can inscribe over all the scenes of spiritual conflict, all the battle-fields of the soul, over the strait gate, the hill difficulty, and the valley of the shadow of death, as well as over the interpreter's dwelling, and the house beautiful, and the defectable mountains—what we find written on that cross which stands at the head of the way, "God is love." The Germans have beautiful mottoes on the portals of their cemeteries. We remember one, the very text before us, *Gott ist die Liebe*. And what a bright star did that seem in a dark sky. A more appropriate application of the passage could not be made. Love and death are ideas that nature separates, but the gospel unites them; and we see the two bound in one, the letters entwined in mystic form—a precious monogram over the grave of the Christian.

#### RELIGIOUS EFFORTS IN RUSSIA.

At a period like the present, when public attention is drawn to the political proceedings of Russia, it may prove interesting to review some of those efforts which have been put forth with

a view to its evangelization. The first-fruits of the typographical art in Russia was a copy of the New Testament in the Slavonian language; but the poor printer, though favoured by the emperor Ivan, was accused of heresy and magic, and compelled to flee the country. Between that period, however, and the year 1688, seven editions of the New Testament were issued, and one of the whole Bible, a revised edition of which was authorized by Peter the Great in 1712, but not issued till 1751 in consequence of the opposition of the priests.

A simple incident, however, under the Divine blessing, led to the more extended dissemination of the scriptures, and of religious publications. In 1808, the Rev. Robert Pinkerton, who had been labouring some three years at Karass in the Caucasus, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Missionary Society, being compelled from ill-health to remove, subsequently settled at Moscow. Here he obtained employment as preceptor in some of the most influential families: he also held a position of this kind in the family of Prince Metstchersky, whose wife was cousin to the emperor Alexander. Mr. Pinkerton's duty was to instruct their young family in the English language. The princess, fearing her children should be taught things of which she disapproved, generally remained in the room on an elevated seat during the hours of instruction. On one occasion Mr. Pinkerton took "The Dairyman's Daughter" to read to the children. The princess listened with attention. As he proceeded, she descended from her elevated seat, and came and sat near to him. When he had concluded, she sent the children out of the room, and stretching out both her hands, said: "I sent for you to instruct my children, but you have taught me such a lesson this day as I hope I shall never forget so long as I live."

The connexion between this incident and the spread of religious truth in Russia will be seen from the following statements. During the visit of the emperor Alexander to this country, in June, 1814, he met with the devoted author of "The Dairyman's Daughter" at Portsmouth. Mr. Richmond's biographer thus alludes to this pleasing incident.—"Mr. Richmond had ascended a lofty tower in the dockyard, and from its summit was viewing, through a telescope, the surrounding objects, when his imperial majesty and suite unexpectedly came to the spot. Mr. Richmond offered to withdraw; but the emperor would not consent, saying, 'Perhaps, sir, you are acquainted with the points of view before us?' Mr. Richmond assured him he well knew every spot in the neighbourhood; and drawing out his telescope, directed the eye of the emperor to the different objects worthy of notice. After a long and interesting conversation with his

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

majesty, before they separated Mr. Richmond said: "I avail myself of this opportunity to thank your imperial majesty, in my own name, and in that of all the friends of the Bible Society in England, for the distinguished patronage and support that your majesty has shown to the same cause in Russia." The emperor obligingly replied: "Sir, my thanks are rather due to your country, and to the friends of the cause; for had it not been for your example, we should have had no Bible Society in Russia."

Some months after this interview, Mr Richmond presented a copy of his "Annals of the Poor" to the emperor, and one of "The Dairymen's Daughter" to the Princess Metstchersky. In reply, the emperor said that he would place the book in one of the public libraries, and at the same time assured Mr. Richmond that he desired nothing so much as to see the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ our Saviour universally recognised in his dominions, and in the world. The princess replied in similar terms.

These simple facts led to enlarged efforts. No fewer than fourteen tracts—among which was "The Dairymen's Daughter"—were translated by this noble lady, and printed and circulated chiefly at her expense,\* besides several interesting works in Russ. In the course of a few years she sent out nearly one hundred religious and moral treatises, some original, and others translated from the English and German, and many of the Religious Tract Society's publications. Her excellency published between four and five hundred thousand copies of valuable publications, upwards of one half of which were gratuitously distributed or sold at low prices. His imperial majesty also contributed 12,000 roubles to these efforts.

In 1806, (says Dealtry) not one in a thousand of the Russians could read, and it was generally known seventy miles off where the treasure of a Bible was to be found. In ten years, the Russian Bible Society issued more than 800,000 copies. Thus the word grew and multiplied, and sixteen wagon loads of the sacred scriptures were sent off from the capital every month to different parts of the country. The work was continued with much energy, for as Prince Galitzin observed at the seventh anniversary of the Russian Bible Society: "In the different governments, both near and remote—in the desert and in the village—in snow-clad Siberia and upon the mountains of Caucasus and Ural are to be found the lovers of the word of God, who, of their own accord, and without selfish views of gain, are engaged in the work of translating the gospels and other parts of the bible into the various languages and dialects

spoken by the tribes who inhabit Russia—people who never before even heard of the Divine word."

The Russian Bible Society was founded by an imperial ukase in 1813; but, sad to state, the present emperor decreed in 1826 that it should cease to exist. Nevertheless it had done a great work, for it is supposed that it had circulated one copy for every twenty families in the empire. The circulation of tracts and books, however, continued on a restricted scale; and tracts have been scattered from the regions of Kamtschatka to the Baltic, and from the Black Sea to the Frozen Ocean.

From the year 1830, a little band, aided by the zealous and devoted Rev. Richard Knill, were able to print new works, and to secure for them an extensive circulation. A depository was opened for the sale of religious tracts and books at reduced prices. "In this little depository, a general in the army, a priest, and a poor peasant, have been seen together, obtaining the instruction which is needed by all ranks to make them wise unto salvation." And there is abundant evidence that the great object of their labours has been realised, even the saving conversion of souls. Scarcely a day passed, without tracts being sent forth. "It often happens," wrote Mr. Knill, "that people are with us early in the morning, who are followed by a succession of others for several hours together. Surely all this seed will not be lost! Mrs. More remarks very beautifully respecting the mother of Moses, while making the ark for her babe:—

With invocations to the living God  
She twisted every slender thread together,  
And with a prayer did every osier weave.

This is what I wish to do with every tract, every school book, every psalter, every prayer-book, every Testament, and every Bible which I distribute."

"A strict surveillance is kept over all books introduced into the empire from other countries; and no publication can issue from the press, not even an advertisement or a handbill, without the imprimatur of the censor. It is but just to say, however, that whenever applications have been made to the censors for their sanction to the publication of religious tracts and books, that sanction has generally been promptly given. "Indeed," says Dr. Pinkerton, "provided you keep clear of the dispute respecting the procession of the Holy Ghost, the number of the sacraments, the invocation of saints, prayers for the dead, etc., you may state all the vital doctrines of the gospel, without fear of having the work rejected by the spiritual authorities."

"A few alterations," remarks Mr. Brown, "have occasionally been suggested by the censors, but they were of comparatively little im-

\* She spent nearly 500*l.* in these efforts.

portance. For example, when the ‘Life of Lucy Maria Bigelow,’ an interesting American work, was proposed for publication, the censor objected to one paragraph in it. ‘Lucy had been very ill when a mere child, and on this is founded an appeal to children of a tender age, in which it is assumed that had she died at that time she must have been lost, as she did not experience a change of heart till some time afterwards.’ To this the censor objected, on the ground that it was opposed to the doctrine of the Greek church, which is, that no child is responsible under seven years of age. Instead, however, of simply drawing his pen through the objectionable passage, or rejecting the book altogether, either of which courses it was competent for him to adopt, he kindly prepared another paragraph, retaining in some measure the force of the original without its obnoxious assumption, and this he placed at the service of those who were interested in the work—a favour of which they were most happy to avail themselves. He also advised them, by all means, to make the child a few years older, as no Russian would believe that a girl of her age could feel and act as she was said to have done. I need scarcely say that they could not do; *verisimilitude* was sacrificed to *truth*. One alteration, indeed, was made in a tract, the mention of which may, perhaps, provoke a smile. A tract entitled, ‘Saturday Evening; or, a Conversation betwixt Sarah Wood and Mary Hopkins,’ was translated, and sent to the censor’s office. The object of the tract is to correct the evil of working on the sabbath. In Russia, as amongst the Jews and some other people, the day is, for all ecclesiastical purposes, reckoned from sunset to sunset, or from 6 p. m. the preceding day. The tract was returned on the ground that it was as sinful to make purchases on the evening of Saturday, as recommended by the tract, as on the morning of the sabbath. Here was a difficulty! What was to be done? A glance at the tract sufficed to show. The pen was drawn through the word ‘evening,’ leaving the title to stand thus, ‘Saturday; or, a Conversation,’ etc.; and one similar alteration was made in the body of the tract. It was then again sent to the censor, and his *imprimatur* was granted at once.”

From the year 1830 to the year 1849, about 3,636,000 books and tracts were circulated throughout the empire and adjoining countries, together with some copies of the scriptures on its borders, and many were the cases of conversion, from Russian noblemen to the poorest serfs.

From a small beginning what important results have proceeded. The reading of “The Dairyman’s Daughter” to the children of Prince Metstchersky led to the conversion of the

princess, and to an annual circulation of millions of pages of various works, in fourteen different languages over the whole extent of the Russian empire, and beyond its boundaries, in Norway and Sweden to the west, and in China to the east; several of the Mongolian tracts have found their way into the celestial empire, and there is reason to believe that copies are now deposited in the imperial library at Pekin.

And although restrictions are placed upon the press at the present time, and bible distribution is interdicted in the Russian territories, may we not anticipate that the seed which lies buried there will speedily spring up, and bring forth fruit to the praise of the glory of his grace? —for the word of God is not bound. May the wrath of man, which now rages so furiously, be instrumental in releasing the people from the dominion of a corrupt faith, and introducing them to the service of Christ, in all its purity and simplicity.

### AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE.

#### III.—FRANCKE’S WANDERINGS AND TRIALS BEFORE HE WAS SETTLED IN HALLE.

MASTER Francke had now the privilege of holding lectures, and as he was a general favourite, his lectures were well attended, not only by the students, but also by others. The literati of Leipzig of every creed admired and esteemed the hopeful young lecturer, who was now only in his twenty-second year. But of what avail was all their admiration when there was no peace in his own breast? To obtain this peace many an experiment was tried. It occurred to him whether it might not be very good to read the scriptures more in the original languages. He consulted with some of his colleagues, and on the following Sunday afternoon the first meeting was held. For the first hour, one took a chapter out of the Old Testament; for the next hour, another took a chapter out of the New, and expounded it from the original text; after which the others made their remarks. These meetings soon became so popular that there was difficulty in finding a place sufficiently large to accommodate them. Francke’s opinion was always of great weight, and his view of any difficult passage was highly esteemed even by his senior colleagues. He knew the scriptures thoroughly, and his method of expounding them had something so winning and so satisfactory, that by his influence many were brought to devote much more time to their studies than they had ever done before.

We will hear from himself, however, what he many years later says of the state of his mind at this time. “About my twenty-fourth year,” he

writes, I began fully to realize my misery and to seek deliverance with greater earnestness than I had ever done. I know of no impulse from without, nor of anything which brought me to this serious state, but the grace of God and my theological studies, which were up to this time merely speculative. I saw clearly that I could not accept an office, and teach others what I did not myself really feel. I was in the midst of worldly society; temptations from without and from within; and yet the grace of God often wrought on my soul so powerfully as to bring me to fall on my knees in secret and cry to God for strength to become a true child of God. I who should have been a teacher required to be taught the first rudiments of Christianity. I had studied theology seven years, had read many practical books, knew all that could be said for and against every doctrine; but while this was all a mere work of the understanding and the word of God had no living power in my heart, I had now to begin at the very beginning of the Christian life. I found my state, however, to be very bad; bound down—not, it is true, by any open, glaring sins—but by literary pride and a desire to please men, so that I could only compare myself to one sinking in a quicksand, stretching out his hands for help, and unable to extricate himself. I was like a man bound by many cords, who when he succeeds in cutting one, finds another of which he had not dreamt before. It was only the grace of God which kept me from despair."

In the year 1687, Francke was encouraged to leave Leipzig and go to reside in Lüneburg, where he could enjoy the society of the pious and learned superintendent Sandhagen. This was destined to be the town of his spiritual birth. Far removed from the excitement and flatteries of that circle in which he had so long moved in Leipzig, and enjoying the society of the venerable Sandhagen, and a few other select Christian friends, he had leisure to examine the state of his mind, and had also a better opportunity of listening to the still small voice, "What doest thou here?" Shortly after his arrival in Lüneburg he was requested to prepare for preaching on a given day. Some weeks must intervene, and he set himself earnestly to prepare a discourse which might be useful to his hearers. His mind was so constituted that he could not rest satisfied with having preached a fine sermon if he had not at the same time the confidence that it was likely to edify its hearers. While thinking over the subject, he lighted on the text John xx. 31: "But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." From these words he was about to show the nature of true

living faith as different from mere assent. He soon discovered, however, that the faith which he was about to describe to his audience was something to which he was personally still a stranger. He now gave over the study of the sermon; he had enough to do with himself.

It is deeply interesting to read the account which he gives of the intense struggle which now developed itself in his mind. What doubts tossed him like a frail bark on the open sea; and what a dark, dreary passage he had when struggling alone with the mighty God, before he surrendered his soul to the grace of the Lord Jesus; all this he afterwards describes in a touching narrative. He tried to reason himself into peace, but in vain. He brought all his learning to bear on himself, striving by his own effort to gain the victory; but still his doubts and fears increased. Even the very existence of God as the great First Cause became matter of doubt, and often he struggled in prayer to obtain the conviction that there is a God, a hearer of prayer. The authority of the bible had lost its force; whether there was more evidence of its inspiration than of that of the Talmud or Koran was matter of doubt. His whole past life was spread open before him. He could now, as in prospective, count his sins one by one, and they became aggravated before him; but he discovered at the same time the source of all his sin and misery to be unbelief on the Son of God, or that self-deception which he had hitherto fancied to be faith.

In this inward struggle all his learning was of no avail. He could find no comfort from man; but in his chamber he lay on his knees and cried to "the unknown God." His friends knew nothing of the struggle going on in his mind. "Sometimes I wept," he writes, "sometimes I paced the room in great anxiety, sometimes fell on my knees and cried to that God whom I neither knew nor loved. In my distress I cried again and again, 'If there be indeed a God, he might have mercy upon me.'" The time was now come, and the grace of God was revealed with power to the bruised spirit. "One Sunday," he writes further, "I was reflecting with myself, that if no change came I would decline preaching, because I could not deceive the people by speaking against my conscience. I felt it very hard to have no God to whom I could pour out my heart; to weep and not know the cause of my tears, or whether there be a God who is grieved by my sin; to be daily in the deepest distress, and to have no Saviour and no refuge. I threw myself once more on my knees, and cried to that God whom I did not know, and scarce hoped to obtain relief, even supposing there were a God and a Saviour. And see, the Lord heard my cry! It did not

please him gradually to open my understanding—that would have been sufficient—but his grace was so wondrous that he heard and helped me at once. All my doubts vanished; I obtained the assurance that there was grace for me in Christ Jesus. I could not only address the Most High as God, I could also call him *my father*. My sorrow and misery were gone; my heart was full of joy. In the deepest distress which it was possible for me to experience, I bowed my knee, and with unutterable ecstatic joy I rose again from the dust. The Lord Jesus was now my Saviour!"

Forty years afterwards, when paying his last visit to the orphan-house, he said that a fountain of living water had been opened up to him on that day in Christ Jesus, and from the streams he had drank till he was satisfied through his whole remaining life. He acknowledged that up to this time he had never been really in earnest in seeking salvation.

Francke had now completed his studies. He required to search no more for wisdom; he had found Him in whom all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid. The meetings for reading the scriptures out of the original languages were continued here as in Leipzig, but probably a different tone pervaded them. From Lüneburg he went to Hamburg, but this time not so much for the sake of studying Hebrew as of cultivating the society of pious men. His stay in that city afforded him an opportunity of acquiring the art of teaching children. Indeed there was little wanting to induce him to devote his whole time to that important work; but the paternal friend, Dr. Glavin, who had provided him with the means of study, interfered, and directed him to proceed to some university town. He chose Leipzig; but before settling here, he visited the well-known Spener, and spent two happy months in his hospitable home at Dresden.

Returning to Leipzig, he resumed his lectures, but this time not in Latin, as was customary with the professors, but in German. The number of persons attending his lectures was sufficient to awaken the envy of those who had formerly known and loved him, but who had no sympathy with his new views of Divine truth. These most learned friends considered it a depreciation of theology to deliver the lectures in the native tongue; and as the young lecturer asserted that it was no easy matter to press through the strait gate, the old professors charged him with presumption, as pretending to know the way of salvation better than they did. Still he had occasionally much encouragement. Once he went to the rector of the university to ask the use of a room for his lectures, as his own room was become too small, though, under all the circumstances, he scarcely

ventured to hope for a favourable answer. The rector received him with open arms, and with tears thanked him for his lectures, by means of which his son, a lad of sixteen years, had been brought to a living faith, and had helped to bring a new turn of thought and feeling into the whole family. The hall was granted for his lectures, but it was not long ere his enemies succeeded in obtaining a prohibition. When the liberty of lecturing was gone, he had no inducement to remain longer in Leipzig.

He soon received a call to become pastor in Erfurt, and recognising the guidance of his heavenly Father, the call was accepted. An old college friend was already settled there, and with hearty good-will the two friends pulled together at the net. Francke's sermons were popular, and even the Roman Catholics crowded into his church. Still he was not satisfied with merely preaching. He held lectures for the students, and visited much from house to house. Bibles and Testaments were obtained and circulated. It would have been strange if no opposition had been made to such a work as this. The report was spread that he was circulating heretical and dangerous books, and the magistrates gave orders for him to give over. At the same time private orders were issued that every packet which arrived for Francke should be brought to the town-hall and examined. Soon after this he received a summons to appear at the town-hall, when he was asked why he had dared to order more heretical books. Francke denied having transgressed the command, whereupon the package which had arrived that morning with his address, was produced as a triumphant evidence against him. The seal was broken; the package was opened with due solemnity, and to the utter confusion of his accusers it consisted simply of New Testaments. He was of course set free, and the circumstance was as good as if the town-crier had announced that a new package of Testaments had arrived.

Meanwhile the Roman Catholic enemies were active, and an order soon came to have the man removed. He complained of being condemned without an hearing, but received no other reply than that he must within forty-eight hours leave the town. The children of the schools came and knelt before the magistrates, begging that he might be restored, but to no avail. Some of the citizens came with the same petition, but they were thrown into prison. On the 27th of September, 1691, he took his leave of the town, accompanied by a few of his faithful parishioners, and returned once more to his mother in Gotha. The very day on which he left Erfurt, he received an invitation to become professor of Greek in the university of Halle.



## Page for the Young.

### THE SWEARER REBUKED BY A CHILD.

It was a railway excursion day, and the carriages were nearly full, when a lady, evidently in ill-health, entered, leading a little son of four or five years. She paused and looked around in vain for a vacant seat. The gentleman by my side, perceiving her embarrassment sprang to his feet, and politely offered his seat, which was accepted with a grateful acknowledgment. She was about to take the little boy in her arms, when a gentleman on the opposite side extended his hands, saying, with a winning smile, "Come here, my boy, come and sit down upon my knee. I am better able to hold you than your mother is." The child looked up for his mother's consent, and then joyfully sprang to the seat so kindly offered. For some few moments the gentleman amused himself by asking the child all manner of questions, drawing out his curious ideas, and listening with satisfaction to his artless replies. Soon, however, his attention was drawn to an article in the paper he had just laid aside, and giving the boy some sweetmeats, he entered into an earnest political discussion with another gentleman by his side. At first it seemed they only sought amusement, and jokes and laughter were frequently intermingled with argument. But the contest gradually waxed stronger, until at length jokes were exchanged for profanity.

The boy had been very happy with his new friend, but when the first profane word was uttered, he looked up with astonishment. Tears gathered in his large black eyes, and laying the watch carefully aside, which had been given to him by the gentleman for his amusement, he slipped quietly to the floor, and fled to his mother.

"Where are you going, my dear?" exclaimed the gentleman, as he saw him moving off. "Come back, my boy, come back, I thought you were very happy a few moments since, what is the matter now? Come, you are a fine little fellow, come and see what I can find for you in my pocket." But the boy clung to his mother, utterly refusing the extended hand.

"Well, now," exclaimed the gentleman, with evident chagrin, "this is very strange. I do not understand it. Come, my boy, tell me why you left me?"

"Tell the gentleman, my dear," said his mother, encouragingly, "why you do not wish to sit with him."

"Because," said he, as he straightened himself back, and summoned all his resolution for the effort, "the bible says we must not sit in the seat of the scorner."

The gentleman looked confounded. For a moment the blood rushed to his high expansive brow, and I thought he was angry. The mother was also surprised. She had not expected such a reply. But the man instantly regained his composure, and pleasantly said, "I hope you do not call me a scorner." The boy leaned his head upon his mother's shoulder, but made no reply. "Come, tell me," continued he, "why do you call me a scorner?" The child looked up and simply but earnestly said, while a large tear stole quietly down his cheek, "I don't like, sir, to hear you swear so!"

"Oh! that is it, is it? Well," continued he, as the

mother pressed her son to her bosom, and bowed her head to hide the tears which were starting in her own eyes; "come back and sit with me, and I promise you I will never swear again."

"Won't you," asked the child earnestly, "then I shall love you very much indeed." Saying this, he allowed the gentleman again to place him on his knee; but it was plainly to be seen that he did not go back with the joyfulness with which he had at first taken the seat. The gentleman saw this. He felt that he had lowered himself in the esteem of that innocent and noble-minded boy. The thought evidently gave him pain. And he did all he could to efface from his mind the unpleasant impression.

In explanation of this affecting scene, his mother said it was her custom to read a chapter in the Bible every morning to her son, explaining it as she could, and then pray with him. That morning she had read the first Psalm, and when explaining to him the character of a scorner, among other vices she had mentioned profanity. Not fully comprehending the subject, but resolved at all events to do right, he thought it was really a sinful act to sit for one moment with a man who had taken God's name in vain. When, oh when, will mothers realize the vast amount of influence they are capable of exerting over their children? When will they realize the strength and permanence of those impressions received in childhood?

### THE DIFFERENCE.

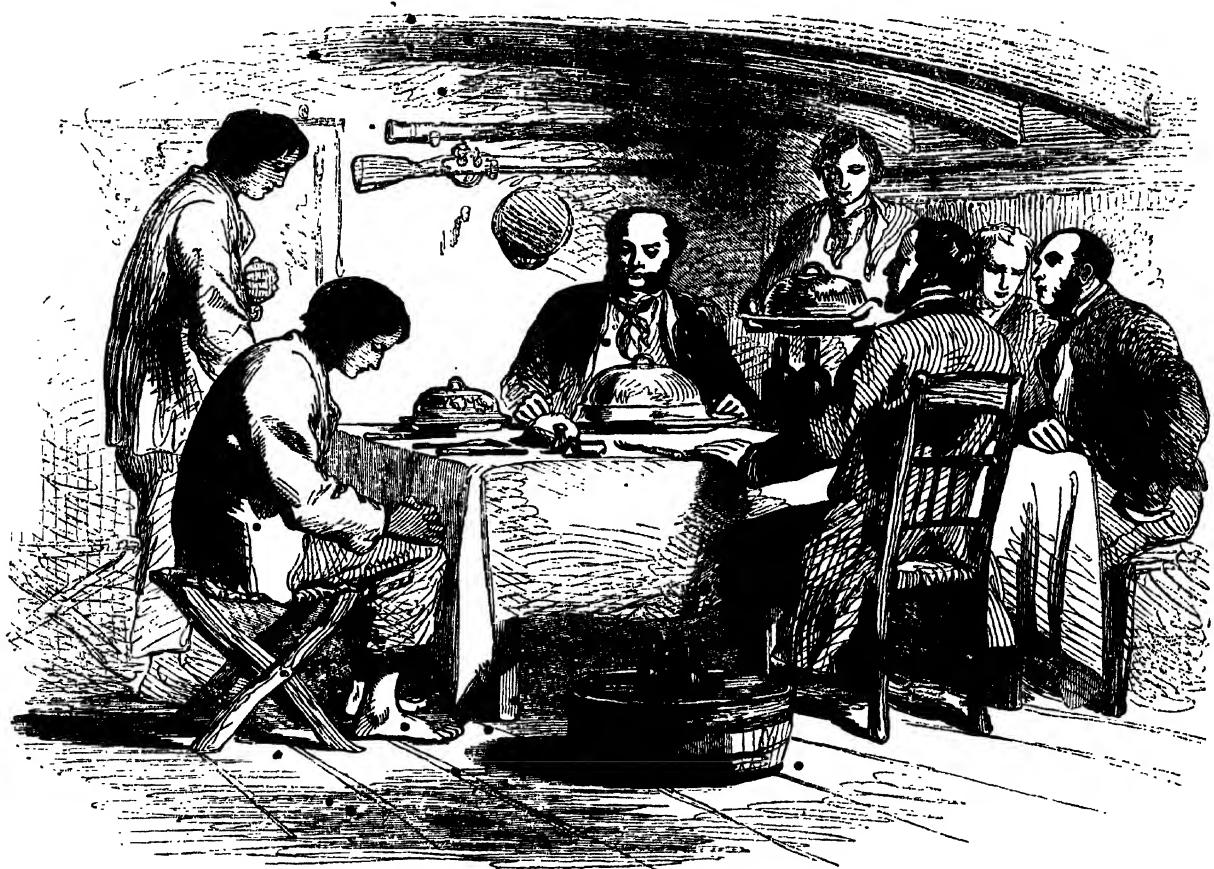
A HINDOO was lying upon his bed, expecting soon to die. He was full of thought where his soul would go after death. He had been wholly given to idolatry, and now he felt that he was not happy. A priest came to see him, and the dying man said, "What will become of me?" "Oh," said the priest, "you will live in another body." "And where shall I go then?" he asked. "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another, and so on through thousands of millions." The thoughts of the dying man darted across all these many changes, as if they were but the work of an instant, and cried, "Where shall I go last of all?" The priest could not reply, and the unhappy idolater died with no one near him to answer his anxious question.

A little Burman girl was near death. Lifting her dim eyes to a kind lady who was her teacher, she said, "I am dying, but I am not afraid to die; for Christ will call me up to heaven. He has taken away all my sins, and I wish to die now that I may go and see him. I love Jesus more than any one else." What made the difference between the little Burman girl and the dying Hindoo? One had heard the gospel from the lips of the missionaries, and had received it into her heart; the other lived and died an idolater, for none had told him of "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent."

How great the contrast between these two cases! While the poor bewildered and anxious heathen went out of the world in a state of dreadful uncertainty, the little Christian girl had hope in her end. Ah, my dear young friends, how you ought to pity heathen children, and pray that God would bless the labours, of his missionary servants in bringing them to know the worth of a Saviour, and the greatness of his love.

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE YOUNG PITCAIRNERS DINING WITH THE OFFICERS OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

## THE TRANSFORMED ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

### CHAPTER III.

In passing through the streets of the great metropolis, our attention has not unfrequently been drawn to the operations of some workmen engaged in sculpturing the front of a public building. When a device of more than usual attractiveness has had to be wrought, the artist, hidden behind a screen, has toiled from day to day, the passers-by remaining unconscious of what was going on within. At last, when the work has been completed, the covering is re-

moved, and to the view of all there stands forth a graceful production that extorts the admiration of every beholder.. We are reminded of this comparison as we resume our history of Pitcairn.

A quarter of a century had rolled away since the mutiny of the Bounty had taken place, and the circumstances attending that event had been almost forgotten by the public, absorbed as its attention had been by the exciting events of the French Revolution and the war with Napoleon. In the year 1814, however, two English men-of-war, towards the close of an evening in September, found themselves near an island, in a latitudo where their charts gave

them no indications of such a spot being situated. — When morning dawned, habitations were discovered, but so neat and orderly in their structure as to carry back the spectators to associations rather of civilized than savage life. While marvelling what all this indicated, a canoe was seen to put from the shore, guided by two youthful natives, one of them tall, dark-haired, and with features intelligent and interesting. We might almost fancy the officers of the men-of-war, as they gazed on the little skiff that was approaching them, grieving that countenances so expressive should belong to inhabitants sunk in barbarism, when to their astonishment the young Polynesians hail them in the English tongue. Their amazement, however, rose still higher, when on offering the youths refreshment, after they had come on board, they both reverently stood up, and putting their hands together in an attitude of devout supplication, exclaimed, (still in the mother tongue of Old England,) "For what we are about to receive the Lord make us truly thankful?" The unknown character of the island, surprise at hearing the language of their native land spoken in such a spot, and the simple piety of the youths, all filled the spectators with astonishment; but before we can explain the mystery, we must return to him whom, at the close of our last chapter, we left engaged in prayer.

If there is an hour in the history of the soul more momentous than another, it is that in which the Spirit of God strives with the conscience of the awakened sinner, and when on the one side the world, and on the other the realities of things to come, contend, as it were, for the mastery. "When the Holy Spirit," it has been well remarked, "brings man up to that line where nothing separates him from the Saviour but man's own determination—when awakened, convinced, impressed, sensitive and sorrowing, the Saviour stands before him, offers to him everything freely, and asks him to obey him—oh, could his heart reply, 'I will'—could he resolve to turn at once from every tempting opposer and follow Jesus only, and make one sacrifice of pride and indolence and fear, to enter into covenant with Christ—the conquered enemy would depart from him. Angels would shout a Saviour's glory over another soul rescued as a brand plucked out of the fire. But if such an offer and such grace are rejected, the despised Spirit rarely returns."

It was such a decisive hour with John Adams; but, happily, he repented and humbled himself before God. He came to the Saviour in earnest and cleaved to him in faith for salvation. Nor was his application in vain. Peace, shed abroad by the Holy Spirit, in due time visited his soul,

and he resolved henceforth to live no longer to himself, but unto God.

It is the property of true religion that it is unselfish in its character, and that it is distinguished by efforts for the good of others. These qualities soon manifested themselves in Adams. On looking around he had been grieved to see the young children growing up untended and uncared for, all the vices of heathenism threatening to be developed in them. He longed to remedy the evil, and while he pondered the matter, a means of doing so was unexpectedly placed in his way. The incident may be thus related. "Having wanted a piece of ground broken up, in order to plant some yams, he had promised two youths, Edward Quintal and Robert Young, the present of a small phial of gunpowder if they would undertake the task. After the ground had been broken up and the yams planted, the two youths asked him which would please him best, to give them the gunpowder or to teach them some lessons. Pleased with the remark, he offered them the gunpowder as well, which they refused. He then told them that if there were any more of their companions who would like to be taught, he would teach them. The consequence was that, much to John Adams' delight, the whole of the children came to him, and soon acquired such a thirst for instruction that he had little else to do than to answer their inquiries."

Such was the first school at Pitcairn. The old mutineer, whose lips had uttered blasphemies, now taught his young charge to lisp the pleasing accents of their Creator's praise. The knowledge of the true God and Saviour was proclaimed among them, and the bible made the standard of all their actions. The Lord's day was also honoured; and so gently and wisely was the whole work accomplished, that gradually a little colony of forty-six individuals grew up around John Adams, looking to him as a patriarch, and a guide in all their temporal and spiritual matters. The English tongue was the language spoken; and well did the little group represent the nation from whom they thus claimed descent. In appearance they were handsome; their faces beamed with kindness, while their bearing was modest and becoming; immorality was unknown in their midst, scandal was studiously banished, diligence was promoted, and such of the arts as their instructor had carried with him from Europe, were taught them, so that comfort pervaded their dwellings. Contrasted, indeed, with what had preceded it, the scene was strikingly beautiful, resembling a fair morning chasing away the clouds and darkness of a gloomy night. And all these blessed results proceeded, be it remembered, from carrying out the precepts of the bible. The one

\* Tyng's "Christ is All."

copy of that volume which had been carried ashore from the wreck of the Bounty had, by the blessing of the Spirit of God, wrought out this transformation! Talk of bibliolatry! We cannot exalt too highly the efficacy of the word of God, as the great lever for the regeneration and elevation of society. What it did for Pitcairn, it is able to do for all the dark places of the earth. Well has an able writer said upon this subject:—"No sooner is the bible fairly entrenched in a country, and its great truths transcribed by the Spirit of God upon the hearts of the people, than there begins to be a remodelling of their domestic architecture. Natural affection resumes its proper sway. The conjugal, parental, and filial relations, develop their beautiful tracery. The wife is clothed with her rightful honours as the equal and companion of her husband. Children are made the objects of a vigilant and tender care; and households gradually cast off their uncouth and revolting attributes, and conform to the scripture pattern. To effect a revolution like this in a nation, is to achieve a conquest, the moral splendour of which surpasses the glory of all Caesar's and Napoleon's victories."

But it is time to return to the visitors to Pitcairn. On landing, all that they saw breathed peace and serenity; and the little spot seemed like some Eden bower, restored to a sin-stricken world. They gazed with wonder on the scene, and reassuring John Adams, whose mind had been troubled at their visit, they again set sail, carrying to their native land the tidings of what they had witnessed. About the same period, news reached the country of the triumphs of the missionary labours long pursued in Tahiti and elsewhere; so that it seemed as if the wilderness was literally about to blossom like the rose.

Time wore away, and many years had elapsed, when in 1825 another ship-of-war again approached Pitcairn. Her officers found the good work still prospering, and love and harmony pervading the little community. Upon landing and retiring to rest, the evening hymn, chanted by the islanders, soothed their slumbers; and at dawn of day they were awoke by the strains of the morning hymn. On the Lord's day, again, equally pleasing signs presented themselves. The little community crowded their humble sanctuary, no work of any kind being permitted to take place. Great devotion was apparent in every individual; and even among the children there was a seriousness unknown in the younger part of our communities at home. A sermon was delivered; but here, we fear, the inhabitants of Pitcairn will find few European admirers or imitators. It was read over three times, lest any part of it should be forgotten. "The service," observes a spectator, "was very long; but the neat and

cleanly appearance of the congregation, the devotion that animated every countenance, and the innocence and simplicity of the little children, prevented the attendance from becoming wearisome." With respect to Adams himself, the same narrator states that, from close observation, he had no doubt of the sincerity of his piety. Adams was on board the vessel that had arrived from England, for two or three days, and slept in the captain's cabin: but he would never get into bed till the captain had got into his and was supposed to be asleep, when, in a retired corner of the cabin, he fell on his knees and performed his devotions; and he was always up first in the morning for the same purpose.

"All that remains to be said," concludes this writer, "of these excellent people, is, that they appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable, beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and to have no vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manner gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed."

In 1829, forty years after the mutiny of the Bounty, John Adams died, full of years and full of honours. The excellency of the latter part of his life had thrown into the shade the stains of its opening; while the vices by which his earlier years were stamped, made only more distinguishing and glorious the grace of that Saviour who had wrought such transforming effects in his life and character. After such an example as his, no one who unfeignedly seeks the Saviour need despair of acceptance; and after such an example, too, we may add, no one ought to doubt the reality of that great change which scripture speaks of as necessary before we can enter the kingdom of heaven. Yes, reader, conversion and regeneration are not idle or unmeaning terms, but solemn and momentous realities. Nor is their necessity confined to characters so abandoned as Adams had been; for the moral and the amiable, as much as the open sinner, require this great change to pass upon their soul. Oh! let the question, then, with which we close this paper, dwell with the reader, till it obtain an answer—"Am I converted to God? Am I the subject of the regenerating influences of his Spirit?"

### HESTER CROSBY,

OR

### THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF MEEKNESS.

"You are come home again, girl, are you?—But what's the use of asking that?—I see you are. I knew how it would be. I told your mother so;" and the speaker—a small, wiry,

sharp-featured man, in a dirty smock-frock, and with a restless, discontented expression of feature—sat down and began to knock the snow off his boots on to the hearth.

"There, you need not do that, Will, if you are put out. The fire won't burn any better for having all that snow fizzing about. And you need not huff poor Hester that way, neither; she would not have come home if she could have helped it, I reckon. It is not such a nice place to come to as all that." The woman by whom this rejoinder was made sat darning a stocking by the fire-side—such a fire as it was. She matched her husband for discomfort of look and sharpness of voice.

The young woman to and of whom these dreary words were spoken, looked disconsolately from one speaker to the other; but if any other emotion was raised in her mind, she did not let it appear. Once she opened her mouth to speak, but the words, whatever they might have been, remained unspoken; and she quietly sat down by the small table and resumed some needle-work which her father's entrance had interrupted. She was pale and slightly deformed; and her countenance could scarcely have been called interesting, but for the soft long lashes which shaded a pair of dark glistening eyes, and the neatness of her hair—too uncommon a characteristic of cottage maidens in our village. Neat, indeed, she was in her entire dress, and thus presented a considerable contrast to everything around her.

"Why don't you speak, girl?" the man continued, after a short pause, and in the same disagreeable tone; "how is it you are come back again? That's what I want to know."

"What's the use of asking that, Will, when you know well enough the reason? I should have thought you might have something else to say to your own daughter, when you havn't seen her, before this minute, for six months and more."

"Well, the girl is my own daughter; and so, mistress, I shan't ask your leave what to say to her; and I want to know from her own lips why she left her place."

The young woman looked up from her work; "The place was too hard for me, father," she answered, quietly; "at least Mrs. Harrison said so. I wanted to try it longer; I did indeed; but mistress said it was doing me harm, and the work would make me ill. And my cough has been very bad of late."

"There," said the mother, "now Hester has told you, you are satisfied I hope, and as wise as you were before; for 'tis just what I told you when I knew she was coming home."

"And what are you going to do, now you are got home? that's what I should like to know

next. There's your sister Mary has been out at service these six years, and never made a fuss about a cough or an ache, that I know of, and never had a fuss made about her. You don't think that I can earn money enough to keep you doing nothing, I hope. If you do, you may find yourself mistaken."

"I'll try, father, not to be a burden to you," said the poor girl; "if you will but be kind, I will do anything—anything I can, not to be a burden;" and the pent-up feelings of a wounded spirit sought relief in a flood of tears.

"There, don't give way, Hester," said the mother, rather sharply than smoothly, however; "'tis no use crying; I should have cried my eyes out long ago, if I had minded all he says. You will be better again soon, I dare say, and then you can look out for an easier place; and till that time comes, you'll find something to do here, I'll warrant. We want tightening up bad enough, and, with one thing and another, I have plenty to do, I can tell you; so just say no more about it, and cheer up."

Certainly, the mother spoke the truth; the cottage home did "want tightening up," as she said; dirt, disorder, and discomfort were visible enough everywhere, even in the woman's dress, which was ragged and filthy. It was not "such a nice place to come to," the mother was right there.

"And I'll tell you another thing, Hester," said the man, after a short, uncomfortable silence; "We don't want any of your pious doings here. Now you are come home, you will do as we do—mind that. When you go away again, you may be your own mistress, for what I care; but not here. So you know what you have to look to."

Again Hester raised her eyes, and looked in her father's face, and words trembled on her lips; but she restrained them. She knew too well that he was a violent as well as a godless man, and she feared that speaking would only irritate him the more. Presently, the man sauntered to the cottage door, opened it, looked out, and then walked into the road.

"Your father is right enough there, Hester," said the mother, when the heavy footsteps of her husband were no longer heard; "religion is all very well in its place, but you have got too much of it in your head, my girl."

"Oh, mother," said poor Hester; "if it is only in my head, that won't do any good, I know; but, mother, why is it you do not like me to love the bible? I am sure it does not make me less willing to work, and it does not make me love you and father less. Mother," the young woman added, calmly and gently, "I cannot give up religion, but I will promise you not to talk about it."

We need not add many words as a key to this conversation. The parents of Hester were poor, ignorant, ungodly, and discontented. Hester was the youngest of many children, all of whom had left home, or had been "turned out," as we say in our village, to get their own living. And, to speak truly, they were no heart-breaking events, these turnings out, for, at best, the home was wretched enough. So the family was scattered. One boy had gone to sea, others were in farmers' service, and one was married; but all were poor and vicious—true "chips of the old block," people said. An older daughter was also at service.

Hester had been sickly from infancy, and she was now twenty years old. An injury, received in childhood, had distorted her spine, and laid the foundation for disease which had threatened her with an early grave. But she had struggled on—had been sent to a Sunday school, to get her out of her mother's way—the instruction she had received there had been blessed to her soul, and her afflictions had been sanctified.

She also, notwithstanding her weakness, had been "turned out" to get her own living; but one service after another had to be given up by frequently recurring attacks of disease; and now, once more, after a six months' trial of a house-maid's duties, she was compelled to relinquish them, and to return to her wretched home.

Hester had known little of a parent's love—nothing of a parent's tenderness. Her affliction had been turned against her, in complainings and reproaches that she "wanted more coddling than all the others put together." And then, her religion—was it not enough to be burdened with a sick, pining wench, her parents wanted to know, without her taking up with religious notions? The very meekness and patience which were copied from the example of Him who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again," and which had their root in faith and love—these were made the occasion of taunting and ridicule.

"I will promise not to talk about it," said poor Hester, and there the conversation closed. Later that evening, her father returned from his frequent haunt, the beer-shop, sullen and quarrelsome, and then the light which had glimmered through the window panes was extinguished.

It is a great error to suppose, as some do, that a village life, and a lowly position in society, can give but little occasion for Christian heroism. There are Christian heroes and heroines to be found in very humble conditions; and Hester Crosby was one of these. It would be as unpleasant as it is unnecessary to detail all the circumstances which, during her length-

ened sojourn in her parent's miserable abode, called into exercise the graces of her Christian character; nor could all be told. The loud and violent abuse which she meekly bore, and the bitter, unmerited complaints that she was idly living on her parents' industry, and doing nothing to help them—these were heard all the neighbourhood around; but it was not known then that she had paid over to her mother the wages of her last six months' service, and was daily overtaxing her strength to earn enough at plain needlework, as a recompence for her bare subsistence. This was not known, for Hester did not tell it; nor did she speak of the "persecution for righteousness sake" which she was daily called to endure, nor of the hard labour which, in addition to her remunerated work, and notwithstanding her failing health, she every day performed unmurmuringly, though sinking beneath the toil, lest religion should suffer on her behalf.

She kept her promise too; she did not talk about religion; there was, happily, no need for this to prove its reality in her soul, if this would have proved it; it was the spring of her actions, and the source of her strong consolations. Her faith and love, and hope and joy—joy in tribulations—were shown not in talking, but in doing.

Spring came, and Hester's disease again seemed to yield to its milder influence. It was with a glad and thankful heart that she once more left the home of her childhood—a home not hallowed by happy remembrances—to enter into service in a distant town. Her father's last injunction was, "Mind you keep your place this time, Hester; it does not do for poor people to be always ailing;" and her mother echoed it.

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### THIRTY SAFE MAXIMS FOR MEN OF BUSINESS.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty.

He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster.

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.

Be patient toward all men.

The meek will he guide in judgment.

Before honour is humility.

A man's pride shall bring him low.

Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in meteyard, in weight, or in measure.

Just balances, just weights, and a just ephah, and a just line, shall ye have.

This is the will of God, that no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter;

because that the Lord is the avenger of all such.

**H**e that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want.

**H**e that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.

Trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

**H**e that giveth to the poor shall not lack.

Say not to thy neighbour, "Go, and come again," when thou hast it by thee.

Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour.

A poor man is better than a liar.

Seest thou a man hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.

"It is naught, it is naught," saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

By humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches and honour and life.

A man void of understanding striketh hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friend.

**H**e that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

Such are the counsels of inspired wisdom; such the ethics of the word of God. It is a safe and reliable guide. It meets all the exigencies of your profession. It provides for every duty and every danger. Its principles are as immutable as the throne of the Deity. Its precepts are written as with a sunbeam. Its promises breathe the benevolence of heaven. The character which is formed upon its model, will command universal homage. The life that draws from it its inspiration, will enrich and bless the community which embosoms it. Let commerce take the BIBLE as its chart, and throughout all its teeming thoroughfares, the primeval curse of labour will be despoiled of half its severity.

## A RECORD OF KENNINGTON COMMON.

THIS well known metropolitan locality, originally a green belonging to Kennington, a village of Surrey, and the seat of a royal residence, was long a point of attraction to the dwellers in the city, who repaired to it in their leisure hours to breathe the fresh air of the country, mark the opening buds and blossoms of spring, enjoy the shades of trees in summer, and recreate themselves with a tramp upon the grass. The palace, which the widow and son. of the Black Prince temporarily occupied, has wholly disappeared, and left no memorial of its site. The distinctive features of the village have also long been obliterated, the metropolis extending its outstretching arms to the spot, and making the rural city-like. The green likewise gradually underwent a change in its outward appearance, and one for the worse, until it exhibited only a little dingy-looking turf, interspersed with unsightly patches of bare earth and muddy pools in wet weather, with an indiscriminate scattering of refuse articles over it. Such was its forlorn aspect down to the commencement of the present year. But Kennington Common, as such, is now numbered with the things that were, having recently become an enclosed area, at present in process of being converted into an ornamental park. This is an improvement in more senses than one; for while it will be still accessible to the public by pathways, an end will be put to many unseemly and painful exhibitions, for which the place has been of late notorious. But lights blend with shadows in its history. If political malcontents, infidels, and false teachers have occupied the ground, disseminating soul-destroying errors, the preachers of the cross have been there likewise, with the truth which is able to make wise unto salvation; and while many thoughtless ones on the site have scoffed at the verities of revealed religion, others have had their minds sobered by them; and not a few who came to mock, have gone home to pray. This was especially the case during the great revival of serious and heart-felt religion which marked the middle of the last century. Interesting events of that date in connection with the locality are on record. It will be somewhat pertinent now to refer to them, as it has just lost the last trace of its original character—that of an area open on all sides to the stroller's footstep.

One hundred and fifteen years have elapsed in the present summer, since a serious and earnest-looking man walked over old London bridge—the only bridge that then spanned the Thames—and proceeded to the Surrey side of the river. This was soon after the mid-day of

Sunday, June 24, 1739. He was not the only passenger. Several others might be seen wending the same way, in twos, threes, and larger groups, to spend the afternoon of the sacred day in unsanctified pleasure. There was the well-to-do citizen, with his wife and children, dressed in their best attire, bound for some suburban inn, to take tea, and play at bowls upon the green. There was the humbler artizan, with his family, intent upon a similar errand; and smart apprentices strutted through Southwark to the country, which was then in all the charm of the season, within an easy distance of the river. In the case of most of these parties, it was their first appearance out of doors since the labours of the past week closed, the morning having been spent in sleeping later than usual, and in indolently lounging at home. But not so was it with the person we first referred to. Charles Wesley, the pedestrian in question, had risen early, and honoured the Lord of the sabbath in private devotional exercises. While reading his bible, the passage arrested his attention—“Then came the servant to him, and said, Master, what shall we do?” After musing a little upon the duties incumbent on himself, he went out to Moorfields, “in the name of Jesus Christ,” gathered the loiterers there around him, and made known to them the Saviour’s compassion for helpless sinners. He then attended the forenoon service at St. Paul’s cathedral, and received the Lord’s supper; crossed the river to Newington-butts, and preached at St. Mary’s, one of the churches open to him, in the afternoon; passed on to Kennington Common, where he addressed the multitude from the words, “Repent, and believe the gospel;” and finished the day in the (now Moravian) chapel, Neville’s-court, Fetter-lane, in devout fellowship with others like-minded with himself.

Charles Wesley had but recently come to the conclusion, after no little hesitation, that he was in the path of duty, in thus proclaiming Christ in the open air. He appears to have made his first effort at field-preaching in his native land, on the preceding May 29, at Broad-oaks, in Essex, upon the invitation of a farmer of the village. His brother John had anticipated him in the practice by about two months, having expounded out of doors at Bristol, on April 1, our Lord’s sermon on the mount, which he notices in his Journal as a “pretty remarkable precedent. I could scarce,” he observes, “reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields; having been all my life, till lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church.” The accompanying

engraving represents him preaching from a tomb-stone in the burial-ground attached to the church in which his father officiated. His first appearance on Kennington Common as an evangelist, was on June the 17th, the Sunday evening previous to his brother’s visit, when a vast concourse listened to his exhortations from the text, “Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.” Whitefield preceded both the brothers in going out into the “streets and lanes, highways and hedges,” with the word of life. His first sermon on the Common was delivered on Saturday, May the 19th, from the passage, “The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee.”

Upon Charles Wesley renewing his labours at the spot under notice, an incident befel him, which strikingly illustrates the different feelings which pervaded the public mind towards the gospel, some receiving the word with joy, while others resorted to the most shameful methods of expressing their enmity to it. Lines of broad streets, and an ample pavement, now conduct the passenger from London Bridge to Kennington. But it was far otherwise a century ago. The greater part of the road was then between hedge-rows or open fields; and inadvertently, or to make a nearer cut, the preacher deviated from the regular highway, and passed over a portion of the unenclosed ground. It was Sunday, July 15th. He had spent the morning in Moorfields, and was perhaps pressed for time, to keep his appointment on the Common, in the afternoon. But his divergence from the beaten path was an expensive proceeding. The owner of the land met him, and recognising the messenger of the gospel, he threatened to prosecute him for a trespass. Accordingly, in a few days, to use his own words, “I was served with a writ by Mr. Goter, for walking over his field to Kennington. I sent Oakley (one of his coadjutors) to the lawyer, who confessed he did not so much as know what his client sued me for.” But this absurd and iniquitous affair was not a sham or a trifle, and foreseeing the improbability of obtaining justice from a prejudiced magistracy, he submitted quietly to the demands made upon him. The attorney’s bill on this occasion has been preserved, with his receipt, to the following effect, “Goter *versus* Wesley. Damages, 10*l.* Costs taxed, 9*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* July 29, 1739. Received of Mr. Wesley, by the hands of Mr. Joseph Vending, nineteen pounds, sixteen shillings, and sixpence, for damages and costs in their cause. William Gason, attorney for the plaintiff.”

At the bottom of this document, Charles Wesley has written the remark, as if charged with a trespass for felonious purposes, “I



paid them for things that I never took;" and the back of the instrument has the significant indorsement, "*To be re-judged on that day.*" Thus he meekly submitted to injustice, satisfied with the thought, that his own integrity would be amply vindicated, and the iniquity of the proceeding be exposed and condemned when the true character of all human actions will be openly discriminated by an infallible Judge. This has ever been a source of sublime consolation to good men under unmerited reproach, and an incentive to patient forbearance, when subject to aggravated wrong. Be it our part, under the lesser trials of this nature to which we are liable, to exemplify the same spirit, animated by the same lofty anticipation. Notwithstanding opposition, the field-preachers of the last century persevered in their work, and were stimulated by signal success to be always abounding in it. They were the honoured instruments of pouring a flood of gospel-light upon the nation, and calling thousands to the happy experience of the salvation which is by faith in Christ Jesus; and, doubtless, while many scenes of sin and shame have been connected with Kennington Common, it will be shown in the final day, that "this and that man" were born there—born for a new, spiritual, and divine life in this world, and for a blessed immortality in the world to come. We cannot refrain from remarking, that while the gospel is now preached in thousands of temples made with hands, it is earnestly to be desired that it should be taken by an energetic and influential ministry, to the gathering-places of our godless crowds, that those who enter no religious edifice (and this seems to be the opinion of the prudent and sober-minded), may hear beneath the unscreened

canopy of heaven, of the danger to which they are exposed, and of the mercy which has contemplated their deliverance from it.

#### A MISSIONARY'S DIFFICULTIES IN CHINA.

THE duties of the missionary in his chapel are various; and the ordinary exercises are not the most difficult part of his work. His congregation, he will soon discover, is not a Christian congregation. He must invite and urge persons to sit; request them to be still during prayer; strive to check levity and laughter; and make known his great design in coming here. He must do these things again and again, and at the same time be in danger of becoming confused, on finding that the discharge of his supernumerary duties is in vain.

It is exceedingly difficult to make the Chinese understand the spirituality of our services. As their worship is all form and ceremony, almost the first question is, what ceremonies do you perform before him or his image? It seems to them that worship consists of ceremonies, and that ceremonies are worship. On one sabbath, a man came in at the close of the exercises, as I was in the act of removing a map which had been hung over the pulpit to illustrate my remarks. He inquired of me, "What divinity or idol is that?" Perhaps he was an illiterate man, as there were large characters on the map, showing it to be a map of the world. Or on the supposition of his being able to read, he might still suppose the map to be an object of worship; so necessary does it seem to this poor people to have some visible representative in their religious rites.



## A MEDITATION FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

### THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

BY DR. TYNG.

THE people of God are in the world, not only for its instruction, but for its preservation also. This is the great purpose of salt in the natural world—to withstand corruption in the earth. This is also the aspect of Christian usefulness, which it is employed to describe. The people of God are here to resist and counteract the power of human sin; to preserve men from ruin under the burden of their own iniquities. To rescue the wretched, and save the lost, and restore the denying, is their great responsibility and office in the world. Thus they are divinely employed, and for this they are divinely blessed. They are thus the salt of the earth. It is a most important title. I would faithfully realize its meaning and its purpose in myself, and in my own relations to the world around me. If I am to be the salt of the earth—

First, Then *I ought to exercise a positive influence in the world.* This is the purpose and property of salt. It is intended in all things to exercise its own power to qualify and change; and such is the grace of God in the heart and life of man; and such must be the actions of the man thus changed, in his intercourse with others. My influence must all be active. To restrain evil; to overcome hostility; to increase happiness; to diminish sorrow among men, to the utmost extent of my power. My personal influence may be more or less in amount. This is not under my own control. God assigns me my place and my station. But whatever its amount, its character must always be the same. It must be manifest and active. I cannot yield to the sinful influence of others. I am to counteract and overcome it. For this I am in the world. Not to seek my own pleasure, but to promote and testify the truth. For this I must exert myself continually. It will not do for me to go through the world in a mere negative character. I must ask, Whom have I blessed? To whom have I been a savour of life? Salt that has lost its savour is profitable for nothing. A Christian without active religious usefulness is no better. Let me solemnly look to this.

Secondly, Then *I ought to cultivate the active power of grace in my own heart.* Grace is

to qualify my own character, before I can be the instrument of grace to others. The attributes of my nature are all to be subdued and sanctified by a Divine power. My mind, my judgment, my heart, my will, must all receive and manifest the influence of this heavenly salt. It will sanctify my conversation. It will govern and direct my actions. It will adorn the whole current and course of my life. Thus it will become active in blessing and saving others; but it will not without my constant cultivation of its growth and power within myself. It must, therefore, be a constant subject of effort and watchfulness with me. To be useful to others, I must be alive in myself. If religion is really living in my heart, it will become natural and easy for me to do good. This ought to be my state. I will endeavour that it may be. I am not straitened in God. I will strive to improve the abundant privileges he bestows. I can do no good unless I have a clear consciousness of my own sincerity in the service of Christ, and of my real fellowship with him.

Thirdly, Then *I ought to be constantly watchful over my daily walk among men.* Influence is always active. I cannot refuse to exercise it. It is not under my control in its existence and operation. In its character it may be. Oh that my influence might be always for good! Wherever I am, something may be done or left undone, something may be said or withheld, which must exercise an influence, and may be made to produce a good influence upon others. How many secret thoughts come from what we see and hear, even when they are not addressed to us; nay, even when we hear by mere accident! I cannot tell what thoughts I may be the means of exciting; or what direction, even permanent direction, I may thus give to the character and mind of some other person. Oh let them not testify against me! Let me labour ever for good! I ought never to be unguarded. How much evil to myself and to others may come from one unguarded or hasty act or moment! Let me ever walk circumspectly, and be salt indeed, in the associations in which the will of God has placed me.

Fourthly, Then *I must be careful not to lose the gifts of grace myself.* Salt that has lost its savour is good for nothing. It cannot be used, like many other substances, in its decomposition and decay. It is cast out; trodden under foot. Oh could there be another such

illustration of a useless and unprofitable professing Christian? Of what worth can he be? Fit for nothing. If a minister of the gospel become corrupt, he is odious. Desirable for no position. Trusted in none. If a Christian be light, or vain, or worldly, he is a great evil. Far greater than if he had never professed to be the servant of Christ. How great is the danger of this to me! How terrific will be the responsibility for it! Shall I ever become an apostate? Shall I ever be a mere monument of human deceitfulness and crime in the church of Christ? Oh let me watch and pray, and strive against this tremendous evil! God only can keep me from it. But if I seek him and trust him, he will keep me.

Fifthly, *Such* are the properties of salt—as illustrating Christian character. Active influence upon others; dependent upon the living power within; to be maintained in unceasing operation; worthless if this be lost. Oh let me be the salt of the earth, and learn and try to do the will of God from my heart. Let my influence, conversation, example, and habits of life all be made subservient to my Master's will, and promotive of my Master's glory.

Oh may I never silence break,  
Unless I with thy guidance speak;  
Then sanctify my every word,  
That I may honour thee, my Lord.

#### AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE.

##### IV. FRANCKE IN HALLE.

###### (1.) *As Preacher and Pastor.*

On the 7th of January, 1692, Francke arrived in Halle to enter on his new work. "Oh God, I am thine! do with me as thou wilt; make me a blessing to this town," was the prayer on his heart and lips as he entered that town, which was destined never to forget him. He soon learned that this was no garden of the Lord, but a waste howling wilderness. His predecessor in office had been suspended for immorality. On the Sundays the gambling and dancing houses were crowded, while the churches were empty. Even common decency and outward appearance of morality were gone. Drunkenness, rags, and beggary in every street, and the children growing up in the way of their parents. This was what Francke saw in his new field of labour; some might have lost courage at the sight, and have given up in despair, but he knew too well for whom and in whose strength he had come to work:

He began at once and in good earnest. His first efforts were directed towards his own domestics and visitors, by holding family worship regularly morning and evening. This was something new, and was much spoken of. Soon

some of the neighbours asked leave to be permitted to join with his family at evening prayers. Here was a centre from which he hoped to make his influence felt through the whole parish.

It was the will of God that he should soon have an opportunity of practically expounding the text that all who live godly must suffer persecution. The same authorities who had invited him to Halle wished to have as many talented men as possible in the infant institution. For this purpose an invitation was sent to Dr. Stryk, of Wittenberg, the famous professor of law, that he might come to Halle. He had heard much ill of Francke. The names which were given him, such as pietist, fanatic, pretender, hypocrite, and so forth, were the common designations of him and his party. An open, frank, honest-hearted man like Dr. Stryk could not choose to be associated with such a firebrand, and wrote that he would accept the offer if Francke were removed. The ministry in Berlin offered Francke his choice of several vacant posts of honour and emolument, if he would resign; he chose, however, to remain where he was. Meantime Dr. Stryk was invited to Copenhagen, and was preparing to go, when the ministry of Berlin wrote still more earnestly to Francke, threatening that if he did not resign, he should be dismissed. He replied that he was not aware of having done anything amiss, and being satisfied that he was in the path of duty, was resolved to remain till some offence should be proved against him sufficient to justify his removal. Other promises were now made to Dr. Stryk, and he at last consented to come to Halle. Being now brought into contact with the man whom he so much hated and feared, he saw the baseness of the slanders which had been heaped on him, and soon became one of his most attached and faithful friends.

In dependence on Divine aid, Francke went on with his work, and his sermons exercised indescribable power on his hearers. The doctrines of the fall of man and his utter helplessness by nature, and of a full and free and complete redemption by the righteousness of Christ, were new, winning, and awakening, and they were proclaimed with a fire which showed that it was no mere theory, but the outpouring of a heart which itself felt the power of these truths. If his sermon lasted sometimes a couple or three hours, what matter? It was well worth sitting to hear such truths, at least as long as some of his hearers had been accustomed to sit in the theatre. If people were obliged to come an hour or two before the time, what matter? They had then some prospect of obtaining a seat in the church. The evening prayers were so well attended that many were compelled to stand outside the door.

A terrible outcry, however, was raised against him. Slander was everywhere busy; a formal charge was brought against him before the church courts. The ecclesiastical authorities wanted to do something, so an order was sent that to avoid any appearance of evil, he should hold his evening devotions before supper time instead of after it, as had hitherto been the case. The attendance was greater. The other clergy in the town, whose churches were generally empty, raised a fearful cry; they felt Francke's preaching to be a tacit reproof to themselves. Their complaints were so grievous that the consistory sent Chancellor Seckendorf to investigate the matter. After hard struggling, the chancellor succeeded in calming the antagonist parties; but what was to be done with the evening prayers? Seckendorf proposed in private to Francke, for the sake of peace, to give them over. He could not consent with his own hand to put the extinguisher on the little fire which had been kindled in his parish. If the chancellor had the heart to forbid it, that would be another matter. At this reply the chancellor was greatly puzzled. "What?" he said; "he is about to throw the burden on our conscience." "Just so," replied Francke; "you alone must bear the responsibility; I will not consent to close these meetings for prayer, otherwise than on compulsion." "There is still one remedy," thought Seckendorf; "the meetings must be held in the church." "So much the better," thought Francke, "as I already have not room enough in my own house." From this time forward Divine service was conducted in the church twice every day, varying the service so as to make it attractive.

(2.) *Francke as founder of the Orphan-house and Schools.*

To lecture twice a day, with the regular Sunday services, and his duties as pastor and also as professor in the university, would have been enough for most men; but Francke felt he could still do much more. We have already hinted that the poverty in this suburb was great, and begging was the sole employment of many. To save trouble, the wealthier part of the population fixed a day for giving their alms. In his immediate neighbourhood it was Thursday, and of course he also was favoured with a call. When he came to distribute alms, he thought it was a good opportunity to speak earnestly with them; and accordingly, placing the children on one side and the grown people on the other, he examined the children on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity while the parents stood by and listened. He closed the examination with a short prayer, and then distributed his alms. The beggars, no doubt, had their own wonder at the new clergyman, but he was shocked at

their fearful ignorance. Especially was he grieved that the children attended no school, the parents being unable to pay for them. He, therefore, gave some of the parents, besides their usual alms, money to send the children to school. They gladly received the money, but he soon learned that the school was as badly attended as before. This grieved him very much; but what could he do? His own means could not extend far, for he had been obliged to borrow twenty dollars on his road to Halle, or otherwise he would have arrived there without a penny.

He was reading one day in the bible, and was struck by the passage in 2 Cor. ix. 8: "and God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." "How can that be?" he thought. "I do my utmost, and still must send many empty away." As he was reflecting over the subject, a letter was brought him from a friend who resided far away, and who gave a description of his poverty, begging, if it were possible, that Francke should do something to relieve him. After long planning what was to be done, he resolved to devote the time which he usually spent at supper to the preparation of a bible commentary. When it was ready, he made a present of the whole sum which he received for his labour, amounting to about 20L, to his indigent friend. "And now," he cried with pleasure, "I have learned how God makes us rich to every good work."

He had tried various means of collecting money for the poor who came to him, and at last fixed up a box in his study with a suitable text of scripture written above. A lady who had been visiting him put fourteen shillings into the box at once, and when Francke found the treasure, he scarcely knew what to do with so much money. Resolved to expend it to the best advantage, he could find nothing better than to found a school for his beggar-children.

That very same day he laid out the half of his treasure in buying books, and engaged a poor student for ninepence a week to give the beggar children instruction two hours a day. To the great joy of the children the books were divided among them; but in a few days the good man found that, of the twenty-seven books which he had given, only four were brought back, the other children remaining away. Undaunted by this experience, he bought more, but kept them in the school-room, for which he had fitted up an apartment in his own house. Small contributions were given him to continue the undertaking. Some parents sent their children and paid a penny a week. The teacher devoted five hours a day to his work, and received two shillings a week. At the end of the first half year

there were between fifty and sixty children in attendance. This was in the year 1695.

In the same year the normal school for teachers was commenced. A wealthy lady had written to him for a tutor for her family, and as he happened to have no one to recommend, he advised her to send her sons to Halle, where he would provide them with instruction. As soon as a beginning was made, other children came, so that within fifteen years it was come so far that he had twenty-three teachers employed in a house built for the purpose. In proportion as he attempted great things, the means for carrying them out were granted, and in a short time donations of 50*l.* to 70*l.*, from single individuals, did not astonish him so much as the fourteen shillings on which he had commenced his ragged schools.

When the number of children increased, he divided them into two classes, placing the ragged children alone, and those which paid their penny a week in a class by themselves. The teacher received lodgings and fire free and two shillings a week. With the ragged school, however, it turned out to be of little use to teach the children during the day, for at night, among their relatives, they had opportunity of learning the very opposite. They seemed also to make far greater progress in the instructions received at home than in those which Francke and his assistants imparted. He saw no other remedy than to separate them entirely from their relatives; but where could he find means to feed and clothe them? He talked over his plan, and a friend soon placed 75*l.* at his disposal, the interest of which should go to support an orphan child. Full of joy, he set out to look for an orphan, and soon found three in one family. On his way home he heard of a fourth, and thought within himself: "It is for a very rich master that I am working, and it will be an easy thing for him to support all four. For each child he gave 1*s.* 6*d.* per week. The story was soon told what the pastor had done, and the next day two more were brought, and soon he had nine.

It was in faith that he had begun, and he expected certainly to obtain the means for carrying out his work. Where the necessary means should come from he did not know, and he thought too that it was not so important to have exact information in this respect, as it was to read in his bible, "cast your fatherless children upon me!" Nor was his faith in vain. The same person who had given 75*l.* gave shortly after 150*l.*; and, as the story was told, others were induced, according to their ability, to follow the example, till sufficient was brought together to enable Francke to buy and fit up a house for his orphans.

In 1696 the children were brought away from the people to whose care they had been entrusted, and were placed under the care of a poor student, Newbauer, who was installed as inspector. The beggars still continued to come on Thursday, and received, as usual, some religious instruction, with their alms. Eighteen orphans were daily fed and instructed. The ragged-school and the penny-a-week school progressed steadily. The poor students received their weekly allowance. The mind that was guiding these movements saw that it would be better for the poor students to have a free dinner every day, than to be in receipt of their eightpence to a shilling a-week; and, accordingly, twenty-four were invited to dine regularly at his table, that he might have an opportunity of knowing them better, and of being more useful to them.

Francke had a house for his orphan and ragged-school; but the number of his scholars increased so fast that he was soon obliged to rent another house; and still, as he obtained more room, he went on with his classification of the pupils. The ragged scholars were separated from those which paid; the penny-a-week scholars were divided into a boys' and girls' school; the more talented children were removed to a separate department, to learn Latin, Greek, and mathematics; and each of these divisions became the germ of a great independent institution. So rapid was the progress, that in the year 1709 there were 256 scholars, of whom 64 were orphans; and twenty years later, the schools numbered 500 children.

When Francke perceived that his work was prospering, he resolved to build a house capable of accommodating 100 orphan children, and feeding 7½ poor students. He sent Newbauer to Holland to examine similar institutions, and to pick up the best plans he could find; and during his absence, bought the hotel with the sign of the golden eagle, which happened just then to be in the market. He had no funds, it is true, to carry out the necessary alterations, but he felt that in such a work as this one should not be over-anxious, but commit the whole concern to him who is the Father of the fatherless.

#### THE PRAYERLESS HOME.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I HAVE a good offer for my farm," said Mr. Earl to his wife, "and I think I shall sell it."

"Why do you wish to sell it?" said Mrs. Earl.

"The land is stony and partly worn out. I can go into a new country where land is cheap and fertile, and realize a much larger return for the same amount of labour."

"If we go into a new country, there will be no schools for our children."

"Our children are not old enough to go to school; by the time they are old enough, it is most likely schools will be established wherever we may go."

"We may also be deprived of the privilege of attending the house of God."

"We can take our bibles with us and can read them on the sabbath, if we should happen to settle at a distance from a place of worship."

"It will be far better for us to remain here, where we can educate our children, and bring them under the sound of the gospel."

"I must do what I think is required by the interests of my family."

"Pray remember that property is not the only thing needed by our children."

A few days after this conversation, the bargain was concluded, and the farm became the property of Mr. Hale. Mr. Earl was to put him in possession of it early in the spring.

Mr. Earl was descended from one of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. His ancestors for many generations had been devout members of the church of Christ. He was the first alien from the commonwealth of Israel. His mother was an amiable, but not a pious woman, and some thought that it was owing to her that he had not profited by the instructions of his pious father, and had turned a deaf ear to the gospel which he had heard from his infancy. He loved the world, and in order to secure a larger portion of its goods he was willing to leave the home of his childhood, and the graves of his fathers, and to take up his abode on the borders of civilization.

His wife was one who preferred Jerusalem to her chief joy. The old time-worn house of God, with its high square pews and huge sounding-board, was as beautiful to her as the most faultless specimen of architecture to the connoisseur. She desired that her children might grow up under the influence of the truths which were proclaimed in that house. Her chief desire with respect to them was, that they might become rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. In the spring she was constrained to bid farewell to her native village. After a wearisome journey, she found herself and family in what was then a wilderness, in the western part of New York. The gospel was not preached in the vicinity, nor was even the log school-house erected. For a time Mr. E. observed the sabbath so far as resting from labour was concerned. He even spent some time in reading the bible, but he did not pray. In consequence, that blessed book was gradually laid aside.

The climate, and perhaps the labours incident to a life in the wilderness, caused Mrs. E. to fall into a decline. When, after a lingering ill-

ness, she bade her husband farewell, she charged him to send her children to her native home, that they might there be taught, in the school-house and the church, truths which could make them wise unto salvation. Mr. Earl complied, in part, with his wife's request. He sent his daughter Julia, who was now nine years of age, and her younger brother. The older one he detained to assist him in his labours.

It was six years before Julia returned to her father. She had spent that time among the pious friends of her departed mother. She found the home of her childhood greatly changed. A neat village surrounded the tasteful dwelling now occupied by her father. The spire of the village church rose aloft, and the school-house was not far distant. She rejoiced to return to her home, though she was to meet its chief charm no more. A check was soon given to her joy. When she sat down to the evening meal, the blessing of God was not invoked. It was with difficulty that she could eat. When the hour for retiring came she was still more unhappy, as the family separated without prayer.

Mr. E. soon perceived that his daughter did not feel at home in his house. It made him sad at heart, for he had long looked forward to her return with hope that she would restore, in part, at least, the loss he had experienced. He said to her one day, "Julia, you do not seem to feel as much at home as I could wish."

After some hesitation, she replied, "I do not feel safe here."

"Do not feel safe!" said he, in astonishment.

"I am afraid to live under a roof where there is no prayer."

The remark went to the father's heart. He thought of all the mercies he had received, the protection he had experienced, unasked! He continued to think of his ways till his soul fainted within him. He looked at his oldest son, a sabbath-breaker, and ignorant of God, and could not conceal the truth that it was owing to the act of removing him in childhood from the means of grace, and exposing him to influences that, in all probability, would prove his ruin.

In a few days he asked Julia to read the scriptures, and pray in the family. It was with joy that she heard the request, but with great difficulty that she complied with it. It was not till she was reminded of the joy it would give to her mother, could she be a witness of it, that she consented to make the attempt. In a few weeks, on a sabbath morning, the father himself took the bible, and having read a portion, kneeled down, and, with tears, besought God to teach stammering lips how to pray. Light, peace, and safety took up their abode in a dwelling now no longer prayerless.—*American Magazine*.

### AN ANECDOTE FROM THE BUSH.

The following striking incident from the life of the Rev. S. Leigh, referred to in our first number, furnishes another example of the terrible end that so often overtakes those who oppose the work of God and "despise their own mercies." The occurrence took place in the neighbourhood of Windsor, New South Wales.

After some negotiation, the missionary succeeded in renting a *skillion*, or outhouse, which he opened for Divine worship. The service was well attended; and all conducted themselves with quietness and propriety, excepting one individual. He was a notoriously profane convict, who had been subjected to the most humiliating degradation, and passed through the severest sufferings. Every expedient which the penal laws would sanction was tried, in order to bend this daring and incorrigible offender to the observance of his duty; but the sinning principle in him had become a "law," so that he seemed to be evil in an incarnate form, rather than human nature, corrupt indeed, but yet capable of the ameliorating influences of instruction and grace. This man entered the preaching-room, and, by various gesticulations and noises, interrupted the service and created confusion. The other convicts expostulated with him, reminding him that the missionary was under the protection of the governor, and that were he to complain to his Excellency they would all be restricted and punished. He was so far influenced by these considerations that he retired, and left the congregation to worship God in peace.

On Monday morning this man had occasion to go into the bush. The hot marshy jungles of New South Wales are infested with mosquitoes. A sort of stinging ant leaps upon the person, like a grasshopper, and inflicts an irritable wound: while the marsh leech, a virulent and active tormentor, insinuates himself near the skin, in spite of all means of defence, and often fills the shoes with blood. The thickets abound with venomous snakes. "There are, at least, thirty varieties; of which all but one are dangerous in the highest degree." Though few accidents happen to either the aborigines or colonists from their bite, they yet require to be guarded against. In travelling on foot Mr. Leigh invariably wore leather leggings as a protection. But the unhappy man, already mentioned, entered the bush without any regard to his own safety, and was bitten by a snake in the foot. In his previous desperate career of wickedness his other foot had suffered amputation, and he was obliged to use an artificial one. After receiving the bite of the snake, he seemed to have resolved on returning home immediately; but the intensity of the poison soon developed itself; and his

wooden leg so retarded his progress that he was unable to clear the bush. When the muster-roll was called over, it was ascertained that he was missing; a party was sent out to search for him, and apprehend him. They discovered his body, lying in the outskirts of the wood: he was quite dead. Mr. Leigh and several officers went to the place, and held an inquest on the body. It was swollen to twice its natural size, and the features were so distorted, and his likeness so completely obliterated, that, but for his wooden leg and the convict-dress, he could not have been identified. The commandant offered a reward to any of the convicts who would dig a grave and bury the corpse. Mr. Leigh and a military officer accompanied this little band of volunteers. As the weather was sultry, the body could not be approached. They scooped out a grave at a distance, and then, with long poles, rolled the corpse into its last resting-place. After the grave was filled up, Mr. Leigh delivered an address, and returned from this melancholy spectacle. "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

### A PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

"My dear and honoured father," writes Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, "has been dead now two years. His memory is blessed, and will be for ever dear and precious to me. In him I have lost, not merely a loving father and friend, but a wise and able counsellor, a faithful guardian and monitor, and an excellent pattern of sobriety, watchfulness, self-denial, and diligence, particularly in his heavenly calling. He redeemed a great deal of time from his bed, rising commonly by four, and spending two or three hours, till the family rose, in reading, meditation, and prayer. He was a man of a hot, passionate temper, but through his great watchfulness and close walking with God, it very seldom broke out; on the contrary, he was remarkable for his meekness, calmness, and affability. As he lived generally beloved by persons of all denominations, so he died much lamented. I have great reason to bless God I had such a father. Oh! that I might more and more copy his excellent virtues! His death greatly impressed my mind, and roused me out of that spirit of sloth and slumber into which my intended marriage had betrayed me. Upon serious reflection, I became more sensible of the great loss I had sustained—was deeply humbled for my sad neglects of secret religion; and renewed my resolutions for a more constant, conscientious discharge of the several duties of secret prayer, meditation, and self-examination."



## Parable for the Young.

### THE CHILDREN'S WALK.

IT was a fine morning towards the middle of May, and Edith, Willy, and Grace had faces as bright and sunny as the blue May sky, for this was to be a gala day with them, being the birthday of their dear grandpapa at G—, which they were to spend with him, not returning until noon next day. It was a great treat in prospect, for their grandpapa was dearly beloved by all the children, and his house, too, was quite a museum of curiosities. It was a long walk, and there was some doubt whether Grace, the youngest of the three, could accomplish it; but she was so sure that she could, and Edith and Willy so anxious for the little sister's company, that permission was at last given.

It would soon be time to get ready, their mamma said; and they must set off before the heat of the sun commenced. At this they looked very glad, and promised to be good and obedient. Jane, the nurse, should take them, and Edith was to be the mother for the day. She was two years older than Willy, and more than four years older than Grace. "Oh, Edith will take great care of us," the little ones said, "when we are away."

But a cloud came over all this joy, for at that very moment of its height, nurse came down and said that baby was ill. Nurse could not leave mamma with a sick baby, that was certain; and the little faces, lately so glad, became suddenly very grave.

"They know the way," said the father, pitying the children in their disappointment; "and they will scarcely have need to go into the town at all; oh, let them go alone."

The mother looked doubtful.

"We know the way, mamma; it is such a straight road we cannot miss it," said Edith. "When once we leave the little lane, it is quite a straight road you know to the town."

"I think they may be trusted," said the father; "Edith is more than eleven years old, and if she will only keep to the high road, I have no fear but that they will reach their grandpapa's house in safety."

So the children were dressed, and after many cautions had been given they set out on their journey.

"We are like pilgrims," said Willy, as he cut a hazel twig with his new knife. "Here, Gracie, is a staff for you, and I will have another. You are 'Great Heart,' Edith, and I don't think you need one. Your parasol is a fine shield for you; go you first, and Christian and Hopeful will follow."

So they walked cheerfully on. The morning was very warm; there had been a heavy dew quite early, but that was fast disappearing, and the road was dusty.

"It is so very straight and tiresome!" said Willy. "The meadow path, and through Deepdene, would be more cool and pleasant;" and he sighed. Poor little pilgrim, like many other travellers he expected the straight way to be an easy way; but that was not promised. Grace was very happy; her little feet soon grew weary it is true, but she found many pretty things on the road. The flowers were bright and lovely, and she would fain have lingered to pluck them, but her mamma had warned them that if they loitered on the road, the noon-day sun

with its scorching heat would make them faint and tired; so she looked at the bright forget-me-not with its golden eye, sparkling by the little way-side stream, but she did not stop to pluck it. She admired the delicate veronica, or speedwell, on the hedge-rows; but she believed Edith when she told her that it would quickly fade in her hand, and that it was not worth the trouble of gathering. Yet she enjoyed the flowers; they helped her on her journey, she said, and caused her to lift up her little heart to the Father in heaven who made them all.

Willy, in the meantime, was running and capering about, now chasing the butterflies, now clearing some little ditch to gather prettier flowers in the field than he found on the road side.

"I shall meet you at the white gate," he said, merrily, as he peeped at them over the low hedge which divided them; "oh the grass is so cool and nice to the feet; what a pity you cannot jump over and walk with me."

"But you are out of the road, Willy," said Edith, in a warning tone. "Remember we promised not to leave the high road."

"Do you call this leaving it?" said he; "I shall not lose sight of you; I am only on one side of the hedge and you another, and I suppose they both lead the same way."

"Yes, Willy, but it is not *the way* mamma told us to go. Oh, come back—we shall soon be there."

"I shall do no such thing," was the reply; "I am going through the plantation, and I will meet you below the toll gate. Good-bye;" and away he ran.

He was not content with going astray himself, but turning round, beckoned to Grace.

"Grace, dear, I see some cows coming along the road; you don't like cows—come with me—this is the safest way—come."

Grace did not speak; she was afraid of the cattle; she was tired of the dusty road, and she was ready to yield.

"This is a far better way," urged her brother, "and it is not like going round. It is just as straight, nearly so at least, as the other; so come, Gracie."

Edith had not interrupted him yet. At length she said: "I do not know that this road of which you speak is unsafe; but I know that mamma said, 'The high road is the only way you must take.' If another ran alongside of this, and I could see it all the time, I would not take it, because only *the way* mamma tells us can be right for us to go."

Willy laughed scornfully. "You are not always so obedient, Edith."

"I am not, and this is why I would be so now; I never find my own way ends well, neither will you. Now, Gracie, give me your hand, darling, the cows will not hurt us; nothing can really hurt us if we trust God and obey him. I should not be sure that he would take care of us in the wood, but I am quite sure he will here."

Very fast beat the young hearts though, as at this moment one of the cows began to plunge and kick, lash its tail, and butt violently with its horns, for some cruel boys had been teasing it. At that moment, however, a sturdy woodman, who was felling trees in the belt of plantation, came along, and standing before the frightened children, protected them until the danger was over, when they again went on their way with joy. Tired they were, and warm and faint when they arrived at the

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

gate where Willy had promised to meet them; but Willy was not there. They called and waited, and then called again until a distant clock striking twelve, they remembered that their grandpapa would be anxious, and with a sad heart Edith determined to go on. They had no further accident or adventure, and in a quarter of an hour more they arrived at the gate of their grandpapa's house. The kind, grey-headed old man was there to welcome them with a smile of love and tenderness; and as they sat in his cool parlour and partook of the simple repast he had prepared, they felt quite repaid. The little white dresses had not been soiled by the way, and when the dusty shoes were taken off, they felt nearly rested. But Willy—where was he? Dinner time came, but still Willy did not appear. Grandpapa, much alarmed, sent his man-servant in the pony gig to seek him, but four o'clock came and still no Willy.

At length, just as their grandpapa had resolved to go himself in quest of him, the gig drove up with poor Willy in it in a sad plight. His little coat was torn, his trousers dirty, and his face flushed and tearful. The tale was soon told. He had been tempted by some boys whom he found in the wood to stay a little time birds'-nesting, and he had yielded; but in climbing a tree the bough had given way, and the child, in his fall, had severely sprained his ankle. It was no time for reprimand; the tears fell so fast, and the tones were so humble, that no one could speak harshly. As he lay on the sofa, and Edith bathed the poor swollen foot, his self-reproaches broke forth.

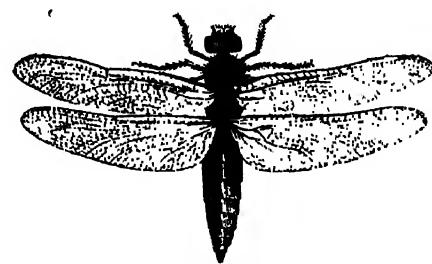
"Oh, Edie, you were right; I took the road which seemed pleasanter and safer than yours, but it was the wrong one."

She kissed him, as she said, "Do not cry, darling Willy, you will never do so again. It has taught you a good lesson."

"And it may yet teach you another, my little ones," said grandpapa, pressing his hand kindly over Grace's head, which lay on Willy's shoulder. "Your little journey to-day is a picture of the pilgrimage of life. You set off full of spirits and hope on this May morning, never thinking of the toil and trouble of the road. You had not gone far, however, ere you were weary. Stones and dust, little ascents, and, finally, the fright from the cattle, discouraged you. Then Willy left you. One temptation led him into another, and he fell short of the end at last. My children, you are sent into the world on a journey. Your directions for the road are so clear and plain that there is no possibility of mistaking them. Just as plainly as your mother told you to-day to come to my house by the high road, so God tells you in his word not to attempt to reach heaven by any other way than by Jesus Christ. He does not say, I am *a* way, or the *best* way, or the *safest* way, or the *smoothest* way, but I am *the* way, that is, the *only* way. Strange that we should try others, as Willy tried the wood-path to-day. The grass was cool to his feet, he thought the flowers looked tempting in the meadows; the dangers and fatigues of the straight road soon disheartened him, and flattering himself that he should join them at the end, he took the bye-path to the town. And your failure will be as certain as his if you attempt to lay out for yourselves any way of salvation out of Christ or besides him. You are very young in years, but young children show wonderful capacity for drawing new maps and guide-books of the road to heaven, and marvellous willingness to study those already planned by others, while the great book of the road—the bible—they seldom read, and still more rarely study. One child takes the pleasant path of self-righteousness. If he is not cross, or disobedient, or idle, he thinks God will be pleased with him, and, as a consequence, will be sure to welcome him to heaven. Another has no idea of going in that long narrow way. He will

stop and pluck flowers a little, and enjoy the pleasures of the world. He is young, and has time enough yet, he thinks; when he is older, he may take the high road indeed, but not yet. It is dull, too, he thinks; so few travel that way, and his companions are not there. But he forgets that death may come at any turn in the pleasant path he has chosen, for every churchyard will tell such a child that he is not too young to die."

There was a pause. The children understood the lesson, and they never forgot grandpapa's birthday. Two of them are still going on in their pilgrimage, and have long kept to the high road. If they wander a little, the Saviour brings them back, for he is to them a good and loving shepherd, and one of them, even the little Grace, has entered into rest, and has proved the words of Jesus, that he is not only "the way," but "the truth and the life."



## THE DRAGON-FLY.

GAYEST of gay things in spring,  
Ever on the restless wing,  
Darting by with rapid flight,  
Like a seraph to the sight;  
How thy robe of changing hue  
Gives each glitt'ring gem to view!  
First an emerald glows in sight,  
Then the sparkling Ruby bright;  
Now a topaz decks thy train,  
Then the ruby shines again.  
ow thy many-coloured vest  
eems in every jewel drest!  
Pleasant art thou for delight,  
In a thousand "liv'ries dight;"  
Thro' the silent sunny hours  
Glancing quick among the flow'rs,  
Now a moment on their stem,  
Now again a winged gem.  
How thy gaily-gilded trim  
Makes their radiant colours dim!  
Who, thy shining way to mark,  
Would suppose its end was dark,  
Or that thy apparel gay  
Were a hunting-dress for prey?  
For, 'tis said, thy cruel jaws  
Are concealed with veils of gauze,  
Which deceive thy insect prey,  
And by artifice betray.  
Even thus our wily foe  
Cheats us under saintly show,  
Hiding oft his dark design  
With a shining mask like thine.  
Great artificer of lies,  
How he shifts his bright disguise;  
Adding still some new deceit,  
With its tempting bait to cheat!  
'Tis the Holy Spirit's task  
This false tempter to unmask,  
With his lamp to show the cheat,  
And expose the fair deceit.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



PARTING SCENE BETWEEN THE MISSIONARY AND THE ISLANDERS.

## THE TRANSFORMED ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

### CHAPTER IV.

ONE Sunday morning, about eighteen months ago, an impressive scene was presented in the church of one of our large metropolitan parishes. Two individuals were on that occasion ordained to the office of the Christian ministry, each of them having associations connected with him of a deeply interesting character. One of them, a young man, was a descendant of the clear-headed Paley, whose name he bore. In a few months more, he had, after labouring as a missionary in

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Western Africa, entered into his rest. The second individual was a plain weather-beaten man, past middle life. As he has walked through the streets of London, he complains of being stunned and confused by the noise that breaks upon his ear; for during the previous five and twenty years he has been living in stillness and repose, upon the island of Pitcairn. Yet his has been no unexciting life; for, before retreating to the solitude of the Pacific, George H. Nobbs—such being his name—had mingled largely in the strifes and agitations of the world.

The former schoolmaster, and the present pastor of Pitcairn, whom we have thus introduced to

PRICE ONE PENNY.

the notice of our readers, was, in early youth, a midshipman in the British navy. He afterwards served in the South American revolutionary war; and from the perils out of which he emerged previous to becoming a good soldier of Jesus Christ, he may be said, literally, to have been preserved "unto the faith." After seeing much of the horrors of civil strife, he took passage to England in a ship which had just touched at Pitcairn. The story which was told him by the captain, of the peace and happiness that pervaded that spot, powerfully influenced his mind, contrasting as they did with the scenes of slaughter and carnage which he had witnessed. The grace of God had touched his heart, and he longed henceforth to live for the good and happiness of his fellow creatures.

How to get to the spot which he so much desired to visit, was a problem difficult to solve; but at last, in a frail barque of eighteen tons burden, navigated by himself and one other individual, he reached the island, was received by John Adams with kindness, and after the death of that patriarch, devoted himself to the instruction of the children. He held on his way through good and evil report, for even of the latter—as all men who will labour for Christ must expect—he had his share. "He is probably," wrote one on hearing of his arrival, "one of those half-witted persons who fancy they have received a call to preach nonsense—some cobbler escaped from his stall, or tailor from his shop-board; and it is but too evident that the preservation of the innocence, simplicity, and happiness of these amiable people, is intimately connected with his speedy removal from the island." Happily, never was prognostication more completely falsified. Mr. Nobbs became a real blessing to the community; and by his holiness of life, as well as by a course of instruction based on the word of God, carried on and advanced the good work which Adams had begun.

We cannot, perhaps, better illustrate the evangelical spirit which pervades this excellent man than by transferring to our columns a few simple verses, which he has composed for the use of his island flock.

"I will not encumber my verse  
With metaphor, figure, or trope,  
Nor will I the praises rehearse  
Of aught in creation's wide scope.  
My bible shall furnish the theme,  
My subject will angels applaud,  
My soul shall rejoice in his name,  
My brother, my Saviour, my God."

"My brother! How grateful that sound,  
When sorrow preys deep on the heart;  
When malice and discord abound,  
What balm can a brother impart!"

A tender, unchangeable friend,  
On whose bosom 'tis sweet to recline,  
Ever prompt to assist or defend;  
Such a friend—such a brother is mine.

"My Saviour! Thrice glorious name;  
But who of the children of men  
The wondrous appointment may claim,  
Or who can the title sustain?  
Immanuel, Jesus, alone  
Doth fulness and fitness combine;  
He only for sin can atone,  
And he is my Saviour—e'en mine."

It having been judged expedient by many of the friends of Pitcairn, and having been wished by the islanders themselves, that Mr. Nobbs should be regularly ordained to the office of the Christian ministry, he returned to his native land for that purpose, in August, 1852. The scene which took place on his departure showed the estimation in which he was held. His little flock accompanied him to the shore, and with tears and embraces bade him a tender adieu.

On his arrival in England, Mr. Nobbs created much interest, and was introduced to her Majesty. The statements which he has furnished respecting his interesting charge, enable us now with accuracy to ascertain the real condition of Pitcairn, to which, we may observe, he has subsequently returned.

When captain Basil Hall visited Loochoo, he was charmed with the apparent innocence of the unsophisticated children of nature, which its inhabitants appeared to be. Subsequent investigations of voyagers, however, proved that their air of simplicity was only assumed, and that the Loochouans masked under the garb of gentleness, the ordinary qualities of heathen life. No investigation, however, of the work at Pitcairn has revealed any such disappointing result. It has stood the test of experience, and each successive visitor has confirmed the testimony of his predecessor, showing that the fruits produced there have been those springing from Christian principle and the diffusion of scriptural truth. Captain Worth, who visited the island, in 1848, says:—"I never was so gratified as by my visit, and would rather have gone there than to any part of the world. . . . Time presses, and I will only now say that they are the most interesting, contented, and happy people that can be conceived. The comfort, peace, strict morality, industry, and excessive cleanliness and neatness that were apparent about them, were really such as I was not prepared to witness; their learning and attainments in general education and information are really astonishing; the men and women are a fine race, and their manner really of a superior order—ever smiling and joyous; but one mind and one wish seems to actuate them all. Crime appears to be unknown; and if there is really true happiness on earth, it

is surely theirs. The island is romantic and beautiful; the soil of the richest description, yielding almost every fruit and vegetable. In short, *it is a little paradise.*" Even the common sailors who have occasionally been permitted to land, have been struck with the appearance of the spot, and awed by the virtuous example of the inhabitants. One rough seaman whom a gentleman had spoken to in praise of the exemplary conduct which his companions had showed when upon the island, replied:—"Sir, I expect if one of our fellows were to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive."

The secret of this excellence finds a solution in the memorable remark of Mr. Nobbs. A gentleman had asked him how he accounted for such an absence of evil amongst the inhabitants of Pitcairn; how it agreed with the belief that all mankind are sinful, and with the teaching of the bible on the subject. "Because," Mr. Nobbs answered, "the children have no bad example before their eyes; evil is no doubt in them, as in all other human beings, but there is no encouragement from without to bring it to the surface; the bible is the daily and hourly rule of life; if a dispute arise, they act on the injunction, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' Again, the young people know they can marry when they are old enough, so one temptation to sin is removed; there are no differences of religious opinion amongst them; a bad word or an indecent jest are unknown upon the island, nor are intoxicating liquors ever seen."

In such dread and abhorrence are strong drinks held at Pitcairn, that one of the first enactments of their little code guards against their admission. "No person"—so it runs—"or persons shall be allowed to get spirits of any sort from any vessel. No intoxicating liquor whatever shall be allowed to be taken on shore, unless for medicinal purposes."

Loyalty and attachment to government are the fruits of sound religious training, and by those virtues the Pitcairners are distinguished. "Fear God and honour the king," are two commands placed together in the word of God, which they have not separated. The queen's birthday is with them a grand festival; it is kept up with feasting and dancing, (the only day they are allowed to dance on the island,) and almost the first question everybody asks is, 'How is her majesty the queen?'

Another enactment of their little community will almost provoke a smile. Being much afflicted with rats, the cat is in consequence an animal of great value. The person killing it must, as a penalty, destroy 300 rats, which have to be submitted for the inspection of the magistrate, by way of proof that the penalty has been paid.

Of the spiritual character of the teaching of the pastor of Pitcairn, a pleasing specimen is presented in the fragment of one of his sermons, delivered on the occasion of the marriage of two of the islanders. "Form," he said, addressing the young couple, "the holy resolution that you and your house will serve the Lord; and having made this resolution, persevere in it till death. Be diligent in reading the word of God, and causing it to be read in your families. 'Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life,' is a precept of our blessed Lord, and parents are in a peculiar manner bound to instruct their children in the knowledge of the word of God. Family prayer is a duty as absolutely necessary as reading the word of God; for prayer is an excellent means to render reading effectual."

It were well that these counsels were remembered in other families beside those of Pitcairn. The happy results of this practical teaching have been evidenced in the calm and peaceful deaths of many of the inhabitants, whose last moments have been crowned with triumph and joy. The hymnology of the Christian church has also, we consider, received a rich addition in a hymn in which Mr. Nobbs has embodied the dying sentiments of one of the islanders.

"I know on this earth my Redeemer shall stand,  
And these eyes, though now dim, shall his glories  
Behold;  
My powers so reduced shall with knowledge expand,  
And this heart throb with rapture which now beats so  
cold.

His voice shall hear, and in accents divine,  
Shall I, then made worthy, a welcome receive;  
In his presence to dwell, 'twill for ever be mine,  
I believe—I believe.

This then is my hope, and I am not deceived,  
On the word of my God I can fully depend;  
I know by the Spirit on whom I've believed,  
That he will support and console to the end.  
Immanuel's death has Jehovah appeased,  
That death on the cross did my ransom achieve;  
That death is my passport when I am released;  
I believe—I believe; yes, I firmly believe."

The future of Pitcairn's Island is an interesting problem; but it is not within our province to discuss it, nor to anticipate those changes in their condition which it is feared must ensue from the increase of their population, compelling them ere long to seek another habitation.

The purpose which we had in view when we commenced these papers has now been accomplished. We proposed to show the moral chemistry of God, extracting good out of evil; and all must admit that the narrative before us has most satisfactorily demonstrated this. The chemist, after dropping his mixture into a dark fluid, sees at first fermentation ensue, and then out of the elements a beautiful snow-white colour emerges. So was it in this remarkable spot.

Murderers, adulterers, rebels—such were the parents of these islanders, and such, too, was John Adams himself; but he was washed, he was sanctified, and he was justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God; and the instrumentality employed, too, was the bible.

We shall but weaken the force of our story—for has it not all the romance of one?—by any extended application. Yet one word may be said in conclusion. Society has many evils, and individual life has many trials, for both of which remedies complex and costly have been offered. But do we not carry with us the conviction of every reader when we say, that after the lesson Pitcairn affords us, all we want to make us prosperous as a nation and happy in our own souls is to have our institutions based upon the scriptures, and our hearts purified by their counsels? All of us, indeed, may learn a good lesson from Pitcairn.

### HESTER CROSBY;

or,

### THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF MEEKNESS.

#### CHAPTER II.

We step over a space of five years, and enter a comfortless chamber. A woman is there, feeble and in agony. A deep-seated cancer is burning, gnawing, throbbing, "day and night," she says. Haggard and worn with pain and terror, she mutters, as she makes trembling haste, with tottering steps, to obey the voice of her husband, which she hears in the room below: "Day and night—all the same—day and night."

"Let me go and see what the man wants, Mrs. Crosby," said an aged, infirm, and dirty old parish nurse—but a woman nevertheless—"them men can't do a turn for themselves if 'tis ever so." And she hobbles across the floor; but before she has reached the chamber door, it opens, and the husband enters. The five years which have passed since we last met with him have witnessed no improvement in either his temper or his habits. He is now, from some cause or other, wrought up to intemperate anger, and his small ferret eyes are fiery with passion.

"A pretty house to come into," he says; "not a stick on the fire, nor a bit of comfort anywhere for a man that's been hard at work all day, and a wife that's always groaning and moaning into the bargain."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, master," retorts the old nurse. "Here's your poor wife as bad as bad can be pretty near, and you haven't got no feeling, not a bit."

"How can I help it if she is bad?" mutters

the man fiercely; "I didn't make her so: come, tell me that. I want to know how I can help it?"

"You might behave like a man," says the old woman, "and not like a brute."

"Never mind him, nurse," almost shrieks the afflicted woman; "fuss enough he would make if his little finger did but ache; I know that, but 'tis no matter."

"I tell you what, mistress," exclaims the man, turning angrily upon her, "if you are to go on so much longer, you had better speak for a place in the union. That's all I have got to say." And leaving the wretched chamber, he is heard furiously talking to himself in the room below. Presently there is quiet, for the man has departed from the cottage, and will not return either very soon or very sober; his wife knows that.

"Day and night, day and night, all the same! no rest, no rest," sobbed the poor woman, rocking herself in her chair.

"Come, mistress, don't take on so," said the old nurse, soothingly; "you must not mind it."

"Must not mind it!" replied the sufferer, petulantly; "well, mistress, who says I mind it? Oh no! why should I mind it? It will be all one in a hundred years' time, I dare say. Yes, yes! that's what you are always preaching—'mustn't mind it.' A pretty set of children I have got, and I mustn't mind that neither, I suppose. There's the boys, they never come near their poor mother to speak a word of comfort; and there's Mary, she is married, and has got enough to do to attend to her own children, she says. Ah! she wil' know what it is to have a husband and children some day. And there's Hester; now she has got a good place, and a mistress that coddles her just according as she likes, much she cares for her poor mother; but I must not mind that neither, I suppose—oh no!"

If Mrs. Crosby had not been too fully engrossed by her own complainings and sufferings, and the old nurse dull of hearing, as well as profoundly occupied just then in kindling a fire to prepare the eventide cup of tea, they might have heard, first the gentle opening of the cottage door, then a light step on the stairs, and after that a soft sigh in the chamber.

"Don't say so, mother:" the voice was low, and humble, and pleading.

"Hester, is it you, girl?" exclaimed the poor woman, as her daughter took her hand and pressed it to her lips: "why, Hester, what brought you here?"

"I am come to take care of you, mother, and nurse you, if you will let me, and keep house for you and father. You won't mind that, mother, will you?"

"I do not know, girl : I want somebody about bad enough, to be sure ; for old nurse only comes at by-times. But, you don't say you have left your place again ? If you have, you must not come here and expect to be nursed ; I can tell you that. And who is to keep you—I don't know."

"I have left my place, mother ; I came away as soon as I could after I knew of your being so ill. I would have come before if I had known it sooner, but it was only a week ago that I had a letter about you. And I hope I shall not want nursing ; I am better now than I have been for a long time. And don't trouble about, who is to keep me, mother ; I shall manage that."

That night, when Crosby returned to his cottage, he was surprised to find—late as it was—a bright fire burning on his hearth, a swept and tidied room, and a cloth spread for a comfortable meal. He was more surprised still to see his daughter.

"What, Hester ! you here ? what's the meaning of that, I wonder ?"

She had left her situation, she said, to wait on her mother (her father stormed), and to make home comfortable for him, she added ; for she knew how he must be put about, now that her mother was so ill. Yes, that was all very well, he said ; no doubt he was put about, but who was to be earning money to keep her at home ; and if she, Hester, should herself want nursing again—ah, who was to do that ?

But when Hester told him that she had earned and saved money during her five years absence from home, and hoped she should be no burden ; that she was better in health than she used to be ; and that, moreover, she should employ herself at needlework, at odd times, and thus add to her father's resources ; he sullenly acquiesced in her proposal, said that it might be for the best, perhaps, and called her a fool. And so, no doubt, she was, according to the judgment of selfishness ; for what was she likely to get by her sacrifice of ease, comfort, and perhaps health ? Hester was glad that her father took it so quietly ; it was nothing new to her to be called by such unkind and opprobrious epithets.

Months passed away in wearisome watching and thankless exertion ; but Hester did not grow weary in well-doing. Her mother's chamber was brightened by her constant cheerfulness ; and the pains of a terrible malady were soothed by her unappreciated attentions ; while all that she had—her small stock of savings, and her weekly earnings—was devoted to her mother's comfort. No, Hester was not weary in well-doing ; and, in due season, who could tell, she

thought, whether she should not be permitted to reap, if she fainted not.

Other months passed away, and the wearisome watching and painful exertion were no longer thanklessly received. The mother's heart was softened towards her daughter, whose lips were at length permitted to speak of mercy offered to the guilty—of salvation revealed to the lost. And then the mother died.

It was a happy release, the neighbours said ; for nobody knew, but the poor woman herself, what her sufferings had been. It was a good deliverance for Hester, too, they added, so long as she had been shut up in that room with her mother, day and night, and so hard as she had slaved. Poor Hester ! she heard this with a throbbing heart. Had her prayers been answered ? should she reap the fruit—that fruit for which she had laboured ? Ah, who could tell that ?

• "Now, Hester, my girl," said her father, a few weeks after his wife's funeral, "I expect you will be going to service again—sha'n't you ?"

"No, father, I think not," she answered quietly.

"No ! I think you had better, girl."

"I am not so well as I was when I came home, father ; you do not know it, perhaps ; but I am very ill."

It was quite true ; her weak frame was worn with anxious watching and labour, and internal disease was making rapid advances. She had striven against this while her mother lived ; but now the time of reaction was come.

"I am not going to have you here, Hester ; there's another woman coming to keep house for me—do you hear ? I am going to be married again."

"Father ! and my mother so lately buried !"

• Yes, even so. A few days later, and Hester left the cottage, never more to return. She hired a room in the village, and supported herself by needlework. It was not long that she needed support. Neighbours pitied and admired, friends were raised up for her who ministered to her necessities, and then—her work being done on earth—she was taken to her Father's home above.

If the reader should ever be passing through the village to which our sketch relates, and could find an opportunity of spending a few minutes in the lonely churchyard, he would observe a plain small stone at the head of a grave, with the simple inscription,

"H. C., died — 18—,

SHE LOVED THE SAVIOUR."

Let him, under such circumstances, think of the story we have here told.

## AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE.

ON the 24th July, 1698, Francke laid the foundation stone of the new orphan-house, on the ground attached to the hotel, and in faith began to build. The want of money could not dispirit or dissuade him from his work, though it gave him sometimes considerable trouble and anxiety; for he was obliged to learn that, though aid was promised, yet the time and manner were not specified in the guide-book for daily life, which he made his constant study. One passage in that book was often before him, "My time is not yet come;" and another also appeared to suit him well, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Sometimes, when food must be bought for a hundred people, or when on a Saturday afternoon the workmen required to be paid, he had not a penny in the house. Sometimes Newbauer was obliged to run about the whole day, to gather as much money as was necessary to buy candles, that they might not be sitting in darkness, and it was perhaps near the evening before he obtained it. It is better, however, to hear Francke tell in his own words what he experienced at such times.

"In the month of October, 1698," he tells, "I was induced to send a poor widow, whom I knew to be very pious, and also very destitute, a gift of a ducat. She wrote me in reply, that the money had arrived at a time when she greatly required it, and she had prayed that God would repay me many hundredfold, for the benefit of the orphan-house. Shortly afterwards, a Christian friend brought me twenty-five ducats, and on the very same day, two ducats were sent me from Sweden. In a few days, twenty-five ducats arrived by the post without the name of the giver. About the same time, Prince Louis of Würtemberg died, and left a legacy to the orphan-house. On inquiry, there was found a red silk purse, containing 500 ducats, with a card attached, stating that it was for the orphan-house in Halle. When I saw the pile of ducats lying on the table, I thought of the poor woman's prayer, that the ducat might be repaid many hundredfold.

"When this was spent, and the bills were still coming in, I felt myself in some difficulty, especially when one large payment was pressing, and I had nothing to meet it. I had resolved, so soon as I should have finished the business on which I was engaged, to go to my chamber to beg the Divine blessing, and just as I had finished, and was going to engage in earnest prayer, a letter was put into my hand by a merchant, who said he had received orders to pay me a thousand dollars for the benefit of the orphan-house. I thought of the promise, 'Be-

fore they cry, I will answer; and while they are speaking, I will hear.' I went, however, to my chamber, and instead of begging, I poured out my whole soul in praise and thanks to him who doeth so wondrously above all that we can ask or think.

"In the following harvest I was taking a solitary walk, and looking up to the sky so bright and so blue, thought within myself, what a privilege it is to have nothing in one's own keeping, but to know him who doeth as he will in heaven and on earth. I felt the nearness of the Holy One, and spread out my case before him with exceeding joy, asking him to do with me and for me according to my wants. I knew that there was no money in the house, and that accounts were to be paid in the evening; but felt happy in the assurance that he who had made the heaven and the earth, and had spread out that blue firmament above, knew as well as I did what was necessary to carry out his own work, in which I was merely steward and overseer. On reaching home, my faithful helper, Newbauer, came to ask if there was any money come—he wanted some for wages. I said there was none arrived, but I trusted in due time to have enough. I imparted to him the sweet hour that I had spent in meditation, and the joyful assurance I had of the love of God. As we spoke, a student was announced, who wanted to speak with me. He told me he had been commissioned by a friend, who wished to remain unknown, to pay me thirty dollars for the orphan-house. On returning to the overseer of the works, I inquired how much he required, when he said, 'thirty dollars.' I handed him the money I had just received, and both of us found our faith much strengthened by the circumstance of obtaining exactly what was necessary.

"On another occasion we had no food in the house, and I felt myself peculiarly earnest in pleading, 'Give us *this day* our daily bread.' I was desirous that on this occasion we might all see that it was from Him. In the course of the day a friend drove up to the door, and brought me four hundred dollars. Now I knew why the Lord had taught me to pray so earnestly for help '*this day*.' At another time, all was gone, and I had no resource but prayer; and see! there came a letter from a friend, who lived six hundred miles away, with fifty florins, begging that I would excuse the trouble he wanted to give me to divide this sum among the poor.

"At another time, upwards of one hundred dollars were required to pay the workmen, and I knew of no way of obtaining ten. I directed the steward to come after dinner, and in the mean time I should ask my heavenly Father for the money. He came after dinner as appointed;

and I was obliged to bid him return in the evening. In the mean time a friend joined me, and we united in fervent prayer; but while engaged in that exercise, I felt impelled to grateful recollection of all that God had done for me and for others. Scripture examples of Ishmael in the wilderness, of Moses at the Red Sea, of David when pursued by Saul, of Elisha in Samaria, of Elijah among the prophets of Baal, stood vividly before my mind, with the promise 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever'—till I forgot to ask deliverance from present need, but sought much rather to pour out my feelings of gratitude for the goodness of God. When we had ended our prayer, and the friend was taking his leave, I accompanied him to the door, where I found on the one side the steward coming for his money, and on the other side a messenger with a bag containing one hundred and fifty dollars for the benefit of the orphan-house.

"The overseer of the works came to me one morning early, asking for money, and I gave him what I had. It was six dollars. 'Ah yes,' said the overseer, 'if it were six times so much, it would just serve.' We comforted each other with the promise of him in whose work we were engaged, and in the course of the day there came in so much that the thirty-six dollars were paid. When the wants had at one time accumulated, and the fountains seemed to dry up, my assistants were beginning to reason among themselves as if God had forgotten to be gracious. One came to tell me that such doubts were filling the minds of those who had at other times been very steady, and, while he was speaking, a bill of exchange for five thousand dollars was put into my hands. It was the sorest trial I had met with, but it was also the largest sum I ever received at once."

These examples are selected from a paper which he afterwards wrote as a testimony of the goodness of God, for the strengthening of the faith of coming generations. Should such examples appear to any one ridiculous, it is a clear evidence that he has never tried such experiments. Should they appear unphilosophical, it can only be because the basis of all philosophy, and of all wisdom, is forgotten; for all true philosophy is based on the fear of God, and the knowledge of his revealed character. Should any one be tempted to presumption by such examples, let him remember that, to obtain such signal help from God, it is necessary—

1st. To be engaged in a work agreeable to the Divine will.

2nd. To have the Divine glory as the chief aim.

3rd. To live a holy life.

4th. To have made use of all other means put within reach.

It was little wonder that the hearts of rich and poor, of high and low, were turned to support this work; for it was undertaken solely with an eye to the Divine glory, and was carried on in faith and prayer. Every morning the workmen began their task with united prayer. At the end of the week, when they received their wages, it was with prayer and an edifying address that their week's work was closed. That gave the men courage and steadiness; and in July, 1699, the principal wing was under the roof. But poor Francke had no rest. For, from the day that he had resolved, on a capital of seven florins, to found a ragged-school, there flocked to him, from far and near, those who wanted to be admitted, and he had scarcely finished a building till it was found to be too small to accommodate those who in the mean time had sought admission.

He was never much concerned about the money, for he knew that, if he had obtained the inward assurance that the work was good, the means would be obtained at the proper time. At one period he was gathering money for a payment which would soon fall due, and had the requisite sum, to the amount of four thousand dollars, brought together. One morning a ladder was found applied to a window of the room where the money was kept, and marks were evident of an attempt to break in. What had driven the thief away no one knew. Francke thought, however, rather than that thieves should carry the money away, he would build a house for the normal schools. A thousand dollars, and another thousand, were spent on the building, and the time was approaching when the four thousand must be paid. The day came, and Francke had not the money. He went to the university, read his lecture as usual, returned, and found many letters on the table. The first one which he opened ran as follows:—"My deceased sister has left a legacy of eight thousand dollars for the orphan-house in Halle, and, as it is the first item of the will, I should like also to pay it first. The money was now paid, and Francke had enough to carry on his building. This was the normal school, built in 1711.

Francke had a small medicine chest, out of which he supplied medicine to the poor gratuitously. Once on visiting a patient, the sick man gave him a large number of receipts, for cures of various diseases, and assured him he would find them efficacious. The receipts were intrusted to the physician of the orphan-house, C. F. Richter, a worthy man, who had given his whole property to the institution. After some fruitless attempts, he at last succeeded, and the cures which were effected by these medicines were almost beyond belief. The Apothecary's Hall thus became a place of great importance.

In his own day, he saw the different branches of the institution come to a state of great efficiency. At his death, there were 134 orphan children trained and boarded under the care of ten teachers and caretakers, as they were termed; 2207 boys and girls, young men and young women, were under the care of 175 teachers; and many of these, too, were gratuitously instructed in all the necessary branches of a suitable education. 212 poor scholars, and 255 students, were daily fed. The town and the rising university were, by such efforts, greatly improved, and the amount of money put in circulation kept the labouring population in employment and bread.

Many and bitter were the calumnies and persecutions which Francke was required to bear, but he regarded them all as necessary to keep him humble and watchful. His own spirit extended to, and took possession of, all his assistants. When Frederick William I, king of Prussia, once asked Elers, the founder of the library and publishing department of the institution, how much he had had for his great toil and labour, he answered that he had his one suit of clothes and a pocket bible. More he had not, and did not wish. "Now," said the king, laying his hand on Francke's shoulder, "now I understand how you could do all this. Such helpers I cannot find."

The great Bible Society was founded by Caunstein, and when he died, Francke carried on the work alone. Some notion of the amount of good done by this society may be gathered from the fact, that, independent of the new testaments and psalms, a bible in our possession, of the date of 1840, is marked as the 276th edition. If each edition were reckoned but at 5000 or 6000, what a work has there been done!

We must not forget, however, that Francke was professor, and as such his great aim was to furnish his students with something substantial to take with them and lean on during life. His desire, like that of Spener, was to bring religion into daily use, and develop its power on the heart and character. He laboured hard to promote a living faith at home, but he did not forget the heathen. He sent many of his students to the mission college founded by the king of Denmark, and kept up a correspondence with them in foreign lands.

He made frequent journeys, and it would be easy to fill many a page with the story of the calumnies which were often sent before him, and the manner in which he by his faithfulness and gentle self-denial overcame them all.

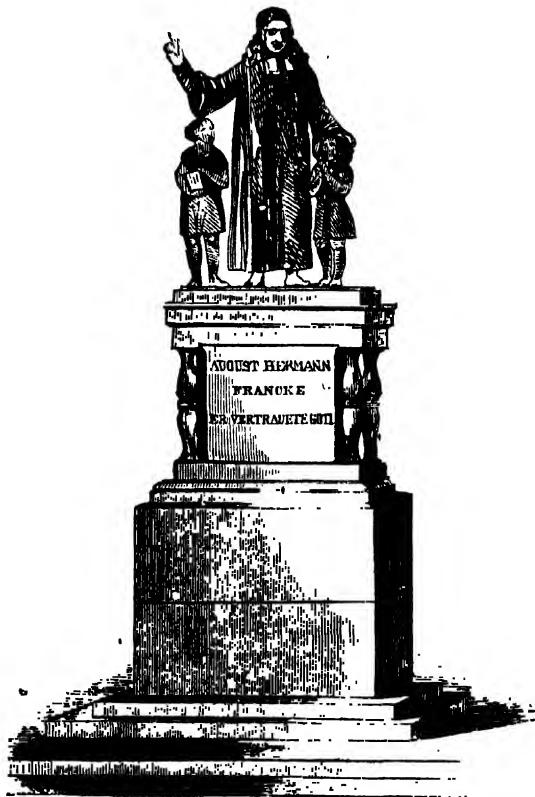
He had been a weakly child, and had never enjoyed much good health; still his constitution held out till his 64th year. In the summer of 1727 he began his usual course of lectures, but

delivered only the first, and closed it with an earnest, full-toned adieu: "Go then, my friends, and the blessing of God rest on you for ever and ever." On the 24th of May he was carried out to the garden of the orphan-house, and there he took leave of the scene of his toil in a prayer which lasted an hour. On the 8th of June he passed away from the turmoil of life, and entered into his rest. "I have waited for thy salvation, O God," were the words which he oft repeated on his death-bed, and he passed away without a struggle.

A hundred years later, a marble monument was built, and on it was inscribed, in German—

#### AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE.

HE TRUSTED IN GOD.



#### THE SCOFFER CONFOUNDED.

A TRAVELLER in a stage-coach once attempted to divert the company, and display his hostility to the scriptures, by holding them up to ridicule. "As to the prophecies," said he, in particular, "they were all written after the events took place." A minister in the coach, who had previously been silent, replied, "Sir, I must beg leave to mention one remarkable prophecy as an exception:— 'Know this first, that there shall come in the latter day scoffers.' Now, sir, whether the event be not long after the prediction, I leave the company to judge." The mouth of the scorner was stopped. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."



### THE BIBLE IN THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

MANY of our readers will remember the indignant philippic, which, at the close of the last century, Burke delivered against the mercantile character, winding it up with the assertion that money was the merchant's god and the ledger his bible. The age in which we live, however, has been honourably distinguished by many illustrious examples of the union of commerce with godliness, and the work at the head of this article is admirably qualified, by the blessing of God, to add to their number.\* It is a masterly application of the principles of the word of God to the transactions of the counting-house, and will, we hope, have a very large circulation among the commercial circles of our own country. Without attempting any laboured analysis of it, we propose to select for our readers a few extracts from its pages.

The loose code of morals prevalent in many warehouses in America, (and we fear that similar cases could be found in those of England,) is thus boldly denounced by our author:—

"A gentleman from the country placed his son with a merchant in New York. A lady came one day to the store, and having agreed with the young man for a silk dress, he was about cutting it off when he discovered a flaw in the silk. 'Madam,' said he, pointing to the place, 'I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in this silk.' She declined taking it. His employer, having overheard what passed, immediately wrote to the young man's father, to come and take him home, as 'he would never make a merchant.' Hastening to the city, he called at the store, and begged to be informed of his son's delinquencies. 'Why will he not make a merchant?' 'Because he has no tact,' was the reply. 'Only a day or two ago, he told a lady *voluntarily*, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it is foolish in me to point them out.' 'And is that all his fault?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' said his father, with a glow of parental pride, 'I love my son better than ever; and I would not have him another day in your store for the world.'

"And on what principle, but the 'custom of trade,' can we explain the use of fictitious labels, and, in general, the habit of selling things for what they are not? I have no wish to explore the workshops and laboratories of commerce. I lay claim to no special familiarity with the mysteries of trade. But if merchants themselves are to be believed, there are inexhaustible quantities of *European* goods manufactured in America. It is deemed no ground of reproach to a manufacturer to furnish such goods, nor to merchants to deal in them. If a customer prefers French broadcloths to American, what harm is there in calling your cloths French, especially if you know them to be a good article? If he wants wines in the original casks, why should you hint to him your suspicions that the casks are more genuine than the liquor? If he wants some patent drug from Boston, why should you not supply him with a better article from nearer home, with all the vouchers and certificates under the proper New England imprint?

"You must know better than I do, whether practices like these are passively acquiesced in by the mercantile body. Appearances warrant the conviction that they are; that while there are many houses which have no fellowship with them, the public sentiment of the profession extenuates and shelters them; and that the numerous respectable firms which give them their immediate and efficient sanction, do it without feeling that they are traversing any rule of morality. Assuming, then, what may safely be assumed in this place—what, indeed, it would be very ominous not to be able to assume—that all usages of this description are in contravention of the law of God, we are furnished with another decisive proof of the repugnance between this law and the 'custom of trade'—another illustration of the lengths to which commerce has gone in substituting its own theories of virtue for the only legitimate standard.

"There may be those who will deem it a very superfluous and a very puritanical procedure to undertake to set up the **BIBLE** as the grand regulator of commerce. But how is commerce to be exempted from its jurisdiction? Who is empowered to say, 'We will have the bible in our houses, our schools, our churches, our charities, but it shall not come into our houses of business. We are quite willing to live by it, and to die by it, and to go to heaven by it, but as to trafficking by it, that is out of the ques-

\* The Bible in the Counting-house; a course of Lectures to Merchants. By Rev. H. A. Boardman, D.D.; with an Introduction by Rev. R. Bickersteth. London: Bosworth.

tion.' It may well happen that to subject the entire business-world to this regimen, to replace prescription, usage, expediency, and every spurious rule, with the precepts of scripture, would lead to inconveniences and losses. It might require some persons to abandon the business they are engaged in, and abridge the profits of others. But what alternative is there? 'I had rather be right,' said a great statesman a few years since, and the remark is quoted oftener than anything he ever said—'I had rather be **RIGHT**, than be President.' You all applaud the sentiment. You honour the memory of Henry Clay because he uttered it. We do but apply it to your own profession, when we insist upon your enthroning **THE BIBLE IN YOUR COUNTING-HOUSES**. We press it upon you as the one controlling, unalterable, indispensable rule of life, that you do **RIGHT**. It may demand sacrifices; it may cost you many a trial of feeling; it may separate you from friends; it may expose you to reproach. These are serious evils. They afe to be shunned, if they can be with a good conscience. But if you have to choose between them and a good conscience, you cannot be at a loss where truth and duty lie. It is not necessary that you should escape trouble, but it is necessary that you should do right.'

Much of the author's counsels are directed against the folly of making haste to be rich. Two masterly sketches are given by him—one of the merchant, whose speculations have hurried him on to bankruptcy; the other of a man who has amassed a fortune, but in doing so, has deadened all the best and holiest affections of life. The first sketch is thus powerfully drawn.

"It has been aptly observed, that 'directly above the great cataract of insolvency, lie most dangerous rapids.' A boatman whose skiff has been drawn into the whirling tide above Niagara, would supply no inapposite exemplar of an embarrassed merchant sweeping on towards the final catastrophe. Those who have seen and shuddered over the spectacle, tell us that the struggles of a waterman caught in the 'rapids,' the superhuman energy with which he tugs at his oars, the spasmodic grasp with which he snatches at every projecting rock, the frenzy with which he flies from one end of his frail skiff to the other, and the commingled horror and despair depicted in his countenance, as the remorseless waves hurry him on to the verge of the cataract, constitute a scene which neither pen nor pencil could delineate. You have its archetype among you, too often presented amidst the fluctuations of commerce not to be familiar to every merchant. For who has not seen the corresponding process enacted over and over

again in the walks of trade—an embarrassed house striving to elude the demon of bankruptcy, which is hovering over them,

'Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.'

With what anxiety and desperation do they labour to stave off the impending calamity, which they see, and yet will not see. What a rallying of their resources! What skilful and rapid transmutations of their precarious credit into successive shapes, adjusted to fresh exigencies! New purchases and forced sales—usurious loans—notes offered at untried banks—fresh drafts upon 'neighbouring houses—proceeds which should have been remitted to their principals, applied to cancel paper—one piece of property after another sacrificed—urgent appeals to private friends for succour—money raised on borrowed securities—and all this while, appearances kept up—mind and body on the rack—candour giving way to concealment—integrity breaking down—earnest and unsuccessful efforts to regard wrong actions as right, and to believe there is no real danger—conscience reclaiming—the whole character deteriorating—and the house driving on towards the abyss, until, at length,

'all unawares,  
Fluttering their pennons vain, plumb down they drop  
Ten thousand fathom deep.'

This is no picture of the imagination. There is not a large city in Europe or America where it has not been realized in all its fulness, too often to attract attention any longer by its novelty. All failures are not of this kind, but so many are—this is so much the usual course of things—that every merchant ought to make up his mind as to its policy and its morality. Viewing it from the stupid-point we now occupy, and testing it by the morality of the **BIBLE**, there can be but one estimate formed of it. Its rashness its folly, its (must I say it?) immorality, must be known and read of all men. We may sympathize with men who are brought into these most trying circumstances; we may honour their deep solicitude to save themselves and their creditors: but we cannot, as scripture casuists, nor even as upright men, commend the course they have pursued. The universal feeling will be, that *they ought to have stopped SOONER.*"

The second extract is no less truthful.

"Another of their visions was a quiet and elegant *home*, with ample leisure for the training of their children and the fruition of domestic comfort. During their few years of business, their houses have been to them rather like taverns, where they have taken their meals and lodgings, than their homes. When ostensibly there, it has been their physical presence merely,

their thoughts have been on 'Change or at the Board of Brokers, with a cotton speculation at Liverpool, or a land speculation in Illinois, or a flour speculation at San Francisco. As to educating their children, they have indeed transferred them to a larger house, and thrown around them the glare of luxury; but the whole responsibility of forming their principles has been left to other hands. This hard necessity has now passed away, and they will hasten back (so they think) to their firesides as a bird to its nest.

"But home, somehow, is not what they expected to find it. They dispensed with it so long, that it ceased to be essential to them. The master-passion which consumed their early literary tastes, made sad inroads upon their domestic affections. They learn, to their surprise, that going abroad, which has ceased to be a necessity, has become a matter of choice, and that the financiers and traffickers of the town are better company than that around their own hearth.

"Their children they can instruct in the mysteries of trade and finance, in the most lucrative kinds of traffic and the best investments; but they would be at some loss how to imbue them with enlarged views of their relations and duties, and to inspire them with those pure principles and exalted aims which are alone worthy of an intelligent and accountable race of creatures. In one aspect, they may have done more to educate them than they were aware of. A family of children accustomed to hear money made the standing theme of conversation, the gauge and measure of all other values, will be likely either to inherit the father's covetousness, or to plunge into the vortex of fashionable frivolity. And in the latter case, he may find it as hopeless to bring them back to the simple tastes and habits which preceded his first successful speculation, as he would to reduce a forest of giant oaks to a nursery.

"Another duty which has been all along assigned to this golden era, is, *preparation for death and eternity*. But the same incapacity or indisposition waits upon them in this office as in the others. They discover that there are other obstacles between their souls and heaven, than 'the claims of business.' They have 'made haste to be rich,' and they must bear the consequences. A career of speculation has a peculiar tendency to make men both selfish and proud, not to speak of its searing the conscience and multiplying the cords which bind them to the world. And where covetousness and inordinate self-esteem join together in taking possession of a man, he is about as well fortified against religion as any character to be met with in society."

On a future occasion we may transfer to our pages the author's admirable remarks on the value of the sabbath to men of business; but at present we conclude with the following thrilling caution against forgetfulness of eternity amidst the pressure of the engagements of commerce:—

"Amidst the cares and aspirations of your counting-houses, there is a process going on which involves your profoundest interests. Business may thrive or languish, success or disappointment may attend your plans, wealth or poverty may be standing at your doors—it is all one as to your *future* destiny. Every hour is bearing you on towards the judgment-seat of Christ; every transaction in which you engage, every calamity that sweeps over you, every auspicious venture that helps to fill your coffers, is helping to mould your characters for endless blessedness or eternal woe. Whether you are oppressed by the leaden stagnation of trade, or elated by the ensigns of a luxuriant prosperity, there is *one* interest that never droops, one mighty trafficker whose work never intermits. Invisible to mortal eyes, he is gliding about among you, alike active and unsparing in your seasons of depression and in the palmiest days of your commercial triumph. While he keeps at a distance, you heed him not: he may mow down his victims by thousands without disturbing your composure. But sometimes he crosses your path so near you—he strikes down a partner, a neighbour, a friend, so dear to your heart or so closely affiliated with you in business, that you are startled: you feel like one who sees the ground torn up at his feet by a thunderbolt. For the time you feel that life's misnamed realities are airy nothings. You are ready to exclaim, with the great statesman, 'What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!' But how transient, too often, are these impressions! You miss that familiar form in your walks, but the crowd closes in, and, after a few days, fills up the void produced by his removal; and though he may not be at once forgotten, the solemn and tender reflections awakened by his death are soon merged in the absorbing secularities of your profession. Is this to act as becomes your rational nature? Can you appeal, in its vindication, to those maxims of prudence which govern you in your business arrangements? While you are contriving how you may increase your property, you may be summoned to that world where all the gold that was ever mined, could not purchase a drop of water to cool your parched tongues. While you are hanging with suspense upon the mails and the telegraph, for intelligence which is to consummate or blast your earthly hopes, the voice of God may fall upon your ear, 'This night thy

soul shall be required of thee!"—I speak as to wise men. You need a portion which is satisfying and inalienable; which neither life with its temptations, nor death with its disruption of all mortal ties, can take from you. Such a portion is to be found only in the gospel of Christ.

"This is the field where hidden lies,  
The pearl of price unknown:  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the pearl his own."

To secure it, is to have God for your father, Christ for your Saviour, and heaven for your heritage."

The work we again beg most cordially and warmly to recommend to our readers' notice.

#### A \* SUNDAY AT MARSEILLES.

LEAVING Avignon by the evening train, at ten o'clock at night we were toiling up the hundred steep slippery stairs that led to our tile-floored chamber, glad to find any resting-place in the crowded hotel. It was strange, after a week of so much excitement, to awake this morning without having to hurry forth to save the train or steamer, or to see a sight. For it was the sabbath—"the couch of Time"—rest welcome no less to the man who travels than to him who toils. It was a luxury to awake gradually, to dress leisurely, to breakfast deliberately, and we could enter into the joy with which this day must be hailed by the multitudes whose life without it would be one unvarying routine of anxiety, hurry, and fatigue.

Our obliging little waiter expressed much regret that at this season of the year, there was no such interval of repose for him. He was a Vaudois, and spoke with exultation of his country and his religion. His church, he said, was not Calvinist, nor Lutheran, nor Protestant, but existed before these names were known—from the beginning. They would never give up their religion—jamais! They had died for it, and would do so again. He had a bible which he valued and read daily, but said that the mere knowledge of the true gospel would not save any one whose heart was not given to God. We shall not soon forget the enthusiasm with which he spoke.

We went to the English church, an up-stairs room in a large house, comfortably fitted up for worship. The British consul acted as clerk, reading the responses of the liturgy, whose grand old dialect, embodying so much that is sublime in prayer and adoration, and hallowed by so many home associations, sounded doubly beautiful in a strange land. The sermon was on repentance, without which, the preacher

said, "but not by virtue of it, we could never be forgiven. It had no more efficacy than a culprit's tears at his condemnation in obliterating his crime. Christ alone procured pardon, and any reliance on our own contrition was a *detraction from his all-sufficient merits*. But when we truly relied on him for salvation, we experienced a godly sorrow, which caused the confession, 'we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep,' to be 'more than the mockery it was in the lips of thousands every Sunday.'" The sermon was true but tame, a striking contrast in the delivery to those I had heard in Paris and Valence. How is it that evangelical discourses can ever be preached with coldness? Does not manner speak as well as words? And does not the absence of earnestness, when the theme is professedly of infinite importance, seem to say that the preacher does not believe his own doctrine?

We walked under a long row of trees, on what was evidently the fashionable Sunday promenade, as it was thronged with citizens in holiday attire. Our attention was attracted by a large crowd opposite a house, from which a stream of carriages, with company in full dress, was pouring down the street. There had been a sacred concert for some charity, and the charms of music, aided by the sanctioning presence of the archbishop, had attracted a large audience.

Pleasure is the authorised sabbath keeping of the continent, and is the special worship of the French. Shops of all kinds are open till noon, when the entire population turn out for amusement. We were astonished at Paris, where we spent a Sunday on our return, to see the Champs Elysées wearing the aspect of a fair. Roundabouts and swings delighted the children, while thousands of persons were attracted to the open air cafés, each of which had an elevated platform, beneath a gaudy silk canopy, where half a dozen women, in gay evening costume, sang comic songs alternately with the lively tunes of a band of music below. There was also a grand fête at St. Cloud, where the water-works were put into operation for the gratification of the myriads of pleasure-seekers, and in the evening the theatres and other places of amusement were open as usual.

Whatever other fashions England may borrow from France, may she never adopt this! Our national stability, our sturdy liberty, our steadfast loyalty, depend on the deep religious spirit of the people, for the cultivation of which sabbath observance is essential. A population fearing God can neither be the slaves of the despot, nor the tools of the demagogue. Tyranny and faction alike fail with a people devoting one day in seven to the spiritual, enlightened, voluntary

worship of the God of Truth. While I would be the last to advocate any legal enforcement of worship, which when it ceases to be spontaneous ceases to be religious, yet I hold that from mere political considerations, every one who would not have our history resemble that of our fickle neighbours, should deprecate any tendency to lessen sabbath sacredness in the estimation and habits of the people.

And let the working classes beware how they echo the cry of those false friends who, pretending a benevolent concern for their interests, advocate Sunday amusements for the poor. The charter of their weekly rest is thereby jeopardized. The toil of some is demanded for the gratification of the many. The precedent will soon be followed among a people eager to be rich. If one establishment, for the purpose of profit, may employ its servants on the plea of furnishing pleasure to the people; others, with no worse motive, though with a different and perhaps superior plea, such as the increase of the necessities of life, will soon imitate the example. The wedge whose thin end is introduced by the plea of philanthropy, will soon be driven home by the sledge hammer of cupidity. The Holy Day is the guardian of the holiday, and when once the spell of sacredness is broken, the working men of England may discover, too late, that while dreaming of pleasure they have been robbed even of repose, and that the strait-laced fanatics, as the advocates of sabbath sanctity are sometimes designated, were really their best friends.

Passing the door of an old church, we looked in, and were spell-bound by some of the sweetest sounds we had ever heard. Most simple they were, but how enchanting was that simplicity!

We strolled up the hill of Notre Dame de la Garde, so called from a chapel of the Virgin within the fortress on its summit. The third largest city of France, with its extensive port and forests of masts, lay at our feet, surrounded by upwards of six thousand country houses, scattered over the plain, and climbing up the encompassing hills. Here was once a shrine to the "Great Diana of the Ephesians," whose worship was introduced by the Phœcœans, and up this hill seamen in ancient times climbed, in order to present their votive offerings. They do so still. The walls of the chapel are hung with memorial pictures representing escapes from shipwreck, and with bits of rope by which persons were rescued from drowning, through the supposed influence of the Virgin, whose image in olive wood, of great antiquity, preserved here as a sacred treasure, is held in high estimation by sailors. The coincidence is striking between the modern custom and the ancient, as referred to by Horace and also by Virgil, in the

lines where the poet describes the olive tree in which the spear of Aeneas stuck, as being especially venerated by sailors, who fastened to it their votive offerings in gratitude to the god who had delivered them from the waves. The name is changed, but the thing is little altered. There are also small road-side chapels at intervals in the ascent, containing pictures of the Virgin, at which sundry acts of devotion are performed during the pilgrimage.

Pained at this sad perversion of a true sentiment, we turned from the superstitions of men, to the great works of God, and seated ourselves on a rocky promontory overlooking the Mediterranean. As the city was behind us, we saw only the sky and the ocean with its islands and rocky shores. How essential is sunlight to a landscape! This view, which appeared most dreary when afterwards seen on a cloudy day, was now enchanting, the sea and sky so deeply blue, and the rocks and mountains bathed in ethereal colours, which made them, even in their barrenness, most beautiful. So, I thought, the poorest earthly lot, stripped to the outward eye of all foliage, where not a flower seems to linger, not a blade of grass to grow, becomes more lovely in the sunshine of God's love than the most coveted of this world's portions, over which hangs the portentous cloud of the Divine displeasure.\*

#### \* AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

A CLERGYMAN in Ireland was preaching some few years ago to his ordinary Sunday congregation upon the important text, "Search the scriptures." In the course of his sermon, while admonishing his hearers of the guilt and danger of neglecting the word of God, he quoted a passage of a divine, in which he speaks of the bible as sometimes having enough dust upon its cover to admit of the brief but appalling scriptural expression, "damnation,"† being written legibly thereon. A young lady, a member of the congregation, was struck by the peculiar force of the expression used, and spoke of it upon her return home. Her brother, a young man who had on that day causelessly absented himself—as young men are too often apt to do—from the public service of the sanctuary, overheard her, and it pleased God that

\* This interesting and, to a Christian mind, affecting sketch, we extract from a very pleasing work, lately published, entitled, "The Forum and the Vatican," from the pen of the Rev. Newman Hall, the well-known author of the Life of Dr. Gordon, and other valuable works. London: Nisbet and Co., 1854.

† The passage occurred, we believe, in a sermon of that uncompromising pulpit orator, John Wesley.—EDITOR.

the words—or rather the startling thought which they suggested—should go home like an arrow to his heart. He hurriedly withdrew to his chamber, took down his bible from a shelf, and looked at it; there was dust upon the cover. With trembling finger he traced, half unconsciously, the appalling phrase which the preacher had used. There it stood, distinctly legible. He read it—he repeated it—he burst into a flood of tears; and falling upon his knees, with streaming eyes and heaving breast, he besought the God of whom that neglected bible testifies, that He would mercifully pardon his grievous sin, and give him grace to neglect it no longer. The seeds of consumption, unknown to himself and unsuspected by his relatives, were lurking in that young man's constitution at the time, destined to be speedily and fatally developed. And during the weary days and sleepless nights which were ere long appointed him, that heretofore neglected bible was his solace and his stay; and when death came, it found him bearing triumphant testimony to the blessed fact, that the God whom it reveals was his God, and the salvation which it promises his salvation—his joy and his portion for ever!

Many and important are the lessons suggested by this incident, and its inestimably blessed result. It furnishes, in the first place, a case in point of what we believe will be found to hold good in almost every instance, namely, that the neglecter of the public worship of God upon the sabbath is also, as a matter of course, a neglecter of God's holy word at home. The spirit which prompts the former will not fail to effect the latter also. And thus does the transgressor array against himself a twofold testimony, which will one day lift its condemning voice with a power which he little reckons of, and leave him altogether defenceless; insomuch as the excuse (in nine cases out of ten a vain one) with which he deludes himself with regard to the one offence, will be found incapable of being even pleaded for the other; the reason why (if indeed there be any reason why,) he did not join in the worship of God abroad being, at all events, no reason whatsoever why he should not have read the word of God at home. He who is really, by an unavoidable necessity, constrained, as will sometimes happen, to spend his Sunday at home, will feel on that very account the more desirous of making his bible the companion of his solitude. He who, on the other hand, gladly avails himself of some imaginary or insufficient excuse for absenting himself from the public means of grace, will either find one ready to hand, or deem that none is needful for, in like manner, dispensing with the private.

Again, we have here strikingly brought before us the vast importance of the Sunday's sermon

being made the subject of subsequent remark and conversation in the domestic circle. Thus the seed sown will be the better preserved against that speedy snatching away out of the heart which our blessed Redeemer warns us against in the parable of the sower, as one of the chief hindrances to its bringing forth fruit. Thus, too, will those who have heard the sermon preached be refreshed in their recollection of it; and the errors or misconceptions which some of them may very possibly entertain concerning it will be removed. While, as in the case before us, to one or more members of the family who have not heard it previously, it may, by the wonder-working agency of God's Holy Spirit, become, as it were, second-hand, a source of greater blessing than to those who have received it from the preacher's lips.

Further, we have here a marvellous instance of the indirect, unexpected, and what, humanly speaking, we should call far-fetched methods whereby the Most High is sometimes pleased to arrest the sinner in his downward progress to destruction, and to turn him "from darkness to light;" and all this in order, it would seem, to put it beyond question that "the excellency of the power," in every instance of a sinner's conversion, "is of God," and not of man. We naturally would expect that a sermon, if blessed at all to the turning of a sinner from the error of his ways, would be so blessed to one or more of those who heard it preached. That an absent member of the congregation should be the one especially and savingly benefited by it, is something which it would scarcely enter into our minds to conceive. If questioned, moreover, as to the particular portion of a sermon which we should consider likely, with the blessing of the Lord upon it, to be effectual to the wakening of a slumbering soul, we should point, in all probability, to some clear statement of doctrine, or some forcible or stirring appeal to conscience which it might contain. We should scarcely think of indicating a single brief expression, however striking or emphatic—and that, too, given as a quotation from another preacher, long since departed—as the arrow which the Spirit would make choice of where-with to wound, in order that he might for ever heal, a world-loving and a God-despising heart. Little did the preacher, upon that occasion, imagine, as he quoted that expression—still less, if possible, did she imagine who afterwards repeated it—that it was as a cord let down from heaven to draw up a sinful soul—that it should prove a "word of life" to one about to go down ere long into the valley of the shadow of death!

In all this we are practically taught that the ways of him with whom we have to do are not "as our ways," nor are "his thoughts as our

thoughts;" that all agencies, and instrumentalities are alike to him to work therewith according to the good pleasure of his will—and that, therefore, we should earnestly, unremittingly, prayerfully, make use of all, both for ourselves and others, and look to and trust in him to bless them to the saving of souls, and the glorifying of his holy name.

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### THE SECRET OF CHEERFULNESS.

THERE is no more effectual way of relieving the tedium of a lengthened illness, and sometimes of dissipating the gloom of despondency, than some little work of practical utility, which requires only so much of exertion or thought as is within the sick man's limited powers. The inexperienced may easily refuse such apparently slender aid; but the keenest intellects have ever been the first to allow how dependent the mind is upon physical occupations. Dr. Chalmers writes in his Journal: "It is not my duty to feel cool and comfortable when placed in a confined room; but it is my duty to rise and open the window if this can restore me to my wonted capacity of exertion. It is, perhaps, not my duty to summon up a cheerfulness of mind in the hour of unaccountable despondency; . . . but it is my duty to study, and if possible to devise, expedients for restoring me from this . . . state." And he goes on to advise some slight occupation as the unfailing expedient, such as "writing a fair copy of any old production, setting your books and papers in order, balancing your accounts, etc."

May not the long-afflicted Christian take up this suggestion, and employ it in the service of cheerful charity? If you know anything of your own neighbourhood, there are probably many cases of poverty and distress close at hand, in planning to relieve which you might employ many a weary hour. Believe me, the basket of provision, or the parcel of apparel you have provided with your own hands, will cheer another sufferer beside the poor cottager to whom you send it. And if you know not of suitable objects near you, so many blessed societies now penetrate every haunt of misery and sin, that if you will but make yourself acquainted with their touching reports, and then with your own hands, perhaps by the proceeds of your needle or your pencil, minister to their necessities, you will shortly find that you identify yourself with their work. If not yourself the good Samaritan, yet filled his wine-flask, and replenished his cruse of oil. And thus days that would have wearily "dragged through," if the mind had been preying on

itself, will, almost unawares, glide by in such ministries of love. If the author of this little book only persuaded one sufferer to make this a matter of persevering trial, he should feel it a cause for deep thankfulness; for he is fully convinced how successful is the expedient, and how grateful the effort to Him who will welcome his wandering children with the words, "Ye have done it unto me."—*Water from the Well Spring*, published by the Religious Tract Society.

### THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

On to the goal, friends, on!  
Glory awaits you there;  
Crowns for the victors' brow,  
Robes that the conquerors wear;  
Thrones for the sons of might,  
Harps for the sons of song,  
Welcome from heaven's own King,  
Greetings from heaven's bright throng.

On! for the hour has come  
When ye the race must run,  
Or see life's day decline,  
With life's great work undone.  
Hark! for the Master calls,  
And o'er your path has shone  
The sunlight of his smile;  
On to the goal then, on!

Put off each cumbersome weight,  
Renounce each darling sin,  
He must be free as air  
Who yonder wreath would win.  
With patience gird the soul,  
Maintain the strife begun;  
Be firm unto the end;  
On to the goal, friends, on!

Though loiterers in the course  
Look round you—myriads stand  
Enrobed in glorious light,  
Earth's star-crowned conqueror band.  
They point you to the prize,  
By true hearts surely won;  
They urge you to advance;  
On to the goal, then, on!

Lo! Christ awaits you there,  
He who the cup of shame  
Drank, and the cross's pangs  
Endured, to win a name.  
He waits to bind the crown,  
When life's short race is run,  
Round every victor's brow;  
On to the goal, friends, on!

### SERMONS TESTED.

THE actual bearing of a compass in time of trial can only be determined by making allowance for any inequalities in its action in every-day experience. In the same way a congregation will judge of the reality of what their minister says on Sunday, by the character of what he does in the week. If his ordinary tone is bombastical or trifling, his preaching will be treated as if it was the same.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

### THE SCHOOL OF THE BEE.

It was in the month of May that we visited our grandfather's pleasant cottage. The days were fine and balmy. A carpet of the freshest green covered the earth, and the gardens, orchards, and fields were decorated with blushing flowers and blossoms. We had been attentively watching the bees as they flew from flower to flower, humming as they went, when my grandfather came into the garden. Observing that we were much interested in the movements of the busy bee, he said, smilingly, "Well, my boys, would you like to go to the school of the bee?"

We at first scarcely knew what he meant; but he soon explained himself by telling us that he wanted us to learn some lessons from the bees. He had two glass hives, and beneath the transparent dome we watched the operations of the busy tribe.

"Oh, grandfather!" said Henry, "do show us the queen?"

My grandfather, however, was unable to gratify our curiosity at that time, though we saw it on another occasion. "I cannot discover her just now," said he, "but I can tell you that she is the parent as well as sovereign of the inhabitants of this little city, and is much respected and beloved by the whole community. The bees pay great attention to her, and seem to do all they can to please her. Now, my boys," added my grandfather, "here is a lesson for you. Obey them that have the rule over you. Honour your parents. Remember, the bees love their queen, and therefore they obey her. The Bible says, if we love God we shall keep his commandments, and one of them is, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.'"

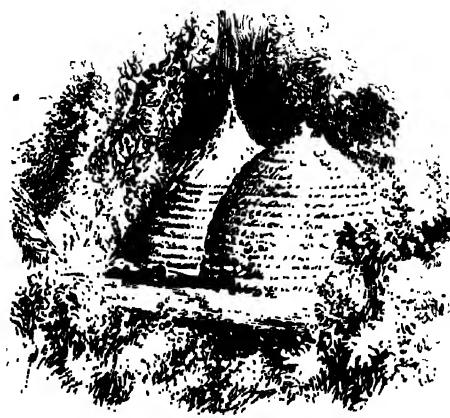
At this moment we saw a bee very different in shape from the rest, which my grandfather told us was a drone. "That they are born and die," said he, "is nearly all the account I can give of it, except that they are very lazy and live upon the efforts of others. But the active bees, when they are only a few months old, put them to death or drive them out of the hive. Here is another lesson for you. 'If any will not work, neither should he eat.' 'The idle soul shall suffer hunger.'

"I would much rather be a worker bee," said Henry, "wouldn't you, uncle?"

"Certainly, and we may learn many lessons from them. They are very diligent and industrious. They collect the honey, make the bread, build the cells, take care of the young, and guard the hive against their enemies. They do not work hard one day and do nothing the next, nor do they dance about half their time in the sunshine and only bring home half a load of honey. If every person were as industrious, there would not be half the misery and poverty there is. The bee takes PLEASURE in doing its work. If this were the case with every little boy and girl, how much easier would every duty appear? I love to hear the servant sing when she is about her work; and I rejoice to see the cheerful countenance over a hard lesson. Every one should cheerfully perform the duties which God requires of him, remembering the example of him whose 'meat and whose drink it was to do the will of God.'"

"Is there only one queen in this hive?" inquired Henry, intently fixing his eye upon the large number of bees contained beneath the glass dome.

"But one," said my grandfather; "the bees will only serve one sovereign at a time. And here again they teach us an important lesson. 'No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' God requires us to serve him with *all* our heart, and with *all* our soul, with *all* our mind, and with *all* our strength. If we try therefore to enjoy the sinful pleasures of the world, and to serve God at the same time, we shall fail."



"There is another thing about the bee which I like very much. It is this—they look forward to the future. They do not eat all the honey they collect at once, but lay some in store for the winter. Some people are very active and ingenious, but spend all they get almost as soon as they get it; and then, when a time of sickness comes, have nothing to fall back upon. But this is more especially true with regard to religion. How sad it is to think that many spend the best portion of their lives in worldly amusements. While they are young and in health, and all goes smoothly with them, they forget that old age and afflictions will come—the winter time—when they will have no pleasure in these things. Some are so foolish as to put off thinking about their souls to a bed of sickness, or till they are older. The bee, however, does not wait till she is older, or till the flowers have faded, but while the sun shines brightly and the flowers are blooming, and when she is in all the vigour of youth, she makes the best of her time, and gathers honey for her future support. The bee, too, passes by many gay-looking flowers, while she alights on others that have less pretension to beauty, because the gay often would yield her little profit, while the more humble but not less fragrant plants yield her a rich supply of honey. In the same way we should learn to seek profitable knowledge. Gay-looking books are not always the most instructive. I would have you read the best books, and especially the best of books, where you will find that which is sweeter than honey or the honey-comb. The Bible contains words, which, if treasured up, will keep you from sin, and will comfort you in the time of affliction or of old age, and will also make you wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Such were our grandfather's lessons from the bee, and I never hear its happy hum without thinking of them.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



## JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

### CHAPTER I.

WHILST science is fatal to superstition, to lying wonders, and to monkish legends, it is fortification to a scriptural faith. The bible is the bravest of books. Coming from God, and conscious of nothing but God's truth, it awaits the progress of knowledge with calm security. It watches the antiquary ransacking among classic ruins, and rejoices in every medal he discovers and every inscription he deciphers; for from that rustic coin or corroded marble it expects nothing but confirmations of its own veracity.

In the unlocking of an Egyptian hieroglyphic, or the unearthing of some ancient implement, it hails the resurrection of so many witnesses; and with sparkling elation it follows the botanist as he scales Mount Lebanon, or the zoologist as he makes acquaintance with the beasts of the Syrian desert, or the traveller as he stumbles on a long-lost Petra, or Nineveh, or Babylon; for in regions like these every stroke of the hammer and every crack of the rifle awaken friendly echoes, and every production and every relic bring home a friendly evidence. And from the march of time it fears no evil, but calmly abides the fulfilment of those prophecies and the forth-

coming of those events with whose predicted story inspiration has already inscribed its pages. It is not light, but darkness, which the bible deprecates; and if men of piety were also men of science, and if men of science would "search the scriptures," there would be more faith in the earth, and also more philosophy.

This beautiful passage, from the recent work of an eminent living writer, will serve as an appropriate introduction to a few remarks elucidatory of one of the most interesting histories recorded in the old testament scriptures. The truth of these ancient annals of our race, in its earlier epochs, is daily receiving the most wonderful and unexpected confirmations. The surprising revelations lately made by the alabaster archives of Assyria, have given a fresh stimulus to the minds of Egyptian scholars and explorers; and we seem to be just now on the eve of disclosures, from the hieroglyphic arcana of this land of monuments, of the most important character. Lepsius, the great German Egyptologist, is engaged at the present time in the preparation of a work embodying the results of his vast investigations. Meanwhile, a publication has appeared in this country from the pen of an anonymous scholar apparently of no mean attainments. The work in question is entitled, "Israel in Egypt;"\* and is an able and captivating attempt to exhibit the eloquent testimony of Egyptian monumental inscriptions to the truth of the bible. In the present transition state of these studies, however, and while considerable diversities of opinion still exist among leading scholars upon many important points in chronology and history, it will be necessary to receive with caution some of the solutions offered. With this reservation, we think the work well worthy of a place in every Christian's library, and with the view of making our readers acquainted with the nature of its contents, we purpose giving, in a short paper or two, a few extracts in elucidation of the extraordinary life of Joseph in Egypt.

Passing over the touching details of fraternal perfidy and cruelty which took place in the pasturages of Dothan, we picture to ourselves the sorrowing youth, thus suddenly and vindictively rent from all his kindred, borne away from his native hills and valleys by a company of desert traders; who seem to have felt no more scruple in trafficking in human beings than they did in dealing in the natural productions of the land they traversed. The following remarks in illustration of this affecting event will be read with interest:—

"The merchants or traders to whom Joseph was sold were Ishmaelites by descent, and Midianites by nation. Midian was the portion of the Sinaitic desert which lay immediately

adjacent to the eastern frontier of Egypt. By profession they were merchants. They carried to Canaan the corn, the wine, the oil, the linen of Egypt. They returned to Egypt with the spicery, the balm, the myrrh, the precious woods, the minerals of Canaan. Spicery only is mentioned in the inspired narrative before us. The clan to which Joseph was sold traded in this article alone. The demand for it in Egypt was enormous. The careful examination of the mummies of different epochs establishes the fact that at these remote periods it was used in the embalmment both of men and sacred animals, to an extent which was not practicable in after times through the failure of the supply.

"The twenty pieces, or rings of silver, which these merchants paid the hardened profligates as the price of their brother, was, at this age of the world, by no means the small amount that it sounds in modern ears. Silver always takes the precedence of gold, when both are enumerated in the earlier portions of the inspired narrative. The same is the case in the hieroglyphic texts; silver is always mentioned before gold as the more precious metal, both on account of its comparative rarity, and because of its more extensive use for the adornment and utensils of the temples on account of its colour. Whiteness and purity were inseparably connected in the Egyptian mythology.

"That these desert merchants brought into Egypt Canaanite slaves amongst other commodities, is a fact which is abundantly confirmed and amply illustrated by contemporary remains of the times of Joseph and of those that immediately preceded him. As early as the epoch of the pyramids, three centuries before Joseph, Canaanite men and women perform as posturers, tumblers, and jugglers, before the princes of Egypt, as they sate and banqueted. About 150 years afterwards, hundreds of Canaanite slaves are depicted wrestling and fighting as gladiators before Chetei, a prince of the court of Osor-tasen I, of the twelfth dynasty. The tomb of this prince is at Beni-hassen. In the same locality is a still more remarkable proof of the traffic in slaves with Canaan, and of a period approaching still nearer to that of Joseph. It is the picture of the ceremonies that took place on the delivery of thirty-seven makers (or pounders) of stibium (or powdered antimony for the eye), which were purchased by Noh-hotp II, one of the excavators of the tomb, of a chief or petty king of the Jebusites. The chief, his clan, and his presents, are represented in the picture, but not the slaves. The picture is well known in England; for since the publication of it twenty years ago, by Rosellini, it has been frequently copied into English books, and many conjectures have been hazarded as to

its import. The hieroglyphics that accompany it explain very clearly what it means. It is ‘the delivery of the stibium-makers which the great chief of the Jebusites hath brought, even thirty-seven captives of his club.’ The transaction took place in the sixth year of Osor-tasen II, the second successor of the former monarch, scarcely a century before the times of Joseph. It is impossible, therefore, for any fact to rest on a firmer basis of monumental evidence, than that the Canaanite traders to Egypt were in the constant habit of bringing thither for sale slaves from among their own countrymen, whether enslaved as prisoners of war or by other circumstances. To a rightly constituted mind, evidence like this to the truth of a narrative is the most valuable of all.”

It has, doubtless, often excited the curiosity of many an inquisitive student of Joseph’s eventful history, to know in which of the great cities of ancient Egypt this interesting Hebrew lived, in turn as a slave, as a prisoner, as a prince, and as a prefect of the empire. According to our author, the captive stranger was taken by his owners to On, or Heliopolis, situated at the crown of the Delta, and nearly contiguous to the termination of the track which the caravan pursued on its way across the Midianite desert. This city became famous in after ages for the number, magnitude, and beauty of its temples, which were “all dedicated to Re Athom, that is, to the sun, as the father of the gods, impersonated in Adam, the father of mankind.” The obelisks with which ancient Rome was adorned, and which still remain in modern Rome, were all brought from the ruined temples of Heliopolis. One solitary obelisk stands upright to this day, amid its sand-covered ruins. When Joseph first gazed with wonder upon the spot, that obelisk had already stood where it now stands for more than a century.

According to the inspired narrative (Gen. xxxix. 1—6) Joseph was sold by the Ishmaelite traders to Potiphar, “an officer of Pharaoh, a captain of the guard,” or, as explained by our author, “a prince and an inspector of the plantations.” “The meaning of the name Potiphar,” he continues, “is, *he who belongs (is devoted) to the sun*, the local god of Heliopolis.” This is a point of great importance, as indicating the locality in which Potiphar was a resident. The title translated “prince” is of constant occurrence in the tombs of the magnates of Egypt; and, wonderful to tell, the inspired penman has copied it almost letter for letter from the hieroglyphic original—*srsh*. The Pharaoh to whose court Potiphar was attached, and who afterwards became the patron of Joseph, was the King Phiops or Aphophis. All the ancient authorities who have mentioned the subject agree

in this conclusion with such perfect unanimity, that to reject their testimony is simply, observes our author, to throw overboard all antiquity.

From another expression which is used in the Divine record to designate the new master of the expatriated Hebrew youth, our author very ingeniously draws an argument in support of his view that the “shepherd kings,” who were regarded with such detestation by the native Egyptians, were of Canaanitish origin, and that, even after they were subdued, many of their adherents still dwelt in the land. Here are his remarks:—“We are told that Potiphar was ‘an Egyptian.’ This would appear, at first sight, to be a very needless piece of information regarding a prince of Egypt residing in his native city; yet is the expression thrice repeated. In this very concise narrative, wherein no words are wasted and nothing is written in vain, we cannot doubt that the peculiar circumstances of Egypt at the time of Joseph’s deportation thither, have suggested this expression. In ordinary cases it would have been a mere pleonasm to write that a prince of Egypt, residing at Thebes, or any other city of Egypt, was himself an Egyptian; that would follow as a matter of course. But at Heliopolis, in the days of Aphophis, when there were Canaanites both in the court and camp of Pharaoh, the case was very different; and it was of the last importance to the descendants of Joseph, in after times, to know that their progenitor had been a bond-slave in the house, not of one of the accursed and devoted race of Canaan, but of a prince of Egypt, a lineal descendant from Mizraim and the first settlers having his estate at Heliopolis, and named hereditarily after the local god of his native city. In these circumstances have originated the triple repetition of the fact that Potiphar was an Egyptian.”

But though thus rudely torn from his home and his kindred, Joseph was not friendless or alone. God was with him, and his presence can make even the house of bondage endurable, and compensate for any material and social privations which his servants may be called upon to suffer. The inspired story is very clear and emphatic on this point. No sooner had Joseph reached Egypt than the wonderful plans of God began to be disclosed in the history of his remarkable experiences. So marked were the excellences of his character that “his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him; and he set him over all his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. And it came to pass, from the time that he had set him over all his house and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian’s house

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for Joseph's sake ; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand, and knew not aught that he had, save the bread which he did eat." Such are the rewards and distinctions which oftentimes fall to the lot of early piety and manly rectitude. The sequel of this interesting portion of sacred history we shall, however, give in a future number.

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### THE PIÖUS SOLDIER—A PREACHER IN THE RANKS.

AFTER an interval of nearly forty years of peace with the nations of Europe, our fleets are again upon the waters, while an English army is in the field, intent upon conflict with the hosts of a neighbouring aggressive power. The outbreak of war is an intensely painful event. Its proclamation may be regarded as a kind of general and indiscriminate death-warrant, affording no clue to the particular victims, yet surely comprehending a long list, while largely increasing the number of the widowed and the fatherless. Thousands of lives will in all probability be lost in the present struggle, either by violence in combat or exposure to unhealthy positions ; and it is a most melancholy reflection, that thousands of immortal souls will be summarily ushered into eternity without that assured preparation being made, which alone can disarm death of its sting to the individual, and enable us to dwell with hope upon the descent of our fellows to the grave. Soldiers and sailors are unhappily proverbial for irreligion ; nor can human circumstances be conceived more unpropitious to the adoption and cultivation of godliness, than the barracks, camps, sieges, skirmishes, and battles of military life. Still Cornelius, mentioned in sacred history, as "a centurion of the band called the Italian band," was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house—and prayed to God alway." There were Christian soldiers also in the armies of imperial Rome, who held fast their integrity before the symbol of deified emperors, and scattered the seeds of truth wherever they went in the realm of paganism ; nor is it at all improbable that persons of this class were the first heralds of the gospel to benighted Britain. In modern times, officers of our troops, like Colonel Gardiner, and others, have been distinguished by devotional habits, and zeal for the conversion of souls, while jeopardizing their lives unto the death in their country's cause ; and privates too have passed through the wild licence of a campaign, showing good fidelity to earthly obligations, and soberly mindful of their allegiance to a Divine Master. These are, alas, exceptive cases. But

it is cheering to recognise them amid the frightful realities of war ; and it may not be without interest, while pertinent to passing events, to give an individual illustration from the private records of the last century. At that period, serious religion, without the camp as well as in it, was far rarer than at present, and could scarcely be exemplified in either situation without provoking ridicule or encountering open opposition—a reproach which, happily, with us does not belong, or only to a very slight extent, to the current era. In the words of the party to whom we shall refer, the world would then suffer a man to be anything rather than a real Christian.

In the year 1739, John Haime, a native of Dorsetshire, of humble parentage, enlisted in the queen's regiment of dragoons, Caroline of Anspach's, consort of George II. He had been the subject of strong serious impressions, but strove against them, and apparently entered the army to efface them entirely from his mind. But this design was mercifully overruled, for they were renewed in greater power, and he became a thoughtful man, an earnest religious enquirer. He read, prayed, and went to church wherever he was quartered. But the sermons to which he listened did not manifest the consoling truth of a free salvation through the atoning blood of the cross ; and for some time he walked in darkness, restless and unhappy. Instruction in the way of peace at length came, through the medium of some old books, particularly one entitled, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," picked up at a bookseller's stall ; and when with his company on the borders of Scotland, he realised the consolations of the gospel. "One day," he observes, "as I walked by the Tweed side, I cried aloud, being all athirst for God, 'O that thou wouldest hear my prayer ; O let my cry come up before Thee !' The Lord heard ; he sent a gracious answer ; he lifted me up out of the dungeon. He took away my sorrow and fear, and filled my soul with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The stream glided sweetly along, and all nature seemed to rejoice with me." Being soon afterwards removed to London, he had the opportunity of hearing some of the devoted men who were then doing the work of evangelists in the chief place of concourse out of doors, in the neighbourhood of the city ; and was confirmed in the truth as it is in Jesus.

Upon the resignation of Sir Robert Walpole, who, with all his faults, was the minister of peace, the succeeding cabinet and the nation enthusiastically espoused the cause of the empress Maria Theresa, a female attacked by a confederacy of selfish princes—those of France, Prussia, and Bavaria. A considerable army was

accordingly despatched to the continent, to support the interests of the house of Austria ; of which George II, in 1743, took the command in person. John Haime was a member of this auxiliary force ; and after a short stay at Ghent, in Flanders, he marched with it into the heart of Germany, admonishing his comrades by the way to think of eternal things. By the summer, the troops reached the beautiful banks of the Maine, a river of Bavaria ; and on June the 16th, they were near Dettingen, a village between the old towns of Hanau and Aschaffenburg, the scene of sanguinary conflicts during the closing career of Napoleon. Early in the morning of the day named, Haime was ordered out on the grand guard, with all expedition. On coming to the appointed place, the French were seen marching on the other side of the river, and the report of a hostile cannon was heard. The soldier remarked—"We shall have a battle to-day." Speedily another cannon boomed ; then a third ; the last ball coming close to the party. The advance-guard was now ordered to return with all despatch, and rejoin their regiments. The firing increased fast, with small arms as well as cannon, on both sides ; and the action became general. This was the battle of Dettingen ; in which the French, under Marshal Noailles, were signally defeated by the British. "It was very bloody : thousands," says our chronicler, "were sent to their long home. I had no sooner joined my regiment, than my left-hand man was shot dead. I cried to God, and said, 'In Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.'" After the engagement, Haime was sent with a detachment to find the baggage wagons. Meanwhile, the army quitted the ground, leaving him to find it as he could. "I went," says he, "to the field where the battle was fought, but such a scene of human misery did I never behold. It was enough to melt the most obdurate heart. I knew not now which way to take, being afraid of falling into the hands of the enemy. But as it began to rain hard, I set out, though not knowing where to go ; till hearing the beat of the drum, I went towards it, and soon rejoined the army. But I could not find the tent which I belonged to, nor persuade them to take me in at any other. So, being very wet and much fatigued, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, lay down, and fell asleep. And though it still rained upon me, and the water ran under me, I had as sweet a night's rest as ever I had in my life." Such is war, and the accommodation it awarded to one of the victors. For nearly twenty miles along the Maine, the bodies of slaughtered men were met with, floating in the water, or strewed upon the banks.

The regiment to which Haime belonged re-

traced its steps to Flanders, and went into winter quarters at Ghent, where he took a room, and met with a few comrades every night to pray and read the scriptures. They were about twelve in number, and were soon as "speckled birds" in the camp—as "men wondered at." But others began to listen under the window, and expressed a desire to meet with them. The twelve increased to twenty, united together by the bonds of religious fellowship and brotherly love. "Several of them," says he, "are now safely landed on the blissful shore of a glorious immortality, where, as a weather-beaten bark, worn out with storms, may I, at last, happily arrive."

The summer of 1744 was spent in the neighbourhood of Brussels, and the following winter in Bruges, where the same proceedings were continued, with greater success. He now began to speak in public ; and though unable to discourse from a single text in a regular manner, his sincerity and earnestness secured attention and commanded respect. Officers and privates came to hear him in great numbers ; and while many were simply curious, or looked on with scorn, to others the word became a blessing. Some of his associates being good singers, the sound of psalms and hymns was wafted by the evening breeze through the camp, and proved a means of drawing several to the assembly of worshippers. But these proceedings were not carried on without strong opposition from the vicious part of the soldiery ; and several of the officers ignobly signalized themselves by endeavouring to arrest them. As Haime remarks, he had three armies against him ; the French army, the wicked English army, and the powers of darkness. But while respectful to his superiors, and punctually attentive to the routine of military duty, he showed himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and was not to be shamed or frightened from confessing him before men. Complaints against him were at length presented to the highest authority, the Duke of Cumberland, who was then the commander-in-chief. He enquired concerning the praying and preaching dragoon, if he discharged his duty, if he would fight, if he prayed for a blessing on the king and his arms ; and being answered that he did all this as well as any other in the regiment, he asked, "Then what have you to say against him?" "Why," it was alleged, "he prays and preaches so much that there is no rest for him." The commander finally sent for the supposed delinquent, to interrogate him personally ; and was so well satisfied with his answers, that he authorised him to pursue his course, and forbade the men to molest him.

The army under the Duke of Cumberland, with the allied Dutch and Austrians, took the

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field in the spring of the year 1745, and met with a descent from the French under Marshal Saxe, who was so ill at the time of the action as to be unable to sit on horseback, and was therefore carried in a litter. This was the battle of Fontenoy, near Tournay, fought on the 1st of May—a long and terrible struggle. It proved fatal to several members of the little flock. Upon William Clements having his arm broken by a musket-ball, it was proposed to carry him out of the fray, but he replied, "No; I have an arm left to hold a sword; I will not go yet." Speedily a second shot entirely disabled him. John Evans had both his legs taken off by a cannon-ball, upon which he was laid across a canon to die, where, as long as he could speak, he was praising God with joyful lips. Haime stood the hottest fire of the enemy for about seven hours uninjured, when his horse was killed under him. An officer cried out, "Haime, where is your God now?" He promptly answered, "Sir, he is here with me; and he can bring me out of this battle." Presently a cannon-ball took off the officer's head. Having procured another horse, the animal stumbled, and fell upon him. "Haime is gone!" was the cry of those near him, as they supposed he had been shot down. But it was not so. He disengaged himself, and succeeded in retiring safely on foot from the ground. The balls were flying on every side around him; and multitudes lay bleeding, groaning, or just dead by the way. As he was quitting the field, he met one of his brethren with a dish in his hands, seeking water; but so covered with blood that he failed at first to recognise him. "Brother Haime," said a familiar voice, "I have got a sore wound." He responded, "Have you got Christ in your heart?" "I have," was the reply. Though defeated, the troops retreated in order, and kept near the field of battle. The dead lay in heaps upon it, whose watches and money were eagerly secured by callous survivors. Haime was asked, "Will you not get something?" "No," said he, "I have got Christ. I will have no plunder."

Events at home in the autumn of the year—the rebellion, on behalf of the Pretender—led to the recall of the army, and damped the ardour of the nation for foreign war. Haime, on returning, procured his discharge, anxious to move in a more congenial sphere, and became an itinerant evangelist, under Mr. Wesley, dying tranquilly at a good old age, in the year 1784. His last prayer that could be understood was to this effect: "O Almighty God, who dwellest in light which no mortal can approach, and where no unclean thing can enter, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts; grant us continually sweet peace, quietness, and assurance of thy favour." His last words were as follows: "This is a good

way! O that all may tread this path in the important hour!" We sincerely hope that not a few of our soldiers and sailors, who are, or soon may be, in special jeopardy of life, in the Baltic, the Euxine, and on the Danube, have sought the favour of God, like this brave man of the last century; and will imitate his example in the friendly part acted towards his careless comrades. We trust, also, that Christians at home, in the quietude of their dwellings, and the sanctuaries of religion, will feel it eminently to be their duty to offer earnest prayers for the army and the fleets, commanding them to the care and mercy of Him who has the hearts of all men in his hand as the rivers of water, and can render the feeblest instrumentality effectual to the accomplishment of a gracious purpose. Let the general reader, too, remember that though not exposed to the peril which the battle of the warrior involves, the important hour may come to him as abruptly in the ordinary course of nature, as to the man who falls beneath the deadly shot in the ranks. It may come likewise far more unexpectedly, for the alarm note of the bugle, which summones the soldier to his station, and the signal to prepare for action flying at the mast-head of the admiral, must remind every one of the parties concerned of the imminent hazards and dread uncertainty of the next few hours, whereas, without a symptom of decay, or a pang of warning, disease may rush upon its victim, and hurry on a fatal issue with a whirlwind speed. Therefore, "acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." This is the highest wisdom, for then the important hour is prepared for, come when it may and how it will.

## THE JUST MEN OF LINCOLN.

In the county of Lincoln on the shores of the North Sea, along the fertile banks of the Humber, Trent, and Witham, and on the slopes of the smiling hills, dwelt many peaceful Christians—labourers, artificers, and shepherds—who spent their days in toil, in keeping their flocks, in doing good, and in reading the bible. The more the gospel light increased in England, the greater was the increase in the number of these children of peace. These "just men," as they were called, were devoid of human knowledge, but they thirsted for the knowledge of God. Thinking they were alone the true disciples of the Lord, they married only among themselves. They appeared occasionally at church; but instead of repeating their prayers like the rest, they sat, said their enemies, "mum like beasts." On Sundays and holidays, they assembled in each other's houses, and sometimes passed a whole night in reading a portion of scripture. If there

chanced to be few books among them, one of the brethren, who had learnt by heart the epistle of St. James, the beginning of St. Luke's gospel, the sermon on the mount, or an epistle of St. Paul's, would recite a few verses in a loud and calm voice; then all would piously converse about the holy truths of the faith, and exhort one another to put them in practice. But if any persons joined their meetings who did not belong to their body, they would all keep silent. Speaking much among each other, they were speechless before those from without: fear of the priests and of the fagot made them dumb. There was no family rejoicing without the scriptures. At the marriage of a daughter of the aged Durdant, one of their patriarchs, the wedding party met secretly in a barn, and read the whole of one of St. Paul's epistles. Marriages are rarely celebrated with such pastimes as this!

Although they were dumb before enemies or suspected persons, these poor people did not keep silence in the presence of the humble: a glowing proselytism characterized them all. "Come to my house," said the pious Agnes Ashford to James Morden, "and I will teach you some verses of scripture." Agnes was an educated woman; she could read; Morden came, and the poor woman's chamber was transformed into a school of theology. Agnes began: "Ye are the salt of the earth," and then recited the following verses. Five times did Morden return to Agnes before he knew that beautiful discourse. "We are spread like salt over the various parts of the kingdom," said this Christian woman to the neophyte, "in order that we may check the progress of superstition by our doctrine and our life. But," added she in alarm, "keep this secret in your heart, as a man would keep a thief in prison."

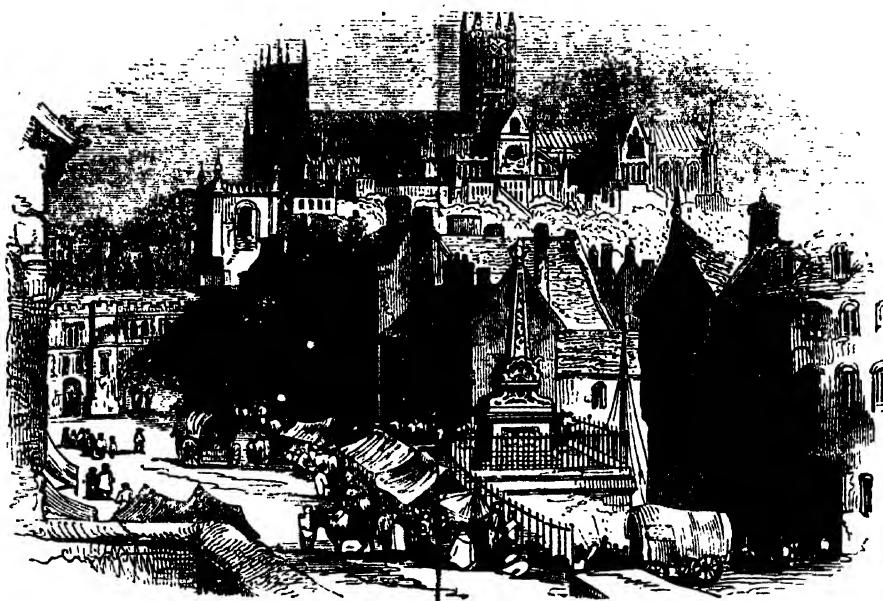
As books were rare, these pious Christians had established a kind of itinerant library, and one John Scrivener was continually engaged in carrying the precious volumes from one to another. But at times, as he was proceeding along the banks of the river or through the forest glades, he observed that he was followed. He would quicken his pace and run into some barn where the friendly peasants promptly hid him beneath the straw, or, like the spies of Israel, under the stalks of flax. The bloodhounds arrived, sought and found nothing; and more than once those who so generously harboured these evangelists cruelly expiated the crime of charity.

The disappointed officers had scarcely retired from the neighbourhood when these friends of the word of God came out of their hiding-place, and profited by the moment of liberty to assemble the brethren. The persecutions they suffered irritated them against the priests. They worshipped God, read, and sang with a low

voice; but when the conversation became general, they gave free course to their indignation. "Would you know the use of the pope's pardons?" said one of them; "they are to blind the eyes and empty the purse."—"True pilgrimages," said the tailor Geoffrey of Uxbridge, "consist in visiting the poor and sick—barefoot, if so it please you—for these are the little ones that are God's true image."—"Money spent in pilgrimages," added a third, "serves only to maintain thieves and harlots."—The women were often the most animated in the controversy. "What need is there to go to the *feet*," said Agnes Ward, who disbelieved in saints, "when we may go to the *head*?"—"The clergy of the good old times," said the wife of David Lewis, "used to lead the people as a hen leadeth her chickens; but now if our priests lead their flocks anywhere, it is to the devil assuredly."

Ere lone there was a general panic throughout this district. The king's confessor, John Longland, was bishop of Lincoln. This fanatic priest, Wolsey's creature, took advantage of his position to petition Henry for a severe persecution: this was the ordinary use in England, France, and elsewhere, of the confessors of princes. It was unfortunate that among these pious disciples of the word, men of a cynical turn were now and then met with, whose biting sarcasms went beyond all bounds. Wolsey and Longland knew how to employ these expressions in arousing the king's anger. "As one of these fellows," they said, "was busy beating out his corn in his barn, a man chanced to pass by. 'Good Morrow, neighbour,' said the latter, 'you are hard at it!' 'Yes,' replied the old heretic, thinking of transubstantiation, 'I am thrashing the corn out of which the priests make God Almighty.'" Henry hesitated no longer.

On the 20th of October, 1521, nine days after the bull on the *Defender of the Faith* had been signed at Rome, the king, who was at Windsor, summoned his secretary, and dictated an order commanding all his subjects to assist the bishop of Lincoln against the heretics. "You will obey it at the peril of your lives," added he. The order was transmitted to Longland, and the bishop immediately issued his warrants, and his officers spread terror far and wide. When they beheld them, these peaceful but timid Christians were troubled. Isabella Bartlet, hearing them approach her cottage, screamed out to her husband: "You are a lost man! and I am a dead woman!" This cry was re-echoed from all the cottages of Lincolnshire. The bishop, on his judgment-seat, skilfully played upon these poor unhappy beings to make them accuse one another. Alas! according to the ancient prophecy, "the brother delivered up the brother to death." Robert Bartlet depos'd against his



brother Richard and his own wife ; Jane Bernard accused her own father, and Tredway his mother. It was not until after the most cruel anguish that these poor creatures were driven to such frightful extremities, but the bishop and death terrified them : a small number alone remained firm. As regards heroism, Wickliffe's Reformation brought but a feeble aid to the Reformation of the sixteenth century ; still, if it did not furnish many heroes, it prepared the English people to love God's word above all things. Of these humble people, some were condemned to do penance in different monasteries ; others to carry a fagot on their shoulders thrice round the market-place, and then to stand some time exposed to the jeers of the populace ; others were fastened to a post while the executioner branded them on the cheek with a red-hot iron. They also had their martyrs. Wickliffe's revival had never been without them. Four of these brethren were chosen to be put to death, and among them the pious evangelical *colporteur* Scrivener. By burning him to ashes, the clergy desired to make sure that he would no longer circulate the word of God ; and, by a horrible refinement of cruelty, his children were compelled to set fire to the pile that was to consume their father. They stretched forth their trembling hands, held in the strong grasp of the executioners. But these cruel fires could not destroy among the Lincolnshire peasantry that love of the bible which in all ages has been England's strength, far more than the wisdom of her senators or the bravery of her generals.\*

#### SECRET PRAYER.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet ; &c.  
Matt. vi. 6.

SECRET prayer, oh, never neglect,  
As you God's favour prize ;  
This is the way, the happy way,  
That leadeth to the skies.

Oft enter through thy closet door,  
And there pour out thy prayer ;  
There utter all thy heart's desire,  
Thy Father waiteth there.

Let nothing turn thy foot away  
From this most sacred place ;  
Let nothing tempt thee to forsake  
The precious throne of grace.

There open thy full heart to God,  
Tell him thy every want ;  
And be assured, for Jesus' sake,  
He can each favour grant.

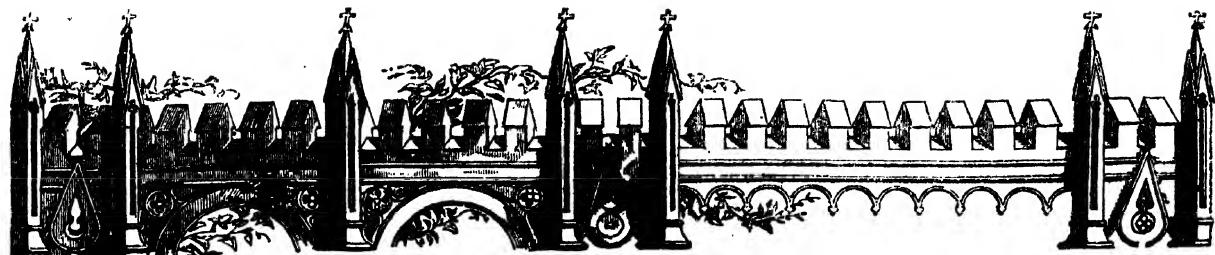
There bear thy relatives and friends,  
There cry for our lost race,  
There seek the gospel's wide-spread power,  
The reign of saving grace.

Let all your daily conduct prove,  
Your every way and word,  
How holy, humble, calm you're made  
By secret prayer to God.

E. M.

**OUR TROUBLES.**—“Sometimes,” says John Newton, “I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once ; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day ; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load, before we are required to bear it.”

\* From D'Aubigné's recent volume on the English Reformation.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RETROSPECT OF LIFE.  
BY DR. TYNG.

FROM his position of acceptance with God, the Christian looks back upon *his former hardness of heart, under the dispensations of divine mercy*, with amazement. The heavenly messages of the gospel, which now so deeply affect his soul, and call into exercise the most tender and anxious feelings of his nature, in his former condition produced upon him no softening impression. The contrast between his present and his former state of mind, in regard to the power and influence of the Divine word upon him, fills him with astonishment. Then the terrors of God did not persuade him, whether they spoke in the awakening dealings of a Divine Providence, or in the solemn threatenings to the ungodly of a judgment to come. The fidelity of Christian ministers often seemed to him the mere cant of their profession. The solemnity and earnestness of their appeals to his conscience, he considered a mere artifice for influence and effect. The wonderful love of Christ for a lost world did not attract or move him. The affectionate entreaties of the gospel, so exciting, now that their need is felt, then passed upon his ear without a trace behind. The frequent repetition of the Saviour's name, in the ministration of his word, now to him like the sweetest fragrance poured out, was tedious and annoying. The daily long-suffering of God, now so manifest, and so arresting to his attention, was then unnoticed, and produced in him no repentance. He thought not of God, nor of any of his marvellous works. The word of God, now so filled to his mind with the riches of wisdom and knowledge, opening to him views of truth so exhilarating and so delightful, conveyed no salutary teachings to him then. The letter was sometimes read, but its spirit was unfelt and unnoticed. In his present condition, when the whole effect of God's gracious dispensations upon his mind and heart is so different, he cannot but be amazed at his former carelessness and inattention. He finds it difficult to account for a state of affection and character, which was so unsuited to his necessary dependance upon God, and so unworthy of his ability to enjoy

and honour him. He is sometimes ready to imagine that the Saviour could not have spoken to him then, as he does now. He is now surprised to observe in others, under faithful exhibitions of the truth which arrest every thought and awaken every energy of his own mind, the same total unconcern which once marked himself. He looks back upon this native hardness of heart towards God, in himself, with unqualified amazement and distress. But it is one of the old things which have passed away. And grieved as he is, in contemplating it, he is able to say: "Such indeed was I; but I have been washed from this guilt in the blood of Christ my Lord; and by the Spirit of God have been brought from this state of darkness and hardness of heart, to the marvellous light and love which shine forth in the Lord Jesus Christ."

He looks back upon *his former devotion to this perishing world* with shame. He has now been taught to make the apostle's comparison, between the things which are seen and are temporal, and the things which are unseen and are eternal; and he reckons with him, that the one are not worthy to be compared with the other. As the practical result of this contrast, he forgets the things which are behind, as objects of his desire and pursuit, and reaching after the things before, presses forward that he may lay hold on eternal life. But from this, his present state of mind, he looks back upon one which was very different from it. There was a time, when the pleasures of the world attracted him, and he loved them. The seductive scenes of giddiness and mirth invited his affections, and he yielded to their influence. It formed, then, no part of his plan to ask counsel of God. It was no repelling fact to him, that the curse rather than the blessing of God rested upon any recreation or employment to which he was called. But now he calls to mind, with shame and pity for himself, the low and grovelling spirit, which made his immortal powers stoop to such pursuits. He feels the solemn truth of the Divine assertion, "He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth." The emoluments of the world also then seemed to him of vast importance and worth. He thought not of the inevitable end of such things, or of the danger that they might be pursued to the everlasting ruin of the soul. His time and powers were unreservedly devoted to their acquisition. Even the fearful question

of the Saviour, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" never caused him to hesitate in this vain pursuit. And yet, while he loved the pleasures and eagerly sought the gains of the world, its cares and losses, the suspense which it required in getting, the uncertainty which attended its possession, and the remorse which it occasioned after enjoyment, constantly agitated and harassed him, and more than counterbalanced all the gains the world could give. Now, when he looks back, from his present high, honourable, and happy station, as a redeemed man, a man renewed and justified in Christ, he sees the exceeding folly of this whole system of life. He is ashamed to think he could ever have been such a slave to that which he knew must eventually leave him to perish; that he could have so long willingly sacrificed all the blessings and hopes which were offered him in Christ, for the mere transitory pampering of a subject of condemnation and death. Bunyan's description of the man with the muck rake, in the Pilgrim's Progress, shows him the very sottishness and degradation which he now sees to have marked himself. And he is conscious of a deep sense of shame, as he recurs to the time which he passed in his former lusts, in ignorance of God, and in contempt for the noble objects which God presented. But this also is one of the old things which have passed away. The love which he once gave to the world and the things of the world, he now gratefully devotes to God his Saviour, to the glories of his inheritance, and the pleasures of his service.

He looks back upon his former opposition to God with unfeigned sorrow. He sees that he was a fighter against God, in all the conduct and purposes of his former life. When the Lord graciously called him, he refused to hear. Nor was he ever obedient to his voice. There could have been no addition, it seems to him, to the variety of the methods, or to the tenderness of the expedients, by which God attempted to gain his affections and win his heart to his own service and favour. And yet they were all unsuccessful. Nothing could induce him to submit himself to the will of God. The chastisements of a Divine Providence produced no good effect upon him. He resisted the kind and salutary operation of them all. The affectionate admonitions of the Holy Spirit, that would so often have led him back to holiness and God, were rejected and expelled. While God was employing every instrument, and applying every influence, to raise his darkened spirit from the earth, and to inspire him with a wish to feed on angels' food, he was turning the whole bent of his affections and mind to an aversion as wide as possible from him. He was always resisting the Holy Ghost;

and pursued his chosen course of sin in defiance of every effort that could be made for his recovery and salvation. Now, he sees the inestimable worth of all God's operations of love for him, and he feels a deep sorrow in the recollection that he neglected them so long; that their beneficial influence was wholly cast away, through so large a portion of the time which was given him as a preparation for a happy eternity. He mourns that he did not commence the work of his salvation with the commencement of his reasoning powers. He grieves to see that his childhood and youth, and perhaps a large part of his maturity also, were wasted and thrown away in the pursuit of idle vanities, while no provision was laid up for a future rest. He deeply regrets that he should have so spurned the grace of God, so mocked his law, so disregarded his loving-kindness, and thus counted himself unworthy of eternal life. These are sources of deep sorrow, in every retrospection of his life. But these tears are precious, and this is a sorrow which is permanently useful. It leads him to be far more jealous of the rising again of this spirit of opposition to God; to be vigilant in submitting himself to the Divine will; and to be earnest and diligent, in making full improvement of the opportunities and privileges which are still remaining for his enjoyment.

He looks back upon his former condemnation in sin with awe and terror. He sees the rock whence he was hewn, and the hole of the pit whence he was digged. He feels a deep solemnity pervading his spirit, as he reverts to the dangers from which almighty grace has rescued him. Like a man who has escaped from a shipwreck, and stands upon the shore, to look upon the angry waters from which the hand of God has plucked him, pitying and praying for those who are still struggling in the billows; so the Christian meditates upon the fearful dangers of his soul, when he was at enmity with God, and lying under his righteous indignation for his unbelief. He sees now, that God would have been holy and just in his everlasting condemnation. He sees that he long stood ignorantly and blindly upon the very brink of eternal perdition, provoking the justice of God to punish his transgressions, and defying him by continued rebellions to fulfil the threatenings which he had made. He now sees that his unjustified and sinful soul lay under the sentence of eternal death; and that nothing but the despised long-suffering of God kept back that sentence from its full and final execution. Boundless compassion alone held him up from going down into the pit. Hell had enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure, to receive him in all the pomp and glory of his sin. Satan was saying in malicious triumph, "There, there, so

would I have it"—when the despised love of a Saviour snatched him from ruin—rolled away the curse from his soul—rescued him from the condemnation which he had brought upon himself—converted him by his own Holy Spirit, and bound him as a living sacrifice to himself for ever.

But I pray you forget not, that the retrospection of the Christian is the actual state of the sinner's soul. What the one was, the other still is. O think of this, you who to-day are far off, that you also may be brought nigh by the blood of Christ. God hath set before you an open door, in the all-sufficient and glorious work of his own dear Son. Rise ye also from this state of death, and fly to him, whose power can make all things new for you as well as for those who are now alive in him. Your means of grace are most abounding; your opportunities of deliverance are most pressing; your dangers are also extreme. For you the Lamb has died, for you the Ransom lives. He calls you to come to him without doubt or fear—to cast your load upon him—to trust yourselves to his all-sufficient grace—to rejoice in his great salvation. O awake to a sense of your privileges, as well as your dangers, that you may lay hold of the hope which is set before you; and in the security which he will impart to your souls, be able to say, "Thanks be to my God, which giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Think of the increased condemnation which must come upon you, if after you have thus known the way of truth, and seen a Saviour lifted up before you, evidently crucified for you, you shall still reject his offered mercy, and love darkness rather than light. I beseech you, by the mercies of God, that ye will not harden your hearts against the love of Christ and the power of his Spirit: that ye will not bring upon you the awful curse, "Behold, ye despisers, wonder and perish, for I work a work in your days, which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you:"—"I have sworn in my wrath, ye shall not enter into my rest."

Reflect how soon thy life will end,  
And think on what thy hopes depend,  
What aim thy busy thoughts pursue,  
What work is done, and what to do.

Eternity is just at hand!  
And wilt thou waste thy ebbing sand,  
And careless view departing day,  
And throw thy span of time away?

• Eternity! tremendous word,  
To souls unpardoned and abhorred;  
But oh, if Christ and heaven be thine,  
How sweet the accents, how divine!

Be this thy chief, thy only care,  
Thy high pursuit, thy ardent prayer—  
An interest in thy Saviour's blood,  
Thy pardon sealed, thy peace with God.

### I HAVE A GREAT MIND.

"I HAVE a great mind," said Jeffery Jones, as he sat alone by the fire, looking listlessly at the live coals, and the flickering flame—"I have a great mind to do it to-morrow."

The case to which Jeffery alluded was this. He had an aged relation to whom he had acted unkindly, nay, very unkindly, and what was worse, he had never acknowledged his fault. As he sat by the fire on the last night of the year, reflecting on various events, his conscience smote him, and then it was that, feeling compunction for the fact, he thought about writing to his relative and confessing this fault. "I have a great mind," said he, "to do it to-morrow."

Now the great misfortune of it is, that when one says he has "a great mind" to do a thing, his mind is seldom or ever great enough to do it. He merely means that he has some inclination to do it, but this by no means amounts to an intention. So it was with Jeffery Jones. He had pen, ink, and paper within his reach, and his time was at his own disposal; why then could he not write his letter that night as well as in the morning?

As Jeffery continued looking at the fire and musing on things gone by, he remembered also that a neighbour of his had done him an injury, though not intentionally. It is true that he had endeavoured to make amends for it, and earnestly implored to be forgiven, but this forgiveness had never been granted. The last night of the year, however, was not a time to be implacable, so the thought of calling on his neighbour in a kindly spirit occurred to him. "I have a great mind," said he, "to call on him to-morrow."

It was but six o'clock when he said this; why then could he not have put on his hat and great coat, and seen his neighbour at once? He would then have healed the wounded heart of another, and afforded satisfaction to his own.

As Jeffery Jones went on in his cogitations, it occurred further to his memory that a few days before a case of great distress had been mentioned to him. A poor, deserving woman, well brought up, had, by the sickness and death of her husband, been reduced to extremity, so that a little temporary assistance was required to enable her to keep her house over her head and support her little ones. There were many who were ready to help her, but some one was wanted to take the lead. Jeffery Jones was rich enough to spare from his own purse the required sum without inconvenience, or by the effort of an hour he might have obtained it from others, but he neglected to take either course. The last night of the year brought the matter home to him, and he began to think of

going to the poor woman and telling her what he intended to do. "I have a great mind," said he, "to go to her in the morning."

Oh Jeffery! Jeffery! hadst thou had the cause of the poor woman at thy heart, thou wouldest have gone that very hour; the fatherless might then have blessed thee, and the widow have put thy name in her prayer.

Jeffery Jones mused another hour or two by his cheerful fire and well-swept hearth, having "a great mind" to do many things, but ending all in doing nothing. The cold weather gave an additional charm to his fire-side; a comfortable tea and a hot supper drove away from his thoughts his aged relative, his penitent neighbour, and the poor widow; and Jeffery Jones retired to a downy bed, very little affected with thoughts of other people's miseries.

The morrow came and brought with it its occupations and its cares; and though Jeffery was in a great degree a man of leisure, he found enough business of one kind or another to engage his attention; absorbed by the events of the passing hours, the reflections of the preceding night no longer held a place in his memory.

A week or two of the new year had flown before Jeffery Jones gave himself the trouble to inquire after the widow; and he then learned that as no one had stepped forward in her favour, the landlord had distrained upon her for rent, and the poor broken-hearted woman with her little ones had departed no one knew where.

Go, get thee to thy comforts, Jeffery Jones; eat, drink, and sleep, if thou canst, without compunction; but for all this thou art not guiltless concerning the fatherless and the widow. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness," Psa. xli. 1—3.

It might, perhaps, be as much as three or four months after this—for the hawthorn tree was then in blossom, and the birds were singing—when the news came suddenly upon Jeffery Jones that his neighbour had left the country for Canada, having declared that if one thing more than another oppressed his mind on quitting his native land, it was the circumstance of his never having obtained the forgiveness of the neighbour whom he had unintentionally injured.

And so, Jeffery, thou hast allowed thy neighbour to cross the wide seas with an arrow in his heart, though with a word of kindness thou mightst have removed it, and poured oil and balm into his wounds.

Thou hast prepared bitter herbs for thy

repast, and planted thorns in thy pillow. "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him," Luke xvii. 3, 4.

It was when the reapers were at work with their sickles, and binding the sheaves in the fields, that a letter with a black seal came to Jeffery Jones, which made his heart misgive him. As he feared, it was to say that his aged relation, to whom he had acted unkindly, was dead.

And what thinkest thou now, Jeffery? The poor widow wandered away in her distress without thine aid; thy neighbour left his country without the consolation of thy forgiveness; and thine aged relation has been called away from the world without an acknowledgment from thee of thine unkindness. Truly thou hast encompassed thyself about with many sorrows.

To waste that time in profitless musing, which ought to be employed in benevolent action, is a great though a common error. When our ploughing and sowing is ideal, our harvest is not likely to be real. We may point the finger of reproach and derision at Jeffery Jones; but are we ourselves free from his sinful infirmity? Do our deeds equal our determinations? and are we aware that he who defers till to-morrow the duty of to-day, risks the hazard of never doing it at all?

Reader, time is hastening on with giant strides, and eternity with all of us is well nigh at hand. If thou hast a fault to confess, an injury to forgive, or a kindness to perform, be not content with having "a great mind" to do it, but set about it with all thy heart, and let it be done directly.

Remembering, in this world of sin and sorrows,  
That one 'to-day' is worth a score 'to-morrows.'

#### A VOICE FROM THE PRISON.

IT was lately our mournful office to walk through one of our large metropolitan prisons, and to look upon the melancholy spectacle of numerous young men who had yielded to temptation, and swerved from the paths of virtue. Bitterly did one of the prisoners, to whom we had addressed ourselves, bemoan his folly in having deviated from rectitude, and long to recall the past. As our pages will have many young men for their readers, we have thought it well to bring before them the following touching extract from the work on "Prisons and Prisoners," by the humane chaplain at Pentonville—a work which all clergymen and Sunday school teachers should read. To any lingering near

the paths of the destroyer, it gives a thrilling warning of the temporal woes which sin brings in its train. To parents, too, and all interested in the welfare of the young, it suggests for them the needful prayer, "Hold up their goings in thy paths, that their footsteps slip not."

The scene which Mr. Kingsmill describes is visiting day, when the prisoners are permitted to have a brief interview with their friends.

"There stands a family group such as has often brought tears to my eyes; the hoary-headed father leaning on his staff, the disconsolate mother, and the weeping sisters and brothers of a convict. They are of the peasant class, and have come a long and (to them) expensive journey. They have denied themselves many necessaries to accomplish this; and one of the girls, in service, has from her savings greatly helped. No one in the family had such good prospects, at one time, as the convict. He is overwhelmed with the sight: none can speak; and, for minutes, nothing is heard but sobbing and crying. Next stands the worse than widowed wife, with her group of children—so young, that they are sad only because mother is sad; or, perhaps, are even playful, presenting a strange contrast to the place and company around. But near to them are children who remember well their father; who saw him taken roughly out of the house by the police; who heard his sentence pronounced by the judge, and knew its terrible meaning by their mother's scream. They are admitted; they can, however, only see and talk with the prisoner; there can be no fond embrace—no kiss. What a pity they have come!"

"The wife and mother of a convict, having taken farewell of the prisoner, request to see the chaplain. In the county gaol from which he came, the wife being admitted to an interview, supplied the prisoner with means to attempt his escape. It was discovered; she suffered some imprisonment for the offence herself. He was in irons for several months, night and day, in a cold winter and dreary prison. A finer-looking couple could not be seen than this unhappy pair. The mother had long wept over the folly and sin of them both, to no purpose; they were given to pleasure. Under the impression that here her son was brought to Christ, she comes to offer to me a very costly Bible, as a token of gratitude. I am compelled to refuse the kindness. I hold it to be extremely culpable in any superior officer of a prison to receive presents from prisoners' friends, of any value, under any plea whatever. The doing so on the part of a subordinate would lead, and rightly, to his instant dismissal. Prisoners' friends, and others, should know this. Coming to inquire concerning him, subsequently

to his location in the colonies, they brought a diamond ring, with the same purpose, and greatly pressed my acceptance; but I had to pain their feelings by refusal.

"With respect to such ornaments, it may be observed, by way of digression, that in the ancient Republic of Rome the finger-ring of gold was a sign of the *ordo equestris*—a rank corresponding with that of the members of our House of Commons, or, by another analogy, with officers in her Majesty's service, and the like. In our age of enlightenment and Christianity, however, it is not uncommon to see shopmen, clerks, and apprentices so embellished! We have here seen, after a course of profligate folly, many a hand, once ornamented in this style, scouring the prison floor, mending turnkeys' clothes, darning their own stockings, or rubbing in the wash-tub their fellow-prisoners' shirts and flannels. Young men should know that, at best, instead of raising themselves to respectability by affecting the fashions of a class above their own, they are taking a ready way to lose the respect which is awarded by all but fools to those who know their proper position and discharge its duties.

"The next who ascends the steps of the prison, to see the object of her affections, unhappily degraded to the condition of a felon, is the widowed lady of an officer who fought at Waterloo. She lived in a garrison town; and her only son was, unhappily, introduced to a regiment the junior officers of which were addicted to every fashionable vice. His course was short, but embraced the miseries of an ordinary long life, and was followed by the felon's doom. Ask this young man what is now his greatest privation. I asked him the question once; he said, 'The absence of my toilet!' True or false, how pitiable such a moral prostration! Perhaps it is true: he is full of vanity and self-conceit even yet; and morally and physically depraved by wine and dissipation in no ordinary degree. *He has a ring on his finger*, woven from material with which he is obliged to work in his cell!

"We have had lately, also, a very sad interview. The aged father, sister, and wife of a young man from Exeter, well known in that city. Dissipated, extravagant, covetous, he committed the crime of firing his premises, to defraud an insurance company, and received the terrible sentence of transportation for life. His relatives came to bid him a long and last farewell, as he was about to be sent to the public works in Gibraltar. The scene quite overcame me. I had for a while to leave.

"Yet the recollection of that parting does not dwell upon my mind with such a weight of sad-

ness as the next. In that case there was some hope that the profligate had become penitent, and in his degradation and misery had sought and found peace with God. In this to which I now refer, there was no such relief. The condemned one, a gentleman by birth and station, is brought into my room by the officer, and, to spare feeling, the chaplain volunteers to act as the officer at the interview. The father hastened towards his son, and literally 'fell on his neck and kissed him.'

"Here," thought I, "is a picture from life of the father in the parable; but where are the tears of contrition, the acknowledgment of sin, the cry for mercy, from the prodigal?" Almost unmoved, shedding no tear, expressing no remorse, he stands erect, and soon inquires what interest is being used in his behalf. He became worse after that interview. The kindness shown him by the governor and all, seemed to have rendered him only more proud, more troublesome. A father's forgiveness, without the son's contrition, had certainly, in this case, a bad effect."

These are indeed proofs that, even here, the "wages of sin is death." Most impressive, also, are the following admissions from the lips of prisoners themselves, as to the causes that have led to their fall. They are selected from a list of one hundred such.

"False witnesses and a bad character; disobedience to parents; and forsaking 'the house of God.'"

"Disobedience to parents, and from that to sabbath-breaking and gambling."

"Disobedience to my parents and profaning the Lord's-day: then commencing with little things, such as a few plums from a gurden, etc."

"I was a fool, and said in my heart, There is no God."

"The first cause of my trouble I can trace back to a disregard to the sabbath-day, by following the counsel of bad youths, who enticed me every Sunday to come with them to the very spot where this prison is now built, instead of attending my chapel, as my poor mother thought I did."

"I trace the source of all my misery, first, to disobeying a pious parent; and next, to the profanation of the Lord's-day."

"Not paying due respect to the sabbath-day. The first of my breaking the sabbath was my running away from Sunday-school. I believe that I got into sins at the first of my staying away from school; but you know that it is very easy to go from one stage of sin to another; and so it was with me. I got into bad company on the sabbath days."

### THE FALLING FLOOR.

THE streets of a thronged and busy city fill the mind with thoughts and images of life. We each have experienced, at one time or another, the feelings so well expressed by the poet:—

"Let me move slowly through the street,  
Filled with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain."

How fast the flitting figures come,  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face,  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Where secret tears have left their trace."

But do they not also furnish us full often with startling mementoes of the death appointed unto all? The funerals that move so slowly, and contrast so strangely with the busy and the brilliant throng of vehicle and equipage; the solemn bell that makes itself heard at intervals amidst all the din and tumult of the city's noisiest scene; above all, the crash and the shriek of the sudden accident; the falling bricks or beams; the overturned cart or wagon; the workman precipitated in a moment from his giddy height; the unknown passenger struck down, and crushed and trampled upon, before a friendly hand can interpose to snatch him from his doom. What are these but the, alas! how little heeded, warnings of "Wisdom uttering her voice," as we read in the first chapter of the book of Proverbs, "in the streets, in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates."

Nor is it only of the uncertainty of life, the possible nearness and suddenness of death, and judgment, and eternity, that such incidents as these, occurring as they almost daily do around us, are admonitory. These are but the lessons that stand out as it were upon the surface, so legible that "he may run that reads," and so conspicuous that it is difficult to imagine their eluding the most heedless observer; there are, however, other and scarcely less momentous truths which they will be found to suggest to those who regard them as happening for our admonition and who inquire into and consider them aright.

This would seem to be remarkably the case with respect to a recent occurrence within our metropolis. A house was being taken down a few months since, and by the sudden giving way of a floor, three or four of the men employed upon it were killed. In the evidence adduced before the coroner's inquest, it was made manifest that the accident was, humanly speaking, the result of the carelessness of a carpenter who, ninety years ago, had, in the laying down of the floor, inserted a wrong beam! Childhood since then had sported upon that floor unharmed; the

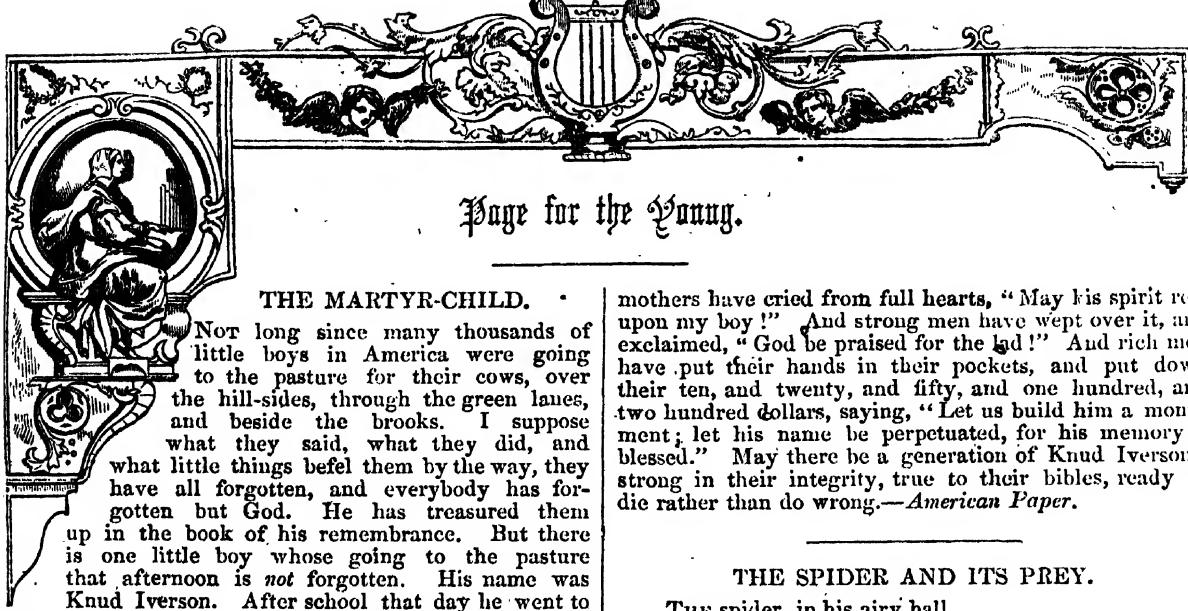
firm tread of busy manhood had often pressed it down; age had tottered over it in its feebleness; but it continued firm under all; the latent unsuspected evil remained for almost a century unbetrayed; until, just as its capability for mischief is in the act of being finally extinguished, it explodes like a secret and forgotten mine, on which a spark had been thrown unwittingly; and souls are swept into eternity, wives are widowed, children orphaned, homes bereft and desolated in the twinkling of an eye! A verdict is brought in, but he on whom alone the blame could fall is beyond the reach of human condemnation or acquittal; he has passed away long since to receive his award at a more dread tribunal than that of the earthly judge.

Surely in the connexion between cause and effect thus lying latent for many years, yet still existing, and at such a remarkable crisis thus fearfully exhibiting itself, there is a manifest lifting, as it were, of this and all similar incidents out of that low godless region of mere casualty to which men are so apt to assign them. Surely by an event like this a heavy blow is given to that Dagon of the infidel which is known by the name of Chance; and to which many, who would shrink with horror from incurring the reproach of infidelity, are prone, nevertheless, to attribute the operations of that unseen hand which guides the sparrow to its fall, and numbers the hairs upon the heads of his people.

Nor is this the only lesson which an attentive observer will find suggested by such an occurrence. We are too apt to regard man's course of conduct, whether its character be good or evil, as terminating with his life, and to look upon the stroke of death as severing him from all further influence upon the destinies of his fellow-men. We make, it is true, an exception in favour of the noble patriot, the mighty warrior, the gifted author, the illustrious benefactor of his kind; we admit of such that they, "being dead, yet speak." We know, for instance, of Luther and Bunyan, of Wellington and Wilberforce, and such like, that their influence for good—and of Paine, Voltaire, Rousseau, and many of their stamp, that theirs for evil—has extended, and may yet extend, through many generations. But here we generally pause, and seeking to shelter ourselves from individual responsibility under an imaginary insignificance, argue that the influence such as we possess while living is far too trifling and too circumscribed to outlast us when we die; thus arriving too often at the fatal conclusion, that, upon a talent so small and perishable, it were scarce worth while to trade, and that, like that of the "unprofitable servant," it is best disposed of and in safest keeping when "folded in a napkin and

hidden in the earth." Solemnly, however, are we reminded by an event such as that to which we are now referring, that influence—  
influence which shall survive, but shall not work until long after we ourselves have ceased from working, and then shall work most fearfully—exists where we least suspect it, and when its future mode of operation is utterly impervious to our ken. We are taught that the humblest mechanic as he labours at his craft; the carpenter, as he shapes or fits the joint; the smith, as he forges the chain; the mason or the bricklayer, as he rears the wall; may, for aught he knows, be preparing the agencies for "life or death, a blessing or a curse," for men and women yet unborn; may most unconsciously be doing that in consequence of which his memory shall be disinterred, and his long-forgotten name made to sound strangely in the ears of another generation; aye, and for which, and all the results of which, if dishonest negligence or culpable remissness be in any wise mixed up with it, he may yet have to answer at the judgment seat of Christ.

If this be so with regard to the handicraft of the mechanic, then how much more so with regard to the words that are spoken; the books that are written; the doctrines that are preached; the examples set; the countless modes in which man acts and reacts on man and mind on mind through all the various ramifications of society. How may the ill-spoken word, for instance, like the ill-fitted joist, precipitate a soul into ruin, long after the lips which uttered it are stilled in death. That word, perhaps carelessly uttered when it ought to have been suppressed, gives birth to a thought, and that thought to a desire—a desire which, repressed by circumstances, checked by want of opportunity to gratify it, smoulders unawares within the breast of the hearer, until suddenly the restraint being withdrawn and opportunity afforded, it springs to sudden life and energy; and with a rapidity that scarce admits of any counteracting influence, "lust conceives and brings forth sin," and "sin is punished and brings forth death." How needful, then, is the careful weighing of thought, and word, and action! How very needful the habit of examining the particulars, although apparently trivial, of our daily conduct with regard to their influence upon others, no less than their effect upon ourselves, with regard to their future possible, as well as their present manifest or probable results. Above all, how essential is the continual taking to the throne of grace of all we think, or say, or do, or purpose, that iniquity may be pardoned, error corrected, evil counteracted, and that all may be "sanctified by the word of God and by prayer."



## Page for the Young.

### THE MARTYR-CHILD.

NOT long since many thousands of little boys in America were going to the pasture for their cows, over the hill-sides, through the green lawns, and beside the brooks. I suppose what they said, what they did, and what little things befel them by the way, they have all forgotten, and everybody has forgotten but God. He has treasured them up in the book of his remembrance. But there is one little boy whose going to the pasture that afternoon is *not* forgotten. His name was Knud Iverson. After school that day he went to fetch his cow, as cheerful as boys usually are going to the pasture on a summer's afternoon. He came at length by a stream of water, where there was a gang of idle, ill-looking big boys, who, when they saw Knud, hailed him. "What do you want me for?" Knud very likely answered, "I am going after my cow." They came up to him, and said they wanted him to go into Mr. Elston's garden, and steal some apples. "No," said Knud, promptly, "I cannot steal, I am sure." "Well, but you must," they cried. "No," persisted Knud, "I cannot steal for anybody." Then they threatened to duck him, for these wicked big boys had often before frightened little boys into robbing gardens for them; little boys, they thought, perhaps, were less likely to get found out.

The threat did not frighten Knud; so, to make their words good, they seized and dragged him to the river, and in spite of his cries and struggles plunged him in. But the heroic boy, even with the water gurgling and choking in his throat, never flinched, for he knew that God had said, "Thou shalt not steal," and God's principles he had made his principles; and no cursing, or threats, or cruelty of the big boys would make him give up. Provoked by his firmness, I suppose they determined to see if they could not conquer; so they ducked him again; but still it was, "No, no," and they kept him under water. Was there no one near to hear his distressing cries, and rescue the poor child from their cruel gripe? No; there was none to rescue him. No friendly hand was near him; and gradually the stifled cries of the drowning child grew faint and fainter, and his struggles less and less, and—the boy was drowned. He could die, but he would not steal.

A German lad who had stood near, much frightened by what he saw, then took up his little coat, or some part of his dress, and ran home to tell the news. The agonised parents hastened to the spot, and all night they searched for the lifeless body of their lost darling. It was found the next morning; and who shall describe their feelings as they clasped the little form to their bosoms? It was all that was left of their child, their child of so much promise. Early piety had blossomed in his little life. He loved his bible and his Saviour, and his seat was never vacant at the sabbath school. Knud Iverson was thirteen years old; but his name was soon to be reckoned with martyrs and heroes. And as the story of his moral heroism winged its way from state to state, and city to city, and village to village, how many

mothers have cried from full hearts, "May his spirit rest upon my boy!" And strong men have wept over it, and exclaimed, "God be praised for the lad!" And rich men have put their hands in their pockets, and put down their ten, and twenty, and fifty, and one hundred, and two hundred dollars, saying, "Let us build him a monument; let his name be perpetuated, for his memory is blessed." May there be a generation of Knud Iversons, strong in their integrity, true to their bibles, ready to die rather than do wrong.—*American Paper.*

### THE SPIDER AND ITS PREY.

THE spider, in his airy hall,  
Sits high in lofty state;  
A thousand hapless victims fall  
Around his treach'rous gate;  
And still he daily calls for more,  
And adds them to his mangled store.

'Gay insects, on their gaudy wings,  
Go singing by his way,  
When from his den the ruffian springs,  
To pounce upon his prey;  
And grimly pleas'd he is to see  
Their useless struggles to get free.

For little do they seem aware  
What cunning traps are set,  
But get entangled in the snare  
Before they see the net;  
And yet, with their eight thousand eyes,  
One would have thought they'd be more wise.

Our paths in life are hung around  
With cobwebs bright and fair;  
We move upon enchanted ground,  
And walk upon a snare.  
Alas! how often are we caught,  
And, by the truth, too late, are taught!

For we have a more wily foe  
To tempt us with his arts,  
And, too well practis'd, not to know  
How best to win our hearts;  
He weaves each hour a treach'rous maze  
To captivate and cheat our gaze.

Ye worldly wise! ye are but fools;  
Boast not discerning eyes;  
For Satan works with crafty tools,  
And takes you by surprise;  
'Tis only by eternal light  
His glitt'ring frauds appear to sight.

Poor flies, as messengers to warn,  
Ye sport on ruin's brink;  
O, let us not your lesson scorn,  
But pause awhile and think,  
Before we, rash and blindfold, go  
From pleasure into endless woe.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



JOSEPH IN PRISON, INTERPRETING THE DREAM OF THE DEPOSED BUTLER.

## JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

### CHAPTER II.

We left the exiled Hebrew youth, at the close of our first chapter, in a position of honourable servitude, in the establishment of Potiphar, a high functionary of the Egyptian court. Comely in person, amiable in disposition, devout in spirit, and discreet and sagacious beyond his years, he seems speedily to have conciliated the good-will and won the confidence of all around him. Actuated manifestly by the highest conscientiousness in the discharge of his duties, he secured the reward of religious rectitude

in a series of rapid promotions, until at length he appears to have been entrusted by his master with the almost irresponsible control of his extensive household. It often happens, however, that the post of honour and distinguished favour becomes one of augmented danger. High places are generally slippery places. Many a head that was cool and calm when sheltered in the vales of life, has grown giddy when lifted to the mountain tops of power; and many a character that has worn well in seclusion and obscurity, has disclosed sad blemishes and evil biases when exposed to the temptations and seductions of an exalted

worldly position. As Joseph in his adversity had to experience trials of the most poignant kind, so, accordingly, in his prosperity he was destined not to escape untested. As a captive and a slave, the young Hebrew endured his afflictions with patience and fortitude, "as seeing Him who is invisible;" but how will he acquit himself now that he is the favourite steward of a princely house? We all know the nature, and can appreciate the force, of the temptation by which Joseph was assailed; and we all know too the decisive victory which he achieved, through the strength of his religious principles and the restraining power of the fear and love which he bore towards the God of his fathers. The noble reply with which he resisted the blandishments of his wanton and guilty temptress—"How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"—has often since then come to the aid of failing virtue, and fortified the weakness of human resolution. Never, in all his imperial career, was Joseph greater or more illustrious than in that moment of holy triumph; and hundreds of young men, in subsequent ages, have had to bless God that such a model of moral purity and victorious piety has been recorded for their admiration and imitation.

But while we rejoice in witnessing the holy steadfastness of the godly young Hebrew, what an idea the whole transaction gives us of the corruption of Egyptian society at that early period. For any illustration of the barefaced profligacy of this scene, however, according to the author of the work to which in our former chapter we were so largely indebted, we shall search the tombs of Egypt in vain. The Egyptians, like the Assyrians, were not accustomed to register their dishonours on their public monuments. "They are exclusively devoted," we are told, "to the praises of their inmates; and in no country that ever existed were sins of this character more rigorously prohibited, or visited with severer punishment; but we shall find there that which renders our narrative in the highest degree probable, in the ample details of the lives of luxury and ease and self-indulgence which were led by the haughty dames of ancient Egypt. Scores of the princesses and noble ladies of those times have left on the walls of their tombs the imperishable records of the state and magnificence in the midst of which they lived. The luxury of their couches, the long trains of attendants that made their sumptuous toilettes, the stibium-boxes, the metal mirrors, the numberless little appliances connected therewith, buried with their owners as their most valued property, and remaining to this day the visible tangible witnesses of their luxury; their rings and jewels,

their robes in endless variety—of all these we can likewise produce the yet existing testimonies; while we learn from the reliefs in the tombs where they were found, the sumptuous banquets of most elaborate cookery that were spread before them, and the soft music that played, and the lascivious dances that were performed by male and female slaves in attendance, while they partook of them. Ocular demonstration of 'the pride, the fulness of bread, and the abundance of idleness' of the ladies of Egypt, would thus be laid before the reader, and all of the precise time now before us. These pictures, we repeat, would form the most instructive and perfect comment upon the passage now under consideration that could be imagined."

Well-doing does not always exempt the servants of God from trouble, misrepresentation, and disaster. While the world is what it is, "they that will live godly" must expect, to a greater or less extent, to "suffer persecution." The path of duty leads sometimes through strange and unexpected scenes. The inflexible honour of Joseph led him into a prison. But it is better to sit on the floor of the dungeon with God's face beaming upon us, than to recline on ivory and silken couches in the luxurious palace, with sin stinging the conscience and remorse harrowing the heart. Moreover, the light of piety that had burned so beautifully before Potiphar's household, so far from being extinguished by his removal, now blessed the eyes of the inmates of the prison-house. Though put among the "king's prisoners"—a strange, miscellaneous assemblage of men, as we may imagine—such was the extraordinary fascination of this foreign youth, that he speedily won the favour of the keeper of the prison, who entrusted to him the oversight and control of the prisoners. Thus palace and prison are alike, when the Lord is with his people; he can as easily promote their advancement in the latter as in the former.

The nature of the new post to which the calumniated and wronged young Hebrew was promoted is thus described by the writer of "Israel in Egypt." "Joseph was the officer or task-master over the prisoners. His duties coincided exactly with those of the task-masters over his descendants long afterwards. A fixed amount of labour was required of the jailer, and his superiors never inquired into the means whereby it was exacted. The skill and tact of Joseph in obtaining this, recommended him to his keeper. These prisons were apparently regarded as an indispensable appendage to every great construction in Egypt. The reliefs upon the walls give fearful indications of the cruelties exercised upon their unhappy inmates. Yet the Divine blessing can send prosperity even into

such a den of misery. This is a consolatory reflection to those who believe the bible."

While Joseph was thus occupied, giving dignity to daily drudgeries by the devout spirit with which they were performed, two high functionaries of the court, who had incurred the royal displeasure, were consigned to captivity with the general herd of prisoners. One of them appears to have been head cellarman, or keeper of the drinks for the royal use; and the other was the chief of the cooks. Upon the dignity and importance of these offices in ancient Egypt, our author has the following striking remarks.

"These princes were equal, probably superior, in rank to Potiphar. Their offices were of the highest possible consideration. In all pictures of banquets, the eldest son hands the viands

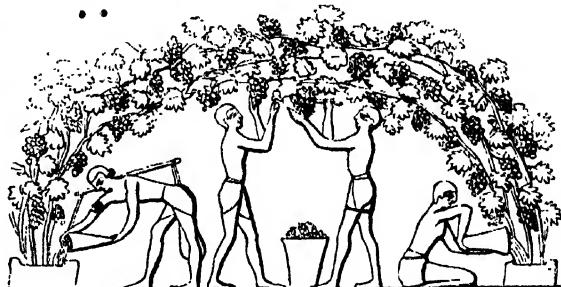


and the cup to the father of the family—the eldest daughter to the mother. This is especially the case with Pharaoh, so that in all probability these were princes of the blood. It is very important that this should be understood, as otherwise the force of the succeeding narrative is greatly weakened.

"It will be perceived that the principle of the law of Egypt we have before explained, is also in force in the present instance. The superior alone is held responsible for the whole of the acts of his subordinates. Both the departments here in question were of an extent and importance in ancient Egypt, of which our modern notions will receive but a faint impression. Even in the establishments of the princes and nobles, hundreds of men were employed in gathering the grapes, and pressing and storing the wine, and also in the preparation of the viands, for a single banquet of frequent periodical recurrence. There were more than a hundred dishes served in the tri-monthly festivals in honour of the dead, held in the tomb of Nahrai at Benihassan. The bill of fare yet remains. This is also the case with many other tombs. The offence with which those two princes were

charged must have been of a very grave character, connected in all probability with some attempt to administer poison. They would not otherwise have been committed to the slave prison."

In Genesis xl., from the fifth to the thirteenth verse, we have a narration of the dreams of these two princely culprits, and the favourable interpretation of the dream of the cup-bearer by Joseph. After turning to the Bible and studying the passage, the reader will be prepared to appreciate the following elucidatory remarks:—"This passage clearly indicates the office held by the functionary in the court of Pharaoh. He had the oversight of the king's vineyards and the king's cellars, as well as the function of cup-bearer to Pharaoh. The office was highly esteemed in ancient Egypt. Many of the princes of the courts of Suphis and Sephres have inscribed it in the long catalogue of their titles. The peculiarities of the climate and soil of Egypt are specially suited to the culture of the vine, and of these days of old scarcely a tomb remains in which the entire process of the vintner's art, from the planting and watering of the vine-stocks to the pouring



of the expressed juice from vessel to vessel, and storing it in earthen jars, is not most carefully and elaborately depicted. That the oversight of the royal vineyards was also associated with the function of cup-bearer to the king is highly probable, though for the formal statement of the fact we are indebted altogether to the passage before us. It was once imagined that the vine did not grow in Egypt in ancient times, because Herodotus and the Greek authors do not mention it. We believe one of the infidel objections of the last century to the passage before us was founded upon this circumstance. The tombs, however, have a voice to answer it."

Every bible reader knows how remarkably Joseph's interpretation was verified in the restoration of the degraded functionary; and will remember, moreover, that sad illustration of human ingratitude which was presented by the cup-bearer, who speedily forgot, amid the responsibilities of office and the allurements of

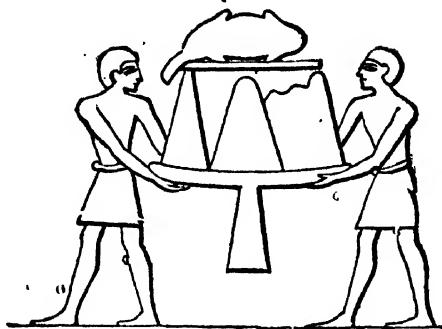
court life, the companion of his misfortunes, who had, as a parting request, solicited the exercise of his influence with the king to procure his release from unjust confinement. Joseph had to learn what many others have had to experience since his days, that "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."



"And when the prince, the high steward, (of the cooks, *litt*) saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Joseph, I also was in my dream, and behold I had three baskets of white (probably pure) *meats* upon my head. And in the uppermost basket was all manner of bake-meats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head." (Gen. xl., 16, 17.) "The illustration of this passage to be found in the contemporary tombs of Egypt, is to the full as important and interesting as those we have already considered. The entire process, from the slaughtering and flaying of the oxen, the capture and the plucking of the birds, and the netting of the fish, up to the serving of the bake-meats upon the guest-tables, are all minutely and elaborately commemorated in these wondrous records of times and customs that have so long passed away. The most trifling particular in the passage find its illustration there.

"When the sons and daughters of the princes of Egypt served their parents at table, they carried upon their heads three baskets, one piled upon the other, and in the uppermost are the bakemeats. That in crossing the hypæthral courts of the palaces of Egypt, the viands would be exposed to the birds, is a trait of every day life in hot countries, receiving such familiar illustration in our own possessions in India, that we only notice it for the purpose of reminding the reader that, in ancient Egypt, the vulture, the eagle, the ibis, and other carnivorous birds were held sacred, and to destroy one of them was to incur the penalty of murder. Flights of these voracious creatures haunted

the cities of Egypt, and occasioned no little inconvenience to the inhabitants.



In Genesis xl., verses 18, 19, 20, 22, we have Joseph's interpretation of the chief baker's dream also, and an intimation of its fatal fulfilment; in illustration of which we have the following remarks by our author:—"The birthday of the reigning king of Egypt was a high festival at all periods of its history. One of the objects of the Rosetta inscription is, to decree the observances to take place on the birthday of Ptolemy Epiphanes. Many similar decrees of earlier periods are also extant. That it would also be a day for the exercise of justice in a jail-delivery is highly probable, and in accordance with ancient custom; though here again our text illustrates ancient Egypt, instead of receiving illustration from it. The tombs of Egypt contain no records of crimes. It is to the text, therefore, that we are once more indebted. Capital punishment was by decapitation in ancient as in modern Egypt at this day. After the execution, the bodies of the criminals were hung on trees, to be devoured by the gods of Egypt."

Here, then, we must leave Joseph for a while—still in prison, a sufferer for righteousness sake, yet bearing his trials with the most exemplary patience, magnanimity, and cheerfulness, and striving to do some work for God even among the unhappy outcasts by whom he is surrounded. His all-embracing example proves that piety may be equally a blessing and a light in the prison as in the palace, and that God often prepares his eminent servants to shine in the latter by subjecting them to a gracious preliminary training in the former.

#### THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

We are told by Robertson, in his "History of America," that an expedition was undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the 16th century, with the view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucayo Isles, and to possess

the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters.

Time was, when a quaint band of wanderers sought, In a pilgrimage weary, with suffering fraught, For a far distant fountain, whose silver waves bore The riches of life to the sands of the shore: Where the merry stream danced in the rays of the sun, Leaping high in its glee, as the current rolled on: They sought amid peril, for, earnestly, they Rested faith in the legend that pointed the way.

To one of Lucayo's bright isles of the sea They looked, at the spot where that fountain should be; Those isles of the sun, where the breezes of air Come freighted with fragrance sweet, balmy, and rare: 'Twas there they were taught, where each breath was delight, That the streams of their search should appear to their sight, Gemmed with amethysts, rubies, and treasures untold, Of precious stones, emeralds, diamonds, and gold.

Whoever might bathe in that fountain should bear A frame uncorrupted by sorrow or care; The bloom of life's vigour should mantle his cheek, And his body, unscathed by time's lapse, ne'er grow weak; His eye hold its lustre, his voice keep its tone, And youth reign triumphant when youth's years were gone; Each sound from the glen, and the mountain and wave, Give the promise of beauty unmarred by the grave. Endued with such faith, by such burning hopes led, They rested not, tarried not, bowed not the head; Though the track of their journey was rugged and lone, They hushed every plaint, and suppressed every moan: No obstacle baffled, no peril dismayed, Nor mountains discouraged, nor barrier stayed; On and onward they sped; for the guerdon so fair, That they hoped to possess, kept their souls from despair: And their toils they beguiled, with the fanciful dream Of laving their brow in that magical stream.

Thus toilsomely, heavily passed they, for ne'er Did their anxious eyes welcome that fountain so fair; And still, wildly mocking, through sorrow and pain, The legend would lure them their object to gain. Though way-worn and anguished, its promises sweet Came like balm to their bosom and oil to their feet. Might those life-giving waters be reached, they would know.

All youth's joys in their brightest and sunniest glow.

Sweet Fount—sweetest vision! Alas! mortal eye! No trace of thy being may ever descry! Though its freshness be vaunted as perfect and pure, Though its virtue be chaunted as holy and sure, Frail child of the earth! in no moss-covered dell Hath a streamlet e'er borne such a magical spell; No draught hath the power to lighten life's chain, Or change tremulous age into vigour again!

But there is a rich fount, in a far distant land, Which poureth its flood on the glittering strand— A fountain, whose source is celestial and bright, And which flows through a realm of unclouded delight! There no false legend lures, with its mystical strains, Its believers to weariness, trial, and pains; But a glory more perfect than earth can bestow Sheds a halo too brilliant for mortal to know.

Of that pure living water, who drinks is at rest, No longer by grief or afflictions distressed; The weight of long years shall oppress him no more, For the draught he has drained can his fervour restore; No gathering film shall his vision obscure, For that stream e'en the deepest of blindness can cure; No fear for the future shall ever dismay, For its tides can the gloomiest cares wash away.

O'erhanging that fountain the Tree of life stands, Sustained and upheld by Omnipotent hands; Abroad, o'er the waters, cool shadows it flings, While above and around one vast melody rings.

'Tis the strains of the ransomed, who sing of his love, Who called them to join the blest choir above; Who, sinless himself, could a sinful world save From the curse and its penalty—death and the grave.

There flowers perennial are blooming in lustre, And wide-spreading palms in fresh foliage cluster; There rivers of pleasure in fulness are swelling, And wave answers wave, on their anthem-notes dwelling: Sweet fields and broad plains dressed in exquisite green, Need no sunshine of earth to illumine their sheen; For before his bright presence, whose throne is on high, A thousand sun's glories would glimmer and die.

No moon sheds its rays, and no twinkling stars shine, In that region of splendour and rapture divine; But angel-bands stand, with their blood-washed robes gleaming

In the halo of light from his mighty throne streaming. They strike their rich harps, and the eloquent strain Is caught up, and repeated, and echoed again: "All glory to God in the highest!" they sing, "Redeemer, and Saviour, and Prophet, and King."

The eye hath not seen, and the ear hath not heard, What blessedness is for the just ones prepared, In the city above, where the jasper walls shine In the majesty perfect of Godhead Divine! Its portals of pearl are unclosed, as they rise From the dulness of earth to the bliss of the skies, And myriads of seraphs the chorus prolong, As they join in the rapturous welcoming song.

There friends, severed long, meet together in gladness, No more to be pained by earth's partings and sadness; All gloom and all doubtings have melted away, And they live in the light of unquenchable day. There the Lamb leads his flock, and they drink with delight Of the Water of Life: now with faith changed to sight, No sorrows afflict them, no terrors distress, For his grace is about them to guard and to bless!

Very lovely, indeed, was the legend which told Of the "Fountain of Youth" to the pilgrims of old! Full of beauty and hope; but, alas! for its worth— It was fabled and false, like each promise of earth: But the "Fountain of Life" is of origin pure; The word that has spoken is steadfast and sure! Bear me hence, Angel Watchers, to that blissful shore, Where all sighs shall be hushed, and all sufferings o'er.

From the "*Episcopal Recorder.*"

### A VISIT TO WHITEFIELD'S GRAVE.

NEARLY three years have slipped away since I visited the grave, and saw all that is left of the body which was once united to George Whitefield. It was the most impressive pilgrimage I ever made. The dwellings of the dead are always good schools for the living. Man feels himself to be a poor creature when he remembers that some two yards beneath his feet, a busy, world-teaching brain has melted away, and soaked into the earth. The spirit grows pensive, and feels the reality of eternity, when at sunset we stand in the silence of a mouldering, grave-paved abbey. But more than all impressive is it to look on the little sanctuary where there has lain down to rest one who while he moved among his fellows, manifested in an age of miserable indifference, apostolic zeal and piety, which shed light on millions, and only ceased to burn by consuming the lamp in which

God had set it. Eternity alone can disclose the debt which the world owes to Whitefield. Than him, Britain has had no greater benefactor. Could the spiritual genealogies of the holiest of her sons be traced, a wondrous number in all ranks would own this man as their father. And if everlasting things be more important than those which perish, then surely he should be held in perpetual remembrance who has proved in God's hands efficacious for moulding the endless future of multitudes among us.

In 1851, I happened to be on a visit to Massachusetts. Having visited Boston, my steps turned to Rowley, some twenty-eight miles from the capital of the state. It was on Saturday that I reached the house of my friend, the minister of that ancient parish. His pretty dwelling stood on the quiet country road-side. The scenery was little marked by anything except its entire rusticity. Before the house was a little flower plot; behind it was a pleasant garden, redolent of all sweet-smelling things, and alive with the busy hum of bees; while on every side, and stretching far away, fair fields bore on their bosom burdens of rich grain, whose green heads, unshaken by even a summer sigh, looked up in gentle brotherhood towards the setting light. There, amidst the glories of an American sunset, and the unspeakable quiet of such a spot, I lingered until the evening came on, and the dews began to fall.

But dews and dimness were not the only monitors of approaching night. At eight o'clock the old parish bell rang out its solemn warning to all the country round, telling this, as it had done earlier generations, that workers should now interrupt their toils, and close the day in solemn adoration of the Majesty on high. This, my friend informed me, was an old Puritan custom, begun in times when the pilgrim fathers were strangers in the land, and when their efforts were not so much to found a great nation, as a holy church, in the tangled wilderness. Strange thoughts wandered through my mind as I listened to "those evening bells." I recalled the drear hour in wintertide, when these men landed; the hopes and fears which then filled them; the struggles and battles through which they advanced; the hymns and prayers on which their spirits fed: the feebleness of the sapling which they then tended, and the mightiness to which God had since caused their plant to grow. On the sabbath I worshipped with their children, and saw that the seed they sowed still bears fruit, and that their toil-watered garden is still the greenest and fairest spot in all that great empire, of which it now forms but a very little portion.

On Monday I went to Newbury Port, where Whitefield died and was buried. Let me, how-

ever, before giving my narrative, briefly recount the closing circumstances of his career.

In the year 1769, he arrived at Charlestown, from England. Thence he proceeded to Georgia, and settled the affairs of his beloved orphan hospital—his Bethsaida. He then sallied forth, strong in God's might, and proclaimed the work of Christ as acceptably as he had ever done in former days. Throngs waited on him. Hosts followed him. Heaps of pressing invitations were given him. Day after day he laboured, striving like a strong man to run his race, then all but finished, although he did not think it. His exertions were astounding; and he moved ever to and fro like a heaven-lit torch, startling the careless, guiding the doubtful, and confirming those who already lived for Christ. When he left England, his strength was manifestly diminished; but when he landed, he was somewhat better. Before a year was gone, however, his failing body shook again; and bystanders saw that it must ere long fall and die. Still he went on. Saturday, the 29th of September, 1770, found him at Exeter, sadly worn, although a very great multitude waited to hear him. Utterly exhausted, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, I am weary in thy work, but not of thy work. Let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and then die." And he had his desire. Pale and weary, he stood up for the last time, and reading these words, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, prove your own selves; know yet not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"—he preached from them nearly two hours. Thence he proceeded to Newbury Port, and took up his abode in the house of Mr. Parsons, the Presbyterian minister there. He went early to bed, slept but indifferently, and woke a little after four on Sunday morning, exclaiming, "My asthma, my asthma is coming on." Then the death struggle began. For two hours he strove in great distress, and at six o'clock, just about daybreak, he was with God, and saw that realm where suns neither rise nor go down. This was on the 30th of September. He descended to the grave on the morning when Christ ascended from it, and through that resurrection shared, even then, the triumph of his Lord. He had intended to preach on that sabbath, but as the sun rose the Master said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" and so he went away, which was "far better."

As we drove on, my friend pointed out various spots associated with the movements of the pilgrim fathers, the pioneers of a new Christian empire. Now we paused on a log bridge, and he told me that, on the banks of the creek which crept slowly beneath our feet, one party of these

men of God had for a time, in a rude way, established themselves. Now he showed me the salt marshes, whose grass was so bitter as to be useless, and whose greenness had for a moment raised hopes in the strangers which were doomed to immediate disappointment. Close at my right hand was the "myriad deep," by whose desolate shore these strangers had so often wandered, and across whose dreary bosom they had so often gazed wistfully, thinking of sunny England; ever sighing, as they turned away from the bleak waters which hemmed them in on the east, to hide themselves in the wilderness of trees which confined them on the west. Their position would have daunted most men. Emigration was a new thing. They had no more any home in the land they had left. They could hardly as yet call that a home in which they had arrived. No government befriended them. The experience of others did not exist to guide them. They could not retreat; it remained to be seen whether or not they could go on. But they never despaired. No sordid ambition had led them thither. They had gone to worship God in the wilderness. No man should deny that they had their faults; no man can deny that they loved their Master. It was a consciousness of this, and a faith based upon it, which sustained them. They believed and prayed, and God never failed them. In their own day they took root and grew, and saw the tabernacle raised, and its service well ordered. They lived to know, even by this *experimentum crucis*, that their fathers' God was faithful, and that there is no lack of good to such as fear him. It is a grand and a blessed thing to see frail men with a faith like this.

Two hours brought us to our destination; and I found the town, like many of these old corners in Massachusetts, a very pretty one. The houses are tasteful, the gardens are gladsome, the trees planted about are cooling, and the streets are orderly and clean. There is no dirt on the ground, no smoke in the air, and no squalor anywhere. It is a beautiful place, meet for the long home of a gospel hero, who, like all true Christians, loved exceedingly order and beauty.

The first thing pointed out to me was, the house in which Whitefield died. It is one of those two-storied, wooden structures, lathed and plastered within, and weather-boarded without, which are so common in the smaller towns and country places across the Atlantic. All is plain and unpretending. Beside the elegant modern mansions, it looks even mean. And yet I doubt not that, at the date of its construction, it was reckoned an excellent building. It appeared neglected and decaying; in this, however, I may be wrong, and assuredly hope I am, for the Christians of Newbury Port should not allow

this relic to disappear. That place should not soon perish, within whose walls "the apostle of the English empire," as Toplady has styled him, offered his last prayer, looked his last look, and thought his last thought on earth.

We next proceeded to the Presbyterian church where he lies, into which we were admitted by one of the elders who kept the key of the vault. The building is rather an old one for that part of the world, and may contain from a thousand to twelve hundred persons.

Whitefield's wish was that, should he die there, he might be buried before Mr. Parsons' pulpit, and this was more than complied with, for he was placed in a vault under it. At that time, this was on the long side of the church. Since then, however, the sittings have been altered, and the pulpit set at one end. In consequence of this change, a new tomb was made under the new pulpit, in which the remains were deposited, and where they now repose. When these were removed from their former resting-place, the coffin was found to be much wasted, and it became requisite to construct another, which was made of oak, and into which the bottom of the old shell was put, so that the bones were in no way disturbed. As the present vault is perfectly dry, and the coffin rests on trestles, any rapid decay will be prevented.

In cases of death, it is an American custom to show the body before burial to all who wish to see it. In the instance of Whitefield, it would appear that, from a comparatively early period after his interment, his remains have continued open to the inspection of all who wished to look on them. Thus, for some eighty years, his has been a simple but continued lying in state, and at intervals something or other has been made public about it. In 1790 it was reported that, in the twenty years past, the body had not seen corruption. In 1801, eleven years later, this fiction was set aside; for visitors at that date found the flesh all consumed, although the clerical habiliments in which the corpse was clothed, seemed as if but recently laid in their strange vestiary. Since then, thousands have stood by these honoured ashes, and as one of the number I shall tell what I saw.

A candle was lit, we descended a few steps, and stood beside the coffin. Of this, as of the former, one-half of the lid was hinged, so that without any trouble, we could look on the inmate. Our guide slowly opened it, and a perfect skeleton, but a skeleton only—dry bones—lay before us, exposed to the breast. It was embedded in pitch, somewhat odorous, to prevent decay, or disarrangement. All was in perfect order. The skull was by no means large, but was beautifully formed. The forehead, though not uncommon, was full and shapely, much



resembling that in the only two trustworthy busts now in existence, one of which I have since seen in Manchester, where it is carefully preserved by a man worthy to own and able to appreciate his treasure.

One thing struck me forcibly; the mouth was wholly covered by a continuous transparent pellicle. In the destruction of all else, death had left a film, which clung to and closed the orifice. This looked like the seal of the destroyer. It seemed as if he sat there, in this peculiar instance, asserting by this singular symbol, a triumph over Him who had proclaimed with such mighty power "the resurrection and the life."

And so we saw all that is hero of a man who, while he lived, swayed millions, receiving the love of the good, compelling the homage of the great, and commanding the respect of the unbeliever. There, voiceless and still, lay that preacher, who, while he breathed, deemed himself fettered in any sphere smaller than a world. And yet this form of mine, which there stooped over these feeble fragments, may again behold them, all weakness gone, all wasting arrested, all beauty restored, a spiritual body, glorified and radiant in the presence of God. Verily, even a Whitefield is, at his best estate, but vanity; yet a period draws nigh when he, and such as he, shall shine as the stars of the firmament, for ever and ever. Till then God will care for the dust of his servant, and men will deem it a privilege to have it among them, and to guard it well.

In the church there is a cenotaph, which the writer of a valueless and now forgotten book

of travels has styled, "a splendid monument." Its size is its only commendation. In all other respects it is a poor affair. As for the tiresome inscription, the only good things in it are, a statement of Whitefield's birthday and dying-day, and the ever memorable fact that, in a ministry of thirty-four years, he preached no fewer than EIGHTEEN THOUSAND SERMONS; rather more than ten every week, or about five hundred and twenty-nine every year.

In thinking of this great good man, there are two things which cannot be forgotten. The first is, his zeal. He died when only fifty-six, consumed by his efforts. The second is, his disinterestedness. He sought and made no gain, but declined honours and preferment, and went out to meet opprobrium and contempt. The church has had no more apostolic son.

Can we learn nothing from such a life? Do not the 18,000 sermons tell us all, the great things that may be done by each, and the little things that are? Ah, we are too prone to be content with mean attainments, to love ease, and to underrate our powers and opportunities, that we may pacify our consciences. And does not his high holiness tell many of us that we are but babes, and show us that there are heights yet unreach'd by most, but accessible to each? In very deed, we come short in all things, and offend in many.

Perhaps we are waiting for a time to do better. It would be well to remember that time will not wait for us. Whitefield's day was short; ours may be shorter. Let us therefore work while it is called *to-day*, "for the night cometh, when no man can work."

## TONGUES IN TREES.

## THE VINE.

IT was a sweet morning in May, when I set out to take a meditative walk amidst the beautiful scenery of South Devon. The weather had been genial, though showery, for a week or two before; and the sun, that shone out brilliantly on this cloudless morning, cast the finishing touch of beauty over the landscape, and arrayed all nature in holiday attire. It was a day to raise the heart in thankfulness and praise to a gracious God, who "giveth us richly all things to enjoy;" and to draw the thoughts onward to that perfect "rest that remaineth for the people of God," when the dark cloud of sin, that for six thousand years has brooded over this groaning creation, shall have fled away for ever, and when everlasting joy, and light, and liberty shall prevail in the unbroken beams of the Sun of righteousness.

Along the banks and hedgerows of the bowery lanes, many a lovely blossom was opening its dewy petals to the welcome ray. There were tufts of pale primroses; and dark violets whose fragrance revealed their modest concealment; and lilies of the valley, whose white pendent bells peeped forth from their dark sheathing leaves; and in the corners of the fields, large patches were gay with the close-set spikes of purple hyacinths, intermixed with golden-hued daffodils. The exquisite grace and beauty of these "lilies of the field," born to perish in an hour, not only charm the sense and please the imagination, but recall the lesson of our Father's watchful care, which the gracious lips of Jesus deduced from their brilliant array.

A cottage, somewhat above the rank of the ordinary dwellings of the poor, yet essentially rustic, presented an object that was interesting in itself, and suggested a profitable thought. It was a noble vine, apparently of great age; but which had, throughout its whole progress, been subject to wise and careful training. This was evident from the regularity of its growth. The main stem, which was of considerable thickness, proceeded upwards until it reached the height of the first floor; then it divided into two branches, which were trained laterally on each side, proceeding horizontally along the walls, between the first and second ranges of windows, not only all across the front, but across the two ends of the house, until the still extending boughs had begun to creep even over the back,

and bade fair at no remote period to enclose and embrace the whole house.

From these far-spreading lateral branches or divisions of the stem, the subordinate branches, which were destined to bear fruit, shot out at frequent intervals; and in these the hand of the husbandman was easily traced. They were not allowed to send forth their twigs in wild luxuriance, wasting their sap on profuse and needless foliage; but were pruned down and cut in, to a brevity that was not indeed so agreeable to the eye as if they had waved in loose freedom, but which insured the appropriation of the whole energy to the production of fruit. It was manifest that fruit, not ornament, was the object of this careful husbandry; though the little tufts of tender green leaves that were bursting from the newly opened buds, and glistening in the morning dew, were both beautiful and graceful.



In looking at this striking object—and it was very striking, for a vine of such magnitude, and so well trained, I had never before seen—my thoughts immediately reverted to him who said, "I am the true Vine, and my Father is the husbandman: I am the Vine; ye are the branches." It was a beautiful representation of the church of Christ.

The object which the Father, the wise and careful husbandman, has in view, is FRUIT; and the more of this we produce, the better is he pleased. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." But the branches themselves can bring forth nothing; they are dead in themselves, separated from the living stock: "without me ye can do nothing." It is only by virtue of a living union with Jesus that we become fruit-bearing branches; we might indeed

produce the "wild grapes" of sinful lusts and passions, evil words, and corrupt deeds, in our natural state; but this must be mortified and slain on the cross of Christ; and we must be "married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God."

It is the sap that flows from the root and stock to the remotest extremities of the branches that empowers them to manifest life; it was the vigorous circulation of this vital energy, under the quickening influence of the sunny spring, that was now making these branches burst into healthy leaves, and display the tiny clusters of embryo fruit. So it is the life of Jesus, flowing into and circulating through all his members, that is their power of fruitfulness. His resurrection life is our life: begotten by the Holy Ghost out of the grave of Jesus, every true believer is a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.

If a stranger from a far country had been present, one to whom the vine with its clustering fruit was quite unknown, he would probably have seen little to admire in the spectacle that attracted me. Stately trees were growing around; lofty elms were spreading their canopied summits far above its humbler range; the ancient oaks and beeches of a neighbouring wood were clad in the glories of their massive foliage; and a fine horse-chestnut that was growing near the end of the house, partly overshadowing its roof, was thickly covered with those tall spikes of rosy bloom, whose fine contrast with the dark leaves make this one of the most beauteous of trees in the vernal season. These would have appeared far superior to the rough and homely vine.

And thus it is with God's hidden ones. "The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." The natural eye can see "no form nor comeliness" in him who yet is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person," and therefore it is not surprising that his members should be counted as "the offscouring of all things." The great and the noble, the learned and the brave, the wise and the witty, elicit the world's applause; but the humble, patient, self-denying believer is content to "have praise of God."

But why were the branches so pruned and maimed, why were their exuberant twigs cut off, and their expansive energies so kept down by the husbandman's sharp knife? It was because he well knew that their strength, if left unchecked, would expend itself in useless efforts, producing much of the verdure of profession, little of the reality of fruit. "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Afflictions are the

lot of God's children; they are pre-eminently a poor and afflicted people, for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." We do not like the chastisement: we smart under it: but it is good for our proud hearts. The branch often bleeds under the keen pruning-knife; but the wounds soon heal, and the fulness of the ripening cluster proves how wise was the decision that made the unsparing stroke. The husbandman has no delight in seeing his choice vine mangled and wounded; nor has our loving Father any gratification in our tears. Not for his pleasure, but "for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness!" And is not that an end worthy of himself? And will not the consummation more than recompense "this light affliction which is but for a moment?" Let us then not faint under the painful strokes of our Father's love, but strive that they may "afterward yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

There was another thing which attracted my notice in this vine. All the branches that proceeded from the horizontal divisions, grew close to the wall, and shot perpendicularly upwards. These issued from the upper side of the stem. There were shoots which had originally issued from lateral buds, but which, by having been forcibly bent and tied up when young, had grown into the same perpendicular direction. But there were traces of many shoots which had projected from the lower side; and these, as I observed, were invariably cut away, close to the wood.

This seemed to exemplify the words, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away." The aspect of a believer must be heavenward. "upward and onward" must be his motto; and it is thus alone that he can bring forth fruit unto God. But there are many professors in the church whose whole affections and tendencies are earthward; the followers of those of whom the holy apostle testified even with weeping, that they were the enemies of the cross of Christ. Oh yes! there are many of whom it may be sadly said, "Their end is destruction; their God is their belly; their glory is their shame; they mind earthly things."

No fruit can result from such a profession as this. The All-wise Husbandman will strive to check, to hedge up, to train such aberrant branches into a holier walk. By the secret leadings of his Spirit, by the monitions of his word, by the rebukes of faithful brethren, by a straitening of their providential way, the Lord sometimes succeeds in reclaiming such unfruitful branches, and correcting their earthly tendencies. But if these avail not; if the earthliness becomes inveterate; if the longer the branch grows the nearer the earth it gets;

nothing remains but that God withdraw his Holy Spirit, and give such a professor up to judicial blindness and hardness, until he be at length taken away in his iniquities. "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy."

May every one who reads this paper be a living healthful branch of the true Vine, manifesting his participation of the life of Christ, by a holy heavenward walk, and responding to the gracious culture of which he will assuredly be the subject, by the production of much fruit.

### THE HIGH-PRIEST OF INFIDELITY.

A TREE is known by its fruit. Such was the language of our Lord himself, and we are forcibly reminded of it in perusing a treatise upon "Voltaire and his Times," which has recently appeared from the philosophical pen of M. Bungener.\* To Voltaire, as the leading genius of his time, was committed the high and solemn trust of shaping the age in which he lived. He did so but for evil, for he sowed the seeds of infidelity, and his country reaped the harvest in bloodshed and revolution. In the work to which we have referred, his character is carefully analysed: and in an age abounding with scepticism, we commend the following specimens of man as moulded by infidelity to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

Each successive discovery of philosophy has proved the harmony between true science and revelation. No fact is better established than the deposit of marine shells in places where the ocean is not now found, and it is easily explained. Yet because this seemed to favour the scriptural doctrine of the deluge, observe the bigotry of the pretended philosopher:—

"What absurdities had he not uttered! How many facts acquired by science had he not obstinately rejected, however little they may have seemed to him to agree with the statements of the bible! The deluge, in particular, was his grand bugbear. He could not, he would not admit that the earth had ever been covered with water either since or before the appearance of man. He would have it that the shells found in the passages of the Alps had been lost by pilgrims repairing to Rome during the middle ages. Long after this luminous explanation, we find him laughing a little at himself, but he returns on all occasions to these unlucky shells; and if he abandons the idea of their having been brought by pilgrims, he will have them to have been the shells of oysters eaten by travellers. 'I have seen,' we find him say, 'some oyster-

shells petrified at a hundred leagues from the sea. But I have seen also, under twenty feet of earth, pieces of Roman money, the rings of knights, at more than nine hundred miles from Rome; and I did not say, These rings, those gold and silver pieces, were fabricated here. No more did I say, Those oysters were produced here. I said, Travellers have brought here the rings, and the money, and the oysters.' In the same small work: 'Be sure to keep in view,' he adds, 'this great truth, that nature never belies herself. All kinds remain ever the same. Animals, vegetables, minerals, metals, all is invariable in this prodigious variety. Everything preserves its own essence. It is of the essence of the earth to have mountains, without which it would have no rivers; accordingly, it is impossible that the mountains should not be as old as the earth. It might as well be said that our bodies long existed without heads.' Elsewhere, again: 'Those pretended beds of shells that cover the mountains, the coral formed by insects, mountains raised by the sea, all this appears to me fit only for being printed at the end of the 'Thousand and One Nights.'" And in his 'Essay on Manners': 'Some have been bold enough to aver,' he had said, 'that the whole globe had been burnt. These fancies dishonour physical science; such quackery is unworthy of history.' Thus, even in physics, he went farther than that apostle with whom he sometimes in jest compared himself. Thomas would not believe except what he saw; Voltaire refused to believe what people showed him written on the surface of the earth."

Modern travellers have shown the Chinese, as a body, to possess all the selfish and cruel qualities of heathenism, and to require, as much as any nation under the sun, the quickening influences of the gospel; yet thus, out of hatred to Christianity, could Voltaire see through a distorted medium their condition as a people:—

"No people enjoyed more decided favour with him and his whole school than the Chinese. It is the traveller's privilege, says the proverb, to tell lies. Voltaire did not come from China, but he well knew that his readers would not go there to test his assertions. Did he come to be convicted of falsehood, you will find him do what he always did in such a case—he will tell fresh lies! Too many were interested in believing him, for his assertions not to enter at last, in part at least, into the historical baggage of his age.

"China, according to him, was an admirable country, where, without Christianity, or rather thanks to its absence, there had been all those advances in civilization which are ascribed to it elsewhere, and a great many besides which it is incapable of operating. In China, he represents

\* Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1854.

laws, morals, administration, everything, as wise, and such as may well put Christian governments to the blush. Its religion, pure deism, is what would put an end to all the woes and to all the quarrels of Europe. That religion, moreover—and this is its especial merit—is of such antiquity as to subvert the whole Mosaic chronology, consequently the entire old testament, and along with it the new.

"A droll enough circumstance appears in this picture; it was in the accounts written by the Jesuits that Voltaire went to look for the most of those features; and it must be confessed that the good fathers, with very different views, had made the task sufficiently easy. Alone admitted into the interior of China, they had amplified at pleasure the marvels of a country of which they had conceived they were on the point of making themselves masters; and it was in this instance that Voltaire, the grand sceptic, believed with a desperate docility.

"Thus, he whose jests were inexhaustible on the wealth attributed to Solomon, unhesitatingly gives the emperor of China a revenue of more than four hundred millions sterling, a cavalry of five hundred thousand horses, and, in fine, a total number of from fifty to sixty millions of men capable of bearing arms. Sovereign of the greatest population ever united under one sceptre, this prince, he will have it, reigns not the less as a father, accessible, humane, deeply impressed with the equality of mankind, a philosopher, a sage, a Julian! Voltaire seems not even to suspect it possible that on this throne there may be succession without resemblance. With him the emperor of China is a changeless being, always good and always wise, incapable of being spoilt except by becoming a Christian."

"Confucius and Zoroaster, in fact, always, according to Voltaire, were very different men from Moses and the apostles. Sometimes, indeed, we shall find him calling them quacks. He will even go so far as to say that "one cannot read the abominable trash attributed to Zoroaster without pitying human nature." But let the antichristian question be once started, and those charlatans will be found to have recovered at once their claims to his respect."

"The word of God has intimated that it is one of the properties of the citizen of Zion that in his eyes the wicked is contemned, while he honoureth such as fear the Lord. How lamentably was all this reversed in the case of Voltaire. If there was one character on whose vices history has stamped deep reprobation it is that of Catherine of Russia; the murderer of her husband; the remorseless invader of nations; the Messalina of modern times. Yet to such a one as this could Voltaire bow down and worship.

"What had she done that, on the occasion of her simplest actions, she should be lauded in this tone? One thing only, but that was tantamount to all the virtues—she professed herself an infidel; she had taken under her distant patronage all the men and all the books that battled for infidelity. A stranger, besides, both in her private conduct and in public affairs, to every feeling of virtue and honour, she bore, without remorse, a crown which she had acquired by a crime. 'I admit,' D'Alembert would say, 'that it is not for philosophy to vaunt herself too much of such pupils; but what would you have? One must love his friends with all their faults.' One of these faults was only having murdered her husband.

"The new saint had, therefore, decidedly obtained a place in the antichristian calendar, and Voltaire had assumed the office of her priest. 'It is as with preachers,' Bachaumont writes; 'with him the saint of the day is always the greatest of saints. See him then on his knees before the empress! He goes so far as to tell her, one fine day, that he regrets her having a name to be found in the common calendar. She was not made, he adds, to be named after one of those old saints; and he does not perceive that, in his fervour, he falls into a bloody epigram. Has he any further perception of that which he proceeds to make in calling her the Semiramis of the north, when all the world knows that the Semiramis of antiquity killed her own husband, as Catherine did?'

"Redoubling his protestations of fervent love, he adds: 'I am with idolatry, madam, rather than with profound respect, the priest of your temple.' Does she make war on the Turks—not a paltry village is taken by her troops but he sets himself to sing her praises as the goddess of battles. Dying, he says—he had been dying for seventy years—he leaped out of bed to receive a letter in which she announced to him a victory. He chanted a *Te Deum*, 'or rather a *Te Deam*.' 'This was not,' says he, 'from a fever of the brain, but from a fever of the heart.' But brain or heart, the antichristian is always there. Know you wherefore he rejoices at Catherine's success? Not, you may well believe, that Christ may re-enter Constantinople; but Catherine, victorious on the Bosphorus, will push on, he hopes, to Jerusalem, will recall the Jews, rebuild the ancient temple—and Christ will have lied.

"Here, for the rest, lay the true cause, sometimes veiled, sometimes perfectly patent, of all his joys and all his disappointments. Even were we not saddened as Christians at such fierceness, could we fail to observe what a little, despicable, unphilosophic, and paltry mind it shows? But there will be many future occa-

sions for saying the same thing of him, even where Christianity is not in question."

In perfect harmony with such distorted views of things do we find him depreciating movements like the Reformation, and the noble men who had their share in promoting them.

"Calvin, whom he detests, is wholly comprised in the death of Servetus. Luther, whom he does not detest, yet whom he has no wish to praise, is wholly comprised in the coarse jests with which Bossuet had previously reproached him. Both the grandeur of the part Luther acted and that of the character he bore, entirely escape him. It is the same with respect to Calvin. Evidently he understood nothing of the great movement of the sixteenth century. The men who produced it were no more in his eyes than children fluttering about in a kind of twilight, between the darkness of the past and the gleam of dawn that harbingered the future sun. Calvin was but the clever Picard who cracked the chestnuts after others had taken them out of the fire. Luther was but the Augustinian monk who exclaimed against indulgences because the Dominicans were about to draw all the profits arising from them. Beyond this Voltaire could not go. 'You are not ignorant,' you will find him say, 'that this great revolution in the human mind, and the political system of Europe, commenced with Martin Luther, an Augustinian monk, who was commissioned by his superiors to preach against the wares which they could not sell. In his 'Thoughts on the Public Administration,' he is still more trenchant: 'Had Leo X. given the sale of indulgences to the Augustinian monks, who were in possession of the traffic in those wares, there would have been no Protestants.'"

It would be easy also, from the work now before us, to convict the high-priest of infidelity, of jesting at the horrors of war while breathing pretended philanthropy; of lying unscrupulously when falsehood was needed to serve his purpose; and of a general deficiency in all those qualities which make man truly noble: but time and space would fail. Even at times his own philosophy would seem to have carried with it a doubt of its accuracy, for he could write such lines as these:—

"What fruit from these fine arguments do you expect to draw?  
Your children, will they look on you with greater love and awe?  
Your friends, will they in time of need more helpful be and warm?  
Your wife more faithful? or the man that occupies your farm,  
Do you expect that he his rent will better pay, because He disbelieves in God, and scorns all rule but human laws?"

We call attention to this admission the more

earnestly because infidelity is one of the abounding sins of the day. Let us see also, in conclusion, what comfort such principles as Voltaire's can give in a dying hour.

"On comparing," says his physician Tronchet, "the death of the righteous, which is but the close of a fine day, with that of Voltaire, I would have very sensibly perceived the difference between a fine day and a tempest. .... This man, then, was predestined to die in my hands. I had always spoken the truth to him, and, unhappily for him, I had been the only one that did so. 'Yes, my friend,' he would often say, 'there is none but you that has given me good counsels. Had I followed them, I should not have been in the frightful state I now am in. I should have gone back to Ferney; I should not have intoxicated myself with the smoke, which has turned my head. Yes, I have been swallowing nothing but smoke; you now can do me no good. Send me the physician for the mad: I am mad.' As soon as he saw that all that he had done to augment his strength had only produced the contrary effect, death was ever before his eyes. From that moment frenzy possessed his soul. Recollect the Furies of Orestes: *Iuriis agitatus obiit.* ....

"What a void around that deathbed! What a bitter feeling of solitude and desolation! Not a friend that was not there, far less to soothe his last hour than to see what sort of figure he would make; not one of those peaceful recollections which piously rise to the heart of the righteous friends unseen whose convoy accompanies him, chaste gleams that shed light on his last moments on earth. The man of Ferney died in the whirlwind in which he had lived."

Ah! how different is this from the scriptural promise: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

#### HOW TO ENJOY AN OLD CLOAK.

(From the American Messenger.)

THREE years ago my friends said, "You will have a new cloak this winter; yours is getting quite old-fashioned." Its colour was fresh, the quality good—perhaps it was a little ~~too long~~ or too short, and as all my neighbours were intent upon new cloaks, without much considering, I answered, "Yes, I suppose I must," and put aside fifteen dollars of my small income for this purpose.

Before the time of cloak-making we learned that a poor and pious woman, who, in her old age, had been defrauded of her little patrimony by a wicked son, was now in need of many comforts for the approaching winter, one of which was a new stove, in place of the rickety thing which smoked her kitchen and consumed her

wood without making her comfortable. In spite of all I could do, my old cloak and a new stove began to balance themselves in my mind; and in the end the new cloak was given up and the new stove was bought. The winter set severely in, but having a share in saint Joanna's stock of comforts, I often went to see her. One day lightly opening her door, I heard her supplicating blessings on those who had thought of her and supplied her wants. And how "pleased and blessed was I," when she took a sick neighbour and her child into her warm kitchen, and nursed her through the coldest weather. Did not my old cloak possess a beauty and a warmth of which fashion could never rob it?

Two years ago, "Of course you will have a new cloak, they said, the new patterns are very becoming." "Yes," I answered, "I suppose so." One day on going out to make some choice in the matter, a letter came describing the destitute state of a poor minister's library. Scott's Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Webster's Dictionary, with a few others, made up the scanty catalogue of his books. "Fifteen dollars' worth of books would do an incalculable good to the missionary in the destitute region in which he lives," so the letter ran. Here was a new adversary to the new cloak. As we thought of the crippled means of that man of God and the long winter evenings in that far-off clearing, with books or without them, and of his self-denials for his Master's work, my heart and conscience went for the books. Twenty dollars' worth of good reading for a friend, added to mine, were forwarded to the distant clearing; and in God's good time we heard how they had gladdened and encouraged the minister's heart, how they had passed from house to house and hand to hand, and how they had issued in a great revival of God's glorious work. Did not the colours in the old cloak begin to stand out with a living lustre?

One year ago, and the matter of a new cloak again came up, with all the urgency of an "entire new style." The same preliminaries were gone through, and the cloak was as "good as bought," they said, when the case of a young man struggling with embarrassments in order to qualify himself for the ministry came to our knowledge. It was a little history of unwonted interest, and there was unwanted urgency in the call. Well-nigh overwhelmed by the waves of disappointment and adversity, should not some Christian brother be ready to throw out to him the life-preserver of sympathy, encouragement, and help? In God's name, Yes. The old cloak and I have not yet parted.

Another winter has come. We are still intimate. What may happen to sunder or cement our tie, we cannot tell; but come what will the

dear old cloak has taught me the significant and often-to-be-repeated lesson in the great economy of means, that it is not so much what we *have*, as what we *do*, that is the true riches, the real joy; or, as our heavenly Master has at once disclosed the true idea and the great reward of Christianity, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

### PARENTAL CAUTION.

In no department of mental culture and religious education has a watchful Christian parent more occasion to guard the moral safety and well-being of his children, than in regard to the books which they read. A book is a silent companion. It may be a useful and instructive one. It may impart noble thoughts, and exert a salutary influence upon the mind and heart. It may be a safe and agreeable companion, in which the parent may place implicit confidence. And books, as companions and instructors of youth, may be the reverse of all this. They may be dangerous companions. They may instil a subtle poison into the mind, which shall insensibly corrupt the principles and ruin the soul. There are a multitude of books travelling about now-a-days, seeking to be read by as many as possible of those whose attention they can enlist. Christian parents have therefore abundant need to look out for some of these wanderers, lest their company and influence exert a hurtful and disastrous effect on the minds of their children, if they should chance to make their acquaintance. A watchful father in writing to his motherless daughter, cautions her with regard to books in the following language: "Never allow yourself to read books of an immoral tendency, whatever attractions they may possess from a refined and fascinating style. These literary embellishments can no more disarm false principles of their fatal tendency than poison can lose its virulence by being mingled with honey. Nay, these very attractions give to bad books much of their dangerous influence, for while they recommend them to the attention of the incautious, they too often serve as a channel through which the most deadly impressions are conveyed to the mind."—*Evangelist.*

### MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

"THE spread of Bible truth," observes a correspondent of an American journal, "has been such in Turkey for the last twenty years, that it is impossible for me to believe that God is about to give the work up to the destroyer. A distinguished Christian traveller from England, recently put the question to the American missionaries here, whether the statement made

by Mr. Layard in Parliament, that there are more than forty towns and villages in Turkey in which are Protestant congregations, is strictly true? This led to the writing down of a list of names of places, and the cheering fact was established, that in more than fifty towns and villages in this empire, there are Protestant assemblies for Divine worship on the Lord's-day! The largest of these congregations is that at Aintab, about three days N.E. from Aleppo, where there are more than 700 Protestants, and the smallest may perhaps not number more than three or four souls. But yet, in all these different places, the word of God has entered, and some souls are found who, we may hope, are his spiritual worshippers. And besides these, who have openly avowed themselves Protestants, risking all the consequences, there are known to be thousands among the Armenians, in the capital and throughout the interior of Turkey, who are really Protestant in sentiment, though not yet sufficiently moved by religious truth to impel them to take an open stand for the gospel before the world. Now, may we not reasonably hope that all this preparation is to be followed by a glorious completion? Twenty-five years ago, not a single Protestant could be found among all the natives of this land, and Protestantism was either wholly unknown, or, where known at all, it was considered as synonymous with infidelity and atheism. And, alas! the careless and worldly lives of most of the few foreign Protestants resident here at that time, gave too strong a confirmation to this original Jesuit calumny. In this respect, also, there has been a very pleasing change, and we have now serious minded Christians living here, from England and America, and from various parts of the Continent, letting their light shine on all around. Just look for a moment at the following comparative statistics:—

Number of Protestant clergymen labouring in Constantinople and its suburbs	1830—0
ditto ditto	1854—19
Number of Protestant sermons preached on every sabbath in different languages in ditto	1830—0
ditto ditto	1854—26
Number of Protestant schools in ditto	1830—0
ditto ditto	1854—14

"You will understand that these statistics refer to Constantinople and its immediate environs alone. In the whole Turkish empire, including Constantinople, there are at the present time not fewer than sixty-five Protestant preachers! And I have another pleasing and most encouraging fact to state, which is, that although among these there are representatives of several different branches of the Protestant church, yet so far as I know, without at present a single exception, they are all labouring harmoniously for one and the same great object.

For example, at the metropolis from which I now write, among the nineteen clergymen mentioned, there are Episcopilians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Lutherans, and one Waldensian, and yet but one spirit seems to pervade them all; and they often come together for prayer and conference in regard to the great work in which they are engaged."

### HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELLER, who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller for a time struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, in a worse condition than himself, for he too could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all, for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off; he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their home in safety.

Christian, if you feel your heart cold towards God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life, and make his heart glad, and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore and gladden your own.

# AT HOME.

## Page for the Young.

### 'LUENCE;

#### OR, WHAT A LITTLE CHILD MAY DO.

*ABOUT twenty years ago, the committee of the Bible Society, at the suggestion of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, unanimously resolved to distribute the scriptures among the destitute and poor in the West India Islands. A special fund was raised for this purpose, and public meetings were held in many parts of England and Wales in furtherance of this design. On the morning after one of these meetings, at a town where Dr. Steinkopff was the guest of a friend, one of his little daughters, accompanied by two or three of her younger sisters, presented him with a sealed packet, requesting it might not be opened until he should have left the house, saying, "We hope it may be accepted as a small contribution from four little girls, to assist in the supply of the holy scriptures to the poor children in the West Indies."*

Her parents had left the room, but there was a gentleman present who had breakfasted with them—an intimate friend of the family—who listened to the words of the dear child with marked interest. That gentleman was Dr. Steinkopff's only companion in a long journey, during the rest of the day, and shortly after taking seats in the coach, the seal of the little packet was broken, and to his surprise the doctor found it contained nearly *five pounds*. On his alluding to the scene they had just witnessed, his companion's eyes filled with tears as he said, "Yes, sir, she is indeed an interesting child; but she is much more, for she is a pious Christian." And after a pause, he said, evidently with deep feeling, "To that child, sir, I am indebted for all my happiness upon earth, and all my hopes for eternity." He added, that he had been connected in business with her excellent father, but, unlike him, was not a believer in the truths of the Bible, and had made no secret of his disbelief. On one occasion this dear child, then only nine years old, was present when her father was endeavouring, but in vain, to convince this gentleman of his fatal error. When the painful conversation ended, and her father had left the room, she modestly asked this gentleman as they were walking in the garden, and when no one could overhear them, whether she might ask him a question.

"Certainly," he replied; "any question you please."

"Then," said she, "have you ever read the new testament through, with a desire to understand it?"

"No," he answered, "I never have."

"Oh! I thought so," said she, "for I am sure you would not have spoken of it to my father as you did just now, if you had." And in an earnest manner she added, "Oh! do read it, and do wish to understand."

His concluding words were, "My dear sir, that child's entreaties did far more than any argument had ever done; they led me to the Bible, and the Bible led me to my Saviour."—*Christian Observer.*

**EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.—SAMUEL.**—And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord and also with men. **OBADIAH.**—I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth. **JOSIAH.**—While he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David, his father.

### THE ANGEL-CHILD.

A CHILD sat down at a cottage door,  
*When the sabbath light was nearly o'er;*  
*The eve was fading in the west,*  
And the lengthening shades betokened rest;  
The stars in the sky with glory stood,  
And looked on the child in his thoughtful mood;  
He counted their host as they onward came,  
Till they showed too many to tell their name.

Yet over the heavens his eye would rove,  
And watch, absorbed, the fair worlds above;  
Till his mother spoke with an accent mild,  
"What are you thinking of, my child?"

He started, as if from sleep, and said  
"I am thinking, dear mother"—and turned his head  
"But of what, are you thinking?"—she said again.  
And his bright eyes sparkled like summer rain.  
"An angel," he said, "I wish to be,  
An angel in heaven's eternity."

"But why shouldst thou be an angel, love,  
So far away in the skies above?"

"Oh, mother—is it not heaven up there,  
And do not the holy angels wear  
The garments of love, and life, and bliss,  
Where God with his light and glory is?  
I wish I were good, his love to share,  
I wish he would send and take me there!  
I'd wait on him always, and do his will,  
All free from sorrow, and free from ill."

Then his mother called him to her knee,  
And he leaned and wept on her bosom free,  
And she wept too, and smoothed his hair,  
And kissed his forehead while sitting there.

She told him if he would give his heart,  
And choose, while young, "the better part,"  
That Jesus would pardon his sins, and then  
Take him to heaven to live again;  
Then he would dwell with God, and be  
An angel to all eternity.

He went to his chamber and fell asleep,  
And saw fair angels their vigils keep,  
And heaven—but sickness came about,  
And the light of that mother's heart went out.  
He breathed his last in her arms, and said,  
As he kissed her lips, ere the spirit fled,  
"Mother! I'm going, at last to be,  
An angel in heaven's eternity."

*Youth's Magazine.*

**THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD.**—"How many gods are there?" was a question once put to a little boy. "One," said he. "How do you know that?" inquired his sister. "Because," he replied, "there is not room for any more for he fills everywhere." "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord."

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

## JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

### CHAPTER III.

WEEKS and months crept away, without bringing deliverance to the young Hebrew captive. His days were spent in the enforced companionship of rough, rude men, who either by crime or misfortune had been cast out from the bosom of Egyptian society, and were condemned to the most menial and laborious tasks; and his nights, passed in the close confinement of the prison-house, acquired additional gloom from the mocking memories of a happy past that would oft-times throng his busy heart, the mystery of his present circumstances, and

the clouds that overhung his future. The hopes which for a while he had sanguinely built upon the promised intercessions of the reinstated butler, had long since crumbled away; and notwithstanding the habitual cheerfulness of his piety, and the reverential submission with which he bowed to the will of the God of his fathers, seasons of despondency must sometimes have supervened, when a desolating sense of his lonely and friendless condition would come over his spirit, and give birth to transient feelings of doubt, distrust, and murmuring. How could the favourite and petted son of the good old Jacob recall, without a heavy sigh, the endearments of his early home, the venerable face of

his doting father, or the lovely pastures and verdant slopes of Canaan, over which he had been wont to rove in freedom, and with which all his boyish recollections were bound up? and was he to see these fair sights no more? was he to hearken no more to the wise counsels and divine instructions of his aged sire? Was he to be a perpetual outcast from his brethren—a stranger in a strange land, to the end of his days? Was he to be for ever cut off from the privileges and blessings of his rising race, and become the life-long companion of idolaters? Who can doubt that questionings and thoughts like these forced their way into his disquieted soul during those days of trial and nights of solitude?

But thoughts such as these, if entertained by Joseph, were evil councillors, and false witnesses against Jehovah. Divine Providence had, if we may so express ourselves, need of the young man. But his purposes were not yet ripe; the time was not yet fully come; and Joseph, accordingly, must meanwhile be kept the prisoner of hope. When the hour arrived, the divinely-appointed man, now nearing his thirtieth birthday, was ready to step from his obscurity, and fill the unique and extraordinary post for which the Lord had destined him. How full of instruction and solace are these incidents to all of us, and particularly to young men desirous of usefulness in the church and in society.\* Let us emulate the noble, God-fearing Hebrew in his firmness of principle, steadfastness of faith, and patience of hope; and God will assuredly, at the proper juncture, clear our path, and place us in just that sphere for which he has qualified us. "He that believeth," like the beautiful pattern before us, "shall not make haste."

These few remarks will prepare the reader for the announcement of the next great change in the eventful drama of Joseph's life. The king had a dream. The singular nature, and the still more singular repetition of the dream, impressed and troubled the mind of Pharaoh exceedingly. As usual in cases of perplexity, he had recourse to the wise men and magicians who hung about the court. On this occasion, however, their sagacity ~~was~~ at fault; there were found none who were equal to the task of interpreting the dream. In this emergency, a swift thought, a long-forgotten promise, flashes through the mind of the chief butler, who would seem to have been in close attendance upon the king. This recollection, like a spark of fire falling upon a well-laid train, at once disclosed the Divine arrangements towards his servant. The butler, with self-reproaches for his own ingratitude, recounted to the king the story of the two diverse dreams in the prison-house, and spake of the remarkable young Hebrew who had so

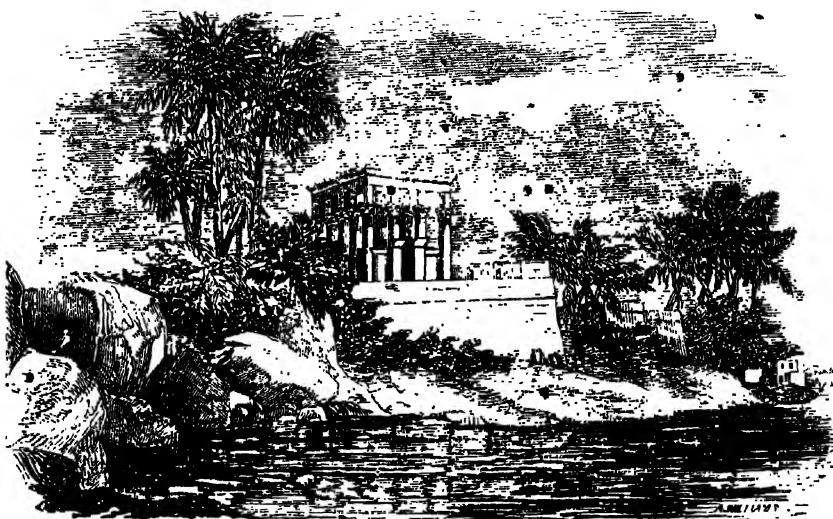
truthfully interpreted them. "Let him be sent for instantly," is the mandate of the anxious monarch. Immediately swift messengers depart from the palace, and ere many hours have elapsed the astonished captive, liberated as by a stroke of magic from his bonds, finds himself amid the dazzling splendours of the Egyptian court, confronted by the monarch of the Nile, and suddenly become the focus of universal interest, and of intense expectation. But the Presence that had gladdened him in the slave-market of Heliopolis, that had fortified him when exposed to the blandishments of the temptress, and that had upheld his spirit beneath the undeserved ignominy of the felon's cell and the culprit's chain, would not be likely to forsake him now. Still was it true of him, that "the Lord was with him;" and copious was the supply of the spirit of wisdom and understanding vouchsafed to him in that critical hour. The result of that royal conference is too well known to need recapitulation here. The remainder of this paper will be chiefly occupied by a few references to passages in the book noticed in the former chapters, illustrative of the functions which Joseph was thus suddenly called upon to discharge, the titles with which he was honoured, and the probable cause of those unexampled phenomena—the seven years of plenty, and the seven years of dearth.

The record of Joseph's elevation will be found in Genesis xli. 41—44. His office is said to have corresponded to the mayor or prefect of the palace of the old French court. Upon the new and purely Egyptian designation which he received from Pharaoh, we have the following illustrative remarks. The title "evidently consists of two words. Similar examples of the names of princes consisting of two words might be cited from the contemporary monuments. The first of these words has not yet been found in the name of any prince of the epoch of Joseph. But if we assume that it must have embodied some allusion to the qualities in Joseph, on account of which it was conferred on him, it presents but little difficulty. It was probably *tseph-nath*—'he who receiveth *Neith*'—that is, the inventrix of the art of weaving, and the goddess of wisdom. With the other name we have still less difficulty. It actually occurs in a tomb at Sacchara, as the name of one of the princes of Userchores, about 150 years before Joseph's time—*pah noech*. Its import also corresponds exactly with the occasion on which it was given. It means, 'he who flees from (avoids) pollution,' especially 'adultery.' So that the first name conferred by Pharaoh upon Joseph, commemorated the divine wisdom to which he owed his exaltation; and the second, his innocence of the crime for which he had so long

suffered imprisonment. It is not easy to conceive of a more perfectly satisfactory identification than this, when we consider that in these times all names, especially new ones, were directly significant allusions to the circumstances to commemorate which they were conferred."

Considerable space is devoted by our learned and ingenious author to an explanation of what he conceives to have been the probable causes of the successive years of plenty and of famine. Whether it may be accepted as a satisfactory solution of that remarkable series of phenomena, must be left to the judgment of the reader: correct or not, however, it is well worthy of thoughtful consideration. "Both the plenty and the famine," he remarks, "would originate in some great and marked disturbance of the course and measure of the annual overflow. No

written on the same rock in the reigns of his two immediate successors. With trifling variations they all give the same height for the overflow, which averages thirty feet above the highest point ever reached by the water in the present day. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson went over the same ground three years afterwards, and pursued the investigation still further. He found above the point in question vast plateaux of Nile mud on both banks, but many miles away from the present course of the river, and as barren as the sand that drifted over them, except when they are cultivated by hand irrigation." These visible proofs of the far greater elevation of the waters in former times, this distinguished explorer traced to a great distance down the Nile. Instead, however, of attributing these phenomena, and the fertility



THE TEMPLE OF PHILOE, ON THE UPPER NILE.

such events have since taken place; and the circumstances are altogether of so extraordinary a character, that we may fairly look for some traces of such a disturbance remaining to this day in a land where nothing alters." It may be safely stated that in Egypt and the adjacent countries, under ordinary circumstances, one natural cause, and one only, could possibly have given rise to either of the visitations in question; and that cause was rain. The abundance of it made the plenty; the want of it made the famine.

"When Lepsius visited the upper portions of the valley of the Nile, in 1843, he found engraven upon a cliff rising perpendicularly from the water's edge, at Samuch, in Upper Nubia, an inscription dated in the 23rd year of Amun-Timaeus, purporting to register the height of the overflow that year. Other registers are also

which must have been their result, to a large fall of rain increasing the overflow of the Nile, the author attributes it also to the gradual bursting of a vast lake, which anciently occupied the region now known as the plains of Darfur. That such an event occurred about the period of Joseph's sway, there is monumental ~~evidence~~ to prove. In the Delta, (that portion of the country nearest to the Mediterranean, of which alone the inspired narrative seems to speak,) where the cultivated surface is bounded on both sides by mere plains of sand, the effect of this assumed disruption would have been, the diffusion of the teeming flood over a surface vastly more extended than in ordinary years. Of this circumstance, the divinely communicated prescience of Joseph would direct him to take the utmost possible advantage. Labourers would be sent everywhere to construct, for these new

lands, sluices of recession and other necessary works for their productiveness, and the corn that was afterwards gathered by handfuls would now be sown by handfuls.



MODE OF EASTERN IRRIGATION.

The author enters into some very ingenious explanations of the mode in which the gradual overflow of the lake would take place, but upon these particulars we need not here dwell. It is sufficient to have noted the curious fact, that the monuments of Egypt are thus in harmony with the divine records, and that they prove that when a period of unusual fertility was to be brought about, an agency equal to the occasion was developed.

Our exhausted space will not allow us to review the process of reasoning by which our author attempts to account for the seven years of famine that ensued, in accordance with the Divine prediction by the lips of Joseph. For this, such of our readers as may desire to pursue the subject further, are referred to the deeply interesting work to which we are already so much indebted.\* We can only remark, in conclusion, that the failure of the usual crops is supposed to have arisen primarily from a greatly deficient fall of rain in the highlands of Ethiopia; while this calamity would be fearfully augmented by the difficulty which the waters would experience in threading the mazy channels now left bare by the previous draining of the vast lake, and in whose sun-cracked and thirsty bed a large portion of the scanty supply would be intercepted and absorbed. This, under the same conditions, would continue to be the case from year to year, until the waters had worn for themselves a new channel to the lower regions of Egypt. Whatever may have been the

immediate causes of this calamitous visitation, however, it was foreseen and mercifully foretold by God, so that by timely economical arrangements its more terrific consequences were averted; while out of this great national disaster, God, in his wonder-working providence, evolved much spiritual good.

### ETERNITY! ETERNITY!

EMPLOY whatever efforts you can to impress upon your mind some notion of eternity, yet none can reach the awful reality. Think of centuries as numerous as the hours since time began. Will this represent eternity? Ah no! eternity is longer. Count ages in number as the moments of those centuries:—eternity is longer. Add to the vast amount other years, as numerous as the drops of morning dew: still eternity is longer. Think of as many ages more as there are grains of dust to form the world:—eternity is longer. Tell all the drops of rain and flakes of snow that have fallen from the creation to this day:—eternity is longer. Add to all these as many centuries more as there are drops to fill the ocean, or sands to form its bed:—eternity is longer. At the end begin again, and multiply the mighty numbers ten thousand times over:—oh, awful thought!—eternity is longer! Not only does it exceed all those ages, which none but God can comprehend, but all these are less, in comparison to eternity, than an atom to the world, a drop to the ocean, or the twinkling of an eye to all these years.

Many are already living in eternity. There live Adam and Noah, and the long-lived patriarchs, who sought a better country. The inhabitants of the old world, who perished in the deluge, and those of Sodom and Gomorrah, are in eternity—wretched spirits in prison. In eternity the pious of many departed ages live and rejoice. Enoch who went to heaven almost five thousand years ago, has ever since been living in eternity. There, too, are the triflers of past ages—the rich, the great, the noble; in their day men of renown; the pleasure-taking, the worldly of every class. The world has long forgotten them; but they are living in eternity. How different are their thoughts about time and eternity—about this world and another, to what they once were! How different ere long will be yours!

Yes! there is another solemn question for every one: “*What will eternity be to me?*” Here the answer turns on what I am—whether a child of God, or a follower of the world; and according to my state will be my future lot—a lot without change, for ever.

To the impenitent and unconverted, eternity

will be one long dark night of unmixed woe. Man is so sinful, that unless renewed by the Holy Spirit, and delivered from sin by the death and righteousness of the Saviour, through faith in him, he cannot enter heaven. The Lord Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Most fearful are these words. The compassionate Saviour represents the future ruin of the impenitent as dreadful beyond all conception. It is outer darkness, unquenchable fire—a furnace of fire. In hell, "their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" and when the wretched victims of sin lift up their eyes, being in torments, tormented in that flame, a great gulf that none can ever pass divides them from hope and happiness.

In the case of the *impenitent*, their wretchedness will be aggravated by the consciousness of the loss incurred. Hopes, privileges, friendships, comforts, pleasures—all have ended—all are lost! The character borne will increase the wretchedness of every lost soul: "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still." Every evil passion and wicked disposition will be matured to dreadful perfection. Hatred to God, and enmity to him, will reign as they reign in Satan now. Think of the wicked, when displaying in malice, revenge, hatred, and cruelty, most of Satan's infernal image. How dreadful would it be to spend an hour in such society! but what will it be to abide in it to all eternity, ever suffering, yet never hoping for an end to misery? A speedy end comes to all the pleasures of impenitent sinners in this world—a last delight; a last laugh; but in eternity no end to their sorrows; no last pang, no last sigh, no last wail of woe, no last shriek of despair.

But the subject furnishes a very opposite view. What is eternity to the *righteous*; to those who are justified and accepted through the blood and righteousness of Christ? One long and ceaseless day of brightness without a cloud, of joy without a pain, of triumph without a fear, of holiness without a blemish. "Jesus said, In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also." "The righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." "God himself shall be with them, and be their God: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." Joy will flow from a thousand springs; joy from boundless good pos-

sessed. Joy will flow from the character borne of perfect holiness and loveliness—and all for ever! Joy from the happy company with which they mingle, and all will be perfected by the presence of their God and Saviour: "In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." For evermore! Delightful thought!—all for ever! Time brought an end to their sorrows; eternity brings none to their joys. There was a last sigh, a last groan, a last pang, a last tear; but there will be no last rapture, no last song of praise.

There is but one way to secure this eternal salvation. Acceptance in Christ, and pardon through his blood, secures safety to the soul; and none are safe but those who listen to his invitation, and whose all is committed to his care. Flee to him, believe in him, trust and love him, and be blessed to eternity.

#### THE NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE, I walk'd the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand,  
I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year, the day,  
As onward from the spot I pass'd,  
One ling'ring look I fondly cast,  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to be no more:  
Of me—my day—the name I bore  
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in His hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name:  
Of all this mortal part has wrought—  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame.

#### THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

A FEW years ago it was our happiness to travel down to Cambridge with an eminent medical missionary from China. We are reminded of our conversation with him on reading the following communication from the "Chinese Repository," a magazine published in Canton. How affectingly does it pourtray the miseries of heathenism, and how vividly are we reminded of him who not only did good to the souls of men, but ministered also to the relief of their bodily necessities. In the East hospitals for *animals* were long known, but it has been reserved for

the gospel to introduce them for the benefit of man. A lesson at the same time, we may add, is here taught to the drunkard in the description of the cure of those who have been enslaved to the vice of opium eating.

"The most interesting part of my labours in a moral, if not professional, point of view," writes the missionary, "has been the treatment of opium patients, several hundreds of whom are living witnesses to the success of the means employed for their relief. Success has been mainly owing to the stringent conditions with which they are compelled to comply in order to their reception as patients. Only the most resolute, or those who, impoverished by the expensive vice, are outcasts, and destitute alike of means of procuring the drug, and even the necessaries of life—persons who have no other resource, and to whom existence is a burthen—are found willing to submit to the ordeal. The agony of the poor creatures at first is indescribable; yet animated by hope on one side, and terrified at the prospect of an early and miserable death on the other, a majority of them endure it all, until a natural appetite for wholesome nourishment is excited, when they may be considered safe.

"The desolating curse of intemperance in western lands has been stayed through the agency of temperance societies; but were such means in accordance with the spirit of the Chinese government they would prove of no avail. There is wanting that nice moral sense in public opinion, which renders the violation of a pledge dishonourable; nor does there exist in China that public spirit, leading to sacrifice and self-denial for a principle, which is the mainspring and support of that movement. The philanthropist, who desires the melioration of this large portion of the human family, can confide only in the divinely appointed remedy revealed in the gospel; hence, our hopes are fixed upon the successful prosecution of the missionary enterprise, which is the only effectual antidote to the bane, and which of itself can improve their moral and physical condition. Subordinate to this grand design are the labours of the medical missionary.

"I have made repeated efforts to be allowed to prescribe regularly for the inmates of the Ningpo prison, but the authorities have uniformly shown themselves unfavourable to the design, and I have obtained access only under peculiar circumstances. On the last occasion I attended at the request of the district magistrate to see a Fukien pirate, who had been wounded in the action in which he was captured. His capture, and that of his comrades, had been reported at the provincial capital, where they were to be sent for decapitation. My patient had a compound fracture of the knee-joint and

lower half of the thigh, in which some of the balls were still lodged. The officers imagined that the removal of the balls, and the application of foreign medicines, would fit the prisoner for his fatal journey; removal in his present state they found impracticable. More than two weeks had elapsed since the injury, and the limb, in a sad state of putrefaction, presented such a hideous spectacle, that no one would undertake to cage him; or if once thrust within the small cage in which culprits are carried, none could be found to bear such a burden; no policeman would attend him, nor would any boatman receive such a passenger. The poor creature lay under a shed on the damp ground, a few wisps of straw had been placed under him when first brought in, and these were decomposing from the quantity of matter with which they were saturated. He was even unable to turn himself from side to side; no one approached him, his wound had never been washed or covered, and the miserable fare of the prison was shoved within his reach. When I had myself washed the man, and dressed his wound, a prisoner was sent to aid me in placing him in a comfortable position. Amputation of the thigh at the upper third was evidently called for, but I did not think him a legitimate subject for the surgeon's art; his knife would be debased were it employed to render facile the axe of the executioner. The authorities were therefore informed, that immediate amputation would afford the prisoner a chance for his life, and that I would gladly perform the amputation, provided, that in the event of his surviving the operation, he should be set at liberty; otherwise, I could do nothing. The reply was that my 'proposition should be considered,' a mere polite refusal. The culprit had doubtless justly incurred the extreme penalty of the law; but the ends of justice would have been better answered by his life than by his death. Some of the police called on me a week afterwards, making a sort of complaint of my prognosis: 'You said the fellow would die in four or five days, and he is still alive!' I succeeded in convincing them, that I could not have been far out in my reckoning, and they went away satisfied. The poor man lingered several days longer. His companions in crime, several in number, were soon after beheaded at Hangchau. No pen is adequate to describe accurately the horrors of a Chinese prison. Suffice it to say that they would surprise and shock even those who are best acquainted with the sordid and cruel character of this 'people. Truly, in China a prison is a mine of wretchedness and woe, 'sister to the tomb.'

Surely statements like these should stimulate us to send the gospel with its humanizing influences, and should lead us to value and prize

the blessings which we so lavishly enjoy in our own land.

## OUR ENGLISH SAILORS.

### AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY MAY BE.

At a time when the public attention is drawn so much towards our navy, a little work\* from the pen of Rear-admiral Sir William E. Parry has just appeared, which well deserves a wide circulation amongst all classes of sailors. As the governor of Greenwich Hospital, and the explorer of the arctic regions, the writer has eminent claims to speak with authority, and most interesting are his statements, which serve to elucidate, in the strongest manner, the value of piety to seamen, and the compatibility of godliness with efficiency in nautical duties. Happily this is no new thing, as the names of admirals Gambier, Brenton, and others will prove. All fresh testimonies to such a truth are, however, delightful to meet with.

Sir Edward thus graphically and most accurately paints the character of our English seamen, at the beginning of this century, when their best interests were so deplorably neglected:—

“If, in the year 1803, you beheld the British seaman close-reefing the maintopsail in a severe gale, or furling it in a hurricane, constructing a raft from a hopeless wreck in the midst of the most fearful breakers, fighting at his gun against the deadliest odds, or dashing in a slender six-oared gig to board an enemy’s vessel, you saw, indeed, a specimen of dogged perseverance, of daring intrepidity, of cool unflinching determination, such as, I believe, the world could scarcely equal, certainly such as nothing could excel.

“But behold him apart from any of these trying duties—the gale abated, the enterprise achieved, the battle won—behold him returned into harbour, landing at some sea-port, his hard-earned wages in his pocket, and the man left to his own devices—and truth compels me to say that, under these circumstances, there was little in him left to admire or imitate—almost everything, alas! to deprecate and deplore. The reckless folly, the more than childish extravagance, of lighting his pipe with one-pound notes, or forcing a handful of silver into the hand of the first beggar he met on the beach, might well excite a smile upon the gravest countenance. But reckless folly and childish extravagance were not the most deplorable delinquencies with which the seaman on shore might be charged.

A slave to drunkenness, and every other sensual passion which tends to degrade and defile the body and to destroy the soul; rushing headlong into the wildest excesses; abandoning himself to the indulgence of every sin; he became an easy prey to the vilest of both sexes, who are always lying in wait to pounce upon the warm-hearted but unguarded sailor.”

After detailing the various institutions that have been formed for the seaman’s benefit, Sir Edward thus ably combats the notion that seamen are spoiled for their duties by becoming truly religious:—

“In fact, the real truth lies all the other way. I will venture to assert that there is no honest calling, no lawful situation in life, to the duties of which the religion of Christ is not a help, instead of a hindrance. And I now desire to testify most unequivocally, from my own experience, that this is especially the case with respect to the business and duties of a British sailor. It happened that, among the documents I consulted when preparing this lecture, and which were furnished to me by the kindness of friends, was a report of a speech of my own at a meeting of the Naval and Military Bible Society, just after I had engaged in one of the Arctic expeditions upon that enterprise which, as you know, has recently been completed by Captain Maclure and his gallant companions. On that occasion, I find that these were my words:—‘I have lately had the honour, and I may truly say the happiness, of commanding British seamen under circumstances requiring the utmost activity, implicit and immediate obedience, and the most rigid attention to discipline and good order; and I am sure that the maintenance of all these among us was, in a great measure, owing to the blessing of God upon our humble endeavours to improve the religious and moral character of our men. In the schools established on board our ships during the winter, religion was made the primary object; and the result was every way gratifying and satisfactory. It has convinced me that true religion is so far from being a hindrance to the arduous duties of that station in which it has pleased Providence to cast the seaman’s lot, that, on the contrary, it will always incite him to their performance from the highest and most powerful motives. And I will venture to predict that, in proportion as this spring of action is more and more introduced among our sailors, they will become such as every Englishman would wish to see them. To this fact, at least, I can, on a small scale, bear the most decided testimony, (and the friends of religion will feel a pleasure in having the fact announced,) that the very best seamen on board the ‘Hecla’—such, I mean, as were always called upon in any cases of extraordinary

\* “A Lecture on the Character, Condition, and Responsibilities of British Seamen,” by Rear-Admiral Sir William Edward Parry. London: Harrison & Sons.

emergency—were, without exception, those who had thought the most seriously on religious subjects; and that, if a still more scrupulous selection were to be made out of that number, the choice would fall, without hesitation, on two or three individuals possessing dispositions and sentiments eminently Christian."

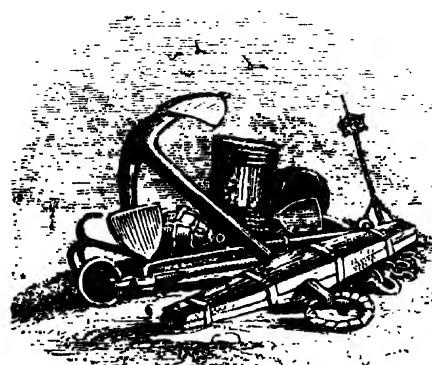
But it is not only by statements like these, important as they are, that Admiral Parry supports his assertions. He also corroborates them by the following truly pleasing biographical illustration:—

"And now, as I stand before you this evening, after an interval of more than thirty years, I desire deliberately to set my seal to the same truth. I could name several instances of it; but I can only detain you with one. John Gordon was a seaman, who, in the year 1819, joined the Polar expedition under my command, from one of the whaling ships in Baffin's Bay. He was a native of Orkney, a tall, well-built, athletic man, near six feet high, and an active and competent seaman; but he was a careless swearing fellow, and though by no means a drunkard, yet, like too many other sailors, thought it no harm to commit excesses in that way. The winter came, and we were frozen up in the ice in Melville Island—about 100 miles from the place where (as you may have lately heard) Captain Maclure, in the 'Investigator,' is now locked up in the Bay of Mercy, having penetrated to that point from the opposite direction by way of Behring's Strait. We established an evening school for reading and writing, under the zealous superintendence of my dear and valued friend, Mr. William Hooper, long since gone to his rest; and many of our men derived great advantage from it. Among these was John Gordon, who learned to read that winter, and especially to read the Bible. And from the time that he began to do this, in earnest, and with a sincere desire to profit by it, he became an altered character: an oath never escaped his lips, and before that voyage concluded, he was a sober, serious, earnest Christian, and an example to all around him of what a Christian ought to be; zealous *now*, as he had never been before, for ~~the~~ honour of his God, and more than ever zealous in the performance of his duties to man.

"I have his fine, tall, powerful figure now before me, stalking across the ice when it was breaking up with violence almost under his feet, with the end of a six-inch hawser over one shoulder, and an axe on the other to make a hole in the ice for an anchor to secure the ship from danger, often requiring unusual activity and nerve; for in such cases, John Gordon was the man always called for, and the man always at hand. The year after our return to England, a fresh Arctic expedition was fitted out under

my command; and, to my great satisfaction, one of the first men who presented themselves to accompany me, was John Gordon, to whom I gladly gave one of the best petty officers' ratings. And I reckoned greatly on the example such a man would set to all my crew. But God, in his mysterious providence, had ordered it otherwise. When the ship had dropped down to Gravesend, Gordon was sent in a boat one morning to lay out a kedge-anchor. In throwing the anchor out of the boat, one of the flukes caught the gunwale, bringing it to the water's edge. The tide running very strong, Gordon saw that the boat must be swamped and the crew greatly endangered, if the anchor was not instantly released. He flew from the stern-sheets past the other men, and by the utmost effort of his own muscular power lifted the anchor clear, just in time to save the boat. But, in so doing, he neglected his own personal safety. As the anchor ran down, the bight of the hawser got round his body, and dragged him out of the boat—and we have never seen John Gordon from that moment to this! I cannot describe the sensation this melancholy catastrophe occasioned in the ship, for Gordon was respected and beloved by all. For my own part, I can never think of that Christian seaman without feelings of sincere affection, and his memory will be dear to me as long as I live. But the loss was only ours—not his. Gordon loved, and read, and prayed over his Bible, and so sure as that Bible is true, he is now safely moored in that haven, where there are no storms to agitate, no waves to roll, but all is rest, and peace, and joy for ever and ever! Can it be necessary for me to add that if I commanded a ship again, it would be my pleasure to have her *mannd with John Gordons!*"

We beg to give the work our hearty commendation, as admirably adapted for distribution at our sea-port towns. It is pleasing to reflect that such an institution as Greenwich Hospital is presided over by such a man.





## THE CLAIMS OF THE SABBATH UPON MERCHANTS.\*

### I. WHAT COULD THEY DO WITHOUT IT?

A FEW days since, stopping into one of our great commercial houses, the floor of which was covered with boxes of merchandise awaiting transportation, I said to one of the clerks, calling him by name, "What would you young men do without a Sunday?" "What would we do?" he replied, "we could not do at all."

It would be impossible for us to get on without Sunday in the other portions of the year; and not to have it at this season, would break us right up at once. It is indispensable to us," he added, "for physical rest, and a great deal more so that our minds may get repose from this care and anxiety which are so crushing to us." His appearance gave emphasis to every word he uttered. I had seen him at the commencement of "the season," and marked his fine, bright countenance, and his elastic step. Again, in the interval I had seen him, and heard him say, on a Saturday afternoon, "I have not been in my bed until one or two o'clock, a single night this week." And now his cheek was blanched, he had become very thin, and his whole aspect and gait were stamped with lassitude and exhaustion. I have cited him as a witness on this subject, because while he is a very estimable young man, and a most faithful and efficient clerk, he is not, I believe, a professor of religion: and with a certain class of persons, this circumstance may impart additional weight to his testimony. But, in truth, it would not be requisite to select witnesses in order to establish the necessity of a weekly rest. You would be safe in going at random into any of our counting-houses, or in polling the entire mercantile community on this question: there could be but one response to the question, "Is Sunday essential to the proper prosecution of commercial business?" This, however, is but a partial statement of the truth. The sabbath is not essential to the merchant only, but to men of every occupation, and of all climes and kindreds. This is the teaching alike of the Bible, of science, and of experience.

### II. THE SABBATH IS THE PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

It is scarcely a figure to characterize it as the palladium of our liberties. The historical fact is of pregnant import, that despots, whether political or sacerdotal, have always been hostile to the evangelical sabbath. It was in logical harmony with the whole genius of the Stuart dynasty, that James I, and after him Charles I, should attempt to break down the sabbath by imposing the "Book of Sports" upon the British people. It is in keeping with the spirit which controls, and has always controlled, the European despotisms, that they should encourage their subjects to turn the sabbath into a day of amusement. A nation that toils for six days and frolics the seventh, is about as fit material for a tyrant as could be desired. But a tyrant could do nothing with a people who had free access to the bible, and assembled every Sunday in their sanctuaries to listen to the faithful preaching of the gospel. Such a people would have too much intelligence to wear the yoke of an oppressor. They would understand their rights and have the courage to assert them. Neither crown nor mitre could terrify them into a servile submission to wrong, nor put off their demands for their proper franchises with a sop of beggarly amusements. This is but too well understood in the countries referred to. In Spain, in Austria, in France, in Italy, the grand policy of the reigning authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, is to keep the people in ignorance of the bible; to deny them all instructive preaching, prevent even the private study of the scriptures, and make the sabbath (after the morning service!) a scene of mirth and dissipation. If we are to preserve and transmit to other times, a government the reverse of all these—a government, free, just, enlightened, beneficent in all its tendencies, and supported, not by the bayonets of a standing army, native or foreign, but by the generous affections of its citizens, we must reverse the means and implements of their policy, and secure to our entire population an OPEN BIBLE and a SCRIPTURAL SABBATH.

### III. ITS REPOSE IS NECESSARY TO THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE MIND.

Repose is as essential to the mind as to the body. A British writer has observed, "We never knew a man work seven days in a week, who did not kill himself or kill his mind." The records of our insane asylums will supply painful confirmation of this remark. Scores of mer-

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\* From "The Bible in the Counting-house," Bosworth, London—a work which we again take the opportunity of cordially recommending to our readers.

chants have paid, in these institutions, the penalty of a devotion to business which robbed them of their weekly rest. The brain will not bear the continued tension of the counting-house, the feverish excitement of an insatiate craving after wealth. It gets dizzy with looking for ever at figures and calculations, flitting from one speculation to another, counting its losses, anticipating its gains, contriving new schemes, plotting and counter-plotting against competitors, all its energies on the stretch, all its time swallowed up, its whole being concentrated in the one inexorable passion of accumulation;—how is it possible that the brain *should* stand all this? “I should have been a dead man,” said a distinguished financier and capitalist, referring to the memorable epoch of ‘37, “had it not been for the sabbath. Obliged to work from morning to night through the whole week, I felt on Saturday, especially on Saturday afternoon, as if I *must* have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all, and kept the sabbath in the good old way. On Monday it was all sunshine. But had it not been for the sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in my grave.” There was sound philosophy as well as piety in his course. Some men would have said he “lost a day” every week by it. He knew that a *clear head* for six days would be of more value to him than an additional twenty-four hours with an overtired and distracted brain; and he took the only way to secure it.

#### IV. IT COUNTERACTS THE FORMATION OF A WORLDLY SPIRIT.

A well-spent sabbath does much more for the mind than secure to it needful rest and refreshment. It helps to counteract that cramping and mercenary tendency so often alluded to, as incident to a life of trafficking. A simple change of scene or occupation is useful to all the powers. Our perceptive and reasoning faculties, if kept to a monotonous routine of subjects, lose either their vigour or their symmetry. You can well understand what sort of a mind a boy would have, who should study nothing but arithmetic, or nothing but orthography, from one year’s end to another. And the case must be still worse with an individual whose whole time and thoughts are absorbed from new year’s-day to Christmas in buying and selling. Every merchant knows the relief derived from a summer’s excursion into the country or to the sea-shore. You return from these rambles not simply with improved health, but with a sensible increase of mental activity and energy. Fresh air and exercise have done their share of this; but they have not one it all. Instead of looking for ever at ledgers, and counters, and shelves of ginghams and calicoes, and packing-boxes, and drays, you

have been looking upon the green fields, and the ocean, and the starry firmament. The secret of this is, that you have thrown off for a while the drag-chain of business, and given mind and body a holiday. Your established trains of thought have been broken in upon. Goods and customers and discounts and bills payable, and the other common-places which constitute your daily intellectual rations during so large a portion of the year, have been replaced, for the time, with condiments of a very different character. And you have returned to your counting-houses, with broader views of life and a juster consciousness of your powers, than you had before you took this vacation.

Let this illustrate what the SABBATH will do for you—what it actually is doing for all who keep it properly. One of its most obvious and uniform effects, is to enlarge one’s horizon. As you sit from day to day in your counting-houses, or make your diurnal visit to the Exchange, or lose yourselves in abstruse calculations, or hurry through one transaction after another with your customers and agents, you are very apt to suppose that what you see and hear and feel around you, is *the world*; that this great domain of commerce (“great,” as you view it) comprises the centre and circumference of your being; and that, so matters prosper here, you need not concern yourselves about objects and interests which “lie beyond.” The day of rest dispels this illusion. It takes you to an eminence which shows you how insignificant a portion of “the world” the realm of merchandize is, and how fatally you wrong your own intellectual nature, by shutting it up among the ships and spindles of commerce. Not only does it suspend the current of secular thought and feeling which is wearing such deep and jagged channels into your moral being through the week, but the themes it offers to your contemplation are the noblest to which the human mind can be directed. “The instruction dispensed on this day”—I use the eloquent language of a working man—“is of a character calculated to expand, refine, and sublimate the mind. It embraces a boundless range of topics, from the simplest elements of knowledge appreciable by the dullest intellect, to the most recondite mysteries that baffle the highest reason. It unseals the fountain-head of truth in the nature of God. It unlocks the treasures of divine philosophy in creation, in providence, and in redemption. It impresses into its sacred service whatever is beautiful in nature, grand in science, and instructive in art; whatever is pure in ethics, lovely in virtue, and sublime in revelation; whatever is monitorial in the past, perilous in the present, and inspiriting in the future. It leads the mind backward to the ages before the flood,

to the paradisaical state of man, to the origin of the universe, and thence to the vast solitudes of a past eternity ; or it urges the shrinking spirit forwards through the valley of the shadow of death—through the dark and populous empire of the grave—into the august presence of the Judge of all the earth—to the home of the beatified—to the pandemonium of the wicked—and outwards into the immensities of the everlasting future ? It addresses itself to all the faculties and passions of the soul ; it illuminates the understanding, softens the judgment, thrills the heart, softens the feelings, energises the conscience, and sanctifies the deepest affections of our mysterious nature.”

#### V. THE SABBATH SHOULD BE PRIZED.

So munificent a gift should be faithfully applied to its prescribed objects. To pervert or neglect it, is to superind the guilt of a base ingratitude to the criminality of a most perilous neglect of your own souls. It places you in the midst of your households, and, while it enkindles your mutual affection, revives the impression of your responsibility as well for their spiritual as their secular training. It admonishes you of your stewardship, and shows you whose hand it is that has prospered you, and to what uses it behoves you to appropriate your wealth. It deadens your grovelling attachments, refines and elevates your feelings, brings you into fellowship with the wisest and best of the race, and makes you “co-workers with God” himself in saving and blessing a lost world. All this the sabbath does for every one who remembers it “to keep it holy.”

#### THE MONK AND HIS MISSAL.

IT was at a book-stall in the city, that, one morning, in turning over some ancient, much-worn, black-lettered volumes, I took up one consisting of olden legends. Some of the tales therein were heated rhapsodies of wild fanatics, and some were silly, even to the weak simplicity of childhood—a reproach to those who penned them ; but one there was of so strange a character, that it for a time spelled me to the spot, even as a bird that lights upon a limed twig. For some time I pored with eagerness on its soiled and time-stained pages, and then putting down the price that was marked upon its leathern cover, hurried homeward with my purchase.\*

On arriving at my abode, I was soon busy with my book, which contained a number of narratives. The one I began to read was called “The Monk and his Missal ;” and, here and there, the pen of some thoughtful reader had

interlined it with remarks, sometimes between the printed lines, and sometimes on the margin of the pages. The narrative itself, a little modernized, runs thus :—

It is the hour of midnight, and dark rises the abbey walls against the starless sky. The frowning roofs and flying buttresses spread far and wide, and pillar, niche, and arch, and sculptured effigy are lost, or but dimly seen amid the gloom. Regarded in the dubious darkness, the building has no beauty, presenting to the eye a heavy and shapeless mass.

A lamp is dimly burning in a solitary cell, where, habited in gown of grey, a monk is seated, with his sunken eyes intently fixed upon an olden book. Pale is the face of the silent man, and spare his form. Now he reads the volume as it lies before him, and now he takes it up in his bony fingers. There is an earnestness in his mien, and a fitful wandering in his glance, that speaks rather of excited imagination than of sober judgment. Even seen by the subdued light that shines upon it, that missal is a goodly book to gaze on, and the winged angels, and holy emblems, and blazonry of crowned kings and croziered saints, that cluster its gilded pages, are fair to see. The pale-faced monk regards it as a holy thing, and as the flame of the lamp sparkles on its silver clasps, he raises it up and presses it to his bosom.

Above his pallet bed there is a cross suspended from the wall. That cross is painted with the ruddy currents of his veins. Often has he bowed low before it, with rosary in his hand, bidding his beads, and often has he pressed it with fervent emotion to his lips ; but now the book before him has all his attention. Not only is it a mass-book, but it contains the passion of the heavenly king, the lives of saints, and many a legend, marvellous and strange. Is it the history he is reading that moves him, or some inward emotion that he cannot restrain ? Suddenly his book closes, and he prostrates himself before the cross.

(Here, on the yellow margin of my dog's-eared book is written, in small but legible characters, the following comment :—“ Mistaken monk ! Thou bowest down in reverence to the shadow, neglecting the substance ; thou salutest the cross, and forgettest the example of him who hung upon it. Did he waste the golden sands of life in pondering pictured missals in solitary cells—in languidly attending matin and vesper prayers—in idly bidding beads, endlessly repeating Paternosters and Ave Marias ? Not only had he a lip for prayer and praise, but a heart and hand for deeds of love and kindness. His was a life of holy action. He went about doing good to the bodies and the souls of men. His religion was

love, and thine is austerity." The narrative was thus continued).

It is the noon of day, and a flood of light is pouring in through the abbey's painted windows, and the tinctured panes have flung their coloured hues upon the stony floor, vivid yellow, ardent blue, and intense crimson; and the tomb of the knightly founder of the abbey is gilt with a golden beam. The nave is vast. How aspiringly the clustered pillars run up to the lofty roof, and how the arches and gloomy galleries rise one above another! The abbey has many shrines, and one to St. Cuthbert is among the number. Father Philip is on his way there, followed by the pale-faced monk, carrying his missal.

("Why go to St. Cuthbert?" here asks the writing on the margin. "Offer unto God thanks-giving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.")

The day has passed, and the pale-faced monk is standing in the cemetery, with the bald-headed sacristan, whose ready spade is filling up a grave; the dust of sister Agnes lies below. There has been a long procession of white robes and cowls, with solemn chant and litany. Sad sight it was to see the shrouded train come pouring through the portal, bearing the dead, and fear and awe were mingled with devotion as the united sisterhood sang the requiem of the departed. The moon is coldly lighting up the nameless graves, and the sacristan and pale-faced monk are talking of purgatory, and of the power of masses to shorten the pains of the departed. The sacristan has earthed up many, but his turn will come. How bright are the moonbeams; how deep are the shadows; and how shrill the night wind whistles round the abbey walls!

(The following remark is here made with the pen. "A fearful thing it is to believe in what is not true, and to trust to that which is sure to deceive us. Penance and purgatory are soul-deceiving delusions. If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.")

It is the silver chime of the matin bell, and in the grey and misty morning of the opening day, the monks and sisters are hurrying off to prayers. As yet the east is only streaked with ruddy light, and all is cold and cheerless; but there they go from many a lonely cell, through many a winding avenue of damp and darkness. The pale-faced monk, bearing as ever his missal in his hand, is there among them. Aves and Paternosters now are rising. The tread of the brotherhood has deeply worn away the pavement of the adjoining cloister, and often have its carved roof and dreary walls given back

the sound, "Regina Coeli Sancta Mater!" Many a fancied vision has been seen by the pale-faced monk, both when the sun was flaming in his setting robes, and when the moon was silvering the convent wall—visions that have heated his brain, and made him fanciful.

("Monk! fling away thy missal," says the writer on the printed pages, "and worship thy heavenly Father in simplicity. Read his holy word, and learn his holy will? The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.")

The pale-faced monk is seated in his cell; his lamp is burning, and his missal is before him. It is a season of fasting and mortification. And now he has risen from his knees, and beside him stand Ambrose and Simon, two younger brethren of the cowl fraternity. He reads to them from his missal, and ever as he turns the page, some quaint device of flowers symbolical, or mitred bishop, or figured scroll of gold and vivid colours, is revealed. Simon and Ambrose listen with marked attention. He reads of St. Antony, the patriarch of monks, and of all his conflicts with the evil one; how he got into a tomb, shutting down the top where evil spirits "transformed themselves into the shapes of all sorts of beasts, lions, bears, leopards, bulls, serpents, asps, scorpions, and wolves, every one of which moved and acted agreeably to the creatures which they represented, the lion roaring, and seeming to make towards him, the bull to but, the serpent to creep, and the wolf to run at him, and so, in short, all the rest, so that Anthony was tortured and mangled by them so grievously, that his bodily pain was greater than before."

("And are such idle tales as these," asks the interloper of the book, "to be palmed on reasonable creatures, and to become objects of their belief?")

He reads of St. Benedict, and of the legends that bore testimony to his sanctity; how he left Rome when he was at school, and was soon after found by some shepherd near his cave, who "took him for a wild beast, for he was clad with the skins of beasts, and they imagined no human creature could live among those rocks;" how he rolled himself up in briars and nettles; how he became an abbot, and built twelve monasteries; how he made an iron hedging bill, which had fallen into the water, rise up to the surface to a wooden handle held out to it; and how, in a scarcity, two hundred bushels of meal were brought by miracle into his monastery; and how an empty tun was filled with oil by his prayers.

Here Ambrose and Simon crossed themselves with emotion.

He reads the wild tale of St. Denis, the

patron saint of France, who, when he was beheaded, picked up his head, says the legend, and walked away with it. Then came the history of St. Francis, relating how he and two others built themselves three cells, and established the order of friar Minims, or the least of the friars; how he held burning coals in his hand without being burnt, entered into a burning oven without harm, and made a sea voyage on his own cloak with a companion, instead of going on board a ship.

(“Great must be the mischief,” says the writing on one side of the page, “done by these fabulous relations. If we could believe them, unsupported as they are by evidence, what is there that we might not believe?”)

He reads to them next of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of the Jesuits; how one night, while he was praying, a great noise shook the chamber, and broke the windows, when the Virgin Mary appeared to him; how he went a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in a cassock of coarse canvass, a pair of country buskins, with a bottle and a pilgrim’s staff; and how he possessed the gift of prophecy, and the power of working miracles. “Water, wherein, after his death, a bit of a bone of Ignatius had been dipped, cured the sick at the hospital of Burgos.”

Again Simon and Ambrose, much impressed with what they hear, make the sign of the cross.

He reads of St. Vitus, who was beheaded with some of his companions. The heads of the martyrs were enclosed in a church wall and forgotten; but when the church was repaired, and the heads found, the church bells began to ring of their own accord. Then he reads of St. Swithin, who blessed a number of broken eggs, and made them whole, and did many other wonderful things. He desired that his body might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel. This was done, and when the monks would afterwards have removed it, it rained so hard for forty days that they could not.

Again the monk turns over the painted pages of his missal, and reads of St. Bridget, whose call the wild ducks obeyed, whether on the wing or in the waters. Of St. Catherine, who whipped herself by way of penance when only seven years old. Of Simon Stylites, who lived on a pillar, six cubits high, four years; on a second pillar, twelve cubits high, three years; on a third, twenty-two cubits high, ten years; and on a fourth, forty cubits, or sixty feet high, the last twenty years of his life. And of the seven sleepers, who after sleeping in a cave two hundred and twenty-nine years, awoke and saluted each other, supposing “veryley that they had slepte but one nyght only.”

As the monk reads on, the missal falls from his hand.

(“When will the time arrive,” asks the penman, “when these foolish fables will be set aside by those who now believe them, and be read only as the dreams of the designing and the credulous? When will a healthy piety, and a love of truth, take possession of every heart?”

“Fain would I hope,” concludes the writer, that the dropping of his missal, on the part of the pale-faced monk, presaged his ultimate abandonment of the delusions it contained. Fain would I believe that he was afterwards led to give up rhapsodies for realities, and his missal for the holy scriptures, regarding the sacred volume, not as ‘the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God.’”)

#### THE DEATH-BED OF DR. NETTLETON.\*

The life of the above remarkable man has recently appeared, remodelled from the American edition of it by the Rev. Andrew Bonar, of Collace. Nettleton was an American divine of modern times. His labours appear to have been very largely accompanied by the divine blessing, as may be gathered from the fact stated by his biographer, that *no less than thirty thousand souls (as it has been estimated) were awakened under his ministry.* The volume deserves the especial attention of clergymen of all evangelical denominations. In our last number we stood, as it were, by the death-bed of Voltaire, and it will be no unprofitable occupation for us to contrast that melancholy scene with the peaceful departure of this man of God.

“The sickness of Dr. Nettleton in 1822 gave a shock to his constitution from which he never recovered. For a considerable part of the time during the remainder of his life he was exceedingly feeble, and at no time was he able to engage in arduous labour. Still he was not entirely laid aside. He preached in many places, and in some with great success. Finding the climate of New England too severe for his enfeebled constitution during the winter months, he usually, for a number of years, spent them in the south; and by great care in avoiding excitement and excessive fatigue, he was able to enjoy a comfortable degree of health for most of the time until the summer of 1841. After undergoing some severe operations he continued in a feeble state until the 16th of May, 1844, when the powers of nature failed, and he resigned his spirit into the hand of God who gave it.

“During his protracted and severe sufferings,

\* “Nettleton and his Labours.” Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, George Street. 1854.

his piety was subjected to a new test. We have seen its efficacy in prompting him, while in health, to the most arduous and unremitting labours in the cause of Christ; and it was no less efficacious in sustaining him in the day of trial. For many months together, his bodily pain was almost without intermission, and exceedingly great; at times, indeed, excruciating. But he was strengthened to endure it with patience and resignation. During the whole of his sickness he was never heard to utter a murmuring word. He was often heard to say, 'My sufferings are great, but they are nothing in comparison with what I deserve.' A large part of the time during his sickness, his mind was vigorous and active. He read many books during this period, particularly D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation,' with which he was much delighted, Gaußen on 'Inspiration,' Tracy's 'History of the Great Awakening,' the entire works of the younger Edwards, much of the works of Emmons, a large part of the works of Andrew Fuller, besides many smaller works. What he read he read with great attention; and he would often make criticisms and comments on the things which he had read. But the bible was the man of his counsel. He would often say, 'There are many good books, but, after all, there is nothing like the bible.' And it never was so precious to him as at this period.

"He not only read some portion of the scriptures every day, but he devoted much time to a close and critical study of them. He usually kept his Greek testament and his Greek concordance by him, and diligently compared different parts of scripture with each other in the original language, that he might be sure to get the precise meaning. I found him one morning with the Greek testament in his hand. He said, 'You will perhaps wonder that I should be reading this. You may suppose that a person in my situation would prefer to read the translation. But I seem to get nearer to the fountain when I read the original. It is like drinking water at the spring, rather than from a vessel in which it has been carried away. By reading the Greek I get shades of meaning which cannot be expressed in any translation.' It was common for him to entertain his friends with comments and remarks on portions of scripture, and these comments were exceedingly interesting and instructive. Many an individual has gone away from his bedside with a more lively sense of the worth of the bible than he ever felt before.

"He was not in the habit, during his sickness, of speaking very often of his own religious feelings; but it was manifest from the whole strain of his conversation, and particularly from the lively interest which he took in the truths

of the bible, that he generally enjoyed great peace of mind.

"On one occasion he spoke with great feeling of those who were hopefully converted in the revivals under his preaching, and said the thought of meeting them in the future world was often exceedingly interesting. 'But,' said he, 'I have never allowed myself to be very confident of arriving at heaven, lest the disappointment should be the greater. I know that the heart is exceedingly deceitful, and that many will be deceived. And why am I not as liable to be deceived as others?'

"In his extreme jealousy of self-deception (as it seems to us), he had gone further, and had cast doubt upon any hope which was not built upon such a measure of holiness as could be easily discerned by the person himself, along with direct looking to and resting upon Christ. And hence, in his own case, he seems to have sought for larger evidence of holiness following in his faith than he could perceive in himself. The absence of this complete evidence (which his very tenderness of conscience kept him from discerning) had the effect of preventing him taking all the joy he might have had from a simple and direct looking to the Saviour. We are ready to think that, but for this tendency, he might have fully followed the footsteps of some of the flock at such an hour; he might have felt as one of our Scottish forefathers, David Dickson, who said, 'I have taken all my good deeds and all my bad deeds, and have cast them together in a heap before the Lord, and have fled from both to Jesus Christ; and IN HIM I have sweet peace.'

"Dr. Tyler thus narrates the closing scene:—A short time before his death, when he was very ill, and when he thought it probable that he had but a short time to live, I said to him, 'You are in good hands.' 'Certainly,' he replied. 'Are you willing to be there?' 'I am.' He then said, 'I know not that I have any advice to give my friends.' My whole preaching expresses my views. If I could see the pilgrims, scattered abroad, who thought they experienced religion under my preaching, I should like to address them. I would tell them that the great truths of the gospel appear more precious than ever, and that they are the truths which now sustain my soul.' He added: 'You know I have never placed much dependence on the manner in which persons die.' He spoke of a farewell sermon which he preached in Virginia, from these words: 'While ye have the light, walk in the light.' He told the people that he wished to say some things to them that he should not be able to say to them on a dying bed; and he would now say to all his friends, 'While ye have the light, walk in the light.' While making these remarks there was a peculiar lustre on his coun-

tenance. I said to him, 'I trust you feel no tolicityude respecting the issue of your present sickness.' He replied with emphasis, 'No, none at all. I am glad that it is not for me to say. It is sweet to trust in the Lord.'

"During the last twenty-four hours of his life he said but little. In the evening of the day before his death, I informed him that we considered him near the close of life, and said to him, 'I hope you enjoy peace of mind.' By the motion of his head he gave me an affirmative answer. He continued to fail through the night, and at eight o'clock in the morning he calmly fell asleep, as we trust, in the arms of his Saviour. May all his friends remember his dying counsel: 'WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT, WALK IN THE LIGHT.'

"Farewell! dear brother; may thy mantle rest  
Upon the youthful prophets of our God.  
Farewell! now rest, amid the blessed band  
With whom thou once didst worship here below,  
And oft didst take sweet counsel. There are seals  
Thy ministry attesting, and the crowns  
Of thy rejoicing, through eternal days.  
There numbers beyond number of the sav'd.  
Together sing Redemption's endless song."

#### DEATH TO THE CHRISTIAN.

'Tis the pure azure of the sky when storms have pass'd,  
The day-worn head, that hath its pillow gain'd at last;  
The still sweet sleep when fever's burning hand's withdrawn,  
The vanishing of night at voice of early dawn.  
'Tis the rich golden sunset of a weeping day;  
'Tis the dim mists of darken'd vision clear'd away,  
And the beholding, with unveiled and ravished eyes,  
The vine-clad hills and honied vales of Paradise.  
The bird uncaged, singing among the forest leaves;  
The heat of orient day cooled by the evening's breeze;  
The river, that the heavenly shore doth constant bathe,  
The voice of Jesus heard, stilling life's wind and wave.  
The weary exile landed on his native shore,  
To know the perils of the restless deep no more;  
The banish'd heir to rich inheritance restored;  
The balm of health upon the bruised spirit poured.  
The veteran victor seated in triumphal car,  
With hard-won trophy girt, and mark'd with battle scar;  
The mean and abject beggar, who in dust sat down,  
Wearing imperial robe, and bright in kingly crown.  
Yea, more than these; we do but faintly dream  
What it shall be to pass into that pure serene;  
And there behold, with a full, clear, undazzled gaze,  
The light beneath which heaven's transparent gold doth blaze.  
And oh! more deeply glorious, more transcendent still,  
The soul will overflow with the deep living well  
Of God's indwelling love, pure, permanent, and bright,  
Sparkling and rising up in fresh and full delight.  
MARY LEWIS.

#### THE LITTLE CHILD.

##### AN ANECDOTE.

Not long since, a little boy sailed gaily down the waters of the St. Lawrence. He was but six

years old, and images of beauty floated for him on every distant cloud. His favourite reading for many months had been "Robinson Crusoe," and as the boat passed in and out among the thousand islands of the river, he painted to his mother, in glowing colours, all that it would be possible to do, if, thrown adrift upon a spar, he should by some strange chance find himself alone upon the pebbly beach. Very charming he thought the fairy-like islands, with their tender screens of birch and maple, veiling just enough from feeble human sight the warm glory of the sun.

The day wore on, the islands were passed, and now the boat began to descend the rapids. A head-wind lifted the breakers, the sky darkened, but the child and mother felt the excitement of the scene. Like a living human creature the strong boat kept its way. The boy stood still. Tighter and tighter he grasped his mother's hand, and with blue eyes darkened by earnest thought, looked upon the face of the water. Soon the rain began to fall heavily, the water was still more agitated, and the mother felt that when the keel of the vessel grated against the rocks, visions of storm and wreck passed through the little one's mind. She saw that he was frightened, and began to question whether it would not be best to carry him to the warm cabin, and by song and story beguile his excited mind. Just at this moment, he gently pressed her hand, and looking down upon him, she saw the expression of serious thought give way, a sweet smile dawning on his lips, as he said softly to himself, rather than to her, the following lines:—

"Then the captain's little daughter  
Took her father by the hand,  
Saying, 'Is not God upon the water,  
Just the same as on the land?'"

The pleasant poet who wrote the simple lines, of which the above were the child's broken remembrance, is now in a foreign land. The drawing-rooms of the noble open readily to his genial presence, and the tables of the literati ring with the cheer and merriment his joyous tones excite; but no words of courtly compliment, though spoken by royal lips, will fall more sweetly upon his ear than would these words of that trusting child, could he have stood by his side, and watched the dawn of faith in his pure soul as he spoke. God teaches us in many ways that to make others happy is one of the truest objects of life. It is better to make others good, but it is best of all to turn the heart of a little child in trusting love to its heavenly Father. If, like the absent poet, we are ever able to speak or write one word which shall do this, let us bless God for the high privilege.—*Montreal Juvenile Magazine.*

## Page for the Young.

### THE VILLAGE PLAYMATE; OR, FALSE REPENTANCE.

ROBERT BARNWOOD was a smart, cheerful, active lad, and the playmate of all the village boys. He was such capital company, as it is called, and so ready in planning their sports, that, though they could scarcely be said to love him, they seemed as though they could never do without him. The reason why I think they did not love him is, he would have his own way, and if any one crossed his plans, he got into a passion. Besides, he would cheat them, and tell lies.

On his way to school, Robert had to pass Squire B—'s orchard; and in the summer as he looked up at the rosy fruit, he often wished that he could help himself to some of it. I am sorry to say that the only thing which kept him from knocking a few down with stones, was the fear lest some one should see him do it. He did not think of God who sees all things; nor did he remember the commandment, "Thou shalt not covet," but day after day he longed for some of the apples with which Squire B—'s trees were so heavily laden.

At length he determined he would have some of them; so one evening, when it was quite dusk, he went to the orchard, and after first looking this way and then that, and seeing no one, he climbed over the fence, and filled his pocket with apples. Little did he think, however, that he was observed by a friend of his father's, who, a few days after, called and informed Mr. Barnwood of the circumstance. James was called in to answer for himself; but, sad to relate, he added to his sin by denying it. The gentleman, however, was positive; and it turned out to be the very evening on which Robert had brought home a very nice apple, and presented it to his father, saying that the squire gave it him.

Mr. Barnwood was much grieved at the conduct of his son, and declared that he would punish him, and not only so, but that he must tell the squire about it.

"Oh, don't, father; pray don't tell the squire," exclaimed Robert, "he will be sure to have me taken up, and sent to prison."

Mr. Barnwood, however, felt it his duty to inform the squire; and offered to pay that gentleman for the apples. The squire was very angry, and said that he had a great mind to let the law take its course, but out of respect to his father, he would not do anything to him on this occasion. Mr. Barnwood thanked him, and returned home.

Robert was all this time very unhappy; but still he did not confess his sin.

"Robert," said his father, "I am very much grieved to think that you have been guilty of stealing and lying. I feel that you deserve to be punished severely."

"Oh, father," said he, "don't beat me; and I won't do so again."

"But are you sorry for it?"

"Yes, father." Robert paused, and then inquired, "Do you think the squire will put me in prison?"

"I hope not, now," replied his father; "but if you do so again he will."

Robert was glad to hear that, and hoped his father would forgive him.

Mr. Barnwood said he would, if Robert was sorry for what he had done. But he added: "You have not only grieved me, and offended the squire, by taking his property, but you have sinned against God, and broken his commandments, and it will be of little avail to obtain mine or the squire's forgiveness, while you neglect to ask God to forgive you." Robert trembled, while his father spoke thus; and here the conversation ended.

With his lips, therefore, he at last said that he was sorry for what he had done; but as the issue proved, he had not truly repented. The very next day, as he went to school, and looked up at the apples, he said, in the hearing of a friend—"If it were not for fear of being found out, I would have some more of them."

Among his playmates, too, he was just the same deceptive boy as before. Now his was a false repentance, because he did not forsake his sin. He still loved it in his heart.

How many are like Robert Barnwood! They do not confess their faults; they are not sorry that they have done evil; all their regret arises only from fear of punishment. Dear young reader, whoso confesseth his sins, and forsaketh them, shall have mercy. We must hate the sin itself. There is a difference between being sorry for sin, and sorry through fear of its punishment.

"Repentance is to leave  
The sins we loved before;  
And show that we in earnest grieve,  
By doing so no more."

### 'I LAID ME DOWN AND SLEPT.'

A BLOOMING group, at evening prime,  
Moved by their parent's voice,  
Each offered from the book divine,  
Some fragment of their choice.

And one, a beauteous boy, o'er whom  
Four happy years had swept,  
Raised his clear trustful eyes, and said,  
"I laid me down, and slept."

"Oh, sweet, my son, the gem you bring;  
Yet know you not the rest?  
I waken'd, for the Lord sustained me,  
Complete the sentence blest."

But still that student for the skies  
His first selection kept:  
"No, dear mamma; just this alone,  
I laid me down, and slept."

That night the fever smote him sore,  
With dire delirious pain,  
And fiercely on his heartstrings fed,  
Till every hope was vain.

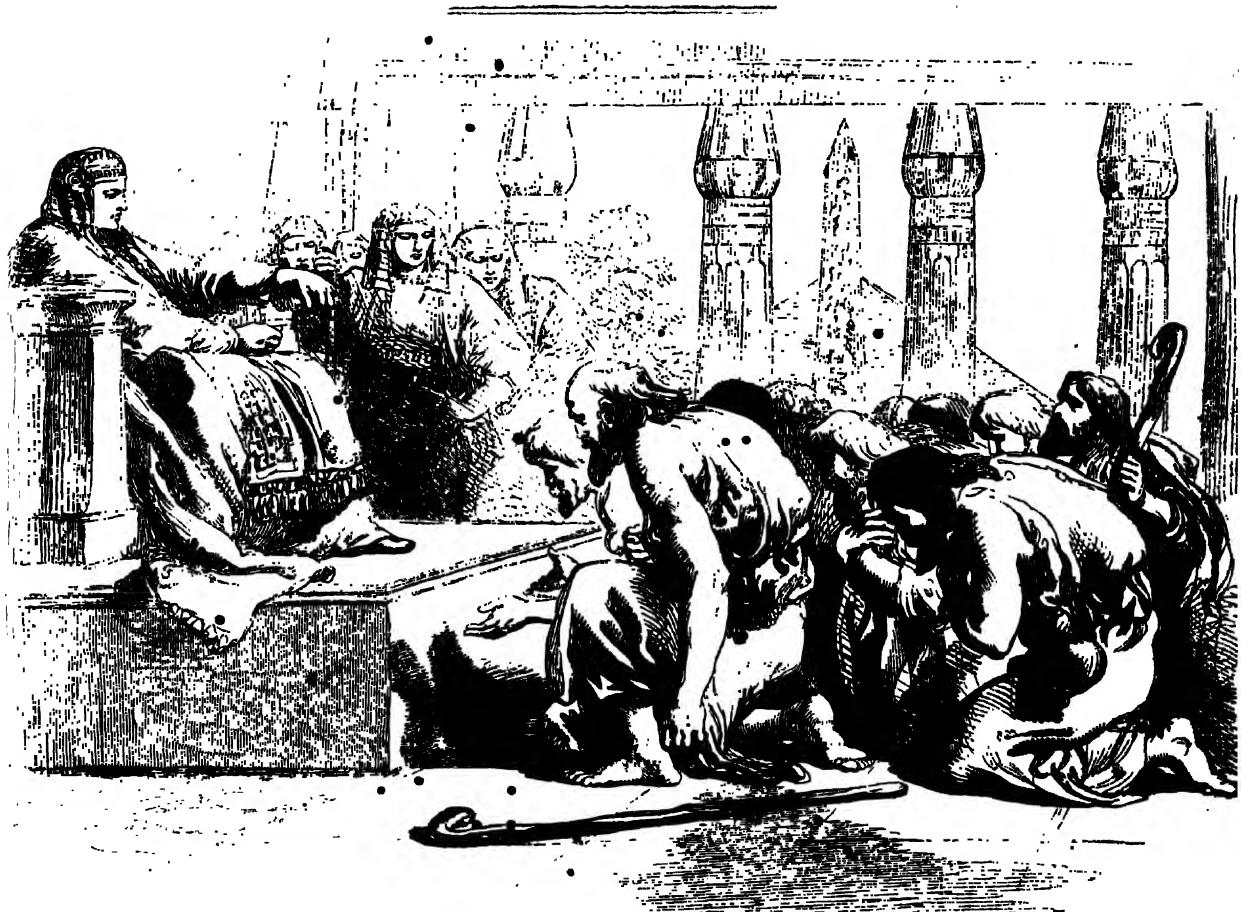
Then, all at once, in slumber soft,  
The darling sufferer lay;  
And, like a lamb of Jesus, slept  
His gentle life away.

He slept; but with what glorious joy,  
In strains of seraph love,  
The waking words he spoke not here,  
Shall be pronounced above.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



JOSEPH RECEIVING THE HOMAGE OF HIS BRETHREN.

## JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

### CHAPTER IV.

EVERY ONE at all accustomed to travelling, whether at home or abroad, must remember the delightful sensations that have come over him, when, after wandering about in unknown paths, in perplexity and uncertainty as to the direction he was taking, he has suddenly found himself on the brow of some commanding eminence, from whence he can survey all the devious windings of the road he has just traversed, and, looking forwards, beholds near at hand the destination to which he had been all the while

unconsciously tending. In such a position, the doubts and misgivings that had haunted and discouraged him for hours before are dissipated in an instant, and he resumes his journey with cheerful alacrity, if not with joyous exhilaration. Somewhat in this way it must have been with Joseph, in the mysterious pilgrimage of his early life. Often must the young exile have wondered whither the strange paths trodden by his apparently unguided feet were destined to conduct him. But as he stood beside the throne of the monarch of Egypt—almost an equal in power, and rank, and dignity—or as he went forth in his chariot, to different parts of the land,

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

superintended the immense preparations which were being made in relation to the coming years of plenty and scarcity, it is surprising how

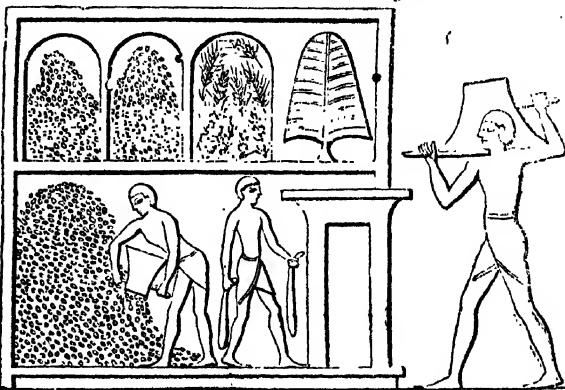


swiftly and completely the mystery and gloom of the past would clear away. The ways of Providence would lie mapped out before his retrospective gaze, and he would feel that the wisdom and the faithfulness of a Father had presided over and directed all his antecedent steps. The dark enigma of his history was now satisfactorily solved. There were reasons, once inscrutable, but now clear and palpable enough, why he should have been torn from his kindred and sold into Egypt; and not one link, however galling, in that chain of singular events which composed his life, could apparently have been spared, without frustrating the gradually developed designs of God in reference to him. But for his temptation, he might never have become the innocent inmate of a dungeon; and but for his imprisonment, he would probably never have become the interpreter of the dreams of degraded courtiers; and thus, looking at the matter from a human point of view, there would have been small probability of the young Hebrew slave ever receiving summons to a royal conference, or becoming the preserver, under Providence, of the lives of thousands of human beings, and, among them, of his own kindred. We may reasonably believe that reflections of this character would be busy in the pious mind of the bewildered prefect when elevated to his new station, and that emotions of gratitude and reverence would struggle in his breast for utterance as he reviewed "all the way which the Lord his God had led him."

And as it was with Joseph, so it is, more or less, with all of us. God has not left the world to itself, in these modern ages in which we are privileged to live. He still governs and guides us in our manifold and mazy paths; and happy is it for us when we can commit our ways unto the unerring regulation of his paternal providence, and realize the sweetness and tranquillizing assurance of his promise that "all

things shall work together for good to them that love him—to them who are the called according to his purpose."

The calamity which Joseph had been raised up to mitigate, was not confined to Egypt. The famine extended to Canaan, then only thinly populated, and yielding but little agricultural produce. It drove many of its roving inhabitants to the granaries of the Nile for supplies of food.



Among the rest, some of the brethren of Joseph came down to the land of plenty, to purchase provisions for the large family of the patriarch; and then it was that the scene took place, as represented in our engraving, which fulfilled one of those singular dreams of his early days, that had led, by the spirit of envy and revenge excited by their narration, to all the vicissitudes of his subsequent career. Believing the young exile to be dead, after the separation of so many years, the guilty men did not recognise their injured brother in the exalted personage into whose presence they were now ushered. In connexion with this interview we have the following striking remarks in "Israel in Egypt." "Twenty-one years had elapsed since the last interview of Joseph with his brethren. Then the hard features of the reckless hunters of the desert frowned fiercely upon a stripling bound and helpless, and their hands grasped their murderous weapons, so bitter was the envy that his prophetic dream had roused in them. They threw him into a pit to perish with hunger and thirst; they were debating as to the policy of drawing him up to dispatch him, when the appearance of the Ishmaelite caravan, and the avarice of Judah, changed their determination into that which was even still more heartless and cruel. Now, a company of wrinkled and grey-bearded way-faring men, they bowed themselves to the earth before the regal state of their former victim—the very consummation at which the prophetic dreams that had exasperated their envy and rage against him had pointed; so that they had themselves fulfilled the Divine intimation, and that by the act of daring

wickedness whereby they hoped to render it impossible. ‘There are many devices in a man’s heart, nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.’ No wonder that, on this occasion, ‘Joseph remembered the dreams which he had dreamed of them.’” (Gen. xlvi. 9.)

Although, as we have intimated, the sons of Jacob failed to penetrate the regal disguise worn by the viceroy of Pharaoh, and recognise in him their long-lost brother, yet Joseph had not the same difficulty in identifying them; and with an affectation of severity, which his subsequent tenderness proves he did not really feel, he compelled them to enter into the minutest details respecting their family, and rehearse some of the most painful passages in their past history. This he did for the purpose of awakening their consciences, and bringing their sin to their remembrance. And in this he fully succeeded; for we find that when threatened with imprisonment, on the charge of being spies, the self-convicted and remorseful men fell to mutual recriminations in the very presence of their brother. “And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us. And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? Therefore behold also his blood is required.” Here there is a distinct recognition of the irrevocable connexion between sin and suffering. Their present trouble is regarded as a just retribution for the horrible crime of fratricide, or what was equivalent to it, for it was owing to no mercy of theirs that Joseph was yet in the land of the living. The sabled furies of Orestes are nothing compared with the avenging torments of an aroused conscience, bringing home to the soul, as the vicegerent of God, its impeachments of evil-doing. Oh, of what vast moment is it to have this inward monitor pacified by the peace-speaking blood of the cross, and the grounds of its accusations taken away by repentance and Divine forgiveness. Should any of our readers be bearing about with them from day to day, like the sons of Jacob, the secret burden of unconfessed guilt, let them at once seek, at the feet of the compassionate Saviour, relief from its present pressure and its future potentiality of suffering—repenting, and bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.

Deep and bitter as was the distress of Joseph’s brethren on this occasion, it was on no account to be regretted. Rough and austere and inquisitorial as, no doubt, seemed to be the bearing and treatment of the Egyptian prefect, it proved to be a wholesome moral discipline to those men

of cruelty and blood. If our author’s supposition be correct, the indignities to which these heads of the tribes of Israel were subjected were much greater than would be gathered from the sacred text. Here are his remarks on this subject. “We have no regal monuments of the epoch now before us. Joseph evidently sate as a king in the gate, when his brethren were brought into his presence. It can therefore be only on monuments that discourse of the actions of kings that we can hope for any illustration of the transaction. For these we must descend to a somewhat later period. A scene not uncommon in the civil wars that ended in the union of the two Egypts under one crown, represents the reception given to an embassy from the opposito faction. The ambassadors are called spies, and are beaten before they are admitted into the presence of the king. In Egypt everything was prescriptive. There can hardly be a doubt that this was a point of court etiquette. If it were so, Joseph’s brethren, we may be sure, were subjected to this discipline. In effect, it is not at all probable that a company upon which such a charge was imputed as that made by Joseph against his brethren, would in the ancient world have escaped with no more grievous corporal inflictions than those of bonds and imprisonment. Even in the days of the Romans, the entire tone of society and the collective mode of thought would render it improbable that any individual, however exalted in rank, would be committed to prison upon a serious charge without being previously examined by scourging. When we call to mind the cruel wrong that Joseph had suffered from the unfeeling men who were now in his power, and also that he was utterly ignorant of the design of poor Reuben for his deliverance, we shall perceive that even if such were the case, his rigorous deportment would be amply justified by the circumstances.”\*

The circulating medium of the early times we are now contemplating differed greatly from that of the present day. Coined money was then unknown. The money of which we read in connection with this eventful and touching story consisted, we are told, of linked rings of silver. Such were the “bundles of money” which, on their return to Canaan, every man was astonished to find in the mouth of his sack. These chains of silver, together with the operation of weighing them, are not only frequently

\* Without controverting the possibility of such a mode of treatment as that adverted to in the text having been adopted towards the brethren of Joseph, yet the great tenderness of the latter towards them seems at variance with his inflicting upon them any measure of severity that was not absolutely necessary to awaken recollection and reflection on their part.—EDITOR.

depicted in the tombs, but have sometimes even been found deposited there. The custom of carrying the precious metals for the purpose of traffic in linked rings or chains was universal in ancient Egypt, where coined money was unknown until the days of the Ptolemies; and it remained in occasional use throughout the world, until far into the middle ages.

In process of time, the sons of Jacob tremblingly returned to Egypt, accompanied by the well-beloved Benjamin, and bearing with them a graceful present of Canaanitish produce, for the purpose of propitiating with it the favour of the lord of the land. Simeon, who, as the leader of the conspiracy against his brother, had with singular appropriateness been detained in prison as a hostage, was released; and an affecting interview took place between the long separated members of the family of promise. Joseph, however, was still unknown to the rest. Tender inquiries were made respecting the "old man" of whom they had previously spoken, and glances full of unutterable affection were directed towards the son of Rachel. Overmastered by his emotions, he was obliged to retreat hastily in order that he might not prematurely betray himself. After he had subdued his feelings, he invited his guests to a princely banquet, over



which he presided; and in their arrangement at the table they were amazed to find themselves seated according to their respective ages; while the mess of the favoured Benjamin was five times greater than any of theirs.

It appears that monumental illustrations of this custom abound in Egypt. In the noble hall of the tomb of the prince and chief physician Nahrai, at Beni-hassan, is a representation of the tri-monthly banquet formerly held in honour of the dead. An enormous quantity

and variety of viands are pourtrayed. Whole crowds of retainers, too, are seen waiting without the hall to receive their portions of food. "Within the hall the entire family of Nahrai attended upon their parents in the order of their primogeniture. The observance appears to have been—the youngest received the dish from the cooks, and passed it to the child next in age. In this way it passed from hand to hand to the first-born, who stood before the father, and served the dish to him. The master of the house first cut off a portion for himself and the mother of the family, if she sat at the same table with him. The dish or joint was then placed by the first-born at the feet of his parents, and the whole family remained standing until they had eaten. It was then once more presented by the first-born to the father, who cut from it, and placed upon slices or cakes of bread portions for each of his children, which being distributed, and another dish served to the father, the whole party sat down together—the children to eat of the first dish, the father of the second. The retainers of the house were afterwards served by the domestics, but always in the presence of the master himself. That similar state and ceremony were observed in the banquet which Joseph gave to his brethren, there cannot be a doubt. They handed the dishes to him, and he sent them their portions on the bread which was piled before him."

The remaining portion of Joseph's history, as illustrated in the monuments of Egypt, is brought out with equal felicity in the work before us; but here we must pause, and content ourselves with recommending our readers to have access to the book itself,\* which will richly repay perusal. Egypt, it will have been perceived, bears her testimony to the word of God clearly and unmistakeably. What can be more striking, for instance, than such a record as the following, with which we close this series of notices:—

"There are at Sacchara, immediately over against Memphis, the ruins of the tomb of a prince in Egypt, whose name was that of Joseph, written in hieroglyphics. It is in the close vicinity of the largest pyramid of that group, which, from other circumstances, we assume to have been that of Apophis and his father Meris. The titles and offices held by this personage were also those of Joseph. He was 'chief *ab-rech*' (that is, a pontifical or pure prince), and 'director of the granaries of all Egypt,' as well as the possessor of several other offices. The name has been assimilated to an

\* "Israel in Egypt; or, the Books of Genesis and Exodus illustrated by existing monuments." London: Seeleys, Fleet-street.

Egyptian phrase expressive of Joseph's function in Egypt, *i-suph*, 'he came to save'; Coptic, 'he will save.' The letters are so exactly those of Joseph's name, that the identity does not seem to admit of question. It may have been that, as in other cases, his tomb was carried on at the public expense, as a mark of public respect and esteem; but we must confess we incline to the opinion, that at a later period in the life of Joseph, the Egyptian successor to his offices had also assumed his name, and that he was the excavator of the tomb."

### THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

At a moment when our country is engaged in a deadly conflict with the emperor of Russia, it may interest many of our readers to peruse the following notices of the religious principles of his predecessor—the great patron of the Bible Society in Russia, and the encourager of many excellent evangelical efforts, which have been suppressed by his successor. It is always interesting to contemplate piety in exalted circles; and there is good reason to trust that, in the present instance, he who wore a crown was also a follower of the Saviour.

In early life, as is well known, smitten by the lust of conquest, and desirous of emulating Napoleon, who was then approaching the zenith of his military glory, Alexander entered into a secret compact with that great European robber, by which they mutually bound themselves not to interfere with each other's schemes of territorial aggrandizement. Terrible was the providential retribution that fell upon both, as history records. Towards the close of his reign, however, the aggressive spirit of Alexander had been subdued, and he delighted rather to exercise the functions of a pacifier, than those of a conqueror. This change in policy would naturally and necessarily spring out of that transformation of heart and character which, as is alleged by an anonymous writer, who seems to have been favoured with the most confidential access to him, he underwent about the middle of his reign. "The first period of the life of Alexander," remarks this author, "was that of a man of the world. The love of pleasure was the result of the principles he had imbibed from his earliest infancy. Nevertheless, as he himself said, in the midst of all his imperial amusements, he never found happiness. He in vain courted dissipation; the voice of conscience made herself heard, and would allow him no repose. Persuaded, too, that the hour would inevitably come, when he should be obliged to give an account of the deeds done in the body, to the

King of kings, before whom he dreaded to appear, he often formed a resolution to alter his course of life; but his plans of reform vanished almost as soon as they were conceived."

The disquieted emperor appears to have first sought the advice and guidance of Mr. Yung Stilling, a venerable counsellor at the court of the grand duke of Baden, of whose wisdom and piety he had heard a good report. Yung, however, in the interview that took place in 1812, did not enunciate such clear and simple views of the gospel as to afford either light to the understanding or tranquillity to the conscience of the monarch. The doctrine of justification by faith was not faithfully proclaimed to him; but instead thereof, the emperor was urged to multiply his efforts to root out evil and to do good. The effect of this counsel was to render him more serious and anxious, though by no means more happy. He was observed henceforth to endeavour to calm his imperious passions, and to subdue the emotions of irritation which might arise in his mind against those who opposed his despotic will. He applied himself assiduously to read the word of God, a copy of which he invariably carried about with him, while he sought scrupulously to fulfil the commands and precepts it enjoins.

Such was the religious state of Alexander when he was called upon to leave his capital and enter on the campaign of 1813. A lady of his court, who knew of his internal conflicts, gave him at the moment of his departure from Riga, a copy of the ninety-first Psalm, intreating him often to read it, and assuring him that in that Psalm he would find the consolation of which he stood in need. The emperor hastily took the paper, put it in his pocket, and set off. He continued three days without changing his clothes; and had quite forgotten the document the lady had given him, when, on reaching the frontier of his dominions, he was, singularly enough, called to hear the discourse of a bishop, who took for his text the thirteenth verse of that very psalm. His attention was specially arrested by the sermon; but judge his astonishment when, in the evening, on looking over some papers, he found a copy of the same psalm—a coincidence which he considered to be providential.

Some time after this occurrence, he heard a letter read from an eminently pious lady, named Madame de Krudener, and was so forcibly struck with the rich evangelical tone of the epistle, that he felt convinced of her qualifications to relieve the perplexities of his mind. In course of time, the decisive campaign of 1815 opened. Alexander, on his route to the headquarters at Heidelberg, made his entry into

Heilbron, on the 4th of June, 1815. As he drew near the city, the truths contained in the letter of Madame de Krudener recurred to his mind, and inspired him with an ardent wish to see that excellent lady. He did not know, however, at the time, that for the previous three months she had taken up her abode in that neighbourhood; and that, hearing of the approach of Alexander, she had actually come to Heilbron for the purpose of seeking the favour of an interview. As soon as the emperor arrived, accordingly, she repaired to the ante-chamber, and presented to Prince Volkonski a letter of introduction. The emperor, on reading the letter, asked of whom he had received it. "Of Madame de Krudener," replied the prince. "Of Madame de Krudener," exclaimed the emperor three several times; "what a providence! where is she? let her enter immediately." She was admitted; and in the most faithful, soul-searching strain, the lady addressed her sovereign for the space of nearly three hours. Alexander, with his head resting on his hands, could only articulate a few broken words, accompanied by sighing and weeping. The words to which he listened evidently went to his heart like a sharp two-edged sword. At length Madame de Krudener, alarmed at the grief into which Alexander was thrown, exclaimed: "Sire, I ask your pardon for the manner in which I have spoken to you; but, believe me, it is in sincerity of heart, and before God, that I have announced to you those truths that have never been spoken to you before. I have but acquitted myself of a sacred duty towards you." Alexander replied: "Fear nothing; everything you have said finds a witness to its truth in my heart. You have helped me to discover in myself recesses I had never seen. I thank God for it; but I want often to have similar conferences with you, and I therefore entreat you not to remove to any distance."

On the day following this conference, Alexander removed to head-quarters at Heidelberg, and selected for his temporary residence a small house just outside the town; while Madame de Krudener, in order to be easily accessible to the monarch, engaged for her dwelling the house of a peasant, within ten minutes' walk of the emperor's quarters. It was to this humble cottage that this leading confederate among the royal allies, amidst the distractions and responsibilities of a momentous campaign, was accustomed to retreat every other evening—not to engage in political intrigue, as many of the public journals at the time insinuated, but to converse with a spiritually-gifted lady on the concerns of his soul. Such was the strong hold religious truths had upon his mind at this time, that it is said that even in the midst of actual

fighting, while the cannon were thundering around his tent, he never allowed himself to be prevented from attending to his devotions.

As he grew in the divine life, he discovered, what all God's people have ever experienced, the surprising efficacy of prayer; and to a devout friend, who was once conversing with him on the subject, he related the following remarkable illustration. He said that in his discussions with his ministers—who were far from being influenced by the same principles as himself—whenever they were divided by conflicting opinions, instead of arguing with them, he was accustomed to pray mentally, when by degrees he found they generally returned to principles of charity and justice. The new views he entertained naturally led to a change of sentiment regarding war, and he was often heard to express his desire that God would grant him the favour to obtain the peace of Europe, while he declared, at the same time his readiness to lay down his life for that end. When, on the 20th of June, the news of the partial successes of the French armies against the allies arrived, nearly all, except Alexander, it is said, were overwhelmed with fear approaching to despair. He, however, after fervent prayer and reading some suitable passages in the scriptures, went, in a spirit of Christian magnanimity, to his officers and ministers, and exhorted them to take courage, and march against the enemy in assured hope of obtaining the victory. When the electrifying intelligence of the decisive triumph of Waterloo reached the Russian camp, he was the first to fall on his knees, and to shed abundance of grateful tears before his deliverer.

On the 25th of June, the emperor quitted Heidelberg on his way to Paris, where, attended by several of his Christian friends and spiritual counsellors, he arrived on the 14th of July. Here he occupied apartments in the Elysée, and Madame de Krudener, in order to be near her sovereign, established herself in l'Hotel Monchenu, the gardens of which communicated with the promenade of the Champs Elysées. By this means, Alexander was able to continue his interviews with his spiritual instructress, which, notwithstanding the weighty matters connected with European politics and the pacification of harassed and distracted nations which then engaged his attention, were maintained during the whole period of his sojourn in the French capital. His entering a second time into Paris, without the shedding of blood, made him deeply conscious of the Divine protection afforded to him; and his confidence in God would not suffer him to put himself under any other guard. He carefully put away from his dwelling all those pompous accompaniments with which princes are usually surrounded. Nor was his confidence

in God misplaced or dishonoured. Those best acquainted with the details of the life of Alexander are aware of the many remarkable instances of Divine deliverance that took place from time to time. The following may be mentioned, as not generally known. One evening, Alexander, entering the apartment of Madame de Krudener, said, "Well, they have attempted to poison me to-day!" "How, sire," exclaimed the lady, "what do you say? explain yourself, I entreat you." "Yes, they have found in the offices, among the wine for the supply of my table, a bottle of wine with poison, without being able to discover how it can have been introduced into the house. My cook, in order to ascertain that the wine prepared to be set before me was the sort I generally use, had opened this bottle, and drank some of it; and he would now be dead, but for prompt assistance and the remedies which were administered. And here, look at this letter I have just received." We read, says the narrator, "a horrible threat of assassination, addressed to him, for not having exerted himself to place the king of Rome on the throne of France. The letter was signed 'The Captain of the Regicides.' We were seized with a panic. Alexander, however, said to us, 'Be calm and tranquil, God is present. He keeps me, I am without fear; God is with me; I fear not what man can do against me.'

During his residence in Paris, Alexander gave abundant proofs of the possession of a noble spirit of forgiveness, of which the following anecdote is a beautiful example. Understanding that a number of Prussian officers had expressed an intention of taking vengeance on the French, he assembled them around him, talked to them with freedom as companions-in-arms, and sought to pacify their passions, and inspire them with kindly feelings. On perceiving them a little mollified, he continued: "You bear the name of Christians. Revenge yourselves! Are they Christians who use such language? Ah! do not imitate those who have conducted themselves so basely towards you! Show them the example of pardon; that is the vengeance of a Christian!" His discourse had its desired effect. Not only did he impose upon himself and enjoin upon others the exercise of this lovely spirit, but he also achieved for himself that greatest of all spiritual victories, the conquest of his own pride; by which he was able to solicit, even from a dependant, forgiveness for harsh and petulant conduct on his own part. The following instance may be cited. When he went to visit Madame de Krudener, he was usually attended by a confidential valet of Prince Volkonski, named Joseph. One evening, as they entered the vestibule of Madame de Krudener, the emperor said to Joseph, "Have

you executed my commission?" "Sire," replied Joseph, with a mortified air, "I have forgotten it." The offended sovereign replied, in a tone of some asperity, "When I give you an order, I expect it to be performed punctually;" and in saying these words, he entered the room. Madame de Krudener advanced to meet him, to ask for his health; but feeling inwardly reproved for his loss of temper, he answered in broken sentences, "Well, Madame, well—yes—pretty well." The lady, remarking the disturbed state of her sovereign, said to him, "Sire, what is the matter? you seem troubled." "Madame, it is nothing—it is nothing; pardon me—wait a moment—I will return!" Alexander went out, and speaking to Joseph kindly, said, "Forgive me, Joseph! I have been harsh and rough with you." "But, sire—" began the servant. "I entreat you to forgive me," interrupted the emperor. Joseph knew he must not answer. Alexander took him by the hand, and said, "Tell me you forgive me." "Yes, sire." "I thank you." Having done this, Alexander soon recovered his mental peace, and returned to the room.

Shortly after his return to Russia, the emperor, in the same spirit of self-humiliation which has just been so strikingly illustrated, caused a ukase to be published throughout his vast dominions, prohibiting the clergy of the country from pronouncing those eulogies upon his person and achievements which he conceived to be due to God alone. Preachers everywhere were commanded to abstain from the use of expressions so disagreeable to his ears. From this period, too, Alexander proved himself the warm friend of the Bible Society and other evangelical efforts. In 1826 he departed this life, and exchanged, we trust, an earthly for a heavenly crown.

#### THE SPY-GLASS.

WHILE standing at my window, a few mornings ago, my attention was directed to a vessel lying near the mouth of our harbour. As her sails were taken in, and as she was lying in a place where it was not common for vessels to anchor, I felt no little anxiety to learn her true condition. Could it be that she had stranded during the night upon the brack? Being unable from my great distance to decide this question with certainty, and as there were indications of an approaching storm, my anxiety continued to increase, until it occurred to me that a spy-glass was lying at my side on one of the shelves of my library. One look through this instrument disclosed to me the real situation of the vessel, removing all my fears about her fate. I saw that

she was riding securely at anchor at quite a distance from the shore ; the different parts of her rigging, as well as the movements of the crew, were clearly visible, and it was evident that she could enter the harbour or go out to sea at pleasure.

This little incident suggested the following train of reflection. The human mind, unassisted by telescopic power, discovers, in the distance, the dim outlines of the most important and soul-stirring truths. Under the teaching of natural religion, man learns something of his fearful destiny. He sees written upon the universe about him numberless proofs of the existence of a power above himself—a power that gave him being, and to whom he is in some sense amenable. He feels within him a strange conviction, not only of accountability, but of a future state of being also. His mind is agitated and perplexed with such questions as the following : Where shall I be after death ? How shall I exist ? What shall I suffer ? What shall I enjoy ? Every way he turns there is presented to him enough of the fragments of truth to awaken the most fearful forebodings, and yet not enough to meet the demands of his religious nature. He needs the aid of a spiritual spy-glass to bring nearer those dimly-pictured realities, unfold to him their nature and his relations to them, and show him how his immortal aspiration may be gratified.\*

The bible furnishes him with this grand desideratum. As in the instrument before mentioned, the apparent angle of vision is so enlarged that objects scarcely visible to the naked eye are seen with great distinctness, so revelation furnishes a spiritual optic, by which the mind is brought into communion with whatever is important to man as an intellectual, moral, and accountable being. "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."

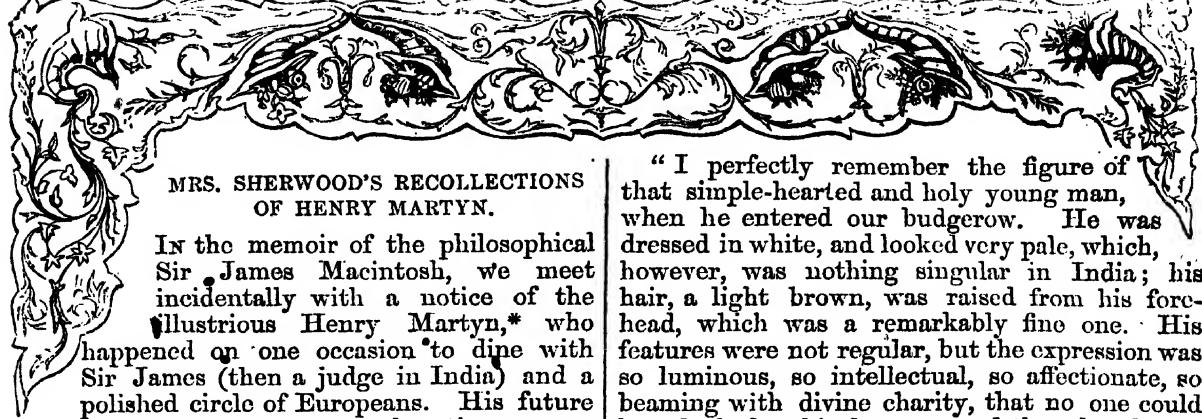
But how many there are who show the same inconsistency in reference to this means of obtaining knowledge, that I did in attempting to learn the condition of that distant vessel while my spy-glass lay forgotten at my side. Mankind will task their natural powers to the utmost in attempts to find out what is distant and "not seen;" they will endure the most painful anxiety in reference to their spiritual condition and prospects; and yet through carelessness or pride they will not once look into that sacred spy-glass lying at their side, by the aid of which all that is dark and mysterious may be made plain. How often do persons, when led finally to avail themselves of this means of spiritual illumination, find, to their astonishment, that there is a neglected book in their possession capable of solving all their doubts, removing all their dark-

ness, and pointing out to them, with singular minuteness, their dangers and duty. How strange it seems to them at such times that they did not resort to this fountain of wisdom before !

There are others who sadly abuse this instrument, even while attempting, professedly, to use it as a means of spiritual illumination. The spy-glass is of but little service in bringing distant objects near, unless it be properly arranged, and placed at the eye in a particular way. If its position be reversed, all will be confused and indistinct. So in reading the bible, if we come to it with preconceived opinions, determined to make it harmonize with them, right or wrong, we are looking through the glass the *wrong way*. How many remain in spiritual blindness through this mistake !

But the most inconsistent class of persons that I know of, are those who say that the spy-glass is *unnecessary*; who rely upon their own sight exclusively for all the knowledge they have of religious matters. How dangerous is such a delusion ! Not many years ago, a vessel, richly laden, was lying near Matanzas, bound for Boston. The attention of the captain was directed to a suspicious-looking craft bearing down upon him. To the inquiry, what she could be—'Oh,' said the captain, 'it is nothing but a *drogher*', (meaning a small Spanish vessel employed in furnishing other vessels in the harbour with provisions, fruits, etc.) Had he used his spy-glass instead of depending on his naked eye, how different had been his fate ! In less than an hour his vessel was boarded by a band of pirates, and all on board except one man were inhumanly butchered. Such a calamity might have been avoided had more attention been given to the approaching vessel while at a distance. By omitting this, her true character was not known until escape was impossible. Thus it is with the man who rejects the bible, and depends upon his own short-sighted wisdom to guide him in religious matters. By closing his eyes against the light of inspiration, he must finally perish for lack of knowledge. When compelled to look danger in the face, it is too late to escape. Oh, the folly of neglecting the counsels of heaven.

I make but one more suggestion, and let it be by way of improvement addressed to the reader. Be careful and keep your spy-glass clear of dust. The more you use it the better. When did you look into it last ? Do you examine it daily ? If so, and there be a clear atmosphere, you are not in ignorance and darkness about distant realities. "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in his deed."



### MRS. SHERWOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY MARTYN.

IN the memoir of the philosophical Sir James Macintosh, we meet incidentally with a notice of the illustrious Henry Martyn,\* who happened on one occasion to dine with Sir James (then a judge in India) and a polished circle of Europeans. His future fame as a missionary was at that time unsuspected; and even if it had been anticipated, Macintosh, amiable as was his character, at this period of his life, was scarcely likely to appreciate the qualities of the earnest evangelist into whose company he was then thrown. All, accordingly, that he has recorded of Henry Martyn is, that a mild, gentlemanly man, one of the company's chaplains, dined with him, and surprised the assembled party with the novelty of asking grace before dinner! The state of religion in India, at the time Henry Martyn visited it, was indeed, as might be inferred from this anecdote, deplorably low. We write of the period about 1807. Still, among the English residents in Calcutta, there was a little band of seriously disposed individuals. Among these was Mrs. Sherwood—the lady of an English officer, and, subsequently, the writer of many admirable tales for youth (among others, "Henry and his Bearer,") which are, no doubt, familiar to a large body of our readers.

Her mind had just begun to be awakened to the great realities of eternal things—to the worth of the soul and the preciousness of the Saviour—when she was providentially thrown in the way of Henry Martyn. From her biography,† which has recently been published, we glean many pleasing sketches of the young missionary, then newly arrived on his field of labour, having abandoned all that university honours at home could yield him, to carry the gospel to the darkened Hindoo.

Mrs. Sherwood's first interview with Mr. Martyn is thus interestingly described:—

\* Henry Martyn, some of our readers may require to be informed, was the son of a miner in Cornwall, and by the aid of masterly abilities and unwearied industry, attained high college honours at Cambridge. Renouncing the path of worldly distinction thus opened to him, he devoted himself to missionary labours in India, at a time when such efforts were held in small estimation. An early death terminated his career.

† "Life of Mrs. Sherwood, chiefly autobiographical, written by her daughter." London: Darton & Co. An interesting work, abounding with many curious literary anecdotes and reminiscences of bygone men and things.

"I perfectly remember the figure of that simple-hearted and holy young man, when he entered our bungalow. He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features, and thought of their shape or form, but the out-beaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness.

"Mr. Martyn invited us to visit him at his quarters at Dinapore, and we agreed to accept his invitation the next day. After breakfast Mr. Martyn had family prayers, which he commenced by singing a hymn. He had a rich, deep voice, and a fine taste for vocal music. After singing, he read a chapter, explained parts of it, and prayed extempore. Afterwards he withdrew to his studies and translations. The evening was finished with another hymn, scripture reading, and prayers. The conversion of the natives and the building up of the kingdom of Christ were the great objects for which alone that child of God seemed to exist then, and, in fact, for which he died.

"I can never forget, that Henry Martyn was one of the very few persons whom I have ever met who appeared never to be drawn away from one leading and prevailing object of interest, and that object was the promotion of religion. He did not appear like one who felt the necessity of contending with the world and denying himself its delights, but rather as one who was unconscious of the existence of any attractions in the world, or of any delights which were worthy of his notice. When he relaxed from his labours in the presence of his friends, it was to play and laugh like an innocent, happy child, more especially if children were present to play and laugh with him.

"I wish that I could remember more of his conversation at that time; but my memory has been too often heavily laden with diversified subjects to be always vigorous and distinct. There is a reference in 'The Infant's Progress' to one elegant idea of his respecting a rose transfigured

with a thorn. The natives have a peculiar taste for forming nosegays by fixing flowers of various colours and descriptions on a thorny branch; and these the gardener often presents as an offering to his master. This offering is usually laid on the breakfast-table. The flowers thus parted from their own stem begin to languish instantly, soon collapse, and lose their bloom and fragrance. It may easily be imagined how such a mind as that which Henry Martyn had might apply this emblem to the union between Christ and his people; showing how our life depends on our union with him, and with him only, as the only living root."

The obstacles which were then thrown in the way of promoting a spirit of piety among our soldiers, may be judged from the following passage. Happily such prejudices have now largely been disarmed:—

"As soon as Mr. Martyn could in any way exert himself, he made acquaintance with some of the pious men of the regiment, who used to meet in ravines, in huts, in woods, and in every wild and secret place they could find, to read and pray and sing; and he invited them to come to him in our house, Mr. Sherwood making no objection. The time first fixed was an evening after parade, and in consequence they all appeared at the appointed hour, each carrying their mora (a low seat), and their books tied up in pocket handkerchiefs. In this very unmilitary fashion they were all met in a body by some officers. It was with some difficulty that Mr. Sherwood could divert the storm of displeasure which had well nigh burst upon them on the occasion. Had they been all found intoxicated and fighting, they would have created less anger from those who loved not religion. How truly is it said that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' Notwithstanding this unfortunate *contretemps*, these poor good men were received by Mr. Martyn in his own apartment; and a most joyful meeting he had with them. We did not join the party, but we heard them singing and praying, and the sound was very sweet."

Inseparably connected with the name of Henry Martyn is that of Sabat, the Arab, his true convert, as he at first promised to be, although eventually he woefully fell away. His portrait is thus given by Mrs. Sherwood, together with an anecdote illustrative of his master's gentleness and meekness:—

"Sabat's eyebrows were arched, black, and strongly pencilled; his eyes dark and round, and from time to time flashing with unsubdued emotion, and ready to kindle into flame on the most trifling occasion. His nose was high, his mouth wide, his teeth large, and looked white in contrast with his bronzed complexion and fierce

black mustachios. He was a large and power man, and generally wore a skull-cap of rice shawling, or embroidered silk, with circular flaps of the same hanging over each ear. His large tawny throat and neck had no other covering than that afforded by his beard, which was black. His attire was a kind of jacket of silk with long sleeves, fastened by a girello, or girdle about his loins, to which was appended a jewelled dirk. The only languages which he was able to speak were Persian, Arabic, and a very little bad Hindostanee; but what was wanting in the words of this man was more than made up by the loudness with which he uttered them, for he had a voice like rolling thunder.

"Being one day offended with Mr. Martyn, Sabat wrote a Persian letter, full of abuse of his patron, to a friend of his, who lived in the service of the English resident at Lucknow. This friend showed the letter to his master, who, being greatly displeased with Sabat's ingratitude, sent it under cover to Mr. Martyn, in order to apprise him of the nature of the person harboured beneath his roof, assuring him that the terms of the letter were extremely violent. Mr. Martyn did not look into it; but, summoning the Ishmaelite, requested him to read it aloud to him, seeming as if he knew not who had written it. The child of the desert was for once confounded; he could not look up; he cowered and was still before his calm dispassionate master. Mr. Martyn pitied him, and, first assuring him that he had not read one word of the letter, though he understood its tendency, he bade him go in peace, taking the epistle in his hands. On this occasion Sabat seemed to be really touched, and expressed contrition."

The readers of Henry Martyn's life must recollect the humility which he exercised in preaching to an assembly of native beggars, while he distributed to them his charity. The conflicts and mental struggles which he underwent on that occasion, in consequence of the ridicule of the world which it gave rise to, and the happy results which his efforts had in the conversion of Abdool Musseeh, who became subsequently an active native evangelist, are familiar to all the readers of Martyn's biography. The following is a vivid picture of the scene:—

"We often went, too, on the Sunday evenings, to hear the addresses of Mr. Martyn to the assembly of mendicants, and we generally stood behind him on the cherbuter. On these occasions we had to make our way through a dense crowd, with a temperature often rising above 92°, whilst the sun poured its burning rays upon us through a lurid haze of dust. Frightful were the objects which usually met our eyes in this

*crowd; so many monstrous and diseased limbs and hideous faces were displayed before us, and pushed forward for our inspection, that I have often made my way to the cherbuter with my eyes shut, whilst Mr. Sherwood led me. On reaching the platform I was surrounded by our own people, and yet even there I scarcely dared to look about me. I still imagine that I hear the calm, distinct, and musical tones of Henry Martyn, as he stood raised above the people, endeavouring, by showing the purity of the Divine law, to convince the unbelievers that by their works they were all condemned; and that this was the case of every man of the offspring of Adam, and they therefore needed a Saviour who was both willing and able to redeem them. From time to time low murmurs and curses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward, till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one, generally concluding with hisses and fierce cries. But when the storm passed away, again might he be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption.*

"Mr. Martyn himself assisted in giving each person his *pice* after the address was concluded; and when he withdrew to his bungalow, I have seen him drop, almost fainting, on a sofa, for he had, as he often said, even at that time, a slow inflammation burning in his chest, and one which he knew must eventually terminate his existence. In consequence of this he was usually in much pain after any exertion of speaking."

Soon afterwards Mr. Martyn left them for his Persian mission; on which Mrs. Sherwood observes:—

"Mr. Martyn's object for going to Persia was to complete his Persian Testament; but he had no unpleasant ideas nor expectations of the country; on the contrary, all his imaginations of Persia were taken from those beautiful descriptions given by the poets. He often spoke of that land as of a land of roses and nightingales, of fresh flowing streams, of sparkling fountains, and of breezes laden with perfumes. The parting moment, when that holy man arose to leave us, blessing our little children, and blessing us, was deeply sad: we never expected to see him more, and we never did."

The sequel of his life is well known: how he died at his post; how his journals were brought to England, and have since fed the flame of missionary enterprise; all these are familiar facts to ordinary readers. Oh, that our young men, and that the church at large, were more baptized with that spirit of holy love and disinterested self-denial which shone in the life of this devoted servant of God!

### LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"THROUGH my carelessness to-day," said Mr. Granger, "I lost an opportunity of making fifty pounds."

"In what way?" said Mr. Barton.

"A friend told me to be at the bank at precisely twelve o'clock, and I would hear something to my advantage. I got engaged in talking with Mr. Beach, and did not get to the bank till half-past twelve. My friend waited for me twenty minutes, and then left. I went to his house, but it was too late for business. It isn't the first time I have lost an opportunity to make money by being behind the time."

This being "behind time" is a great cause of losing opportunities. Opportunities for making money are not the only ones whose loss it occasions.

There was, in a certain village in America, a great awakening and anxiety manifested on the subject of spiritual religion. In that village there was a young man, whose talents, intelligence, winning manners, and social standing, gave him great influence among the young people in the village. It was felt that if he should become interested in the subject of religion, and should attend the special services which were in progress, a very general attendance on the part of the young would at least be the consequence. It was known that some who did not attend the meeting were somewhat anxious, and would gladly attend if they had the sanction of young Allerton's example.

It was a question discussed among those most interested in the matter, what means shall be taken to induce Allerton to attend. "I think," said one, "that he should be spoken to at once, and invited to attend; and if he professes indifference to the subject, as it is most likely he will, let the appeal be made to his benevolence. Let him be told that the welfare of many will be affected by his course; let him be entreated to come to the meetings, if not for his own good, for the good of others."

"Mr. Lamb is the man to speak to him," said another. "Lamb has more influence with him than any other man in town."

It was agreed that Mr. Lamb should be seen at once, and requested to use his influence with Allerton to induce him to attend the meetings in progress.

Mr. Lamb willingly undertook the part assigned to him. He would see Allerton in course of the day. It happened, however, that the day came to a close before it was convenient for him to make the proposed call. He would do it in the evening. The prospect of a shower caused him to put it off till the next morning.

in the morning he saw Allerton, and urged him to attend the meetings.

"If you had seen me last night," said Allerton, "you could have got my promise to attend; but late at night some things occurred which induced me to form the resolution to have nothing to do with what is going on."

His strong influence continued to be adverse to the incipient movement, Mr. Lamb lost an opportunity of doing good by being "behind the time."

Opportunities of doing good are lost from other causes besides procrastination. Death had entered the family of a man who had never manifested any interest in the subject of religion, and had manifested his disapprobation of any efforts to awaken an interest on the subject in the minds of his children. They were not permitted to attend the Sunday-school of the village, though they were desirous of doing so, in company with their associates. One of the number, a girl nine years of age, was taken with scarlet fever, and died. Her death deeply affected her father, for she was his favourite child. The sympathy manifested by the children of the village was grateful to his heart. A teacher in the Sunday-school thought of requesting him, while his heart was thus softened, to allow his remaining children to attend the school. But he was afraid of giving offence. He hesitated, and debated the matter within himself, till it was too late to make the request with any prospect of success. Through fear of giving offence, he lost an opportunity of doing good to a family of children who had none to teach them the fear of the Lord.

A Christian was travelling in a stage-coach. He found among the passengers a young man who was to be his travelling companion for two days. In an unguarded moment, he got into an altercation with one of the passengers, and evinced a temper and uttered language inconsistent with the Christian character. Subsequently, he was alone with the young man for half a day. He desired to speak to him respecting his soul, but the recollection of his inconsistent behaviour restrained him. He lost an opportunity of doing good, in consequence of losing his temper.

A young man, a stranger to religion, and not an habitual attendant upon any place of worship, chanced one evening to enter a church in one of our large cities. The discourse made a deep impression upon his mind. He left the church an awakened and anxious man. He knew not where to go for counsel. At last it occurred to him to call on the preacher whose words had carried conviction to his heart. He found out his residence, and was shewn into the parlour. The minister was in the back parlour with one

or two clerical friends. The folding doors were ajar. The young man could hear every word that was uttered. He was kept in waiting while the minister gave utterance to a jest which was not "convenient." The effect on his mind was very unhappy. He could not open his mind to the minister. He retired from the house with less anxiety than he entered it, and soon became as careless as ever. The minister lost an opportunity of doing good, in consequence of a foolish and ill-timed jest.

Reader, how many opportunities for doing good have you lost? Many, I fear, very many.

Many seem to suppose they are chiefly responsible for the wrong they do. They are equally responsible for the good they fail to do. In the account of the judgment day, peculiar stress is laid upon the sin of not doing—"Inasmuch as ye did it not."

We have all lost and neglected too many opportunities of doing good. Let us be watchful that we lose no more.—*American Paper.*

#### THE PLANTS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### THE OLIVE.

THIS tree seldom rises above twenty or thirty feet, and thrives best in warm situations, though it will accommodate itself to any soil, even the most sterile. "Rocky parts of Palestine," says Maundrel, "which could not well serve for the cultivation of corn, might yet produce vines and olives, which delight to extract, the one its fatness, and the other its sprightly juice, chiefly out of such dry and flinty places; thus the very rocks were made fruitful."



That the olive was highly appreciated, among the ancients, and that it was universally considered an emblem of reconciliation and peace, may be gathered from the ancient fabulous histories of Greece. We read in one of them that the gods having been summoned to settle a dispute between Neptune and Minerva about

the name of the new city of Cecrops, they called upon the disputants to rival each other in the production of some beneficial gift to mankind. Neptune, striking the ground with his trident, created a horse; but Minerva, by causing an olive-tree to spring from the earth, gained her point, since the olive, the emblem of peace and agriculture, was preferable to the horse, the symbol of war. That this heathen fancy was borrowed from the book of truth seems highly probable. The olive-branch being the first green thing restored to man after the deluge, seemed a token of reconciliation from an offended God to his offending creatures.

"And the dove came unto him in the evening; and lo, in her mouth was an olive-leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth." This token "was brought," says Matthew Henry, "not by a raven, a bird of prey, but by a mild, patient, humble dove: it is a dove-like disposition that brings into the soul earnest of rest and joy."

Now satiate sleeps the stormy ire,  
The weary winds to rest retire,  
And billows, worn with strife, expire.

The sky unveils its face serene,  
To smile upon the changing scene,  
Emerging in its gayest green.

Now see the sun's triumphant light  
Chasing the ling'ring mists of night,  
And gilding ev'ry mountain height.

On snowy wing a spotless dove,  
(Was it some spirit from above  
On errand of celestial love?)

Bears in its bill a verdant spray,  
First token of the new-born day,  
When pard'ning love resum'd its sway.

By renovating gales carest,  
Now earth, in sylvan beauty drest,  
Luxuriates in recover'd rest.

I hail thee, symbol of that scene  
Of permanent delight serene,  
Where sin and death have never been!

Pliny states that in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus there were no olive-trees in Italy, Spain, or Africa, which favours the presumption that they grew originally only in Syria, where, we learn from the same authority, the best oil was produced. This oil, which, unlike other fruits, is found in the pulp only, is obtained by simple foot pressure, or by pounding the fruit in a mortar, and is valued on account of its nutritious as well as its medicinal qualities. This process of extracting the oil is more than once alluded to in scripture; (see Deuteronomy xxiv. 20,) and in the particular directions given to the Israelites for the lighting up the tabernacle, not only is the use of this oil prescribed, but the mode of preparing it is signified. Exodus

xxvii. 20: "Thou shalt command the children of Israel that they bring thee pure oil olive, beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always." How beautiful is the spiritual hint here conveyed to us! As burning and shining lights in the temple of the living God, we must be continually supplied with "unction from above," or we shall blaze forth one day and be extinguished or obscure the next.

But the tree itself, associated as it is with so many scenes in our blessed Lord's history, is enough to interest us, without the useful oil and beautiful similitudes with which it supplies us; for the mountain, which bears its name, is still planted with olives, and those of so old a growth that some have supposed them to be the very same which stood there in our Saviour's time, and for this reason their stones and oil had a superstitious value as an article of commerce in Spain. Josephus, however, tells us that at the siege of Jerusalem, all the trees within a hundred furlongs of the city were cut down by order of Titus; but as fresh olive-trees sprung from the old stumps, those now in the ground are most probably successors to the famed originals. "It is a curious fact," says Dr. Clarke, after speaking of "the grove of aged olives of immense sizes," growing on Mount Olivet, "that during a period of little more than two thousand years, Hebrews, Assyrians, Romans, Molems, and Christians have been successively in possession of the rocky mountains of Palestine; yet the olive still vindicates its paternal soil, and is found at this day upon the same spot which was called by the Hebrew writers Mount Olivet, eleven centuries before the Christian era."

Tournefort mentions eighteen kinds of olives, but the only distinction we find in scripture is between the cultivated and the wild: the latter are small, and are now to be found growing among brambles on Mount Carmel; and as few trees vary so much from their original character under careful treatment as the olive, it furnished the apostle Paul with a striking similitude, Romans xi. 17—21. As this tree, in a cultivated state, is distinguished among the products of the earth for its adaptation to man's use and great domestic value, the Jew, being placed under the more immediate curse of the Almighty, advanced under his culture to a noble distinction among the nations. But the plant, when growing wild and neglected, well represents the Gentile world when alienated from God and left unaided and undisciplined. The apostle supposes the infusion of the virtues of the cultured plant into the wild olive, by the process of engrafting, and thus strikingly exhibits to the Jew and the Gentile a lesson the most vital and important; to the Jew, the forfeiture

to which his perverse will had subjected him ; to the Gentile, the privileges proposed to be conferred upon him, on his being adopted into the covenant of grace, in virtue of the Saviour's great atonement.

The olive, in its summer dress of bright green leaves and snowy blossoms, stands also as a representative of the Jewish nation in the old testament, when "the dew of God's favour" lay upon it "and his glory was fresh on it." See Jeremiah xi. 16: "The Lord called thy name, a green olive tree, fair and of goodly fruit." The flourishing again of this favoured people, and the restoration of their privileges, is signified by the same comparison, Hosea xiv. 6: "Thy beauty shall be as the olive tree." Their good king David, also, describing his own holy and happy condition while depending upon God and benefiting his people, in the 52nd Psalm, 8th verse, exclaims, "I am like a green olive tree in the house of God;" planted and rooted, fixed and flourishing, freely bestowing what had been freely received. Those who by faith and love dwell in the house of God, shall be like green olive trees there.

There is a privileged enclosure  
Where tempests never force their way ;  
And where, secure from all exposure,  
The tender shrub fears no decay.

O happy those transplanted thither,  
That live preserv'd within that bough,  
From fickle suns and froward weather,  
And all the ministers of change !

Plants of the courts of God, surrounding  
The centre of that hallow'd scene,  
Where, with the sap of love abounding,  
They flourish in immortal green.

We may conclude this paper by recalling to our readers the humane precepts in connexion with the olive harvest which are given in the word of God, and the spirit of which is well worthy of being kept in view in this iron age of competition. "When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow." When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt; therefore I command thee to do this thing.

**ASSYRIA'S TESTIMONY TO THE SCRIPTURES.**—"We understand," says the 'Bombay Guardian,' "that Mr. Rawlinson is prosecuting his labours at Bagdad with great energy. He has made some important discoveries of remains in Lower Babylonia, the region about Bagdad. He has found among the Assyrian records the name of Belshazzar, completing the list of kings mentioned in the bible, and is quite satisfied as to the unerring fidelity of the scripture accounts."

## MUSINGS ON THE SHORE OF THE RED SEA.

CONDENSED FROM AITON'S "LANDS OF THE MESSIAH, MAHOMET, AND THE POPE."

TALKING of the bottom of the Red Sea, its corals, its sands, and its boulders, I may remark, that nothing struck me with more wonder and admiration than the extreme clearness of the bright blue waves of that ocean. When leaning over the edge of our boat on the smooth surface of the sea, I could distinctly see the pebbles and the pure white sand at a depth even of thirty fathoms. Through the body of the water, I could discern the minutest objects at an immense depth. The secrets of the deep thus laid open to me afforded the most magnificent spectacle which can be conceived. I saw neither wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls, nor such other treasures of the vasty deep, but the most beautiful productions of nature were there. In fact, the sights I saw below this vale of waters were as interesting as anything I ever witnessed even in the Crystal Palace, and probably more so from their novelty. In one part I noticed whole forests of pale pink and red coral, spreading forth their luxurious branches and imparting a blush to the element in which they grew. How varied, how beautiful was their colouring, sometimes appearing of a brilliant red or blue, or gorgeous with orange or the deepest black ! In one spot they were of a dead white, or livid purple; in another of a bright yellow or crimson; and everywhere they were fancifully diversified. . . . Above all it was interesting, when sailing over what I am inclined to think was the theatre of the great miracle, to gaze from the side of the vessel thirty fathoms into the bottom of the water, and to see it bedded mainly with golden sand; which would enable the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots to run smoothly to the destruction of their riders.

When in this contemplative mood, I thought what a night that must have been when this grand miracle was wrought. I imagined I heard the east wind roaring up along the gulf, and saw it damming back the waves upright as a wall on either side. Then there was the Egyptian darkness made brighter than the sunbeam by the cloudy pillar gleaming on the waters from the sky—then there came before my eyes the desiling of the terrified Israelites through the awful path—the hesitation, hurry, and confusion of the host—the sublime care and confidence of Moses, meek but determined—then the advance of Pharaoh's proud horsemen—then the roar of the returning waters, the crested foam of the boiling billow, the rising flood strong and swift, and the whole torrent rushing onward to overwhelm in a moment the

God-defying Pharaoh and his host—then there arose in my ear the yells of the drowning. What a wet and white winding sheet these foaming surges would be to the cold clay corpses of Pharaoh and his host! . . . Then on the shores of Arabia there arose, from the whole assembled host under Moses, one unbounded and unbroken chorus of gladness and of gratitude, of wonder, love, and praise, as expressed in the psalm of Moses, in the dance of Miriam, and in the sounding of the timbrels. “Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father’s God, and I will exalt him. Pharaoh’s chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea. The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee: thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?”

My next object, as a mere matter of amusement, without reference to the important question of the exodus, was to find out the exact spot where Napoleon was overtaken by the waves near Suez. Actuated by latent rationalism, and desirous to contradict the miracle, or at any rate to render it easier of belief to unbelievers, by proving that it was conformable to the ordinary laws of nature, he one day waited for the ebb of the tide, and made an attempt to follow what he supposed were the footsteps of Moses in passing the creek. In regard to his effort in this way, it has been remarked by the author of ‘Eothen,’ that he and his horsemen managed the matter in a manner more resembling the failure of the Egyptians than the success of the Israelites. The tide came up regardless of him and his staff, and it was with great difficulty that any of them

reached the land. Some of the people at Suez told me that Napoleon fell from his horse into the sea, and was only dragged out by the assistance of the natives on shore. Others said that he spurred his horse through the waters, breast-high, back to the beach in front of the English hotel; and that his faithful steed manifested more firmness and sagacity than its rider, by speeling up the stairs like a cat. According to the French account, Napoleon got out of the difficulty when the waters began to accumulate around him, by his warrior-like presence of mind, which often served him so well when the fate of a battle and of nations depended on the decision of a moment. He ordered his officers around him to disperse like a fan, in order thus to multiply the chances of finding shallow water, and in one way only was he enabled to make his escape from instant death. When the water was still dripping from Napoleon, he smartly remarked, that had he been drowned, the circumstance would have furnished texts for all the preachers in Europe.

But on this as on many other occasions, “God makes the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath he restrains.” Napoleon’s object in making the attempt to perform again the miracle of Moses, was to disprove it, but the Almighty turned the event so as to settle its authenticity beyond doubt: simply because, if half a dozen well-mounted warriors had not time to cross the head of the gulf in broad daylight, between the ebb and the flow, how could two millions of men, women, and children have done it, during the dark, all on foot, and heavily encumbered with baggage?

**FERVENCY IN PRAYER.**—Oh, the heavenly fire, the holy fervency, that was in Daniel’s closet prayer—“O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken, and do; defer not for thine own sake.” As there are two kinds of antidotes against poison, namely, hot and cold, so there are two kinds of antidotes against all the troubles of this life, namely, fervent prayer and holy patience; the one hot, the other cold; the one quickening, and the other quenching; and holy Daniel made use of them both. Fervency in prayer is as the fire was to the spices in the censer, or as wings to the bird, or as oil to the wheels; and this Daniel found out by experience. God looks not for any James, with horny knees through assiduity at prayer; nor for any Bartholomew, with a century of prayers for the morning and as many for the evening; but for fervency of spirit in prayer, which alone carries all with God.—*Brooks.*



## Page for the Young.

### THE ONE THING.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—I have one thing to tell you of, which is needful for everybody, needful at all times, and needful in every place. Its possessor is better, wiser, and happier than anything else could make him, and families and nations are improved by its existence among them.

In the village of Bethany, about two miles from Jerusalem, dwelt a family which Jesus loved. One day, when he paid them a visit, one of them, Mary, sat at his feet; and listened to his words, while her sister, Martha, was very busy about house matters, and in providing a suitable repast for their visitor; and because Mary did not show the same anxiety, she came to Christ, and said, "Lord, dost not thou care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me?" "And very right, too—why should she do all the work?" perhaps some of you may think. But pause a moment; hear the reply Jesus made to her request: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but *one thing* is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

"One thing." What can that be? Is it *riches*? People do not become better, wiser, or happier for being rich. In fact, the reverse is often the case. "The abundance of riches will not suffer their possessor to sleep, and he that increaseth goods increaseth sorrow."

*Is it honour?* Great names and titles do not confer wisdom or happiness. "Better be a poor and wise child, than an old and foolish king."

*Is it sinful pleasure?* No; "he that loveth such pleasure shall be a poor man." Solomon tried it, and he found it "vanity and vexation of spirit."

THE "ONE THING NEEDFUL" is true piety. "But why is it called the *one thing*?" You do well, my young friend, to ask this question. Because it is of the first importance. It is the duty of everybody to "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and all other things which may be needful will be given to us. Though we possess everything besides, we cannot be happy without religion. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Our bodies must soon die, and be laid in the grave, and all that we have we must leave behind us; but our souls will never die. True religion is the only thing which will prepare us for death and judgment. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Now, my young reader, learn one or two lessons.

The proper place for every child is to sit at the feet of Jesus. In the east, scholars sit at the feet of their tutors. When, therefore, we say that you should sit at the feet of Christ, we mean that you should be his disciples or scholars. He invites you to come to him. You should come to him as your Teacher. "Learn of me," says he, "for I am meek and lowly in heart." He is meek, and pities the ignorant; he is lowly, and stoops to the meanest capacities. What he teaches, all may understand.

A good man has said, "So long as you look after other things besides Christ, you lose him." It is wrong to attend to other things, to the neglect of our duty to God and to our own souls. Religion should be our chief concern. If we learn of Christ, we shall see that religion teaches us not to neglect, but how to perform other duties aright. "Whether therefore we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God."

The truly pious are those who have learned of Jesus. And though they may not be rich in this world's goods, they will be possessors of durable riches, having treasure in heaven. Pleasures will be there exceeding all that they can think of now; and honours far above all the world calls great. Theirs will be a crown of life.

Dear children, seek to become possessors of the one thing, for in the words of a hymn, which I know must be a favourite with many of you—

"Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
"Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.  
After death, its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity;  
If the Saviour be my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end."

### THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S DESIRE.

DANIEL's wisdom may I know,  
Stephen's faith and spirit show,  
John's divine compassion feel,  
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,  
Run like the unwearied Paul,  
Win the prize and conquer all.

Mary's love may I possess,  
Lydia's tender-heartedness,  
Peter's ardent lively zeal,  
James' faith by works reveal;  
Like young Timothy may I  
Every sinful passion fly.

Job's submission may I show,  
David's pure devotion know,  
Samuel's call oh may I hear,  
Lazarus' happy portion share;  
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire  
All my new-born soul inspire.

Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,  
Gideon's valiant steadfast care;  
Joseph's purity impart,  
Isaac's meditative heart;  
Abraham's friendship may I prove,  
Faithful to the "God of love."

Most of all, may I pursue  
The bright pattern Jesus drew,  
In my life and conduct show  
How he lived and walked below;  
Daily by his grace restored,  
Strive to imitate my Lord.

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



PIETY ON THE BENCH.

In the seventeenth century there might have been seen in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, one clothed in judicial costume, and occupying the high seat of justice, who, amidst the quaint and picturesque scenes and fashions of that age, incorporated within himself those principles of Christian truth and duty which belong to all ages. Sir Matthew Hale has been characterized by Lord Ellenborough as one of the greatest judges that ever sat in Westminster Hall; and by Lord Kenyon, as one of the greatest and best of men; while

Lord Erskine alluded to him as a personage whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, whose life was a glorious example of its fruits, and whose justice, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, will in all ages be the subject of the highest reverence and admiration.

These eulogiums by distinguished men are only the echo of that general praise which, ever since the name of Hale became known, has repeated and applauded it.

He was born on the first of November, 1609, at Alderly, in the county of Gloucester. His parents dying while he was young, the care of

his education devolved on a relative, a puritan clergyman. From the strictness of his early training, he broke loose on his going to Oxford, where he plunged into dissipation, and continued his career of vice and folly till he was admitted at Lincoln's Inn, when, summoning all the strength of his vigorous will, he earnestly devoted himself to a course of study. Still, however, he mingled with vicious society; but, on one occasion, a boon companion, at a convivial meeting, being reduced by intemperance to a state of death-like insensibility, Matthew Hale was overwhelmed with agony, and, retiring into another room, fell down on his knees, and prayed to God for the restoration of his friend, and the forgiveness of his own sin in encouraging such enormities. That seems to have been the turning-point in his history. A change was wrought by the grace of God, which gave a new complexion to his after life. Piety, revealing itself in the consistency of a holy deportment, became habitually associated with the most exemplary discharge of the duties of his legal profession. So exemplary was his deportment now, and so great the patronage he thereby secured, that, according to a story in his memoirs, the probability of his rising to eminence became a topic of conversation. "A draper, with whom, in bargaining for a new suit, he differed about the price, told him he should have the cloth for nothing if he would promise him 100*l.* when lord chief justice of England. The offer was of course declined, but the draper lived to see his customer advanced to that high dignity." He speedily rose to eminence, and was employed at the bar on some celebrated occasions; for instance, he was counsel for Charles I. on his trial; he was also exalted to a judgeship by Cromwell, and made chief baron of the Exchequer, and then chief justice of the court of King's Bench, by Charles II. After a judicial career surpassingly illustrious, the decline of his health induced him to resign the duties and honours of office. When, with some difficulty, the monarch was brought to acquiesce in his determination, Sir Matthew Hale retired to Alderly, the place of his birth; and there, in holy contemplation, spent the short remainder of his days. "He is gone," said Richard Baxter, "in likelihood to die there; nor is it the least of my pleasures that I have lived some years in his more than ordinary love and friendship, and that we are now waiting which shall be first in heaven, whither he saith he is going with full consent and acquiescence in the will of a gracious God, and doubts not but we shall shortly live together." He had a singular presage of his death, and remarked that if he did not die on such a day (mentioning the 25th of November), he should live a month longer. It proved

exactly true. On the 25th of December, Christmas day—a day he much loved, and which he celebrated by giving utterance in verse to his loving praise of an incarnate Redeemer—he exchanged the pious chants in which he had so often indulged, for angelic songs in the Saviour's presence. He was buried in the churchyard of his native village.

There were circumstances in the history, and points in the character, of sir Matthew Hale, which it comes not within our purpose to notice. We allude to him simply as an illustration of secular diligence and spiritual fervour.

As soon as he entered Lincoln's Inn, he began to employ sixteen hours a day in study. He determined to excel in his proper business. He brought all the powers of his mind to bear on the acquisition of that knowledge which would make him eminent as a lawyer. He made collections out of the books he read, carefully digested what he knew, and recorded his own matured reflections. In this way, before he was called to the bar, he composed a volume, pronounced by a brother judge to be so well done, that no lawyer in England could have done it better. At the bar, he was the model of a laborious barrister; on the bench, he was the model of a laborious judge.

Society is a great household, of which God is the master. Distribution of labour, varieties of secular employment, are according to his will. Professions and trades are all spheres of Divine service, in which the Sovereign Proprietor employs mortals as his workmen. He who gives angels in heaven their work to do, gives the children of Adam their work to do. The profession, or trade, to which a man is called by his heavenly Lord, should be religiously regarded by him as having the first of all secular claims, upon his diligence, earnestness, and ardour. To it he should devote his energies—in it he should excel. The Jews compared a man with a fixed employment to "a vineyard fenced." A good comparison. A man's activities, within his proper calling, are not like trees, scattered up and down the way-side, or over the wilderness, where much of the fruit is lost; but like well-planted and well-trained vines in a garden, where the most is made of them, and they are all husbanded and preserved. So the great sir Matthew Hale felt; and in that sphere of earthly labour which God had assigned him, he resolved to improve the talents he was endowed with—to do, not for his own sake merely, or for man's sake, but for the Lord's sake, his very best. And in like manner, the inspired injunction to be "diligent in business,"—this voice from heaven, which speaks to every one, day by day,—which calls every morning to the tradesman as he goes behind the counter—to the

merchant, as he sits down at the desk—to the artisan, as he enters the workshop,—this voice, which reminds them all that God's eye is upon them from morning to night, plainly intimates that they should walk in the steps of Hale, and strive to excel in their worldly employment. It has been quaintly said, that if a Christian be a shoe-black, he should strive to be the best shoe-black in the parish. Certainly he ought; and if we have to weave, or to carve, or to mould—if we have to make garments, or construct furniture, or build houses—faith in our religion should impel us, in all these humble things, to aim at perfection, remembering that we are working up God's materials with hands and heads which are God's gifts. The man at the loom or the forge, the worker in wood and clay, will thus, under the influence of a desire to glorify him in the use of his gifts, serve and honour him as really and as acceptably as the Christian pastor or the Jewish priest. The honest, industrious, conscientious, pains-taking shopman and housemaid, with the spirit of religion to animate all their conduct, will, in one respect, be equal to the angels; for, not being men-pleasers merely, but with singleness of eye doing all things as unto the Lord, they will be like those glorious and happy spirits, for they will be “ministers of his,” and “do his pleasure.”

Beyond the boundaries of his profession, sir Matthew Hale manifested his industry. He was a great general reader, an intense thinker, and a voluminous writer. His published works are considerable; but he left behind him a number of manuscripts on various literary, philosophical, and religious subjects, still preserved in Lincoln's Inn. Mathematics, natural philosophy, medicine, anatomy, surgery, ancient history, and chronology, besides divinity, to which he very largely devoted his attention, were severally subjected to his inquisitive research. He valued time. To him it was most precious. No portion of it would he waste. He had, as all right-minded men have, a religious feeling about time. While time is ours, it is so only in the sense in which other things are ours. It is not merely a *gift* from God, but a *trust* from God—a valuable *investment* committed to us, not *absolutely*, but in *trusteeship*—responsible, sacred trusteeship. Two things are essential to the full improvement of time—*assiduity* and *method*—the occupation of every moment, and the wise arrangement of all occupations. Method without assiduity will be but formal idling. A man may be very systematic—a ‘slave to system,—and yet go on wasting hour after hour, by line and rule. Assiduity without method will be but an abortive bustle. Time will be spent in flurried confusion; and, with a sincere eagerness to grasp it all, much will slip away. Assi-

duity and method presiding over time, will turn it to wonderful account. Such habits will create a wise economy. As in money, so in time, we are to look chiefly to the *smallest* portions. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Take care of the minutes and the hours, and years will take care of themselves. Gold is not found in California for the most part in great masses, but in little grains. It is sifted out of the sand in minute particles, which, melted together, produce the rich ingots that excite the world's cupidity. So the spare pieces of time, the shreds, the odds and ends of time put together, may form a great and beautiful work. Hale wrote his contemplations when on his circuits. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius in his carriage, while, as a physician, he rode from door to door. One of the chancellors of France penned a bulky volume in the successive intervals of daily waiting for dinner. Doddridge wrote his Expositor chiefly before breakfast. Kirke White studied Greek, went over the nouns and verbs, as he was going to and from a lawyer's office. Burney learned French and Italian while riding on horseback. Franklin laid the foundations of his wonderful stock of knowledge in his dinner hours and evenings, while working as a printer's boy. In the Palace of Industry there were several curious specimens of art, wrought by humble individuals, out of such fragments of time as they could secure from their regular occupations. Oh, the preciousness of moments! No gold nor gems can be compared to them. Yet all have them; while some are thereby enriched, and others leave themselves in poverty. The wealth of time is like the gold in the mine—like the gem in the pebble—like the diamond in the deep. The mine must be worked—the pebble ground and polished—the deep fathomed and searched. There are men now to whom time is what it was to Hale, a fruitful field, while to others it is but a barren waste. Time is life's freightage, where-with some men trade and make a fortune; and others suffer it to moulder all away, or waste it in extravagance. Time is life's book, out of which some extract wondrous wisdom; while others let it lie unconnected, and then die as fools. Time is life's tree, from which some gather precious fruit; while others lie down under its shadow, and perish with hunger. Time is life's ladder, whereby some raise themselves up to honour, and renown, and glory; and some let themselves down into the depths of shame, degradation, and ignominy. Time will be to us what, by our use of the treasure, we make it—a good or an evil, a blessing or a curse. God of all time, who hast given us time to spend in this world in many a useful way, give us wisdom, that we may know how to husband well thy

precious gift, and render in our account of it at last with humility, but with honour!

Sir Matthew Hale was a specimen of spiritual fervour. He believed, embraced, and loved the gospel. He esteemed the knowledge of Christ crucified, the best of all knowledge. "My time," he says, "is part of that talent which my Maker hath put into my hand; and if I have consumed my time in seeking preferment, honour, or wealth in the world, in studying how to please myself with vain and unnecessary recreations, in unlawful or excessive pleasures, in unlawful or immoderate curiosities, when I might have been better engaged in studying the mystery of Christ, or my conformity to his will, or improving my interest in him, I have committed two follies at once: I have lost my talent of time and opportunity, for which I am accountable, and I have lost the advantage which I had in hand, to improve my interest in God and favour from him and love to him; and though my talent might have gained ten, yet at most it hath gained but two. Surely, when death comes, the most comfortable hours that can return to our memories will be those we spent in improving the true, and experimental, and practical knowledge of Christ, and him crucified!"

He felt the transcendent importance of eternal things, and how incomparably inferior to them are the interests of a secular profession, however dignified. "Though," referring to his legal duties, "though it be my duty faithfully to serve in them, while I am called *to* them, and till I am called *from* them, yet they are great consumers of the little time we have here, which it seems to me might be better spent" (it would have been more in harmony with his devout taste) "in a pious, contemplative life, and a due" (or exclusive) "provision for eternity. I do not know a better temporal employment than Martha had, in testifying her love and her duty to our Saviour, by making provision for him; yet our Lord tells her, that though she was troubled about many things, one thing was needful, and Mary had chosen the better part."

The soul of this good man was inflamed with holy affection. "My intense love to God," he says, "is my duty... I cannot exceed my proportion—it is my wisdom; for I fix my heart upon that which is more than worthy of my love. It is my happiness; for I am joined to that which is the choicest good. The best of creatures is too narrow for the compass of my love. But in God I find an overflowing fulness which will fill up the intensest gaspings and outgoings of my soul; a fulness that will continue to eternity and increase my love."

Say not that mighty faith and fervent love are impossible in this world of bustle, and toil, and

care. For Hale has demonstrated that the thing was practicable; and so has William Wilberforce; and so has Mr. Hardcastle, the merchant; and so has Thomas Fowell Buxton, the brewer; and so has Joseph John Gurney, the banker, and many more. Amidst the heats of secular employment, they cooled their burning brows by opening windows that looked into eternity, and let in breezes that came blowing from the land where angels dwell. And when their soul's chariot wheels were ready to catch fire by the friction of their secular activity, faith in other things, and love to other things, was like cold water dropping down to prevent the flame. The world did not carry them away—did not overpower, and conquer, and burn them up. They remained, after all, masters of the world and of themselves, through the constant faith they had that they were the servants of God and of Christ.

Hale used the proper means for blending a fervent spirit with secular diligence. He studied and laid up in his soul the truths of the Bible. "Blessed be God," said he, in one of his letters of advice, "he hath given us the copy of his will in his great letter of declaration, the books of the Old and New Testament. You must value it as the greatest jewel you can have." The Bible was to that great lawyer infinitely more than all the statutes of the realm, and whole libraries of jurisprudence. His delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law did he meditate day and night. He also abounded in prayer. "I have endeavoured to husband this short, uncertain, important talent—time—as well as I could, by dedicating and setting apart some portion to prayer and reading of thy word, which I have constantly and peremptorily observed, whatever occasions interposed." He honoured the sabbath. "Though my hands and mind have been as full of secular business, both before and since I was a judge, as it may be any man's in England; yet I never wanted time in my six days to ripen myself for the employments I had to do, though I borrowed not one minute from the Lord's-day. I peremptorily resolved never to make a breach upon the Lord's-day, which I have strictly observed for above thirty years." He loved and regularly frequented the house of God. "The last year of his being in London," says Burnet, "he always came to the chapel of the Rolls where I preached; and in my life I never saw so much gravity tempered with sweetness." Baxter bears testimony to his devout demeanour at church. And when, during his last illness, it was proposed to administer to him the Lord's supper at home, "No," said he; "my heavenly Father has prepared a feast for me, and I will go to my Father's house to partake of it." He lived conscientiously,

and by rule. He resolved every morning to lift up his heart to God, to renew his covenant in Christ, to receive him afresh, and pay him allegiance, and to set a watch over his own infirmities and passions. He resolved to serve God in his ordinary calling, and not to overlay himself with more business than he could bear; —to mingle somewhat of God's immediate service in every day. He resolved to be moderate in all his refreshments and recreations. He resolved, if alone, to beware of wandering, vain, and lustful thoughts—to view the evidences of his salvation, the state of his soul, the coming of Christ, and his own mortality. He resolved, in company, to do good, and beware of leaving an ill impression. Finally, he resolved every evening to cast up the accounts of the day—to beg pardon for what was amiss—to seek more vigilance—and to bless the supporting grace and mercy of God.—*Lights of the World*, published by the Religious Tract Society.

#### SEVEN REASONS AGAINST UNDUE ANXIETY ABOUT WORLDLY THINGS.

1. UNDUE anxiety about such things is *useless*. “It is pain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.” “Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?” All our care and anxiety about God’s providential dealings in time to come cannot change the Divine purposes, or turn aside the wheel of providence—cannot add one inch to our stature, or one moment to our lives. Such anxiety then is utterly useless.

2. It is *injurious*. Anxiety wears out the animal spirits and the animal frame. It tends to shorten, and not to lengthen our days. Fear of disease has often brought on disease. “He that saveth his life shall lose it.” Trouble comes fast enough without anticipating it. “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” But undue anxiety is as injurious to the soul as it is to the body. When men are very much troubled about worldly things, they are in no disposition to seek the salvation of their souls.

3. It manifests a spirit of *unbelief*. God says, “Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.” He teaches us that the *future* is wholly with him, and that he will do all things right. Anxiety indicates unbelief as to what God has said.

4. It betrays a *want of confidence* in God’s paternal care. How would it appear for a child always to be fretting and worrying about what his father would promise for him on the

morrow? or, for him to manifest great anxiety, lest his father, who has always provided well for his family, should neglect to make provision for them in future? Would not such conduct be very unbecoming, and show that the child lacked proper confidence in his father? For us to be taking thought for the morrow, and borrowing trouble about what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewith we shall be clothed, shows the same want of confidence in God’s fatherly care. Will not God, who has given life, give what is necessary to support life? Will not God, who hears the young ravens when they cry, and fills the mouths of every tribe of irrational creatures, attend to supplying the wants of his children? If God clothes the lilies of the field with such surpassing beauty, will he not clothe his beloved people? And does not our heavenly Father know perfectly well what we have need of? Why then be anxious and troubled about *his* matters? Ought we not to be ashamed of such want of confidence in him?

5. It makes real Christians just like the unbelieving men of the world. Their great anxiety is about the things of *this* world—meat, drink, and clothing—while they are making no preparations for the world to come. We ought to rise higher than the level of an ungodly world, and show that we live *above the world* while we are in it. We should set our affections on things *above*, and not on earthly things. We ought to do more than others, for we have received more than they: we are promised more than they; and we hope for more than they have a right to hope for. As God has distinguished Christians from the world, and they are a chosen generation and a peculiar people, they should dismiss their undue and unreasonable anxiety about what will betide them in future.

6. It will prevent our seeking *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Anxiety about temporal matters is unfavourable to religion. Love of the world is what prevented the amiable young man in the gospel from following Christ and having a treasure in heaven. If we are unduly anxious for our lives, and asking what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and what we shall wear, we shall not be likely to make religion our chief concern. And if we ever have true religion at all, we must give it the *first place* in our thoughts, affections, and pursuits. Hence we see the wisdom and benevolence of our Saviour’s direction, “Take *no thought*,” etc., and “Seek *first* the kingdom,” etc.

7. Anxiety about worldly things throws us out of the reach of the promise that “all these things shall be added unto you.” Undue care defeats itself. It cannot procure what it wants, and it prevents the Lord’s doing it. If we

"seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," we comply with a condition which infallibly secures the necessaries of life — "and all these things SHALL be added unto you." But he who borrows trouble about the necessities of life, cannot claim this promise.

### FOOTPRINTS OF PIETY AT GENEVA.

An imperishable interest attaches to the name of Geneva, as the stronghold of reformed truth, and the place from which so many of our protestant churches carried that sacred fire which now burns so brightly on the altars of other lands. A visit has lately been paid to this interesting city by a Christian traveller thoroughly competent to do justice to its natural beauties and its religious associations; and in a little volume,\* written with great elegance and pervaded with piety, he has recorded his impressions, which cannot be read without profit.

Inseparably connected with Geneva is the name of Calvin. "It was," says our author, "the home of him, who was the master-spirit of Swiss and French protestantism, whose earnest soul burnt out the energies of his body, and reduced him to premature old age and death when he had reached his 55th year. 'Shall I be found idle when my Master comes?' was his characteristic reply to those who besought him to relax his toils. Unimpeachable integrity and disinterestedness distinguished this remarkable man, who had all the city of Geneva under his control. 'He might have been rich, but he died poor,' was the expression of the verger who showed me round the cathedral, and pointed, with an admiration of manner which won my heart, to the old pulpit in which the reformer preached. Calvin's pay consisted of fifty dollars, twelve measures of corn, two tuns of wine, and a dwelling-house. The council of the city sent him wood to warm his chamber in the winter, when he was sick; but he wished to pay for it. A gratuity of ten dollars offered him by the same body he would not accept. Cardinal Sandolet, travelling incognito through Geneva, wished to see the noted Protestant who had written against him; but instead of finding him in a palace, as he expected, there he was in a small tenement, himself opening the door to the stranger. In Calvin's preface to the 'Commentaries on the Psalms,' he says, 'People circulate ridiculous rumours respecting my treasures, my great power, and my wealthy sort of life. But if a man satisfies himself with such simple

fare and such common clothing, and does not require more moderation in the humblest than he himself exercises, how can it be said that he is a spendthrift, and fond of display? My death will prove what they would not believe in my life.' And so it happened; all his goods and possessions amounted only to about two hundred dollars. He derived no profit from any of his books, dedicated though they were to princes and noblemen. The only present he received was a silver goblet, given him by the Lord of Varrenes, and which he bequeathed to his brother. Even this circumstance, however, that he had a goblet to leave, was made a subject of ridicule and abuse.

"No man was ever more vilified when living, more traduced when dead. Yet, with the exception of one stain on his memory, few men have lived so exemplary a life. His share in the death of Servetus is indeed a cloud on his brilliant name; but while I yield to none in hatred of intolerance and persecution, I must observe that injustice has been done to the reformer with regard to that transaction. That he approved of the capital punishment of the unhappy man, and promoted to the utmost his persecution before the Genevan court, no one can deny; but it should be recollectcd, that in pursuing such a course he only acted out the principles of government universally adopted in that age, which made heresy a crime to be treated in the same way as treason. Calvin only did what Cranmer also did, and what the gentle Melanchthon and the honest-hearted Bucer and Farell approved.

"In Geneva, too, Farell laboured; indeed, he introduced the doctrines of the Reformation to the city, and secured the services of his friend Calvin. The brave John Knox came hither, seeking and finding an asylum from Popish intolerance in Scotland; and here was the place in which he worked out those religious and ecclesiastical opinions which he promulgated with such success in his own land. 'In my heart,' said he, writing to a friend, 'I could have wished, yea, and cannot cease to wish, that it might please God to guide and conduct yourself to this place, where, I neither fear nor shame to say, is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was in earth since the days of the apostles. In other places I confess Christ to be truly preached: but manners and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place beside.' Here, too, as at Zurich, English exiles, during the reign of Mary, found shelter; and it will be remembered with gratitude, that the Genevan testament and bible, studied with so much faith and prayer by our puritan ancestors, were prepared in this old city. I could not help reverting again and again to that venerable

\* "Scenes in other Lands, and their Associations," by John Stoughton. London: Jackson & Walford.

transluation, and to the toils of the translators, as I paced the old-fashioned streets and alleys, and thought of days of yore. William Whittingham, afterwards Dean of Durham, was the editor of the new testament, and he, in common with Gilby and Sampson, aided also by Coverdale, who visited them for a little while, prepared the version of the old testament. They and the rest of the exiles from our shores formed themselves into a congregation. Knox and Goodman were the first pastors, but were soon succeeded by Whittingham, who was Calvin's brother-in-law."

Many other names occur in connection with this city; those, for instance, of Melville, the Scottish reformer; Milton; and the Honourable Robert Boyle, who was here awakened to spiritual life by a thunder-storm, which led him to think, he says, "upon his unpreparedness for judgment, and the hideousness of being surprised in an unfit disposition." Besides these characters so illustrious for their piety, other eminent men, too, remarkable for the perversion of their genius, have left their footprints in and around Geneva. Rousseau arrived here on a sabbath evening, the gates, however, being closed before he could reach the city—a circumstance to which an elegant English poet has thus alluded:—

"On my way I went,  
Thy gates, Geneva, swinging heavily,  
Thy gates, so slow to open, swift to shut,  
As on that sabbath eve when he arrived  
Whose name is now thy glory."

"In the closing sentiment, however," observes our author appropriately, "I can by no means agree; and to my poor way of thinking, the name of Rousseau is anything but Geneva's glory; while the presence of such a man as Melville within her gates, so pure in mind and upright in heart, so full of scripture light and holy love, added even to the honour which the city derived from its connexion with Calvin and Beza. Alas! it has become the fashion here to throw aside all remembrance of the men of religion who lived and laboured in the promotion of the cause of truth, and to celebrate the names of the mere men of literature who perverted their great talents to the cause of infidelity."

Two other gifted but perverted minds, Gibbon and Voltaire, also sojourned near Geneva for a season. The associations connected with the residence of the latter are thus felicitously portrayed.

"Ferney, the residence of Voltaire, is not far off. It is a charmingly situated chateau, commanding beautiful prospects, especially on the side, where a long arched walk, formed by the trees, is situated, in which the philosopher was

accustomed to stroll, and dictate to his amanuensis. What a contrast between the divine beauty which there breaks on the eye, lifting up the devout soul in love and praise to the Father of spirits, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that demon-like spirit of his which could pour out its horrid blasphemies on the only name under heaven whereby we can be saved! An elm-tree planted by his own hand, and now blasted by lightning, stands, no inapt emblem of a mind like his, full of perverted power, and scathed by the flash of the Divine displeasure. Both Voltaire and Rousseau awaken sad recollections, which all their genius and eloquence fail to brighten. Those who spent their lives in assailing or undermining Christianity have no claim to complacent regard. Yet, both in Paris and Genova, such men are held up to admiration, while the true benefactors of their race are forgotten. I cannot forget the tomb of Rousseau in the Pantheon of Paris. A hand is seen issuing from behind a door, with a blazing torch, to indicate that he was a revealer of light to a dark and benighted world! It seems more fitting to render the symbol—an arm crushed in the act of scattering the firebrands of infidelity round the mouth of the grave."

Farther on is Lausanne, the dwelling-place of Gibbon, where he wrote his renowned historical work. He has described, it will be remembered, how the feelings of shortlived joy on its completion were speedily embittered by the recollection that, however established his fame, his own life was short and precarious. There was indeed little to fill his mind with satisfaction had it been properly enlightened. Great as were his talents, they had been systematically employed to mingle error with truth and to poison the moral purity of his readers. "It is melancholy to think," correctly observes our author, "that so many of the men of genius, whose names cluster about Geneva and the lake, were either steeped in infidelity, or tainted with its pollutions. But there comes some relief in the fact that, with all their ingenuity, erudition, and eloquence, they have been totally unable to shake those foundations of faith which they dared to assail; and if such as they were powerless in the fight, what form of controversial assault, invective, sophistry, or insinuation, have we now to fear?"

But more pleasing recollections to a Christian mind succeed. Geneva, although so long the seat of a declining and lukewarm church, has begun to revive, and to manifest symptoms of fresh evangelical life. We may not here refer to living names; but to one recently departed, a graceful tribute is thus deservedly paid:—

"Another gifted spirit, presenting a contrast

to Gibbon, should henceforth be thought of, as one passes by or enters this place. ‘There is a name in *Lsusanne*,’ says Dr. Alexander, ‘round which a European reputation is fast gathering. I mean that of Alexander Vinet, a man whose profound philosophy and aesthetic acumen place him on a level with Frederic Schlegel, while, as a writer on theology and Christian ethics, he stands almost without a rival among the present continental divines.’ The tense must now be altered, for Vinet is already gathered to his fathers; his course terminated with his fiftieth year. He died in 1847. He was professor of theology in his native town, and the author of works which will not die. He has been sometimes styled the Chalmers of Switzerland, and in impetuosity of thought, breadth of imagination, and splendour of style, they were are not unlike; but a nobler resemblance between them obtains in point of simple, child-like piety. He brought all the spoils of reason to the cross, and kneeling there as a humble suppliant, looked up into the face of the dying Saviour, and exclaimed, ‘Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.’ His mighty soul was laid all throbbing with thought and feeling on the warm bosom of the Son of God. Renouncing his own righteousness, relying upon Christ alone, and consecrating his attainments on the altar of Christian love, he rejoiced in the abounding grace of God, and lay down to die in the calm and blessed hope of a glorious immortality. It was the death of a Christian, calm and beautiful as the last rays of sunset upon the mountains of his native land.”

From man’s memorials in this ancient city we turn away, however, in conclusion, to contemplate the works of God. Nowhere are they to be seen in more sublime forms; and our author, who, as may be easily supposed from the extracts we have given, is no mere idolater of nature—like so many of our landscape word-painters—thus lifts the minds of his readers to a contemplation of the glorious perfections of the Divine Architect, who poured out Lake Leman’s waters like molten silver and piled up the adjoining Alps in their lofty grandeur.

“There is perhaps nothing of its kind in Switzerland equal to Lake Leman—the mountains so grand, sloping down so gracefully to the water’s edge—the towns and villages variegating the shores with their many-coloured tints thrown out from a background of dark rock and rich foliage! How still on a summer’s noon—how calm the surface of the lake—how gently moved the outspread sail of yonder little boat, like some beautiful spirit of the Alps robed in whiteness, floating on the waters which wash its home!

“*And all this is the work of God.* Here he embodies and reveals to his thoughtful creatures

his own wonderful conceptions. As the artist lays upon canvass the imaginings of his genius, and the architect realizes in stone the forms he has conceived; and the author records on paper the reflections which have passed through his mind; so does the Great Spirit in the world he has created present a picture, a temple, a book, where he has given expression to that beauty, which, with a variety and a perfection infinite and exhaustless, from eternity has filled his thoughts. A work expresses the mind of him who has wrought it out, whether it be the work of the painter, sculptor, historian, orator, or poet; thoughts and feelings are embodied in their productions, their pictures, statues, books, speeches, lays. The greatness, sublimity, beauty, tenderness, wisdom, fancy, genius, and love of the author, are transferred into what he thus produces. The work is the channel through which his soul gushes forth, and you have in it a revelation of the inner man, of him who made it. It is, as it were, a part of himself, a portion of his own thought, power and affection. So in nature, but still more in that volume which surpasses nature, we have a revelation of God’s mind and heart; we see his thoughts and purposes, his care and love; we see **HIMSELF**.”

Such a work as this is indeed a valuable accession to every well-selected library.

#### SATURDAY EVENING.

As in some weary easter day,  
The pilgrim bends his weary way;  
No breeze to fan the parched air,  
Or keep his spirit from despair;

What to his wayworn frame so sweet  
As some green sward, or cool retreat?  
Where soft the zephyr round him blows,  
Inviting calmness and repose.

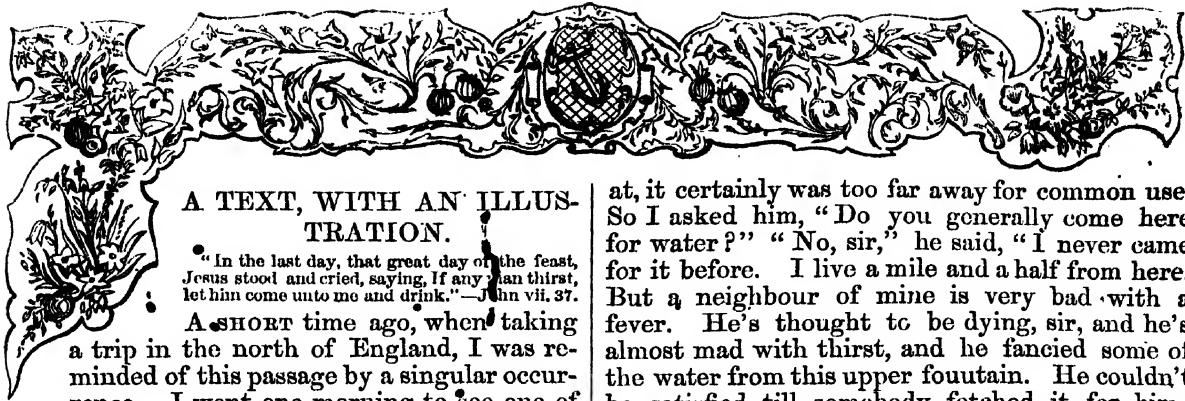
So grateful, from fatigue and care,  
The rest this evening will prepare:  
A gift most opportune, most free,  
Like all my Father’s gifts to me.

Wouldst thou, my soul, aright employ  
To-morrow’s feast of sacred joy?  
In the brief interval take care  
To trim the fires of faith and prayer.

Retrace the week—the sins it knew,  
And vows of holiness renew;  
Thy countless mercies ponder o’er;  
Be thankless and cast down no more.

Blest Saviour! on my conscience write  
Each holy, heavenly thought to-night;  
And guard me till the coming day,  
To do thy will and walk thy way.

If your religion does not enter into conflict with your secret sins, it will be only a clean road to eternal ruin.



### A TEXT, WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."—John vii. 37.

A SHORT time ago, when taking a trip in the north of England, I was reminded of this passage by a singular occurrence. I went one morning to see one of those beautiful pleasure-parks which have recently been laid out near some of our large towns, for the enjoyment of the people. I was delighted with the tasteful distribution of the various attractions which a skilful artist well knows how to combine in a place like this. There were shrubberies, and flower-beds, and meandering rivulets with pretty fancy bridges, and mounds of curious rock work, and here and there pieces of sculpture, ancient as well as modern, and rising grass-plots, and occasional grottoes with noble trees waving over them; together with many other things, altogether forming a kind of living panorama well fitted to make the son of hard toil forget his manifold cares.

But there was one object that particularly caught my attention. In a little wooded recess, there was a DOUBLE FOUNTAIN, with what appeared to be two springs, the one gallantly rising up in a tall column above the other, spreading its glittering crest into a finely-expanded sheet, and then dancing down around it in a thousand sparkling showers.

While I was admiring this lovely object, a man came up with a can, and after rinsing it well at the lower fountain, commenced filling it from the upper. Now the spot was a considerable distance from the centre of the town; and however beautiful this brilliant leaping water was to look

at, it certainly was too far away for common use. So I asked him, "Do you generally come here for water?" "No, sir," he said, "I never came for it before. I live a mile and a half from here. But a neighbour of mine is very bad with a fever. He's thought to be dying, sir, and he's almost mad with thirst, and he fancied some of the water from this upper fountain. He couldn't be satisfied till somebody fetched it for him; so I offered to go, and I'm sure I hope it may do the poor fellow good."

This was the substance of our conversation. The man was in too much haste for me to detain him by talking much about that fountain which

God has opened to give life—everlasting life—to all that thirst. But I shall never forget the occurrence, and it may do some good thus to record it, if it only serves to remind my reader of Him who came all the way from heaven to

bring his saving mercy to perishing sinners.

The occasion on which Jesus uttered the words at the head of these few lines was also very interesting, and he chose it as likely to impress a great truth on the minds of the Jews. It was the Feast of Tabernacles—a great religious festival held for a two-fold purpose. Its design was first to recall the sufferings of their ancestors in the desert, so as to excite them to gratitude when they contrasted those afflictions with their present comfort in their own land; and, secondly, to thank God publicly for the fruits of harvest then ungathered. It was the most exciting season of the whole Jewish year. The people of Jerusalem all turned out of their houses and built themselves booths with boughs of trees. In these they spent the eight days of the feast. They must have presented a singularly picturesque and pleasing sight; for



many of them were richly decorated with large clusters of fruit hanging all around. The excitement increased each day, and on the eighth it was scarcely controllable. But there was one short pause even on this last, called *the great day*. After this little hush was over, the trumpets blew a flourish, and that was the signal for the renewed outburst of the nation's joy.

The season of quiet referred to was as follows. At a certain time of the day, one of the priests, taking a golden vessel in his hand, went down the Temple hill to the stream of Siloam, which flowed at its base. From this stream he filled the vessel; then slowly ascending the mountain, proceeded up the temple steps to the altar, where he, with great ceremonial solemnity, poured out the water. All this was watched in silence by a large concourse of people; and as soon as the water was seen flowing down from the altar, the temple-choir chanted the words in *Isaiah xii. 3*: "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." The moment when this anthem ceased appears to have been chosen by the Lord as a precious opportunity for pointing out to the people what that ceremony was meant to picture forth. That water was only an emblem. It could give the people no satisfaction. Nor could any other outward observance. It was intended to draw attention to Christ, who can satisfy every want of every human heart. He knew that all of them were thirsting for happiness. Some sought it from one source, and some from another; but all would be disappointed till they sought it in him. It was true they were making merry just now; but he saw the secrets of their hearts, and knew that as soon as the enjoyment of the feast-days was over, they would go back to their usual cares, and would find no lasting good—nothing to carry them through the troubles of life or the solemnities of death, unless they knew and trusted in him.

So is it all the world over, and in all ages. Dives, though once a rich man, thirsted in hell for a drop of water. And my reader will vainly thirst for ever, if Christ be rejected. Dives wanted some one to fetch him water to cool his burning tongue; but he put off the matter till it was too late. Abraham said: "Between you and us there is a great gulf fixed;" and so no help could ever be obtained for him. Now, my friend, is your season. Christ is not far away now. You may turn your thoughts to him, and offer your prayer to him, and be sure of his help. But take care that you "call on him while he is near." His promise is, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger: he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

## CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOUR OF DANGER.

THE Rev. Dr. Cutler, of Brooklyn, New York, with Mrs. Cutler, spent several months in England, during the summer of 1843, on a visit for his health. On their voyage homeward, they were exposed to severe tempests; but, at length, after many sufferings, the vessel, the "Sheffield," of Liverpool, arrived within sight of land, and the passengers expected speedily to reach their homes, when it struck, with one hundred and thirty persons on board, upon a shoal amidst furious breakers; and, during eleven hours, death seemed impending without any hope of escape. The water was rapidly rising; the ship was filling, and was gradually settling in the sea and sand; and the passengers were crowded together, driven at first from the cabins, and, at length, retreating to the round-house and deck; and seeing the sea every moment gaining upon them. The boats would not hold half the persons on board; nor were they launched, as the captain, whispering, told Dr. Cutler that the rush of the mass of the steerage passengers would create dreadful confusion, and probably cause all of them to be swamped. A steamboat was in search of them, but could not see them. Night came on: the vessel was beating fearfully; the blue lights and signal rockets were expended, all but one, and that one, providentially, was seen by the people in the steamer, who, at great risk to themselves, pressed forward and brought deliverance, so that not one person perished.

Events of this nature, alas! are numerous, and oftentimes most awful; but the circumstances which occurred in this case, during the solemn suspense between life and death, are so remarkable, that doubtless every reader will feel interested in the account of them, as related in a letter by Dr. Cutler.

The captain appears to have been a devoutly religious man, as well as an able officer. He had public worship twice on Sundays, and daily morning and evening prayer. The following is, in substance, Dr. Cutler's account of the occurrence after the ship struck:—

"I was on deck when the ship struck: I immediately went down to my wife to afford her consolation. All the cabin passengers came in a body into the ladies' cabin; and one of them called for prayer to Almighty God. The ship was then striking with great violence, and threatening almost instant destruction. Kneeling round the table we poured out our hearts to God. When this prayer was offered, another was put up, and another. By this time the minds of all seemed more calm; we sat down, and some endeavoured to encourage others with the hope of being rescued from the wreck; but

most of the passengers were silent, revolving over the events which in the short space of an hour had taken place. Prayer was soon again called for, by some of the passengers, and it was offered, and with a fervency, and with responses from many present, which it would be well to continue at all times. An hour had now elapsed. It was proposed, by our commander, that we should take some refreshment; this at first was declined—many exclaiming that they had no appetite for food. Some joints of meat were placed upon the table; but none, I think, partook of them, the agitation of the ship requiring all our attention in order to keep our seats. We then arranged ourselves, the ladies on the sofas, and the gentlemen on the floor, and remained like persons awaiting the summons to enter the eternal world. It should be remarked that, after the first mental shock was past, a great degree of calmness was acquired by all in the cabin, and soon by all in the ship. Great pains had been taken, from the commencement of the voyage, to furnish every person who was destitute with a bible; and every copy of a grant from the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, brought on board by the writer, was given away: many tracts were also given and distributed throughout the ship. Divine service had been performed regularly in the cabin and in the steerage, the captain himself offering prayers.

"There were among the passengers many forms of religious profession; there were Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists: but from first to last, not a note of controversy had been heard; and I verily believe that this absence of contentions, this unity, peace, and concord, had great weight with careless men, in inducing a belief in the truth of that religion, which, under some form or other, all of us maintained. What a delightful prayer was that of our Saviour—'That they all may be one: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.' To these two causes I am inclined to attribute the comparative tranquillity which, for ten hours out of twelve, was visible.

"But oh! who can reveal what was working under this visible composure? Who can describe the processes of thought which were resorted to in order to accommodate the soul to existing circumstances? Much was perceptible in the expression of the countenance, and in the tone of the voice; and the results of spiritual and intellectual habits long formed—under the guiding hand of the Holy Spirit—were not illegible. From what sprang that ability to seize upon the consolations of religion, and to impart them to others, even while the very flesh was trembling on the bones? Whence sprang that female fortitude which seemed hardly to desire the sympathy which was uttered or evinced?

The previous life, the avowed principles and plain practice, now brought forth its proper harvest. A fixed reliance on God as a Saviour in Christ, imparted by the Holy Spirit, and long cherished, now sustained many a trembling heart. I saw a gentleman return to the ladies' cabin, after all were driven out of it by the water, to recover some articles of clothing for the servant of another passenger, who in the hurry had nothing on her head. And, at the last moment of agony, when the captain came to take a lady in his arms to carry her on the deck, I saw her insist upon his taking another lady, who, although unattended by any relative, was entitled to every respect. Indeed, it required sufferings like these to touch the deepest springs in the bosom of refined and cultivated minds.

"During the night our excellent commander urged us to take some refreshment. Bread, and wine and water, were handed round twice or three times at intervals; and, previous to our removal to the upper deck, in order to prepare us all, especially the ladies, for the exposure, the captain came down and recommended further refreshment to us: and then, said he, turning to me, 'and then, sir, let us have prayers.'

"After partaking of this, as we supposed, our last meal, the 46th, the 130th, and the 107th Psalms, and the 27th chapter of the Acts, were read: a hymn was sung, and prayers were offered. It will not appear strange to Christian minds, that, after this, even cheerfulness was in some measure acquired. It was now near midnight; previous to this, however, while the moments were slowly departing, with a leaden step, one of the clergymen present selected from the bible a text, and delivered a short but appropriate discourse, mingling the most pointed and personal application to his hearers, and especially to all who had not as yet publicly decided to be on the Lord's side. The text was, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.' John iii. 14.

"It was now drawing towards midnight, and we had all been driven from below to the upper deck; we sat in a dense mass looking at each other, and at death, which, as it seemed, was staring us in the face. Our captain was standing half way down the companion ladder, that he might converse with one and another, whose sorrows found vent in words.

"It was about this time that the captain invited the writer to go out with him and see the beauty of the night, and such a scene of sublimity and desolation I never beheld. The ship, stripped of its masts, lay weltering in the sea and in the sand, and appeared like the top of a long black

tomb. On our right—the night had cleared and the moon was bright—appeared the shore of Long Island, about eight miles distant, in front, that of Staten Island: and here we were; in solitary possession of an immense shoal, covered with waves in which a boat could not live, and with no appearance of help. The moon was indeed bright; but it seemed only a torch to light us to the grave. Lighthouses were sparkling at different points; the heavens were glittering over our heads; but the cold wind compelled us to retire to the round-house for shelter, and for fellowship in affliction. It was now that the writer gave up all hope of life; and taking his seat beside one from whom he did not expect to be separated for a moment, even in death (oh what a bond is Christian affection between man and wife!) he endeavoured to reconcile himself and others to the will of God.

"The first hour on the wreck was one of excitement, agitation, lamentation, and visible and audible suffering. The last hour was one of silent and heart-rending but smothered agony; all apparently had made up their minds, and had acquired fortitude; perhaps, from different sources: all were subdued, affectionate, and respectful to each other. Social prayer, which had been resorted to again and again below deck, seemed now to be a dispensation which had passed away, and had given place to that individual application to the Saviour of souls which immediately precedes death. Every soul seemed wrapped in its own meditation.

"Our watches now told us that midnight was past. The tide, which the captain had said would go down and leave the ship dry in the cabin, by the almanack, had been falling for two hours, or more, outside the ship, but the water continued to rise within. Alas! to some of us that seemed a tide, which, so far as we were concerned, would never go down. One gentleman, observing his watch to have run down, took his key to wind it up, but suddenly stopped, and said, 'I shall have no further use for time,' and replaced it in his pocket in its silent and death-like sleep.

"It was about this time that a steerage passenger, on the deck, gave notice that an object in the distance appeared to be approaching. There was a rush to that side of the ship, but nothing could be seen. The officers of the ship looked, but gave no encouragement. Shortly, this person again made the same report; all eyes were again employed, but in vain. A third exclamation was uttered; the captain placed himself where the best sight could be obtained, and, after looking through his glass, expressed hope, and then confidence. A few sparks were emitted from the dark mass, and a shout pealed from the deck, 'a steamer has arrived!' Who can tell

what was felt at this moment? God grant that none of the readers of this may ever know the transition which was then experienced!

"Parents and children embraced; husbands and wives, nay, strangers were seen clasping each other, and expressing and uttering their awful joy. A young man burst into the centre of the crowd, and said to the writer, 'Now let us praise God:' he arose and repeated the doxology, 'Praise Hod, from whom all blessings flow,' and then arose a hymn of praise from more than one hundred voices on that dark deck, accompanied by the deep bass of the surrounding billows, which bore upwards the gushing emotions of our hearts, and rendered to him, to whom it was due, the whole praise of our deliverance. In six hours afterwards we were at home. 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!—Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.' Psa. cxvii. 8, 32.

"No blame attached to the captain, who had taken a pilot on board, and acted throughout the trying scene in the most firm, judicious, and exemplary manner. In acknowledging the gift of a family bible, presented to him by several of the passengers after their landing, in testimony of their gratitude, he says:—'This holy book, as it is the most appropriate testimony which you, gentlemen, could have given of your approbation of my conduct, so I assure you it is the most acceptable which I could have received. From early infancy, I have been taught to love, esteem and reverence it, as the polar star of my course through life, and the sheet anchor of my hopes hereafter.'

It would seem from the foregoing account, that a large proportion, at least, of the passengers, with the captain, and probably of the crew also, were real Christians; persons with whom the gospel of Christ was not a system of mere notions in the mind, not affecting the heart, or of mere forms without life or power in the soul. Evidently, Christianity with them was the power of God exercised in their hearts, giving peace of conscience, stability of soul, and preparedness for any event, even for the last dark hour—for death itself, in its most fearful form, and for the eternal world.

Could anything but Christianity do *all this?* Could anything but a true confidence in Jesus as the Saviour, and in the triune God as a Father who had reconciled them to himself through Jesus, have given hopes and anticipations which could so calm the troubled spirit in a time of such peril?

There can be but one answer. Nothing but a living faith in Jesus can produce such results, or account for them. O reader, place your soul

on THIS ROCK. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."\*

## POPULAR INFORMATION ON THE CANON OF SCRIPTURE.

### PART I.

THE following important information, in illustration of the genuineness of the sacred text, is extracted from a valuable book, embodying in a small compass the results of years of study and research, which has just been published by the Religious Tract Society. It is from the pen of the Rev. J. Angus, D.D., and, as a "Bible Handbook," will, no doubt, be welcomed by many who are desirous of attaining to an intelligent acquaintance with the word of God.

"If a manuscript of each book of the bible in the author's handwriting were still extant, and if the fact of its being such could be proved, every copy that agreed with the manuscript would be perfectly genuine. There are now, however, no such autographs of any ancient books; and yet there are circumstances attending the preservation and transmission of the manuscripts of the scriptures, which prove their genuineness with nearly as much certainty as if the first copies were still in existence.

"A book is said to be *genuine* if it be as it was written by the author whose name it bears; if the present text of that book varies from the text he wrote, it is said to be *corrupt*; and if the book was not written by the pretended author, it is said to be forged or *spurious*.

"The question of the genuineness of scripture is much simplified by the invention of printing. That art fixes the dates of books, and by multiplying copies and editions secures the text from corruption. As printed books cannot be altered by the pen, any material change of the text becomes impossible or nugatory. The manuscripts of printed books are now committed therefore without fear of falsification 'to the immortal custody of the press.'

"There are still extant, for example, printed copies of the old testament in Hebrew, dated Soncino, A.D. 1488, and Brixiae, A.D. 1494. A copy of the year 1488 is in the library of Exeter College, Oxford, and in the Royal Library at Berlin is the identical copy (dated 1494) from which Luther made his German translation. There are extant also copies of the new testament in Greek, dated Basil, 1516, edited by Erasmus, and in Greek and Latin, dated Alcala or Complutum (in Spain), 1514. On being compared with each other, and with modern

editions, these copies are found to agree in the main. They, therefore, prove by a single step the existence of the scriptures in the fifteenth century. They prove, also, that the text of modern editions has not been materially impaired during the last 350 years.

"These two editions of the new testament, which are founded upon a very partial examination of manuscripts, form the basis of the received text. The first edition of that text was printed in 1624, by Elzevir. Besides two editions just named, he had the advantage of consulting the editions of Stephens (Paris, 1516), and of Beza (Gen. 1565), but did not introduce from them many important readings.



"At the time these volumes were printed, there were manuscript copies of the scriptures in most of the public libraries of Europe. They form, with the writings of the fathers, or of other ecclesiastical authors of the middle ages, the bulk of most library catalogues of the fifteenth century. Dr. Kennicott collated 630 of these manuscripts for his critical edition of the Hebrew bible. De Rossi collated 734 more. And upwards of 600 manuscripts have

\* This narrative can be obtained in a separate form, for circulation among voyagers.

been examined for recent editions of the *Greek* testament.

"In the case of the Greek and Roman classics, twenty or ten manuscripts are deemed amply sufficient to form an accurate text: fifteen manuscripts of Herodotus are known to critics, of which the most ancient belongs to the tenth century: and this is a fair average of the ancient manuscripts of classic authors. It is obvious, therefore, that the advantage in this respect, is greatly on the side of the scriptures. The number of manuscripts has afforded ample provision for restoring the text to its original purity, and at the same time gives absolute security against extensive corruptions.

"The manuscripts of the Hebrew scriptures, now extant, were most of them written between the years A.D. 1000, and A.D. 1457. Some, however, belong to the eighth and ninth centuries, among which are two of the manuscripts (Nos. 634, 503) lately in the possession of M. de Rossi, by whom the various readings they contain were published. The manuscripts of the new testament, and of the Septuagint or Greek translation of the old, are earlier still: The Alexandrian manuscript (Codex Alexandrinus, called A by Wetstein, Griesbach, and other critics), now in the British Museum, comprising in four volumes, small folio, both old and new testaments, must have been written before the close of the fifth century. The Vatican manuscript (called B), preserved in the library of the Vatican at Rome, belongs to the fourth, as does probably the Codex Cottonianus (1), the remains of which are now in the British Museum, the various readings of the whole being preserved in the works of Archbishop Usher. The Codex Regius, or Ephremi (C), so called from the author whose works were written over it, the parchment being what is called a rescript (or 'twice-written,' in Greek palimpsest, or 'rubbed again,') belongs to the sixth century. The Codex Bezae (D), given by the reformer Beza to the university of Cambridge, belongs (in the opinion of Wetstein) to the fifth century; critics who give it least antiquity assigning it to the sixth or seventh.

"A Virgil in the Vatican claims an antiquity as high as the fourth century; but generally, the manuscripts of the classics belong to periods between the tenth and the fifteenth centuries. In antiquity, therefore, as in numbers, they are greatly inferior to the manuscripts of the scriptures.

"As we reach the time of the *earliest* manuscripts of the scriptures, another kind of evidence presents itself no less impressive: namely, the quotations of scripture, and references to it, which are found in the writings of the early fathers, and in the Rabbinical paraphrases.

The references of classic authors one to another, though sufficient to establish the antiquity of the works quoted from, form a very inadequate provision for correcting the text of each. They are generally in the way of allusion only to some fact or passage. Even when the references are more pointed, they are generally so loosely made as to be of little critical value. In quotations from the scriptures the case is entirely different. They are generally made with the utmost care, the very words of the sacred writers being introduced, and forming the subject of lengthened discussion, or of important practical teaching.

"Looking first at quotations from the new testament, we have in the fifth century the writings of Theodoret of Cyprus in Syria, on the Epistles of Paul, and on most of the old testament. Still earlier, Cyril of Alexandria wrote on the prophets, and on John. In the fourth century, Chrysostom wrote commentaries on the whole of the new testament. To the same century belongs also the writings of Gregory of Nyssa. In the second and third centuries we have the writings of Origen and Theophilus, of Antioch: fragments of each remain (though of the second, in Latin only), and are often quoted by later writers. In the second century we have the writings also of Irenaeus, and of Clement of Alexandria. Not less important are the writings of Jerome, who wrote commentaries on scripture in the fourth century. To the same century belong also the voluminous writings of Augustine.

#### A QUESTION FOR SABBATH EVENING.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"—Ruth ii. 19.

AMIDST all the sabbath profanation that we have to mourn over in our country, it is a pleasing thought that throughout the land agricultural pursuits are very generally suspended on the Lord's day. And what would the toil-worn peasant do without the sabbath rest? Then, according to divine appointment, the ox and the horse rest also. The busy harvest-time is no exception to this general rule. The worldly and the wicked, with few exceptions, bow to the custom, though they do not reverence the Lord's day as a divine institution. The reaper withdraws his hand on that day; no corn is then gathered into the garner, and even the poor gleaners, to whom some handfuls of the precious ears are of importance, cease to go forth into the fields over which they lay scattered. Would that the towns and cities of our country were like the agricultural districts in this respect.

But still the Lord's day is a gleaning day;

yea, the gleaning day, during which all immortal beings should go forth to gather up food for the soul. Into the ears of all, the loving Saviour pours the wondrous tidings, "My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." To the worldly he says, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you, for him hath God the Father sealed." To the lovers of pleasure, who weary themselves for very vanity, he exclaims in gentle upbraiding tones of pity, "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." To the indolent and slothful, Wisdom says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise;" and declares, moreover, that "he who gathereth in summer is a wise son, but he who sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame."

Now is the harvest of truth, now is the time to gather for the coming future. The field is large, and handfuls are scattered over it for all who go forth. Dear reader, have you gone forth into the field, and are you now returned heavily laden with the corn of heaven—food for many days to come, and seed-corn for an harvest of eternal joy? It will be well to inquire, "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" We suppose that you have closed the shop, or that, whatever your calling may be, you have laid it aside; that you have shunned all haunts of vice and scenes of worldly pleasure, and have been up to the house of God, joined in his worship, and listened to the word of life. Now you are returned home, what have you brought with you, and what are you doing with it? Ruth brought her corn, exhibited it to Naomi, and then they together blessed the Lord for his goodness. Is this your case? Enquire honestly and earnestly. Some, while sitting in God's house, are gleaning in another field; a variety of trifling, worldly, or wicked thoughts and schemes employ the mind. Such persons only gather weeds or poisonous berries. Some gather a few ears, but either drop them by the way or let an enemy steal them, and so they come home empty. Others gather and keep, but do not communicate; whereas the command is to "talk of these things while sitting in the house." And have not Christian households and friends found that while, like the disciples going to Emmaus, they have "talked of what has happened," Jesus himself has found them, and made their hearts burn within them? Let us all aim to receive the truth in the love of it, and then out of the abundance of the heart let the mouth speak.

If some members of the family would ask questions, others might be able to answer them, and thus the subject dwelt on in the sanctuary might be profitably discussed, and the truths heard be more firmly fixed in the memory and in the heart.

We all do well to bear in mind that life is a gleaning or gathering day; that truth is a field set open before us, into which we are invited, yea, commanded to go and glean; that there are other fields into which we shall be earnestly entreated to enter, and to load our soul with their produce; and that if truth is neglected for anything else, the consequences will be fatal and irremediable. This life is the only summer, and woe to those who dream or trifle it away. When the day of life is over, the bundle which you have gathered will be undone and examined by one who is now looking on, and if it should be found that you have only gathered the tares of error, or the poppies of riches, or the laurels of science, or the honeysuckle of social joys, how will you feel when you discover that, after all, truth and you are strangers—that not one promise belongs to you; and how will you shudder at the question of him whose counsels you spurned, "Where hast thou gleaned all thy life-time, and what is this that thou hast gathered?"

Surely we shall all do well to look at the gleanings of each day, and especially each Lord's day, that we may not be deceived at the last. If haply on this quiet sabbath eve you discover, dear reader, that you have gleaned the corn of truth, the seed of the kingdom, then go and beat it out, and prepare it by meditation and prayer, that so it may be bread for your soul, in the strength of which you, like Elijah, may go forward to the mount of God.

One other thought is suggested by the narrative from which this question is quoted. Ruth, the industrious, humble, pious, loving gleaner, was afterwards the honoured wife of him in whose field she gleaned. Little thought she what her gleaning would lead to. "Before honour is humility;" this she found to be true, and so shall all who gather and love the truth. Whoever makes it their life's business to find, profess, and practise truth, shall be exalted "to sit with Christ on his throne," and to share his riches and royalties. Truth lays despised and neglected by most, but those who stoop to gather it up shall have a rich reward. Young people, be in earnest; imitate the noble maiden Ruth. Like her, be thoroughly decided for God, and then like her go forth to glean. Pleasant knowledge, enduring riches, and heavenly joys are to be found in that field to which we invite you. These you will enjoy now, and the end will be perfect salvation and eternal life.



## Page for the Young.

### THE CHILD WHO WAS NOT AFRAID TO PRAY.

"IN coming down the North River," says an American gentleman, "I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer 'Isaac Newton,' in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much as possible like home, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

"I had noticed on the deck a fine-looking little boy of about six years old, following a man around, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German; a man of middle height and respectably dressed. The child was unusually fair and fine-looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair, in thick, clustering, beautiful gurls.

"After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting-place; but instead of this, he quietly kneeled down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully childlike and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his evening prayers.

"The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him calling themselves Christians, retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and, before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

"This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on his sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers?

"A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He, alone, of the worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. It did me good; it made me better.

"But a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice, and harp, and violin, but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

"When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt

a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray.

"Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart."

### THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

SOME people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud and vehemently, though after all, they are often only laughed at; their orders are forgotten, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word, or even a blow, cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in an ill-temper, and beat the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go the right way. Another man, who was with the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me;" and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as though the load were a plaything. Oh, how strong is a kind word!

### I'M NOT TOO YOUNG.

I'm not too young for God to see,  
He knows my name and nature too;  
And all day long he looks at me,  
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,  
He knows the thoughts I have within;  
And whether I'm at work or play,  
He's sure to see it, if I sin,

If some good minister were near,  
'Twould make us careful what we do;  
And how much more we ought to fear  
The Lord, who sees us through and through.

Thus when I want to do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always try to think of this,  
I'm not too young for God to see.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



## THE BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

### CHAPTER I.

THE twilight of an autumnal evening was setting in, when a middle-aged man, coarsely clad in linen blouse, cloth cap, and stout walking shoes, which were covered thickly with dust, approached a straggling village in the interior of France. A pack was slung on his shoulder, heavy for its size, it seemed; and the man was travel-stained and toil-worn. His heart, too, was heavy; for he had that day, and through many preceding days, been unsuccessful in the object of his journeyings; had been insulted, too, and taunted. Even little children—and the man loved little

children—(had not he children of his own?)—but even the children he had met, had turned away from his kindly greeting, and called him ill names.

It was uncertain, moreover, where he could rest his head that night. He was known in that village, and was avoided. Had not the priest denounced him as a heretic, and forbidden the villagers to hold communion with Mesurier, the colporteur—the bible-seller?

It was even as he had feared. On entering the village, he addressed a merry maiden with a cheerful salutation; the maiden turned proudly away. He spoke to an old man, who was feebly creeping homewards, leaning on a staff, and

proffered the aid of his sturdier arm—to be rudely repulsed, and to hear imprecations muttered against himself, and the trade upon which he had entered. From a group of young men and girls whom he met as he passed onwards, he received bitter words and scurril jests. Cottage doors were rudely shut in his face, as he essayed to enter; and even a cup of cold water was churlishly refused to his earnest, humble entreaty.

In front of the village inn, a small crowd of peasants were assembled. It was the time of harvest, but the work for the day was over, and, as in other countries, the village inn had its charms. Men were seated on rude benches smoking, and the wine-pot passed from lip to lip, while a catch was sung by three youths who sat a little apart from the general company. The colporteur threaded his way to the door of the inn, and courteously requested food and lodging for the night. Again he was repulsed; and this time with unmanly abuse, not unmixed with threats which drowned his remonstrances; the laughter which followed the rejection of his suit had not died away, when, quickening his pace, Mesurier reached the extremity of the village; and then he again halted, looking upward and around.

It did not lessen his embarrassment to perceive that heavy clouds were gathering from the west, and gradually overspreading the sky; and even while he halted, he heard the sound of distant thunder, while a few heavy rain-drops began to fall.

At this moment, a peasant, past the prime of life, who had for some time followed the traveller, and observed his discouragements, drew up to him.

"What do you think of the clouds, my friend?" he asked, in the ordinary patois of the district.

"A heavy storm is approaching, apparently," said the traveller.

"And you are homeless to-night?"

"It is God's will," said the wayfarer, quietly; "I have sought shelter in vain."

"I saw it all," said the old man; "it did not use to be so in my young days. Then, the poorest traveller might look for a crust and a sip from the wine-flask, for a bundle of straw, and for kind words. And for the honour of our country, it shall not be said that old customs are quite gone by, though you are a heretic."

"God be gracious to you, father, and reward you for your kindness," ejaculated the traveller.

"I don't know about that," replied the old man, bluntly; "if all the priest says is true, it is a sorry reward I may look for; but I'll risk it for once, so you may follow me if you will."

The colporteur touched his cap, and silently

followed the peasant to a solitary cottage a few paces further on, which, at the bidding of his host, he entered.

A brisk fire was blazing on the hearth; and an elderly woman was engaged in preparing the evening meal. The apartment itself was comfortable and inviting, showing no signs of the abject poverty which is too often the lot of the peasantry of France.

"A guest, Margarette," said the old man, as his wife looked up at their entrance; "a guest, driven by the storm for shelter; make him welcome."

Words of kindness were on the woman's lips, when, by the ruddy firelight, she caught a glimpse of the stranger's features.

"Holy virgin!" she hastily exclaimed, drawing back in some alarm; "it is the heretic bible merchant!"

The poor colporteur smiled—a smile of sadness it might be: the husband frowned.

"It matters not what the man is, Margarette; he is a traveller, and not a rich one. Be seated, friend," he added, turning to the guest; "heretic or no heretic, it is better to be here than on the road."

The man did not wait a second bidding. Unslinging his bundle, and placing it in a corner of the room, he drew up to the fire.

"Better here than on the road, truly," he said; "may all poor travellers have as good a refuge!"

"Too good for such as you," the woman seemed to say by her looks; and to all the attempts of the colporteur to engage her in conversation, she replied only by unsatisfactory monosyllables. Meanwhile the storm without raged fiercely, and in the height of it, the cottage door was again opened. The addition to the party was a youth in the dress of a mechanic, who, after wringing the wet from his cap, and changing his outer garment, approached the fire, addressed the woman as mother, and fastened his eyes keenly on the guest.

"I have seen you before now, my friend," he said, at length; "but I do not remember where."

"Surely," replied Mesurier; "if I mistake not, I overtook you some weeks back on the road to A——, and we had some conversation."

"Ah, I remember; you are welcome, my friend; but you must not open your trumpery here."

"The words of the Lord are pure words," replied the guest; "but I will not offerd."

"All priestcraft alike," said the young workman, carelessly; "Catholic and Protestant, it is all one."

"Hear him," exclaimed the woman, sorrowfully. "Oh, Antoine, what would the priest say?"

" Anything he might please, mother ; take care, however," he added, with a laugh, " that you do not incur penance for taking this man in : he is a rank heretic, mother—a seller of bibles."

" Do I not know it, my son ? but he is your father's guest, not mine."

" Bah !" interposed the peasant, angrily ; " what nonsense is all this ? Should I turn a man from my door because he worships God after his own fashion ? Let us talk about something else."

" It will be better for you to eat your soup, Pierre, while it is warm," said Marguerette, who had by this time placed it on the table, and lighted a lamp. And in obedience to her mandate, the peasant and his son, with their guest, joined in the supper, which, if coarse, was plentiful.

Pierre was a peasant proprietor. A small patch of land had descended to him by inheritance ; and this he ploughed, sowed, and reaped, as his father had ploughed, sown, and reaped it before him. He was a Roman Catholic ; all the people in the village, as we have hinted, were, or called themselves, Catholics. Not that he thought or cared much about religion. He went to mass, however, sometimes ; sometimes confessed to the priest and received absolution ; he held himself, therefore, to be in a fair way for heaven. Marguerette was more devout and more bigoted than her husband. Antoine, on the contrary, had but slender regard for the priest, who was the object of his mother's especial reverence. He was a mechanic, and worked at the town of A——, except when at certain seasons he returned to his native village, to assist in the work of his father's small farm ; and from his fellow-workmen he had learned to laugh at all religions as systems of priestcraft. He had liberal notions, he said, and thought that the world would go on excellently well if it were not for the bible, which had set people together by the ears.

In such society as the family afforded, the Protestant traveller was not likely to find much congenial intercourse. He was not unused, however, to mingling with scoffers. When his Master was on earth, he was called " a friend of publicans and sinners," because, in love for their souls, he was often to be found in their company ; and the bible colporteur, in humble imitation of his example, and in the prosecution of his work, sought out rather than avoided the ignorant, the vicious, and the profane.

Mesurier was intelligent and cheerful ; and even Marguerette seemed occasionally to forget that her husband's guest was a heretic, while he enlivened the supper table with news which he had brought from a distance, and anecdotes he had picked up in his travels. But when he attempted to turn the current of conversation to

the object of his journeys, and ventured to speak of religion, the frown returned to her forehead, and even the good-natured peasant became taciturn, and bluntly informed the colporteur that he was not going to change his creed in his old age—not he. On the other hand, young Antoine appeared to take a mischievous pleasure in provoking the guest to discussion, by abusing all creeds, and especially by ridiculing the bible as a book containing an accumulation of old worn-out legends and exploded follies, that in the enlightened age in which he lived, and especially in the good days that were coming, would no longer be endured.

The traveller listened for a time in silence. " Have you really read the book you are so fond of abusing ?" he at length asked.

" The saints forbid !" exclaimed Marguerette, in alarm. " Antoine would know better than that, I think. The bible is not for such as we ; it is the priest's book."

" It is God's book, good mother," said the traveller ; " and it is given us in love and mercy, to show us the way to heaven."

" It is a holy book," responded the woman, devoutly, " but what does the priest say ?—it is only fit for the learned, and cannot be understood by any besides ; it is like strong medicine, which turns to poison and kills, when the ignorant have it in their own keeping. Antoine is too wise to meddle with such things ; yes, yes."

The young man laughed, and nodded assent ; and then he changed the conversation. The traveller watched, in vain, another opportunity of speaking a word for the bible ; and ere long, he retired to his chamber, a small and bare loft, to mourn over the want of success which was depressing his spirits. " Even this night," thought he, " how have I heard the words of the scorner, and seen the workings of ignorance and prejudice ! And what have I done for my dear Master ? I was dumb with silence ; I held my peace, even from good."

Mesurier prayed fervently that night ; and petitions for his host and hostess, and for their sceptical son, mingled with his supplications that God's way might be known upon earth—his saving health among all nations.

" No, no," said the old peasant, when, on the following morning, the traveller offered remuneration for the hospitality he had received, " I do not intend to take it ;" and he put from him the two or three francs which the colporteur would have urged him to receive.

" May God reward you then," said the traveller, " and open your heart to receive his truth in the love of it, as you have opened your house to receive his poor servant. But will you not accept from me a token of thanks in remem-

brance of your guest?" and he took from his pocket a new testament. But Pierre pushed it hastily and almost angrily away. "I told you," he said, "that I do not mean to change my faith. What would you have?"

"That you should fix it more firmly, my kind friend," said the colporteur; "more on the Lord Jesus Christ, whose word this is, and less on the priest, who comes between the Saviour and the sinner. Take it, my friend."

The peasant wavered. Something in the traveller's tone, perhaps, or something in his words, shook his resolution to have nothing to do with the books the man carried. "Well, well," he said, reluctantly taking the offered gift; "it is no matter;" and he put the book into his pocket, unseen by Margarette. A few minutes later, Mesurier was on the road, having repeated his thanks, and bidden farewell to the old man and his wife. Antoine was already abroad.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON THE CANON OF SCRIPTURE.

##### PART II.

"THE names mentioned in the previous number are a few only of the authors of the early age of the Christian church. In not less than one hundred and eighty ecclesiastical writers (whose works are still extant), are quotations from the new testament introduced; and so numerous are they, that from the works of those who flourished before the seventh century the whole text of the new testament (it has been justly said) might have been recovered, even if the originals had since perished. The experiment was tried by Dr. Bentley, and he confirms this statement.

"A similar process of investigation into the Hebrew text carries us to the era of our Lord. The Targum, or interpretation of Onkelos translates the Pentateuch into Chaldaic Hebrew (though of the purest order), and was written about sixty years before Christ. The Targum of Jonathan on the prophets and historical books, was written about the commencement of the Christian era. In the fourth century, Joseph the Blind wrote a Targum on the *Hagiographa*; and a little later, various similar versions of other parts of Scripture were published. These Targums, ten in all, are of great value in determining the text of Scripture, being (especially the first) very literal paraphrases of the original Hebrew.

"To corroborate this evidence of the correctness of the new testament, and to carry still further back the evidence on the old, we have the ancient versions of the scriptures. In the ninth century, a version of the bible into the Slavonic, or old Russian language (of great cri-

tical value) was published. In the sixth century was completed a version of the whole bible into Georgian. In the fifth, a version into Armenian, under the care of Miesrob, the inventor of the Armenian alphabet; and also into Gothic, under Ulphilas. In the third and fourth centuries, all the new testament and parts of the old were translated into Coptic (or Memphitic), the language of Lower Egypt, the Copts being Egyptian Christians; and also into Sahidic (or Thebaic), the language of Upper Egypt. In the fourth century a translation was made into Ethiopic, the language spoken in Ethiopia, the country of Candace and the modern Abyssinia. Several of these versions were made from the Septuagint, some from the Syriac, and a few from the Latin Vulgate.

"The *Peschito* (or *literal*) Syriac version of the Hebrew and Greek scriptures belongs probably to the first century. It was in general use among the Syrian churches in the year 378, and is then quoted by Ephrem the Syrian as the version generally received, and so ancient as to require frequent explanation. The true Philoxenian or New Syriac belongs to the sixth century, and the Haraclean (commonly called the Philoxenian) to the seventh. Both versions take their name from the persons under whose sanction they were made. The *Peshito* being, as its name implies, very *literal*, is of great value in determining the original text.

"Nor for this purpose is the Vulgate itself of small importance. The text it contains was made by Jerome about the year 385. Part of it, including the new testament, he took from an older Latin version called the old Italic, which is quoted by Tertullian in the year 220; but the greater part he himself translated from the original of the old testament. This version was gradually adopted by the Latin church, and was the first book ever printed. The present text is very corrupt.

"Still more ancient than most of these are the versions of the old testament by Symmachus, Aquila, Thecodotion, and the Seventy. The whole were in the hands of Origen in the year 228, A.D., and were used by him in revising the text of the Septuagint. He afterwards published them all with the Hebrew text in Hebrew and Greek letters in what was hence called his Hexapla or Six-columned bible. The version of Aquila was made about the year 160 for the use of Hellenistic Jews, and is quoted by Justin Martyr (A.D. 160), and Ireneus (A.D. 176). It is extremely literal, and was read by the Jews in their synagogues. The version of Thecodotion appeared about the same time, and is quoted by the same authors. The version of Symmachus is of later date, and is expressed in plain elegant language without being a literal

translation. These three texts are now lost, but their important variations are preserved in the Hexaplarian text of the Seventy, published by Montfaucon at Paris, 1718.

"The version of the Seventy (so called perhaps from the number of translators supposed to have been engaged in making it) is the most ancient of all. It has generally been received by both Jews and Christians, is more frequently quoted in the new testament than the Hebrew, and was in common use both in the synagogues and in the early Christian churches. The first reference to it is by Aristobulus, who lived in the second century before Christ. The most probable date of the completion of the translation is about the year 285 B.C., when Ptolemy Lagus and Ptolemy Philadelphus were kings of Egypt.

"Such is a sample of the evidence by which it is proved that in the first century of the Christian era (and in the case of the old testament two centuries earlier), there existed and were known throughout the Roman world books called the Sacred Scriptures, written by inspired men, and that the present text of the bible is identical with the text which these books contained.

"These remarks apply without exception to the books of the old testament, and to twenty out of the twenty-seven of the new. These twenty are the four Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles of Paul (except that to the Hebrews), and the first Epistles of John and Peter. These twenty books were universally received as genuine, and were therefore called homologomena (*i. e.* acknowledged). The other seven books were disputed for a time by particular churches, and were therefore styled Antilegomena (or disputed.) After a deliberate examination, however, they were at last received as genuine, the very delay proving the closeness of the scrutiny which their claims had undergone.

"Decisive as these facts are, they give a very inadequate idea of the amount of proof of which the genuineness of the scriptures is susceptible. The MSS. are innumerable. They belong to all ages; and many of them are very ancient. They have been kept for centuries in distant parts of the world, under the custody of opposing sects, and in circumstances that made extensive or important alterations impossible. The possessors of these MSS. deemed them of the highest value, and professed to live under the influence of the truths contained in them. Copyists preserved them with the utmost reverence, counting every letter of every book, and registering the very tittles of the law. How remarkable, how decisive as an evidence of Divine care, that while all the libraries of Europe and of the world containing copies of the sacred scriptures have been examined, all ancient versions extant

compared, the MSS. of all countries from the third to the sixteenth century collated, the commentaries of all the fathers again and again investigated, nothing has been discovered, not even a single general reading which can set aside any important passage hitherto received as genuine. This negative conclusion, that our bible does not essentially differ from the bible of the primitive church, is indeed an ample recompence for all the labour and time which have been devoted to these pursuits.

"To give the reader a just conception of the expression that our bible does not differ *essentially* from the bible of the primitive church, we may notice what the various readings of the new testament involve.

"In the Epistle to the ROMANS, for example, which contains 433 verses, there are at most four passages, the meaning of which is modified by readings which Griesbach deems of weight.

"In the 7959 verses of the new testament there are not more than ten or twelve various readings of great importance, and these affect not the doctrines of scripture, but only the number of proof passages in which the doctrines are revealed.

"Of the old testament, a careful examiner has noted 1314 various readings of value. Of these, 566 are adopted in the English version; 147 of the whole affect the sense, but none can be regarded as theologically important: generally they correct a date or complete the sense.

"The writings of Terence (six pieces only) contain 30,000 variations, and they have been copied many times less frequently than the new testament. We may well acquiesce, therefore, in the language of Bengel, who, after laborious research into these topics, wrote to his scholar Reuss: 'Eat the scripture bread in simplicity, just as you have it, and do not be disturbed if here and there you find a grain of sand which the mill-stone may have suffered to pass. If the holy scriptures, which have been so often copied, were absolutely without variations, this would be so great a miracle that faith in them would be no longer faith. I am astonished, on the contrary, that from all these transcriptions there has not resulted a greater number of various readings.'"

#### STONE PILLAR WORSHIP IN IRELAND.

THE worship of stones is the most ancient of all forms of idolatry known in the history of the human race; it is also supposed to have been the most widely extended and generally practised, having once prevailed in every nation of the old world, from the frozen shores of Lapland to the burning regions of India; and some

are of opinion that remains of its former existence on the American continent can still be discovered.

In the book of Genesis (xxviii. 18, 22) we read that, when awaking from the remarkable vision with which he was favoured, "Jacob took the stone that he had put up for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it, and called the name of the place Bethel, saying, this stone which I have set up for a pillar shall be God's house." Now we believe that this act of the patriarch was simply commemorative, and not in the least tinctured with idolatry. But may not this simple expression of gratitude and devotion have been perverted by the Canaanites into the absurdities of stone-pillar worship, to which they were peculiarly addicted, and thus, by means of the intercourse which the Phenicians carried on with distant nations, spread over the world? Truly does Mr. Tupper, in his beautiful "Proverbial Philosophy," assert that Satan, in his efforts to mislead mankind, is

"Not a maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler of concrete right.  
And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with streams of truth.  
And the adversary loveth to have it so, for thereby many are decoyed."

Certain it is that when the Israelites came into possession of the promised land, this species of idolatry prevailed in it, for they were repeatedly ordered to destroy the stone idols of the Canaanites and "break their pillars."

The annals of almost every nation we are acquainted with furnish proof of the wide extent of stone-pillar worship. In very ancient times black stones were worshipped in Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria, and Greece. The Arabs had their Kaaba, or black stone, which is still revered at Mecca. The same superstition was practised throughout Europe, even to the British isles, where traces of its former existence are visible in the present day. Who has not heard of the "Lia Fail" of Tara, the great "stone of Scone," on which the kings of Scotland were crowned, and "the King's Stone," in Surrey, which served for a similar purpose to the Saxons? But, indeed, vestiges of this remote idolatry may be found everywhere. Vestiges *only*, we would have said until very lately; but, to our surprise and regret, recent investigation has proved that the worship of stone pillars is still practised, not merely in some distant heathen land, but in Europe—in the dominions and close vicinity of the most enlightened bible-reading nation upon earth.

This melancholy fact has been derived from a work published by the earl of Roden, entitled, "Progress of the Reformation in Ireland," from

which we shall copy an account of the ancient form of fetishism of which we have been speaking, as it still exists in Inniskea, an island off the coast of Mayo, with about 380 inhabitants, where, it is stated that "a stone, carefully wrapped up in flannel, is brought out at certain periods to be adored; and when a storm arises this god is supplicated to send a wreck on their coast. They all speak the Irish language, and among them is a trace of that government by chiefs which in former times prevailed in Ireland. The present chief or king of Anniskea is an intelligent peasant, whose authority is acknowledged, and the settlement of all disputes is referred to his decision.

"Though nominally Roman Catholics, these islanders have no priests resident among them; they know nothing of the tenets of the church of Rome; and their worship consists in occasional meetings at their chief's house, with visits to a holy well called *Derriola*. The absence of religion is supplied by open practice of pagan idolatry. In the south island a stone idol has been, from time immemorial, religiously preserved and worshipped. It is called in the Irish *Neevongi*. This god resembles in appearance a thick roll of homespun flannel, which arises from the custom of dedicating to it a dress of that material whenever its aid is sought; this is sewed on by an old woman, its priestess. Of the early history of this idol no authentic information can be procured, but its power is believed to be immense. They pray to it in time of sickness; it is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some hapless ship upon their coast; and again it is solicited to calm the waves to admit of the islanders fishing or visiting the main land."

It is suggested that it would be an object of curious enquiry to try and ascertain whether this point of Ireland, on the utmost western verge of Europe, be not the last spot in Christendom in which a trace can now be found of stone-pillar worship. It would probably be an interesting subject of investigation to the antiquary; but we are convinced that to the Christian mind the first thought suggested by this melancholy recital will be, how are these fellow-creatures—fellow-subjects of ours—to be delivered from a state of such degrading ignorance, and from the denunciations spoken in God's word against such idolatry? "Woe unto him that saith unto the wood, Awake, and unto the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach!"\*

Doubtless, as the volume from which our information is taken gives publicity to the state of the lonely inhabitants of the island of Inniskea, many—if it has not already been done—will be

\* Hab. ii. 19.

stimulated to exertion in their cause, and endeavour to send them, "in their own tongue wherein they were born," that gospel which is able to make them wise unto salvation.

### USEFULNESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.\*

THERE are frequently secret springs in connection with our religious institutions, which are only known by the blessings they produce :

"Stillest streams  
Oft water fairest meadows; and the bird  
That flutters least, is longest on the wing."

Among the quiet but useful labourers connected with the Religious Tract Society was THOMAS DAKIN, a Greenwich pensioner. He served for a considerable time abroad. On his return to England, he became a devoted Christian, and was accustomed to visit the most depraved characters residing in London and its vicinity, among whom he distributed the publications of the society. He was a constant attendant at several of the metropolitan workhouses, hospitals, and prisons. He felt the liveliest interest for the pensioners connected with Greenwich Hospital, for the benefit of whom he most assiduously laboured. He was present at the execution of criminals, and distributed tracts among the assembled crowds. At the pleasure-fairs in London and its vicinity, in public-houses, and places of infidel resort, he engaged in similar labours. He frequently distributed 150,000 tracts and hand-bills within the year, which were gratuitously furnished by the Society. Although he scattered the seed by the way-side, among thorns and in stony places, yet he was sometimes cheered in his self-denying labours, by hearing that he had been the means of spiritual good to a few most depraved characters. Dakin devoted his entire time to the objects which have been noticed, and some friends generously contrituted to his support, his only other means of subsistence being a small pension from Greenwich Hospital. The brief history of this humble man will exhibit benevolent deeds worthy of permanent record.

Dakin has often been heard to describe his preparation for his visits. Empty pockets were quite essential, for while he was talking to the objects of his kind solicitude, he frequently found their hands searching for articles of plunder. It was not safe to wear a hat that was worth stealing, or there was danger of being left without one. He was never kept back from his accustomed scenes of labour by fears of personal danger. He was frequently urged not

to go to particular places, but "none of these things moved him." He was often recognised by persons he had counselled within the walls of the jail, who had obtained their liberty only to engage in fresh efforts against the laws of God and man. Dakin has frequently remarked, that if he prevailed on a pious and respectable friend to accompany him *once* to the spots he visited, his feelings were so harrowed by the scenes he witnessed, that he could seldom induce him to go a second time.

His letters to the committee were full of touching and affecting incidents. Only a few facts will be here noticed. He once entered a small room, in a wretched court, in the east of London, to visit the widowed mother of a young man who had been recently executed for crime, to leave with her suitable tracts. Such a visit was one of Dakin's constant modes of doing good. He thought that if the heart were ever susceptible of impression, it would be then. He endeavoured tenderly to disclose the object of his call, but soon discovered that there stood before him—a mother "without natural affection." He inquired about her family, when, in substance, she replied : "They have just brought my boy from Newgate, and he's in the next room ; they have sent another son to Botany Bay ; and I have two daughters walking the streets." All this was said without emotion, and in a spirit of awful opposition to the just punishment of God, against transgressors. What a scene for the trial of a labourer's faith !

Another visit is thus described :—"I met with the mother and younger brother of a man who had just been executed. There were also present his younger brother's wife, with two other women. We spent some time in conversation and prayer ; the corpse of the man who had been executed was in the room ; it was a very solemn meeting. I left each of them a testament, with a variety of tracts, which I begged of them to read with seriousness, attention, and fervent prayer."

Another striking fact is the following :—Dakin entered a low public-house in Deptford, to distribute tracts among the men he found drinking. He accompanied the donation of each tract with a kind word. But the old sailor met with a sudden and disagreeable adventure. A man threw a quantity of beer in his face. He meekly wiped away the liquid as far as he was able, and then gently remarked, "There was a time, my friend, when I would have floored you for this insult, but I cannot do so now. What have I done to justify your conduct ? My only object has been to do you good." He sat down, and completely conquered the foe by the power of Christian kindness. He found he was illiterate, and recommended him to an adult

\* From the Jubilee volume of the Religious Tract Society.

school; and, after words of suitable counsel, he left. Several years after this incident, Dakin was at a bible-meeting, when a stranger introduced himself: it was the once unfeeling frequenter of the public-house. He had followed the old sailor's advice, and learnt to read in an adult school. He then attended the means of grace, became a new creature in Christ Jesus, through the Divine blessing on the truth he heard, and was engaged as a labourer in the Saviour's cause. Surely there was joy in heaven over the repentance of such a sinner!

Amidst the trying scenes which this devoted sailor constantly visited, he could say, "I feel a secret pleasure in the important work in which I am occupied, being persuaded in my own mind that it is the design of him, who is infinite in wisdom and power, to call many sinners from darkness to light through the circulation of religious tracts.

The Lord frequently effects his great purposes by apparently weak means; sometimes by ram's horns, and not unfrequently by means of a sling and a stone, or by lamps and pitchers, so 'that no flesh should glory in his presence;' according as it is written, 'he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.'

The tenderness of Dakin's feelings for the wretched characters he met with was often discovered in the letters he addressed to the committee. In one of them, after describing some of the distressing scenes he had witnessed, he adds: "I may say, with the prophet Jeremiah, 'O that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.' The conduct of the people shows that they are 'given' over to a reprobate mind, and filled with all unrighteousness, to work uncleanness with greediness: 'this is a true picture of them.'

This worthy labourer was enabled to persevere by remembering his divine master's example.

"What trials ought I not to submit to amongst men, if called upon to bear them, while contemplating the humility of my Redeemer. I blush to think how often for trifles, the false pride of my poor fallen nature has felt hurt at some fancied inattention from men. Oh! for the same mind to be in me which was also in Christ Jesus! May I at all times consider him 'that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest I should be wearied and faint in my mind."

The last statement to the committee, written by Dakin before his death, contained pleasing evidence that his faith in the promises of God had not been in vain. "When distributing tracts among the frequenters of Greenwich fair, which I have attended as a tract distributor for twenty-seven years, I saw the ministers who came to preach in the tent on Blackheath, and

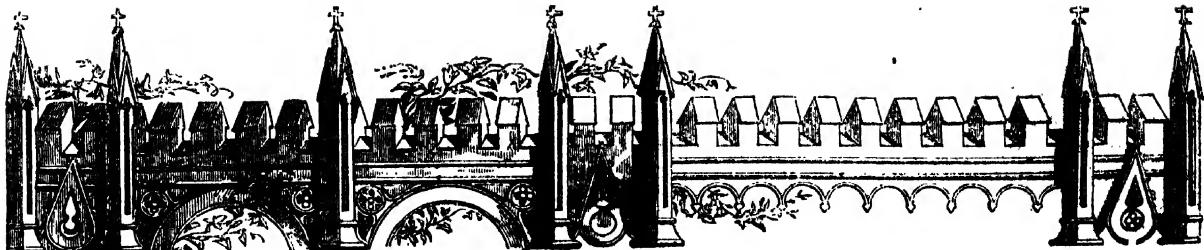
among them was a young man who had been recently ordained over a congregation. He received from me a tract some nineteen years since, when attending the same fair, which was the means of his conversion; so that the sower and the reaper met to re-



joice together. 'Sin no trifle' was the title of the tract."

This devoted man was proceeding to London on Monday, May 1st, 1837, to make arrangements for the circulation of tracts at the execution of a criminal, which was to take place on the following day, when in a moment he was called into the eternal world. In his pockets were found a considerable number of the handbill, 'Are you prepared to die?'

Dakin engaged in scenes similar to those which have been described for nearly twenty years, and attended fairs much longer. During this period he must have circulated about 1,500,000 tracts, hand-bills, and small children's books, which were gratuitously supplied by the society. Its records contain few examples more worthy of imitation than Thomas Dakin, the Greenwich pensioner,



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD

BY THE REV. A. BARNES.

MERE bravery or courage is not a preparation to meet God. The soldier incets the cannon's mouth ; the duellist meets his foe on the field ; the strong man meets danger without shrinking,

the dying man on a bed of pain summons all his strength, and neither trembles nor is alarmed—and *bravely dies*. Strong in physical courage, his cheek is not blanched with fear, nor do his knees tremble at the approach of danger ; and friends and eulogists, patriots and historians, send the brave man to heaven. But I take it, God is not to be met with mere bravery or heroism. It is not physical courage that is to carry the point against the Almighty. The battery may be approached by the brave man ; murderer may meet murderer in the field, and look each other in the eye without quailing, but this is not the way in which man is to meet God—face to face, and eye to eye. Nor are courage, and defiance, and the fearless bearing which faces the cannon's mouth, that by which the kingdom of heaven is to be taken.

Not more is he prepared to meet God who bids defiance to death ; who can jest at the dying pang ; who summons all his vigour to maintain his infidel principles to the last, and who secures the eulogium from his friends, “he died like a man.” Like a man, exactly, a proud, self-confident, sinful man. He has his reward. Some friend will rear a stone over his tomb, or pen a lying obituary notice that assures the world he has gone to heaven ; and the lying epitaph shall delude hundreds, while his soul shall be in hell. But God is not thus deceived. Nor does forced and unnatural calmness, or miserable stupidity at the approach of death, beguile him with the belief that the man proud as Lucifer, though in death, has a claim to an admission to heaven. The indecent jesting of Hume when he died did not move God any more than the ravings and blasphemies of Paine or Voltaire. Nor is a studied insensibility in death the proper preparation to meet God. Insensibility is not what God has anywhere, either by reason or his word, required. It is no more manly than it is religious, to be insensible at the prospect of

appearing at the bar of God. He who can sport on death's brink, and laugh at the idea of being brought on trial before the eternal bar, or cultivate a studied insensibility at the idea of eternity, has no more the spirit of a man than he has of a Christian. It is a place where man *ought* to feel ; where God meant he *should* feel ; and where all his nature commands him to feel.

What is then necessary to prepare us to meet God ? I answer,

1. It is necessary to be reconciled to him. No one is prepared to meet him to whom he is a stranger or a foe. No one can be prepared to meet him who has been at no pains to enquire into his character, or who has never sought to please him. No one can be prepared to meet him who has resisted his claims, and who has during his life put himself into an attitude of hostility to him. The man who has made it a point to resist every impression which God would make on his heart ; to crowd from his mind all the appeals which he has made to him ; to have as little to do with him as possible ; never to think of him if he could avoid it, and when it could not be avoided, to think of him only as severe, and harsh, and unjust in his claims, is assuredly not prepared to meet him. Could he avoid it, he never would meet him. Had he his own choice, he would prefer never to think of him again. But in order to meet him in peace, it is needful that the heart be reconciled to him. Enmity must be laid aside. He must be regarded as a friend ; and whatever there is in the heart of hostility to him, or of dissatisfaction with his government and claims ; whatever disposition there is to disregard or oppose him, must be laid aside. No man can be prepared to meet him who in form or in fact, in heart or in public conduct, regards him as an enemy. When we come to stand before God we shall wish to look on him as a friend. Hence, with the utmost propriety, the whole of the gospel is regarded as an exhortation to men to be reconciled to God.

2. It is necessary, in order to be prepared to meet God, to be born again—to be renewed by the Holy Ghost. A higher than man—he who is to decide our eternal destiny—has settled this without any ambiguity. “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” No matter what else a man may have, unless he has

experienced *this* change, he will be excluded from heaven. It would be impossible to make a statement more explicit, or more alarming to large classes of man. The heart is deceitful. It betrays itself. And it is on *this* point constantly practising a deception. You do not mean to be regarded as infidels—and you are not; you are not disposed to be ranked with scoffers; you are not disposed to be the open enemy of any of the doctrines of the bible; but *here* there is a constant delusion playing around the heart, and a secret and most withering unbelief of the words of the Saviour. "You must be born again," is the Redeemer's language, "or you cannot be saved." Yet the feeling of the heart is, there may be an exception *in my case*. My character for integrity or amiableness is such that it cannot be indispensable for me, and the heart is, unconsciously almost, substituting something in place of the new birth. You do not depend on the fact that you have been born again as the evidence that you will be saved. You depend on something else—something which in *your* case will render such a change unnecessary. And when you think of meeting God, it is not with the evidence that the heart has been changed, but with something else that may then answer the purpose, or may be substituted in its stead.

3. There must be true repentance for sin, and true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. On this point no one here will doubt what are the teachings of the bible. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." No declarations can possibly be more explicit than those which occur respecting the necessity of repentance and faith. They are addressed to all classes of mankind; they admit of no exceptions. The man who, in the fair sense of the word, is a true penitent, and has true faith in the Lord Jesus, is prepared to meet God; the man who is *not* a penitent, and who has *not* that faith, is *not* prepared to meet him. He may be prepared for other things, but he is not prepared for that hour when he will stand at his bar. He may be prepared to adorn a profession; to charm in the social circle; to preside on a bench of justice; to occupy an exalted office; to go as an ambassador to foreign courts; but he is not prepared to meet his Maker. He may be rich, honoured, beloved, talented, learned, but he is not ready to meet God. You may be amiable, accomplished, admired, flattered, but you are not prepared to meet God.

The sum of what I say is this: to be prepared to meet God, we must comply exactly with what he requires. We must meet his terms. It is not what we would have supposed would constitute a preparation; it is not what we may

fancy will answer the purpose; it is not what we may choose to substitute in its place. Arsenic will not supply the place of bread in supporting life, or oil the place of water in putting out a fire; nor will amiableness, and accomplishments, and learning, and external morality, supply the place of what God requires. You can find no substitute for reconciliation with God. You can find no declaration that *you* may be saved by morality, of amiableness, or integrity, and that *I* must be saved by faith in the Lord Jesus. You can find no evidence that you may be saved by an upright life, and by your rank in society, and the poor and the down-trodden only by faith in the Lord Jesus. God makes no such distinctions among mankind. There are no such classes and grades in his kingdom. There are no royal paths to heaven. There are but two classes of people on earth—the righteous and the wicked. There are but two paths that mortals travel—the way to heaven and the way to hell. There are but two places at the judgment bar—the right and the left hand of the Judge. There are but two worlds beyond—heaven and hell; one the abode of the penitent and believing—the other of the impenitent and the unbelieving.

It remains only to add a remark on the inquiry *when* we should prepare to meet God? You anticipate what I would say. You know what is the requirement in the bible on that point. You have heard, to painful satiety, the arguments and commands which require us to do it now; to attend to it to-day; to defer it no longer. You are familiar with the fact that the bible requires it to be done at once; that it demands that every thing else should give way for that; that this day may end your probation, and that there is slender probability that preparation will be made on a dying bed. I might content myself with laying this command across your path, "Prepare to meet thy God." I might go to the bible, and bring appeals and commands almost without number, all pressing the point, "Prepare to meet thy God." I might take you to the sinner's death-bed, and describe his dying horrors, and pointing you to that sad scene, say to you, "Prepare to meet thy God." I might ask you to recall the cases of sudden death—when the young, the vigorous, and the lovely die—and pointing you to their solemn warnings, say, "Prepare to meet thy God." I might ask you to go and walk among the tombs; to measure the length of the graves there, to find out whether any die as young as you; or to recall, as you stand there, the image of some dear departed friend, or the last accents and warnings of a mother, and say to you in that solemn scene, "Young man, prepare to meet thy God." Or I might attempt a description of the scenes of

the last day—of the rising dead ; of the descending Saviour ; of the throne of judgment ; of the alarm and horror of the sinner there ; of the awful doom which awaits him—and standing by anticipation amidst these solemn scenes, might say, “ Prepare to meet thy God.” I had thought of a different line of remark with which to close my appeal. I had thought of making your own sentiments speak out, and of exhibiting the reasoning which is passing through your mind ; and when the command comes, “ Prepare to meet God,” I had thought to say to you, as you say to yourself, “ No—do not obey it now. It is doubtful whether it is for you. It is for that miserable wretch—the outcast of society. It is for that profane and drunken man. It is for the miserable heathen ; that poor slave ; the weather-beaten seaman ; the prisoner doomed to die ; the profligate young man ; the bold blasphemер. It cannot be for you, so amiable, so upright, so moral. Regard it not—at least *now*. Enjoy that party which you have in anticipation ; go into that gay circle where God is forgotten ; refuse to be found among the anxious and the troubled, who inquire the way to life. Not for you, so young, so vigorous, so full of hope, so loved, so anxious to please all ; not for you with such a chance of life, and with a character so amiable, can such a command be intended ; not for you certainly *now*, whatever may be in future years. Enjoy the world. Make much of it. Drive on its pleasures and its gains ; and forget the God that made you, and forget that there is a Saviour that died for you, and that there is a grave, a heaven, a judgment, and an eternity.” But I must not speak so. Ye young of either sex ; ye children, youth, men ; ye amiable, upright, accomplished, moral, there is a grave—a God—a heaven—a hell. I solemnly warn you as a minister of religion—myself soon to die—to be ready for death ; and were it my dying message, would say with the last lisping accents of my lips, “ Prepare now to meet thy God.” Let not that sun set, I solemnly conjure and charge you, in view of the judgment of the great day, without having done *something*—without having at least once *prayed*—that you may be prepared to meet God !

\* \* \* This most solemn and impressive appeal is from a volume of sermons by the well known Albert Barnes, just published by Mr. Routledge, of London.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HONE.

In a little country town at some distance from London, resided Mr. Moreton and his wife, a plain, homely couple. Years ago they had been in business, but various successes had enabled

them to realize sufficient property to retire ; and now they lived only “to do good.” There was no case of poverty or destitution in their neighbourhood, but they knew it well ; and no tongue but pronounced a blessing wherever they went. Their house, too, was always open for any servant of God who might “pass their way.” Among such occasional visitors was a gentleman whom we shall name Mr. Ripley. While largely labouring in connection with some of the great evangelical efforts of the day, Mr. Ripley had mingled extensively with the world, and seen life in many of its most curious phases. Most acceptable, therefore, on many grounds, were Mr. Ripley’s visits to Mr. and Mrs. Moreton ; and some people really believed that when he crossed their threshold, they considered the text in Hebrews as particularly applicable to themselves, “ Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”

• At one visit of this character, after some general conversation, Mr. Ripley’s eye happened to fall upon a printed bill that was lying on the table, which advertised a lecture to be delivered at the Town Hall, upon the character and writings of William Hone, author of the “ Every Day-Book.”

“ Hone must have been an extraordinary man,” said Mr. Moreton, as the bill was slowly replaced, after having been read by his visitor ; “ of course you never met him, Mr. Ripley ? ”

“ Indeed, I have,” rejoined the traveller ; “ and I may reckon those as some of the happiest moments of my life which have been spent in his company.”

“ But was he not an atheist or an infidel ? ” asked Mr. Moreton, with some surprise.

“ And did he not try all he could to render religion a matter for scoffing and ridicule ? ” added Mrs. Moreton.

“ So far as I saw and knew him,” answered Mr. Ripley, “ I am prepared to deny unreservedly that he was anything you have mentioned.”

“ But you know he was tried before the late Lord Ellenborough for publishing parodies on religious writings.”

“ Yes ; and though acquitted, there was nevertheless a strong feeling of disapprobation to him in the minds of many friends of true religion. I must confess these were my own feelings till I had the opportunity of personal interviews with him.”

“ But how was this ? ” asked Mr. Moreton ; “ pray set me right in my estimate of his character.”

“ I know not that I have much to say,” replied Mr. Ripley ; “ for it was not till late in his life that I knew him ; though not too late for me to discover in him a mind still strong

and active, and also a total difference in his views and principles to those which have been attributed to him.

"And where did you first see Mr. Hone?" asked Mr. Moreton, evidently desirous to prolong the conversation.

"I first met him—I shall never forget it—in a small, retired village in Norfolk. He was then visiting a friend for the twofold purpose of getting health and quiet. You must be aware how many literary labours had been constantly pressed on him, which the distractions of London life rendered it impossible for him to pursue; and so he was induced to retire to the 'calm retreat and silent shade,' to accomplish them. But even there his indisposition, the effect, I believe, of an overworked brain, accompanied with most painful languor and inability for application, prevented his continuing any subject steadily. I soon discovered this in our first conversation. He wandered from one topic to another with great rapidity, but all his remarks evidenced a well-furnished mind, and proved him no common man. It seemed to be his delight to linger among the scenes of his childhood and youth; for he told me of the old woman who taught him his alphabet; of the peculiar sentiments of his father—a devoted admirer and hearer of the celebrated William Huntingdon, and how his mind had been prejudiced against Christian truth by the false statements of it he was continually hearing."

"It is a sad thing," said Mr. Moreton, "when such prejudices are formed in early youth. They grow like habits, and it is almost impossible to break them off in latter life."

"His prejudice to the bible," continued Mr. Ripley, "was derived from his having had to commit large portions of it to memory, when young, *as a punishment*."

"And what course could be so likely to produce wrong ideas of the sacred word, if not actual disgust for it, as making it a task-book?" urged Mr. Moreton.

"Still there are many, you know," rejoined his wife, "who even now think such a course justifiable."

"Unhappily such is the case," said Mr. Ripley; "and could parents see the great evils which a childish dislike or indifference to God's word would be likely to produce on their children in after-life, they would surely desist from a practice so undesirable, if not culpable."

"Do you suppose that Hone mixed much with learned men in his early life?" asked Mr. Moreton.

"I believe very much so," Mr. Ripley replied; "for I know he became the companion of several eminent barristers and others, who valued him highly as an enlightened and pleasing friend.

Many of his gifted associates were, however, unhappily unfriendly to Christianity. 'God manifest in the flesh' was a doctrine to which their hearts often refused to bow. But though Hone himself was unwilling to admit the clear directions of God's word, still he distinctly denied being either an atheist or an infidel, in the ordinary meaning of the words."

"But were not people right in judging him so," said Mr. Moreton, "when they had before them his parodies on sacred subjects?"

"Judging from that evidence alone," replied Mr. Ripley, "they were undoubtedly right in forming such a judgment; but you will remember that in his defence he distinctly avowed his object to have been *solely* political; and many others had used the same unwarrantable mode of attack before him. But I have no hesitation in saying that, at the close of life, he most painfully felt that the tendency of such publications had been to bring religion into ridicule."

"To what, then, do you attribute any change in his views or feelings?" asked Mrs. Moreton.

"Chiefly, I should think, to afflictions. He wasted much of the cup of trouble. The attack of paralysis seems to have produced the greatest effect upon him, and taught him how soon earthly comforts and prosperity take to themselves wings and flee away. In such circumstances the mind failing to find rest below, is not unfrequently led to the contemplation of 'heavenly things'; and I believe this to have been the case with Hone. He told me himself, that for many years he had felt deep interest in the discourses of the celebrated preachers of the day. He was no stranger to the appeals of Chalmers, Robert Hall, and Wardlaw. 'When I heard them,' he said, 'I was always trying to answer their arguments. My mind was in an antagonist state, and so the truth produced no good effect on me.'

"Then he did not trace the change in his views to the effect of any particular sermon?"

"Not immediately," replied Mr. Ripley; "but when his mind was wavering—on the poise, as it were—he entered the chapel of the late Rev. John Campbell of Kingsland. Mr. Campbell preached on the deity of Christ—the very stone of stumbling' and 'rock of offence' to him. He listened. There were no great arguments in the sermon to answer, for the preacher was content with resting the truth of his subject on the authority of the word of God. But the effect upon Hone was, that it induced in him a calm investigation of the doctrine; and his future course gives us a warrant for believing that the 'entrance of the word gave light,' and eventually produced in his mind an entire submission to the authority of the bible."

"How often has the 'bow drawn at a ven-

ture sent the arrow of conviction to the heart that seemed proof against the attack!" exclaimed Mr. Moreton.

"Very often," replied Mr. Ripley; "and from the many opportunities I had of discovering Hone's real character—for he was several times my guest—I believe this was his case."

"And did he ever refer to his trial in conversation?" asked Mrs. Moreton.

"I think only once," Mr. Ripley replied; "and then it was indirectly. We were passing the chapel in the village where I first met him, when he told me of a sermon he had once heard preached there from the text, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' At the close of the service, he asked the preacher, 'Then do you really think prayer is never answered except through the Mediator?' 'That is my firm opinion,' replied the minister. 'Well, when I was tried before Lord Ellenborough,' said Hone, 'after I had addressed the jury for three days, with little or no effect, from exhaustion of mind, and with no apparent prospect of ultimate acquittal, I was just about to give up my cause; but, at the last moment, the recollection flashed upon me, that the judge's own father—the late bishop of Carlisle—had not scrupled to avow sentiments similar, in one respect, to my own. The thought was no sooner in my mind than on my tongue. The judge writhed at the allusion, and entreated me, for common delicacy, to forbear. I replied, "My lord, I shall most certainly." Soon after I left my case in the hands of the jury. After a very short deliberation, my acquittal was the issue. When my trial was over,' said Hone, 'I found a paper, which was dated only the night previous to its commencement. That paper contained a solemn prayer to God for guidance and help. My fears were removed; my hopes were realized. But I was an unbeliever in the Mediator then, and yet did not my acquittal give me reason to think that my prayer was answered?' 'Even if your construction of the events you have named be right,' replied the minister, 'still, whenever prayer is answered, though offered by unbelievers, it can only be through the merits of the Saviour's atonement.'"

"That is a most interesting circumstance," said Mr. Moreton, "and shows his mind was 'feeling after' the truth. It thoroughly overthrows the charge of atheism at least."

"Most fully," replied Mr. Ripley; "and though I would not, for one moment, defend his previous conduct, or acquit him of gross guilt in his early publications, still this fact proves that his character was wrongly prejudged, before fully known. I remember an incident he once told a friend—trifling, perhaps, in itself—but

yet showing how easily his mind was impressed with the slightest providential circumstances. He had been spending a quiet day at Norwood, in the neighbourhood of London, and when strolling out, he saw a little girl sitting at a cottage door, reading a book which lay in her lap, 'What are you reading, my child?' said he. 'My bible, sir.' 'Ah, you are getting your lesson for your Sunday-school I suppose?' 'No, sir.' 'Why are you reading the bible then?' 'Because I love it,' the girl replied. 'I stood humbled before that child,' he added."

"And that was not the first time that a child has taught a man," said Mr. Moreton; "those words of David are very deep and beautiful; 'I have more understanding than all my teachers; for thy testimonies are my meditation.'

"But do you really think that in his closing years he thoroughly embraced the great truths of Christianity?" asked Mrs. Moreton.

"So much so," replied Mr. Ripley, "that he was admitted a member of the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Binney. But out of Hone's own mouth let us judge him. He has left behind a full confession of his faith, in some lines which I will repeat to you, if my memory will serve me."

*The proudest heart that ever beat  
Hath been subdued in me;  
The wildest will that ever rose  
To scorn thy word or aid thy foes,  
Is quelled, my God, by Thee!*

*They will, and not my will be done;  
My heart be ever thine;  
Confessing Thee, the mighty 'Word,'  
I hail Thee, CHRIST, my GOD, my LORD;  
Thy cross shall be my sign.*

"But what did his old friends think of him," said Mrs. Moreton, "when he embraced Christianity?"

"They smiled at the report of it," replied Mr. Ripley, "and either disbelieved that any change had occurred in his religious views at all, or ascribed it to the failing of his intellectual powers. But I think the lines I just quoted show no weakness of his mental faculties. Rather a curious circumstance occurred, connected with this change in Hone's views, to a lady who once met him at my house. She was afterwards residing in France, and was there thrown into the company of several sceptical persons at the dinner-table. Reference was made to Hone, as one who sympathised with their views. 'He did once,' remarked the lady, 'but I have lately seen him at a friend's house in London, and he is now a firm believer in Christian truth.' There was a general laugh. 'You saw Hone! Why, he has been dead for years, and we contributed to the expenses of his funeral! You must have been sadly imposed on!' My friend

was perfectly astonished, and forthwith wrote to me to know if she had really seen William Hone, author of the 'Every Day Book,' at my house. I sent her letter to Hone, and merely remarked, 'You can best tell whether you are alive or dead. How shall I answer my friend's letter?' I received a beautiful communication from him, which I always keep among the 'gems' of my pocket-book; and, if you have no objection, I should like to read it to you."

"We shall all be delighted to hear it," exclaimed Mr. Moreton; and Mr. Ripley read as follows:—

"18th May, 1838.

"My dear sir,

I HAD hoped that the May meetings would have left me leisure to employ myself, at intervals, on the little work I contemplated *in explanation of myself*. That has not been permitted. In the case of your friend, Mr. L——, you have an instance of infirmity from overwrought powers. My infirmity was quite as appalling, perhaps more, and yet here I am, upon an unceasing treadmill, grinding dust all the day, and every day, except on the day of rest, which is to me the only rest I have, from a stultifying employment of the mental faculties.

"Still I hope and believe that, in the course of the summer, brief intervals will be afforded, sufficient to enable me to give to the world a testimony, from my own hand, that God has won me to himself, that in him is all my trust, and that it is my most earnest desire to manifest my devotion to the service of the Saviour. It is my hope, too, to survive this public demonstration of attachment to his cause sufficiently long to give further evidence, if need be, that I am moved to the open declaration I propose, by unbiassed and immoveable love to CHRIST and his all-prevailing and everlasting love to man. Meanwhile, let this suffice—*this paper*—and let this be an evidence, should I die, that while I lived, I knew CHRIST, and confessed his name, despising 'oppositions of science, falsely so called'; and that if the world deemed me dead, it was because, through the life of Christ in my heart, I became dead to the world. Far higher intellects than mine have bowed to him; the highest have, and the highest will; but I scorn precedents. The wise men of the world shuffle them aside, and well they may, for they are ignorant of the first rudiments of *real* wisdom.

"Make what use you please of this, but I beg you to *keep the paper*, in proof that I am, in the name of Christ, and for his sake,

"Your friend and servant,

"W. HONE."

"That is indeed a precious document," said Mr. Moreton, as Mr. Ripley folded up the letter and replaced it in his pocket-book.

"Immeasurably precious," replied Mr. Ripley, "because it proves so entirely the depth and reality of his Christian profession. And if our conversation to-night shall have led you to believe that some time before his death, or his mind had become impaired by disease, Hone bowed implicitly to the word of God, our talking will not have been useless."

"Far otherwise," rejoined Mr. Moreton; "and I trust it may lead us all to prize that word *more highly*, which has to so many brought 'life and immortality to light.' Hone's testimony to the truth is doubly valuable, for it was the result of personal and experimental acquaintance with it, after having known by experience the evils of an opposite course."

In a short time after this conversation, the family at Elmwood were all kneeling together in evening worship, and Mr. Ripley's voice was heard again, supplicating a blessing upon them, and praying that God's word might be indeed a "lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path."

#### OUR INFLUENCE UPON STRANGERS.

It is not enough, we are told, "that we act and mean kindly in our intercourse with strangers; we must manifest kindly feelings by a gentle and conciliatory manner." To increase the happiness of one human being—to speak peace to a mind oppressed with sorrow or disappointment—what a delightful privilege! Old Humphrey tells us—and Old Humphrey is one of those who pass through the world singing, finding good in everything and everywhere—that "every sunny thought, every kindly deed, every event, however trifling, that confers a momentary joy, is in itself a blessing."

Smiles and kind words constitute a considerable proportion of the wealth of human benevolence; and the more we give away, the richer we become. We may liken them to diamonds, and pearls, and precious stones; they also resemble flowers—the heartsease and forget-me-not—the wayside flowers of every-day life, which we may all gather, and exchange with mutual benefit, as we pass through the world.

A very little circumstance, a very trifling kindness, a very few words, done and spoken at the right time and in the name of Jesus, have often been made powerful for good. A fond but injudicious mother was speaking one day, in a small party, of the talents and abilities of her only daughter. "It is perfectly astonishing," said she, "what Adèle does; and yet she has very little time to herself."

A stranger, who happened to be present, drew the blushing girl towards her, and asked her kindly how it was she managed.

"I study at night," was the reply, "after I am in my own room, and everything in the house is quiet. I can always do most then."

"But do you not read a little in the Bible, and pray to God?"

Her companion was silent.

"Poor child!" said the lady, looking at her kindly, and with the tears in her eyes: "poor child! what good will all your learning and accomplishments do you without Christ? What good would they do you on the bed of death?—and you do ~~not~~ appear to be very strong. Promise me that henceforth you will give those quiet hours to God. You do not know how sweet it is, having prayed to the Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, to lie down with our sins forgiven; but you will know, if you pray."

Adèle was touched by her earnestness. She promised to begin that very night, and she kept her word.

"From that time," said she, writing years afterwards to a dear friend—"from that time a change came over my whole life. Her words haunted me. Amid the praises of others, I heard only her pitying voice—'Poor child! what good will all your learning and accomplishments do you without Christ?' God made them words of power. Upon inquiring about the lady to whom I owe so much, I learned that she left England the very day after we met, for the south of France, to join a dear sister who was seriously ill. I never saw her again; but I shall know her in heaven."

Not very long since, the inmates of a stage-coach were placed in circumstances of extreme danger. One lady fainted; another, not being able to unfasten the door, madly attempted to fling herself from the window; while a third was observed to draw a tiny book from her pocket, and having glanced at it for a moment, sat pale and tranquil, awaiting the event. The horses were providentially stopped, and no bad consequences ensued beyond the terror into which they had all been thrown. When they were a little more composed, some one mentioned "the spell," as they called that little book, and asked to look at it. It was entitled, "The Dewdrop," and contained a text of scripture for every day in the year. The owner smiled as she produced it, laying her finger on the text for the day: "I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer." Trusting in him, it was no wonder that she did not fear to die. One lady was much struck; and the first town they stopped at she bought a little textbook. Let us hope that it was blessed to her. Such is, and may be, the influence of strangers as they pass through the world Zionward.

How many a stranger sojourning in a pious family, and taking part in their daily worship,

has been thus, under the divine blessing, won to Jesus. How many a warning word, spoken in love—how many a warning tract, given in prayer—to the stranger with whom we come in momentary contact as we pass through the world, has God made an instrument of power. Therefore is it written, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," Eccles. xi. 1. In passing through this otherwise weary world, it is the bounden duty of man, woman, and child, to speak gentle words—to wear cheerful looks—and, like the church spire, where the sun may always be observed to linger the longest and the brightest, to point towards heaven.

We remember walking one day through the fields with a dear friend. She seemed to have a pleasant and ready word for every one we met. The little children looked up in her face and smiled, as they dropped their simple courtesies. The old men uncovered their grey hairs, and seemed to be cheered by her kindly greeting.

• "A fine day, friend," said she to one old man.

"Yes, ma'am, it is very fine."

"We must thank God for it, and for every good thing."

"Ay, to be sure; but I never thought of that. I thank God with all my heart."

"You appear to be very lame, my friend," she observed to another, who was passing wearily along, and looked hot and tired: she called them all her friends. The old man seemed touched by her sympathizing looks, and told her the whole history of the accident; upon which she prescribed some simple remedy.

The next person we met was a little girl who was crying because she had just upset her basket of ripe blackberries into the ditch. Upon which my friend smilingly suggested that she might gather more, pointing at the same time to the rich clusters which grew all around; and she soon dried her eyes.

Thus it was that she might be said to pass through those green fields singing. Thus it is that we should all endeavour to pass through the world, helping and cheering one another.

Very similar in spirit is the following testimony given of another beloved one: "She looked," we are told, "as if she had made peace with all the world, and only lived to be glad in the gladness of others, and to weep with those who weep." It is the description of all who have made peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: "When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" Job xxxiv. 29. Well may believers pass on their way smiling, and singing the praises of their Redeemer.—"Isabel: or, Influence;" published by the Religious Tract Society.

## Page for the Young.

### THE YOUNG SAILOR-BOY.

Among the hills, peopled hollows, and bold hill slopes and summits of Vermont, in the United States, dwelt a farmer and his family. One by one his children left him to seek their fortunes in the great world beyond their native hills; and at the period to which we refer, the youngest son alone was left, as his father hoped, to become heir of the homestead, and the comfort of his declining days. But no; the youth fell ill, and a change of air was deemed necessary. His health somewhat improving, it was considered that a sea voyage would be of great advantage to him. He, accordingly, shipped before the mast in a vessel bound for Liverpool.

Before leaving his native shores, the lad began to indulge in serious reflections. Thrown among new associates, far from his peaceful and happy home, and with new and untried scenes before him, Eben—for that was his name—felt that he needed a heavenly Friend and Helper. With these feelings, on the sabbath before leaving port, he entered the house of God, cherishing the hope that he might there hear something which would suit his own particular case. When the minister rose and announced his text, there was not a more anxious and attentive listener in the whole congregation than Eben. The discourse was founded upon the following words:—"And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." Like Jacob of old, Eben was journeying from his father's house into a strange land, and his desire was that the God of Jacob should be his God. The sermon took deep hold of his heart and conscience, and almost before it was ended, with that singleness and earnestness which afterwards marked his character, the boy sincerely and fully gave himself up to the Lord, and "vowed a vow" of submission and obedience to the mighty Redeemer of weak and sinful man. That vow he never forgot, and from that good hour he felt that he had "an anchor to his soul both sure and steadfast."

The vessel sailed shortly afterwards, and in due time arrived at Liverpool. Eben was here exposed to those temptations which in almost every form beset the sailor as soon as he lands; but he was enabled to withstand them, and hold fast to his principles. When the sabbath came, instead of spending the day as his comrades did in carousing or idleness, he determined to attend a place of worship; and though they laughed at him, and he had no one to countenance or keep him company, he went away in search of a church. Passing down several streets, he at last came to one where great numbers of well-dressed people were going in, whom he joined, and entered the portal. The ~~poor~~ stranger, with his checked shirt and tarpaulin hat, attracted much attention; many stared at him, and passed on. At last a gentleman kindly invited him into his pew, a handsome pew in the broad aisle. When the services were over, he was invited to come again in the afternoon, which he did, and thus passed his first sabbath in Liverpool, greatly profited and strengthened by the divine worship of that holy day.

From Liverpool the vessel was bound to New Orleans. How often or how tenderly the young sailor thought of his father and mother, and the farm, we do not know; but the first thing he did on arriving at New Orleans, was to enclose twenty dollars, half of his wages, in a letter to his father, in order to pay for the services of a man to assist in the farm work during his absence.

Such was the beginning of the sailor-boy's life; and this sailor-boy was afterwards Captain EBEN KNIGHT, who, having distinguished himself as a packet-master out of New York, for his business habits and his high moral principles, became agent of the Pacific Mail Steamer Company, and resided at San Francisco, where his sudden death a short time ago not only plunged his friends into grief, but was felt to be a severe bereavement to that city. "His removal," writes a minister from thence, "seems to be the taking away of a great restraint, like the breaking of a strong band about our society, or the falling of a pillar that has supported it." "Early cut off," says another, "he did not depart without fruit. He lived long enough to achieve great good, and, above all, to set an example to young people that there is no station, how unfavourable soever apparently to virtue and religion, that may not be converted to the purposes of both by a heart animated by the grace of God."

### THE HAPPY ONES IN HEAVEN.

CHILDREN, listen to the strains  
Bursting through the heavenly plains !  
Hear ye not the chorus sweet,  
Which the happy ones repeat ?

"Unto Him that bled and died,  
Endless praises be ascribed !"

"Hosts of children praise the Lamb :  
Would you know from whence they came ?  
They were once like you below,  
But were saved from sin and woe.  
O, how happy now they feel ;  
Joys they have unspeakable !

Some are there from India's strand ;  
Some from England's favoured land ;  
Some from Afric's burning plains ;  
Some from Greenland's cold domains :

But their song of praise is one ;  
No distinction there is known.

Some are there whom you have known,  
Decked with an immortal crown ;  
Palms of victory in their hand ;  
Round the throne of God they stand.  
Hark ! what anthems sweet they raise ;  
Hear ye not their songs of praise ?

Children, would you share their bliss ?  
Would you feel their happiness ?  
You must *here* the Saviour know,  
If you would to glory go.  
Hark ! he says, in accents kind,

"They that early seek shall find."

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE FRUIT FOUND "AFTER MANY DAYS."

## THE BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

### CHAPTER II.

A FEW years passed away, and Mesurier, the colporteur, had not again visited the village. His Master had work for him elsewhere; and it may be that the remembrance of that part of his life sometimes burdened his mind with sorrow, that he had laboured in vain and spent his strength for nought.

It was evening again—a summer's evening; and a stranger, invited perhaps by the open door of a neat and comfortable cottage, paused, and then entered. An aged female sat by the

window, employed in spinning. Marks of sorrow might have been traced on her features; and poverty was to be seen in somewhat painful contrast with a few relics of former prosperity. It was not poverty, however, that caused the present sorrow. On a couch in the apartment lay a young man, emaciated by long illness, slowly but surely sinking into hopeless decline. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

The stranger looked around him as he stepped over the threshold, and comprehended at a glance the principal features of the scene.

"The Lord be gracious to you," he said,

speaking kindly, and respectfully saluting the aged woman; "and may all your troubles work together for good to you," he added.

In a moment, the look of grief on the countenance of the widow was exchanged for a bright smile of joy; and the invalid raised himself from his pillow.

"Enter, enter," he said, in a feeble voice of pleasure; "if you love the Lord Jesus Christ, you are welcome; oh, how welcome!"

"And do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" asked the stranger, as he approached the bedside.

A happy smile played on the invalid's lips as he reached out his thin, nerveless hand, and pressed that of the unknown visitor. "We love him," he said, "because he first loved us."

"Happy are they who know that of a truth," rejoined the stranger, whose countenance showed his glad surprise; "I knew not that I should find in this benighted village, a brother and sister in Christ. How comes this to pass?"

The young man laid his hand on a bible by his bedside. The motion was expressive; no words were needed.

Meanwhile the aged woman had risen, and had spread a table for the refreshment of the stranger. "It is but a crust, and a cup of water," she said; "but welcome to it, in His name; for you, too, love our Lord!"

"I do, indeed," he replied, "and as a disciple I receive with gladness and love what is given in the name of a disciple. And has it been always thus with you?"

"Ah no, no," said the woman; "time was, and not long ago, that I was ignorant of Christ's righteousness, and went about to establish my own; for I knew nothing of the blessed book which priests try to keep from us."

"And I," said the dying man—"ah, sir, I scoffed at all religions, and hated the book of which I knew nothing."

"And may I ask," inquired the stranger, "by what means so happy a change has been produced?"

"I will tell you," said the mother; "it was three years ago that a poor man, a bible colporteur, came into our village, and could find no resting-place—for all the people looked upon him with scorn. Even at the inn, he was refused food and shelter. My husband was by, and heard it; and though he was no better friend to the bible than the rest of the villagers, God put it in his heart, sir, to pity the poor traveller; and he brought him home. Ah, sir, I felt very angry when I saw who was to be our guest; that poor Pierre would not have me abuse him, though I grudged every mouthful he ate."

"And I," interposed the invalid, "insulted him by laughing at his religion, and showing how

I hated the bible. But God has shown me my sin, and forgiven me; blessed be his name for his great mercy!"

"The poor man," resumed the widow, "seemed greatly distressed, and after he went to bed we heard him in prayer for our poor souls; but this only made me more angry, for I did not want a heretic to pray for me; and when the next morning came, I was glad to see him go away. I thought then that I never would have another heretic for a guest. But poor Pierre was more kind; he would not take anything for the night's lodging, only the man would leave a new testament, in remembrance of his visit. Very angry I was, when I knew this. And I was more angry and frightened still, when I found that Antoine had gone out to meet the colporteur on the road, and had bought one of his bibles."

"Ah, sir," said the invalid, "when I was wickedly talking against the blessed book, the evening before, the man turned to me, and asked if I had ever read it for myself. That came home to me, sir; for I never had opened a bible, and only spoke of it from what I had heard others say; and they, perhaps, had never read it either. So, because I should not have to confess my ignorance another time, I determined to have a bible of my own."

"It was the Lord's doing," observed the stranger, thoughtfully. "He leads the blind by a way that they know not."

"You may say that truly, sir," continued the woman. "It was not long after the colporteur was with us, that my poor Pierre was taken ill, and had to keep his bed. He never rose from it again; but, by God's mercy, he was not taken away from us for many months. He wanted something to amuse him while he lay; and one day he told me to get the testament which the man had given him. He would have it, sir; and he read it day after day, till he became so interested in it, that from morning to night the book was in his hands. It pleased God, sir, to give his blessed Spirit to open his heart to the truth; and at last he said to me, 'Margarette, we are all going wrong; the priests have been taking away the key of the kingdom of God, and are trying to keep us out.'"

"God be praised, sir; I listened to my husband's words, and let him read to me; and at last my eyes were opened too; and then I found how, all my life, I had been trusting to an arm of flesh, and was looking to be saved by saints, and angels, and priests, instead of by the Lord Jesus Christ alone. Oh, sir, that was a good day when salvation came to our house! And then we thought of poor Antoine; but the Lord was merciful to us there, sir."

"I read the bible when I had got it," said the sick man, earnestly; "and the Lord was pleased

to bring down my proud thoughts and high looks."

" My husband died," resumed the Weeping woman ; " and his last words were to the effect that he had found salvation, and was going to the Saviour. And now, poor Antoine is ill....."

" He can say the same, mother," interposed the young man ; " I shall not be with you much longer, dear mother ; but I know whom I have believed ; and I am ready—blessed be his name—ready : and when I am gone, Jesus will comfort you."

" He will ; he does : it is all in love that he suffers us to be afflicted," replied the aged mother.

" Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ! you can say that, then ?" interposed the stranger.

" Oh, yes, for do we not know that ' all things work together for good to them that love God ? ' "

The traveller, before he departed, united with mother and son in earnest supplication and thanksgiving, and then went his way, probably to see them no more. But he went on his way rejoicing, for he had learned a lesson of encouragement to effort in the service of his Saviour, and to prayer for those influences without which Paul might plant, and Apollos water, in vain.

" He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

### ILLUMINATED SPOTS IN LIFE.

In the history of most minds there are certain illuminated spots—records of felicitous moments which have left an indelible impression upon the mind.

A young man was pursuing, in accordance with his parent's wishes, a collegiate course of study. It was all forced-work with him ; for he had no love for study. Habits of submission to parental authority alone prevented him from abandoning his studies in disgust. One evening, after a day of mental drudgery, as he glanced over the lesson for the last time before closing the book, he suddenly saw the mathematical principle which ran through and rendered plain the numerous problems he had laboured to fix in his memory. He compared it to a flash of lightning revealing a beautiful landscape, where before there was nought but darkness. The light that flashed upon his mind like lightning, was not, like the lightning, evanescent. From that hour, he studied under the influence of an impulse unfelt before. He became an eminent mathematician, and continued to pursue the science for its own sake, to the close of his life.

There was a lad whose father was stern, inflexible, not to say harsh and unsympathizing. The lad never knew what it was to experience the natural expressions of parental affection. He did not remember that his father had ever impressed a kiss on his cheek, or addressed him in a tone of tenderness. When he did well, he was passed by unnoticed ; when he did ill, he was rebuked with severity. It need not be said that he was unhappy, that the development of his heart was checked, that his soul was in danger of becoming dwarfed and distorted.

One day, some of his youthful companions visited him, and in the excitement of society, he forgot to perform certain commands of his father, and accidentally broke a mirror of some value. As soon as his companions were gone, he was overwhelmed with grief. He knew from past experience, that he would suffer his father's darkest frown and severest reproaches and threatenings.

His eyes were red with weeping as his father entered the room.

" What is the matter ? " said his father, with a tone of interest and sympathy. The question and the tone so unexpected, caused him to burst into tears. " Father," said he, " I forgot to do what you told me, and I carelessly broke that mirror."

" My poor boy, don't feel so about it," said the father, laying his hand gently on his son's head. Those few words and that action gave the father an influence over the son such as he had never before possessed, and gave a new life, as it were, to the son. From that hour his character began to take a new form. Throughout his whole life, he looked back with gratitude to the influence of that hour. It was the first illuminated spot in his existence.

But there was another of greater importance. He had lived till his twentieth year with few thoughts relating to his future destiny. His affectionate and obliging disposition had secured many friends, who were aiding him in the pursuit of worldly plans. One summer evening, he was passing the village school-house, and saw it lighted up. Curiosity led him to enter. A stranger had just risen to conduct a religious service. The first impulse of young L. was to withdraw ; but there was something in the tones of the stranger's voice which induced him to stay. The sermon was solemn and pointed. It reached the heart of young L. He entered the school-house a careless sinner ; he left it an awakened, an anxious sinner. Ere long he was a convicted sinner ; and in course of a few weeks he became, in the judgment of charity, a converted sinner. Throughout eternity he will look back with thankful joy to that school-house and to that hour.

There was a man who had been for years a professor of religion, and none doubted the sincerity of his profession. But he had little enjoyment, and made but little progress in holiness. His religious life, which was in a great measure separated from his ordinary life, was a series of timid efforts to secure a bright degree of ardent love and zeal.

At length he heard a discourse from the text, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." A new light dawned upon his mind as he listened to that discourse. "Now," said he to himself, "I have the true idea of a Christian's life."

From that hour his course was one of consistent and unceasingly perfect obedience to the will of God. He grew in grace daily, and of consequence enjoyed daily accessions of happiness.

In the history of all who make improvement, there are these happy moments—illuminated spots. These often occur through the instrumentality of others. We may then be the occasions of them to those with whom we associate. Since their influence is so great and lasting, we should seek to cause them. Wise circumspection and foresight may thus enable us to originate influences which shall change the destinies of men for time and for eternity.

### A PICTURE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.\*

A RUSSIAN church is decked out with all the gorgeousness of semi-barbaric magnificence. Painting, gilding, rich stuffs, gold, silver, jewelry, are profusely expended in its decoration. It is divided into three compartments—the sanctuary, into which females are not permitted to enter, the nave or body of the church, and the trapeza, which is the west end. The nave, or second division, is that in which the congregation ordinarily assemble, although on holidays the trapeza is also filled. The congregation stand; there being no seats, and make no use of books. The service is the reverse of portable. It burthenes upwards of twenty volumes folio, in the Slavonian language: twelve of them contain the services for the festivals of the saints, which are more numerous in the Greek church than the days of the year; two more are called the octoechos, containing in eight voices or tones, the hymns for the day of one week; the Psalter and the Hours; the Book of Psalms;

the Book of Prayers, containing the ordinary daily prayers; two volumes of Fast Triads; the Four Gospels, a portion of which is read at every service; the book of the offices of baptism, &c.; and, lastly, which must be very needful, a book of regulations as to the use of all the rest. But while the services are so voluminous, it is remarkable that "the Russians make no use of a complete copy of the bible in their churches: they have only extracts from the old testament and epistles," interspersed throughout the services, and "even many of the clergy in the country do not possess an entire copy of the scriptures."

The congregation are separated from the sanctuary by a screen called the ikonostas. On this screen are painted pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin, and saints, the body and garments being one raised sheet of gold and silver, often studded with precious stones, from which the face, hands, and feet protrude. In the centre of the screen are the royal doors, which are occasionally thrown open in order to afford the worshippers a glimpse into the sanctuary, in the middle of which the altar stands, whereon a massive cross of gold or silver, and a copy of the gospels, richly bound, and closed with gold or silver clasps, are always laid.

The service is very long, consisting, besides the mass, of psalms and hymns, sometimes chanted, more frequently read, for brevity's sake, and that with unintelligible rapidity. The singing is without instrumental accompaniment, and the voices, in the selection and cultivation of which great care is taken, blend in rich and imposing melody. But whatever there is for the ear, there is nothing for the heart, the service, being performed in the old Slavonic, which is as unintelligible to the modern Muscovite as the English tongue of the reign of the first Henry would be to us. But here may be seen the idolatry of pictures: some are prostrating themselves, with various ceremonies, before the painting of the favourite saint. Others are bringing wax-lights which they have purchased to do honour to their particular choice. The difficulty must be in the selection, for walls, ceilings, and every part of the building, are covered with pictures of saints and martyrs. There are not only various objects on which idolatry may exhaust itself, but diverse pictures of the same idolatrous object. There is the virgin of Vladimir, the virgin with the bleeding cheek, and the virgin with three hands. Occasionally, also, those pictures which have most followers have each their own peculiar shrine, where they may be honoured with more especial reverence. Alas! where is the sound of the gospel amidst all this? Its blessed truths, full of healing and unction to the soul,

\* From an admirable article in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," for June.

and sweeter than the most mélodious recitations, lie as in the silence of the grave."

But to trace out still further the idolatry of Russia. It is not merely in the cathedrals and churches that pictures are worshipped; but in every house, under the piazzas, in every shop, they are to be found. Every room has its allotted corner, where is set up a picture, large or small, called the bogh, or god. Before it is suspended a little lamp, which on Sundays and holidays is always burning. The cottage of the poorest peasant is not without one of these tutelary deities. To the bogh the peasant or merchant, on entering, immediately turns, and crossing himself before it, he addresses himself to the living personages present. They are to the Russians as the penates to the Romans, or as the ancestral tablets of the Chinese. Itinerant dealers supply the peasantry with these essential requisites of Greco-Russian Christianity. Not that sacred pictures are ever bought or sold—such would be considered profane and impious. The transaction is in the way of barter; the old ones exchanged for new; or, if too old, they are placed on a board, and committed to some neighbouring stream, which bears them away.

The fasts of the Russian church are long and severe, especially the one preceding Easter, which lasts seven weeks. The reaction is proportionate. No sooner, amidst the gorgeous service of the cathedral, have the words been uttered, "Christ is risen!" and Easter been proclaimed, than human passions break forth from the restraint to which they had been subjected. Everywhere, and from every lip, the words are heard, "Christ is risen!" "He is risen indeed!" but how fearful the dishonour which is heaped upon that glorious fact! Dissipation among the higher ranks, debauchery among the lower, are the order of the day. "All business is laid aside; the upper ranks are engaged in visiting, balls, dinners, suppers, masquerades; while boors fill the air with their songs, or roll intoxicated about the streets."

The pilgrimages of corrupt Christian churches are another grievous source of demoralization. In this, as in many other points, heathenism and corrupt Christianity are identical in practice. A sacred picture, or precious relic, invests some places with peculiar sanctity, and pilgrims come from all quarters to worship there. Instances of this superstitious resort to holy shrines are not wanting in the Greco-Russian church. Flaton, in his treatise, would cleanse her, if it were possible, from this stain. In his observations on idolatry he complains of those "who attaching unknown sanctity to particular places, believe that God will hear prayers sooner in one place than in another." Yet Troitza, fifty miles from

Moscow, and Kiev, are renowned places of pilgrimage in Russia, to which year by year great numbers of people go from every part of the empire.

"Kiev, Kiov, or Kiow, is a considerable town the capital of the province or government of Kiev. It takes its name from a monastery founded here in the eleventh century; and contains barracks for the garrison, magazines, officers' houses, several churches, a government house, and beautiful public gardens. Below the monastery are a series of vaults, divided into apartments and chapels, in which are kept a number of coffins, which are supposed to contain the relics of saints and martyrs. These catacombs form a labyrinth, mined in the solid rock, consisting of walks, chambers, branches, &c., ascending and descending, for the distance of several hundred yards. The passage is about six feet wide, and covered at the top; its sides neatly plastered, and stained with black wash. The flooring is laid with iron plates. The remains of seventy-three saints or primitive Christians of Russia are here deposited in semi-circular niches at intervals in the passage. The bodies are wrapped round and bandaged with swathings of silk, after the fashion of mummies: no part, not even the face, is left visible. The coffins are of an oblong square figure, decreasing in breadth from the head downwards, and adorned in the interior with flowers of gold painted on a red ground. 'On our return to the realms of day,' says Mr. James, after describing a visit to these catacombs, 'we heard the chant of mass sounding from the church of the monastery, and thither we instantly repaired. The people, whom we found assembled completely filled every part of the area. It was a herd of pilgrims, habited in all the various costumes of the southern provinces of the empire, some of them being said to have made a journey on foot of 1500 versts, in order to discharge their vows at Kiev; and indeed their lank worn looks and tattered garments seemed in many instances to bespeak the toilsomeness of the undertaking. While their devotions detain them here, they are for the most part obliged to lie out at night, being destitute of money to pay for lodging; and by day, only once, perhaps, receive refreshment, at a gratuitous repast which is provided, at the cost of the emperor, in the refectory of the monastery. But the enthusiasm, devotion, and superstition of a Russian are easily able to surmount all these difficulties; and there is scarcely a person in the south, either of those who have sins to expiate, or of those whose quiet and holy life requires some notable act to grace its monotonous career, but imposes on himself, at one time or other, the task of performing this burdensome act of over-zealous piety.'"

" Into the character of the Russian people we desire not to enter. It is the unhappy position in which they are placed with reference to religious opportunities, so different from our own, to which we desire to direct attention. The Greco-Russian church, essentially the same with the church of Rome, in some of the details of error, assumes peculiar and distinctive features. It refuses to recognise the supremacy of the Pope; yet it bows in abject submission to the supremacy of the emperor. Like the church of Rome, its rule of faith is of a mixed character, partly the holy scriptures and partly the decisions of men; but it limits the latter element to the first seven general councils. It pretends not to infallibility, yet it vests in the holy synod the power of interpretation, and the decrees of the synod are as compulsory on the conscience of its followers as the bulls and decisions of the papal see. It has equal credulity to admit the transubstantiation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and unites in the disparagement cast by the sacrifice of the mass on the one true sacrifice; but it believes the change to be accomplished, not by the words of the priest, but, by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the elements, and insists on the use of leavened instead of unleavened bread, contending for this distinction as earnestly as though it were a vital article of faith. It denies the existence of purgatory, yet prays for the souls of the dead. It is iconoclastic and abhors images, and yet is extravagant in its superstitious use of pictures. It enforces the marriage of its secular or white clergy, who officiate in the cities and villages, yet prohibits a second marriage, and gives the precedence to the black clergy, or monastic portion, from which the archires, or superior authorities of the church, are chosen. It has, like the kindred system, seven sacraments; and yet, even here, has its peculiarity, for confirmation, or chrism, is imposed immediately after baptism. As to anything like missionary effort, it is a dead church, and is contented that the Mahomedan and heathen sections of the population should pursue their own way without any effort for their conversion; yet it strictly guards all who belong to its communion, and holds, as with a grasp of iron, those who would wander from its fold. Against dissentients from the national system persecution has often raged cruelly, and yet they do exist, and under monstrous aspects. The Raskolniki, an austere sect, who claim to be the original church, have suffered many persecutions. One of these men, aroused by the cruelties to which his fellow-enthusiasts were subjected during the present reign, "sought out the metropolitan of St. Petersburg, and, calling him anti-christ, spat in his face and struck him on the

cheek." In despite of the intercessions of the prelate, he died under the knout. The church books and ceremonies, according to their allegations, have been, in many places, changed, and heretical opinions and practices introduced. Alas! the discussion is only as to whether old pictures or new should be used, or the more ancient or corrected copies of the twenty folio volumes of the Slavonian services. Of other dissentients a description is given in a work published by Baron Von Harthausen, and printed in Hanover, 1847, in which he makes mention of the Morelschiki, divided into self-immolators and self-tormentors, besides various other classes of ascetic devotees.

### THE SUNNY SABBATH.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

THERE are many sources of consolation and joy, but hardly is there among them all a more grateful cordial to a man's heart, or a steadier friend in helping him through his troubles, than a sunny sabbath. In this observation I allude not so much to the state of the weather, as to the state of the affections: not so much to the brightness of the day, as to the buoyancy of the heart. Give a working-man plenty to do, and good wages, and let him prosper on every day of the week, only let him misuse, or think lightly of the sabbath, and I promise him his heart's-ease shall be scarce. But, whatever may be his cares, a sunny sabbath will gently soothe his disquietude, and bind up the bones that have been broken.

"A sabbath well spent, brings a week of content,  
And gives peace both to-day and to-morrow;  
But a sabbath profaned, what e'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow!"

To all, a day of rest, and peace, and holy joy, is a great advantage, but especially to one who labours through the week. What a shady seat, or a draught of cool water, is to a toil-spent traveller, a sunny sabbath is to a working-man. It eases and refreshes him, and recruits his strength and courage. True, it adds nothing to his weekly wages, and takes away none of his daily labour, but it lightens his spirit and makes his heart thankful.

A short time ago I had such a sunny sabbath, that the very remembrance of it is joyful to me. If, reader, you have never known a season in which the weather, your natural and spiritual affections, and all things around you, have contributed to make your heart, as it were, dance for joy, hardly shall I be able to make you understand my emotions; but if you have known such a delightful holiday of the spirit, you will

not begrudge the time spent in going with me to Fairlight church.

Fairlight is about two or three miles from Hastings, and the walk is a very agreeable one. After standing a moment or two on Minnis's Rock, to take a brief view of Hastings, the sea, High Wickham, the West Cliff, the Castle Hill, and other heights, I turned my face eastward, and soon gained the higher ground.

As I looked around, all things reminded me of repose and peace. The cattle in the fields and the sheep on the hills were grazing in quietude. The snowy clouds were motionless in the heavens, the leaves of the trees quivered not on the branches, and when I turned my eyes towards Windmill Hill, the mill, instead of wildly brandishing its arms in the air, according to its usual fashion, stood as still as if it were a picture painted against the sky.

By degrees I grew yet more grateful and happy, so much so that I marvelled at the intensity of my own joy. As the lark rose up on high, I blessed him; the sea-cobs, as they waved their lengthy wings above me, bore away with them a kindly wish from me for their welfare; and the very hawk that was hovering in the air over his prey, had from me no expression of hatred or reproach: all I wished was that, if he must kill his bird, or his field-mouse, to satisfy his hunger, he would do it in the quickest way possible, and not protract its sufferings.

It was delightful to find my heart going forth towards every creature that God had made, and still more so, towards human kind, whether sojourners in the crowded city, or wanderers of the solitary wilderness. I had neither headache, nor heart-ache; all my cares were forgotten, or swallowed up in my thankfulness. Who was I that such an unbounded measure of delight should be awarded me?

In that buoyant state of my spirit, I saw and felt nothing but gladness; how bright were the heavens, how blue the sky, and how green the grass beneath my feet! The air was fresh and pure, and as I walked through the fields, my pathway was decked on either side with daisies and dandelions; the hedge-rows were adorned with beauty, and the very brambles were covered with blackberries. The sun that was beaming above me seemed to shine into my heart. A sensible presence of God's goodness gladdened my spirit, and every now and then I burst into an audible hallelujah! I felt like one in love with heaven and earth, the "sea and all that in them is." Prayer and praise were alternate on my lips. All nature appeared to rejoice. The hills seemed to "break forth into singing," and the trees of the fields, to "clap their hands."

Not only my natural, but my spiritual affections were also called forth. I felt that it was

indeed the sabbath-day, and that the "sound of the church-going bell" was then inviting me to the sanctuary of the Lord, "to render thanks for the great benefits received at his hands, to set forth his most worthy praise, to hear his most holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul." Times without number had I used them without emotion, but now I felt the full import of the words—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee;  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They hear of heaven and learn the way."

As I entered the portal of Fairlight church, my heart was drawn towards my fellow-worshippers, and I felt it to be a good thing to wait upon the Lord. The first words spoken by the minister were not only a text, but a sermon in themselves: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 8, 9. Had I heard nothing more than these words, I should not have returned home empty-hearted.

Pleasant as food to the hungry, are kind words to us when we feel kindly. At the end of the gospel was the following mercy-loving admonition, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you," Eph. iv. 31, 32. What heart-burnings and unkindness would be prevented among us by a general attention to this advice of the apostle, and what briars and thorns would be removed from our paths!

The sermon followed; and faithfully were we told of the idol that the world is ever setting up before us in its seductions and temptations, and earnestly were we reminded that there was no middle course. We must either bow down to the idol, or worship in sincerity the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

As I returned from Fairlight church, my fellow-worshippers, by degrees, turned off along the lanes and fields, till I found myself alone. No, not alone, for I had His presence who had so wondrously lifted up my heart, in joy and with thankfulness. My soul truly magnified the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour.

A faithful and affectionate sermon, afterwards heard at St. Mary's, did much to rekindle the fervour of my morning emotions, so that my head was, as it were, anointed with oil, and my cup made to run over. A sunny sabbath of this

kind is not often passed: would that it were otherwise; would that every spirit that is bowed down could be frequently lifted up, and every heart that is sorrowful be filled with joy.

Some of my readers may think me too serious, while others may regret that my remarks are not so weighty as they should be. Meekly will I endeavour to bear either, or both of these reproaches. I have faithfully depicted my emotions, with a kind intention, and hope thereby to call forth sunny recollections in other hearts. Hardly can it be out of character in an old man, to encourage his younger friends to gladden their present, and brighten their future hours by faith in that merciful Saviour, who died that we might live for ever.

'Come sudden death, come flood, or flame,  
Who trust in a Redeemer's name,  
Are still secure, for thrones on high  
Await their entrance to the sky;  
And crowns of gold their brows shall wear,  
Who thus, through Christ, for death prepare.'

'Long shall I remember Fairlight, and Fair-light church, and many things shall I forget before my sunny sabbath will be blotted from my memory.'

### THE DERVISH AND THE ROBBER CAPTAIN.

ON the borders of a wilderness in Arabia, surrounded by almost inaccessible rocks, lived Ben Achmet, a dervish, devoting his time to fasting and prayer. His dwelling was a cavern in the rock, his food was roots and berries, and he allayed his thirst at the little rill which occasionally streamed from a neighbouring rock.

He had once been priest in a distinguished mosque, and had observed the outward forms of the Mohamedan religion with punctilious exactness. Still his heart was ill at ease, and the hypocrisy and injustice of those around him induced him to leave the mosque, and betake himself to a life of solitude in the wilderness. He hoped, in solitude and self-denial to find peace for his soul.

Years had rolled over Ben Achmet's gray head, and the fame of his sanctity had reached many lands. In times of drought he brought water to the thirsty traveller; when the plague raged he left his retirement and waited on the sick; he stayed the blood of the wounded Arab, and, by his knowledge of plants, could soothe the pain and heal the wounds. The story of his benevolence was told far and wide. His name was mentioned with reverential awe, and the son of the wilderness, the Bedouin, surrendered his plunder at Ben Achmet's command, and ~~it~~<sup>it</sup> ~~dever~~<sup>to</sup> receive his blessing.

Akaba was the captain of a robber clan. A band of lawless miscreants submitted to his control. The inhabitants of the villages which he plundered became his slaves, and his treasures were filled with the countless stores which he had stolen. His mind, however, was ill at ease. He heard of Ben Achmet's sanctity, and resolved to become as distinguished by abstemiousness and self-denial as he had been by daring robberies. He went to seek the hermit, and to ask his advice how to begin.

"Ben Achmet," he said, "five hundred swords obey my nod, innumerable slaves bow to my control, my storehouses are filled with silver and gold; tell me how can I add to all this the hopes of eternal life?"

Ben Achmet led him to a steep and rugged mountain track, pointed to three immense stones, bade him take them up, and follow him to the top of the hill.

Akaba took up the stones; but with such a weight he could scarcely move; in vain did he attempt to climb. "I can't follow," he cried.

"Then lay down one stone," said Ben Achmet.

One stone was dropped, but the athletic chieftain was still unable to move.

"Drop another," said Ben Achmet. Akaba did so; and was now able to make a little progress; but soon he gave up in despair. Ben Achmet gave a sign to drop the third stone, and then with ease he climbed the hill.

"My son," said the hermit, when they had sat down on the top of the hill, "you have a three-fold burden to hinder you on the road to a better state. Dismiss the robber band, set your slaves free, give back your ill-gotten gain! Sooner would Akaba reach this mountain-top with the three stones than that he could find real happiness while revelling in power, lust, and wealth." Akaba obeyed the hermit.

If the words of the dervish, so imperfectly enlightened, fill us with astonishment, why should we not much rather obey the words of the Lord: "Wherefore let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Heb. xii. 1, 2.

The poor hermit was happier than he had once been, and the robber-chieftain became happier than he had been; still the hermit was only able to tell the half of the story—what was to be laid aside, and not the other half—what was to be taken up instead. It is true that we cannot be happy without laying aside what hinders us: "whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple;" but the other side is equally necessary, that we look to Jesus, and take up our cross and follow him.

## WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?

It is a solemn fact, that a vast number of those who are living in what is called a Christian land, are altogether neglecting religion and the care of their souls.

If God had never given a book to mankind, containing his will respecting salvation and service, and revealing the dread and glorious future, and if men were not the heirs of a deathless existence, many living around us could not be more careless and indifferent as regards eternal things than they now are. If such persons have a soul which can never die, if there be a judgment to come, and if everlasting joy or endless woe follow after judgment, then are such in a state of the most fearful danger. Why do they act thus? Why is the bible neglected, the house of God forsaken, and the sabbath profaned? Why is religion altogether shunned, and perhaps sneered at, as if it were man's worst enemy, instead of his best friend. The true reasons are not told by those who act thus, still they sometimes assign reasons and plead excuses for their conduct.

Passing by all others, let us notice one which is very frequently assigned by some who are neither outwardly immoral nor profane. These are those who refuse to acknowledge the claims of religion, or to give attendance on its ordinances on account of the inconsistencies of those who profess religion. Such persons say, "I do not profess religion, but I am quite as good as many who do. I never go to church or chapel, but I should be ashamed to do those things which some do who are regular attendants at these places!" Now, dear reader, if you have ever spoken thus—if the wrong conduct of professors at all stumbles you—I wish for your soul's good to have a little serious converse with you, and in much kindness to ask you a few questions.

It is, alas! too true, that some who profess religion, act inconsistently. Lying, cheating, mean, profane, and sensual persons, have in all ages worn the cloak of profession. This is a grievous fact. Such are a disgrace to religion, and a curse to the world; and if they die without a change of heart, they must be the heirs of terrible woe and fiery indignation. But, "what is that to thee?" "It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom they come!"

Why should you seek to share the woe of the offender? Why avail yourself of the stumbling-block which Satan places in your path? Is this wise? is this acting justly to yourself?

But have you stated the case fairly? All professors of religion are not such as you describe. Suppose that many are, all are not. We believe that the greater part are not. Who are they that visit the sick, relieve the poor, attend the dying, penetrate workhouses and jails on errands of mercy, in a word, who are they that seek to do good to the souls and bodies of men, and who sacrifice time and property for this end? Certainly they are professors of religion. Again, who are the inmates of jails, the seducers in the streets, the supporters of drunkenness and depravity? certainly not professors of religion. It is a strange thing to find one such among the latter numerous class.

Again, respecting some of those professors who have acted inconsistently, you know not what bitter sorrows they have had on account thereof, and how deeply they have humbled themselves before God for their wrong and inconsistent actions. As a reasonable man, it becomes you also to enquire how much of *real truth* there is in the reports which you have heard and believed. The best of saints have in all ages been accused of the worst of crimes, and those who neglect religion have ever been ready to take up and spread such reports. But is it reasonable for you to act as you do? to refuse to attend God's house, or to seek the salvation of your soul, because others act inconsistently with their profession? I entreat you to sit down and seriously ponder this question, *Will my conduct bear the test of common sense?* You, as an individual, are responsible. What others are, or what may become of them, is a secondary matter to you. If there is a God, you are accountable to him, and should love and serve him. If God has given a revelation, he has put it into your hands. Oh! read it, or it will be a witness against you at the judgment seat. If there is a Saviour provided, you must either receive or reject him, esteem or despise him; and, if you do the latter, how will you escape as a neglecter of the great salvation? Is it reasonable in you to neglect religion, because some abuse it? You might as well refuse to eat because some are gluttons; or drink, because some are drunkards; or speak,

because some are scorers. "What, oh man, with a soul, is all the world else to thee?"

"As well might Painting and her fairy scenes  
Be scouted, when a daubing mimic fails;  
Or Music have her angel soul denied  
When a poor sough-owl spes a melody;  
As true Religion have her heaven disowned  
Because a false professor fools the world."

Again, is it reasonable to reject the bible, and religion, on account of the inconsistency of a few persons, where these very inconsistencies do but fulfil the bible, and are strongly condemned therein? The God who wrote the bible foretold the things on account of which you reject religion; he condemns such conduct more fully than you can, and warns you against listening to Satan's comment on these things. Depend on it, though you know it not, it is Satan, the destroyer of souls, who suggests these thoughts to your mind, and who hardens your heart against God by means of the sins of others.

But now let me ask you, have you stated the case fairly? Is this the *true* reason why you neglect religion, or is it only an *excuse*. If all who profess religion were truly holy and consistent, do you think this would win you to be religious? Would you then be very different to what you now are? Do you make these complaints because you love holiness? You know that such is not the case, and in arguing as you do, you are only practising & cheat upon yourself. The Lord Jesus Christ was perfectly holy, his apostles were really what they professed to be. You too must know some professors of religion, who are what you think they should be. Why do you not love religion on these accounts? why do not their examples allure you? Alas! my friend, you know that the true reason why you are not religious is, that you love sin and dislike spiritual things. What you say is a mere excuse, and it will be of no avail to you when God shall lay your heart bare. If then your present course is dangerous and unreasonable, do you mean to persevere in it? Will you still make the sins of others, whether fancied or real, an excuse for your sinning? Do you mean to make the inconsistencies of others your plea with God for having neglected to seek the salvation of your own soul? How foolish is this. Look at what you are doing. Some dishonour Christ; therefore you will despise him. Some disgrace religion; therefore you will not seek the salvation of your own soul. Some are going to hell in a robe of profession; therefore you will accompany them without one. Wretched reasoning! Surely you will not continue to act thus. Fellow man, pause ere you resolve to persevere. Remember, you are not a brute whose existence

will soon come to an end. Do you not feel that you have a soul within you? It is immortal. Yes, for ever, and ever, it must be happy or miserable. It is now dark, polluted, degraded; but God can enlighten, cleanse, and elevate it. Will you not seek the great salvation. It is set before you in the gospel, you may have it freely, you may possess it eternally. But seek it at once, for your days may be few, very few. Open that neglected bible, look to that gracious yet long-despised Saviour. Call upon that God whom you have so long provoked. Improve diligently the sabbath left to you. Go and hear the gospel, and if no one else believes it, do you seek grace from God to do so.

Professor of the holy religion of Jesus! are you a shining light, or a stumbling-block? are you sober, honest, chaste, trustful? Is your garment clean or foul? Are you a curse or a blessing? Remember there is a woe to him "by whom the offence cometh," and a blessing on those who 'shine as lights in the dark world.' Seek to possess all the graces of the Holy Spirit; for without these, gifts, knowledge, and profession, are all in vain. Live on Christ, and live like Christ; so shall you be the means in God's hand of leading others into the paths of peace, your life will be useful, and your memory blessed.

#### THE ECSTATICA MARIA VON MORILL.

MARIA is about forty years of age, of a simple but somewhat noble family, and of Spanish origin on the mother's side. Three of her sisters died as nuns, and a brother studied for the priesthood, but had not talent enough for the office, small apparently as is the modicum required in the Tyrol. About twenty-seven years ago, when in her thirteenth year, she was often found, by the sexton of the church, very early in the morning, sometimes kneeling before the church-door, sometimes lying there in hysterical fits. She was believed to be possessed; and father Capistran, confessor to the family, got ecclesiastical permission to exorcise her, when it was ascertained that, on the contrary, she was destined to be a "miracle of grace."

As the pictures represent our Saviour in the air, with rays of light proceeding from his hands, feet, and side, to the corresponding members of St. Francis d'Assissi, represented as in an agony of devotion, and imprinting the *stigmata*, or wound-traces on them, so, for her singular devotion to the five wounds of our Lord, has Maria von Morill received the imprint of them on her hands, feet, and side. The Franciscan fathers of Kalltern had a church built so that the side of her dwelling, which looks towards the

east, forms a wall of the church; and here, through a window, the Ecstastics can look into the presbytery, and assist at the mass, but she cannot be seen by the people from below in the body of the church.

The Irish traveller, from whose account I have taken these particulars, was not permitted to see her, but an intelligent gentleman at Kaltern informed him that, when he last saw her, she appeared in excellent health. The people who actually look at her with their own eyes, think the wounds do actually pass through her hands, yet the skin is not wounded, the impression resembling the mark of some instrument shaped like an arrow. On Fridays she folds her hands, from two till three o'clock, and with lips apart, raises her eyes and looks upwards, as though she beheld some vision beyond the ceiling. It is commonly believed that she now lives without eating—that the wounds in her hands bleed afresh on Fridays, and especially on Good Fridays, during the hours of the crucifixion—that the blood from her wounds runs upwards as easily as downwards—and that the wounds in her hands pass quite through from the one side to the other, so that many people say they have looked through them.

She has, meanwhile, an easy though monotonous life, receiving, by order of the government, from an institution called a *stift*, 400 florins annually, in a country where 1000 is considered sufficient for the handsome maintenance of officials and their families. When the emperor visited Kaltern, he drove to the Franciscan convent, where he was received by Maria's confessor, father Capistran. But the Kaltern informant of our Irish traveller, who gave him several proofs of the trickery of the whole affair, informed him that the educated and intelligent inhabitants of the neighbourhood secretly laugh at the imposture, and the last bishop of Trent, in whose diocese Kaltern is, having visited the convent, refused to dine there, and said to the Franciscans on departing, "Remember, gentlemen, that disease is not holiness, nor holiness disease." However, Father Capistran has great influence in high quarters, and is feared and reverenced by the people, and in the little village of Kaltern, once little known, are four hotels driving a good business, from the influx of pilgrims.

Our traveller was informed at Kaltern, that in Flemsthal, a remote portion of Val d'Avisio, a village had actually grown out of the visits of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to one of the Ecstastics, who lived at the end of a deep valley, and could only be reached after an ascent of five hours. This Ecstastic is called Dominica Lazari. I shall give you the sequel of her story, and a few other illustrative facts, in the words of the traveller, only adding that he is a gentleman of

respectability, and that his statements were addressed to the 'Armagh Guardian.'

"My informant went to visit her on the morning of Good Friday, when she was said to bleed afresh, not only from those five wounds, but from thirty-two others in the forehead and head, punctures, made by a crown of thorns. Her head being bandaged, these were not visible. The others, which were black on the previous evening, were now of a bright scarlet hue, and the appearance such as might be produced by a small brush dipped in the blood of some animal and drawn over the skin. A priest, whose name I have, was present. After an unsatisfactory attempt to obtain information on some point, the gentleman took his hat, made the usual compliments, and appeared to retire; but, instead of doing so, he slipped unobserved behind the curtains, leaving Dominica apparently alone with the priest. The first words of the saint, which I give with the alteration of the italicised word, which conceals the source of my information, but without changing the sense, were, 'See what a man: he wanted to know everything, but I told him nothing at all; I concealed everything from him.' I presume I might now dismiss the pious Dominica, with the words of the person who thought himself authorized to employ unusual means to unmask unusual hypocrisy. Stepping from his concealment, he confronted and addressed her—'Dominica, I have spent much time and money for you; and once even I asked you to pray for me. Do it no more. Now I know you. Farewell!'"

I will now close this, perhaps too long, account of a fearful superstition and a wicked imposture with the translation of two little cards which I have found scattered like tracts for the edification of the people. The first relates to our patient above, and runs thus:

"Christian remembrance of that blessed sufferer and truly crucified maiden, Dominica Lazari, at Capriano, in the Flems valley, who was born there, March 15, 1815; and April 4, 1848, as she for some time before had expressly declared, fell asleep in the Lord, after receiving the last holy sacraments. For about fifteen years she lay constantly upon her bed of poverty and pain, as upon a cross, covered with blood, and a true image of the crucified within and without. Her once beautiful and blooming person withered up by degrees to the size of a little child; so she ever remained a child in spirit, by her humble simplicity and chastity. Her last words were, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.' These she often repeated with glowing devotion, and wept tears of blood for the sinners and the sins of our times. At last she spread out her hands, which at other times were always folded, and said, as she died, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

## DISCOVERY OF VESTIGES OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

REFERENCE is often made by the advocates of the Divine origin and authority of the sacred scriptures, to the manifest guardianship which has been exercised by God over this precious record of his revelations to man. But this conservative care and friendly oversight has not, as is apt to be supposed, been restricted to the earlier stages of its history, for it is equally apparent in the present age. The evidences and guarantees of the veracity and perfect trustworthiness of the bible are the accumulation of centuries, but never have their increase been so richly so striking as during the past few years. Fresh witnesses for God's book are continually starting up; from old libraries; from the many-layered strata of the earth's crust; from the tombs and palaces of ancient monarchs; and from the very dust of death and desolation; all of them being clear and unequivocal in the testimony which they bear. To a few syllables of the language of Egypt we have recently given heed in our sketches of the life of Joseph. With the voluminous testimony of the great Assyrian capital, which for so many centuries had been almost dumb, our readers are generally familiar; at length, however, new voices, witnessing for God and for the more ancient portions of the bible, are coming up to us from the wilderness of Judea and the scathed shores of the sea of death. Memorials, it is said, have there been discovered of structures and cities contemporaneous with Abraham, the friend of God, and which, thus surviving all the ravages of time, the mutations of society, and the vicissitudes of empire, throughout a period of more than thirty centuries, now serve to authenticate the earlier scripture histories, and deepen our faith in the "true sayings of God."

It will no doubt appear surprising to many persons that the visible vestiges of the Pentapolis, which, according to M. de Saulcy, are still extant on the sites of those long-perished cities, should have escaped the attention of travellers for so long a period, and that it should have been left for a French savant, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to reveal their existence to the antiquarian and the religious worlds. There is confessedly considerable force in this view; yet the same thing might have been said respecting the long-interred and forgotten relics of Nineveh, and other eastern cities of the primeval ages. Such an objection, in the latter case, we now know to be untenable, and therefore feel that it would be equally unwise, on mere prima facie grounds, to reject the alleged discoveries on the shores of the Dead Sea in deference to such an insufficient plea. The hand

of Providence is clearly recognisable, not only in the preservation and disclosures of these hoary mementoes of the past, but equally so in the time at which the foot of the explorer has been directed to their abiding-place. For, singularly enough, it has happened at a period when the historical element of the word of God has been more especially exposed to assault and inuendo, that these remarkable and cumulative attestations to the strict fidelity of its chronicles of past events have been brought to light, thus serving to confound the infidel scorner, and strengthen the confidence of the sincere believer.

But other reasons, besides the abstract one of the Divine arrangement, are not wanting, adequate to account for the non-discovery of the remains of the cities of the plain. Among these may be enumerated the paucity of competent travellers who have visited the region, and who, even when they have undertaken an excursion to this desolate locality, have almost always pursued one unvarying beaten track—the brief space of time generally spent on the spot—the unsettled and dangerous state of the country, involving the necessity of engaging a large body-guard of Arab guides and protectors, as well as the payment of large sums of money to propitiate the numerous tribes of Bedouins through whose respective territories the traveller is brave and daring enough to adventure. When to these considerations are superadded the natural difficulties, perils, and discomforts of the journey; the broken, shattered, and dislocated aspect of the shores, rendering it so exceedingly difficult to distinguish between the calcined fragments of fallen rocks which are strewed about in all directions, and the time-worn remains of ruined edifices; the impossibility of procuring provisions, and oftentimes even water, to support nature in a climate insalubrious and almost tropical as regards heat, and through a journey embracing a circuit of from 120 to 150 miles; it will cease to appear a strange thing that the inconsiderable and weather-bleached vestiges of the doomed cities should not have earlier revealed themselves to our scientific spies and roving tourists. The principal cause, however, of the true sites of the cities in question having hitherto eluded all research has arisen from the circumstance that nearly every traveller, until De Saulcy, has looked for the ruins where they were not to be found, namely, in the submerged bed of the sea itself. The soundings of the American expedition in 1848 have finally set that question at rest, at least as far as regards the northern and largest portion of the lake, which was found to be depressed to the depth of 1300 feet below the surface of the water. No indications of ruins were anywhere met with on the comparatively smooth face of the sea-bed. Guided by

this important result, the French party, headed by De Saucy, who followed about two years afterwards, directed their attention especially to the entire western coast, on which, as the reward of their intelligent and diligent explorations, they discovered ruins and identified sites to which we shall presently more particularly refer.

Meanwhile, in order to qualify ourselves to appreciate the evidence in favour of these startling discoveries, it may be well to advert for a few moments to the notion, until lately almost universally entertained, that the relics of the divinely-destroyed cities, if in existence at all, were to be sought for at the bottom of the lake. This deeply-depressed bed was supposed to have sunk down, by the agency of earthquakes, at the period of the dreadful catastrophe recorded in the nineteenth chapter of Genesis; and to have been overwhelmed with the waters of the Jordan, which, instead of, as heretofore, flowing southwards through the midst of a luxuriant plain, now naturally rushed into the awful chasm thus suddenly created, where they have ever since remained. Now, not only is this opinion regarding the sites of the cities unsupported by the results of recent examinations, but it finds no sanction whatever in the word of God; indeed, nearly all scriptural references to the terrible event are quite irreconcileable with such a supposition. De Saucy, in his voluminous work, enters largely into this part of the subject, and, to our minds, with complete success. A more concise view of the scripture textual argument will be found in a very excellent compendium of this deeply interesting subject, which has lately appeared from the pen of Mr. W. Elfe Tayler\*—a work which, to any one desirous of acquiring a general knowledge of Dead Sea curiosities and associations, will save the expenditure of much labour and time in searching larger and more costly volumes. To clear up a point of this kind will be a matter of interest to many minds, and we accordingly give the following passages from Mr. Tayler's valuable manual.

"The inspired writers nowhere state that the destroyed cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, were overwhelmed by water. So far from this, we are told that the actual element employed in their destruction was fire: 'Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.' Now, although the circumstance is by no means im-

possible, that the Lord, having destroyed the cities of the plain by fire and brimstone, should afterwards inundate the country with water, yet still it does appear at least an unlikely thing—an altogether unnecessary act. But, ~~supposing~~, we are not left to this mere presumptive argument in considering this interesting question. In other parts of the scriptures we find repeated references made to the mode and instrumentality of the destruction of Sodom and the other cities of the plain, and here no kind of allusion is made to water. On the contrary, expressions are employed which, it must be confessed, would be altogether out of place on the supposition so prevalent now-a-days, that the site and ruins of the Pentapolis now lie at the bottom of the Dead Sea. The following are the principal passages referred to.

"Moses, when threatening the Israelites with Divine chastisement, in the event of their disobedience to the commands of God, predicts that their whole land shall be 'brimstone and salt, and burning,' 'that shall not be sown nor bear, nor any grass grow therein, like the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger and in his wrath.' (Deut. xxix. 23.) If, as is generally believed, the waters of the Dead Sea overwhelmed the region in which these cities once stood, then, surely, there is no kind of propriety in comparing to such a region a land of 'brimstone and salt, and burning, that is not sown,' etc.

"Again, in Jeremiah we read: 'As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighbour cities thereof, saith the Lord, no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it.' (Jer. xl. 18.) Now, certainly, a city lying submerged beneath the waters of a sea, 1300 feet in depth, is a strange image to use in describing simply the ruined and desert condition to which God was about to reduce Babylon. The language possesses vastly more propriety and force on the supposition that the cities of the plain were, when the prophecy of Jeremiah was uttered, in a state of utter ruin and desolation, than if they were far beyond the vision and knowledge of mankind, engulfed beneath the waters of the asphaltic lake.

"Amos, too, says: 'I have overthrown some of you as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah; and ye were as a fire-brand plucked out of the burning, yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.' (Amos iv. 11.) No mention here of water as a means of destruction, but simply of fire.

"Zephaniah declares: 'Therefore as I live, saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Surely Moab shall be as Sodom, and the children of Ammon as Gomorrah.' (Zeph. ii. 9.) Now,

\* *Vestiges of Divine Vengeance; or, the Dead Sea and the Cities of the Plain.* By William Elfe Tayler. London: Wertheim & Mackintosh. 1854.

is matter of fact, clear and incontrovertible, that Moab and Ammon, at the period when this prophecy received its accomplishment, were not engulfed beneath the waters of a vast sea. Hence it may absolutely be inferred, that neither were Sodom and Gomorrah exposed to this kind of overthrow. But the words that follow are still more decisive of the question at issue, and prove as plainly almost as any language can, that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were, in the time of the prophet, lying in a state of ruin and desolation on the face of the earth, and that the ground formerly trod by the inhabitants of those devoted cities was covered with salt, and producing, as the result, nothing better than noxious weeds. The whole verse is as follows: ‘Therefore as I live, saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Surely Moab shall be as Sodom, and the children of Ammon as Gomorrah, even the breeding of nettles, and salt pits, and a perpetual desolation: the residue of my people shall spoil them, and the remnant of my people shall possess them.’ When it shall be discovered that nettles are produced at the bottom of the sea, as well as on the surface of the ground, then we will allow that the condemned cities of the plain may be engulfed under the waves of the asphaltic lake. Until then we must continue to believe that the notion, though long and universally prevalent, is opposed to the whole tenor of sacred writ, and has no kind of foundation in actual fact.

“Lastly, what do we find in the new testament? In the second epistle of Peter we read (ii. 6)—‘And turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemned them with an overthrow.’ And, in the gospel of St. Luke, our Lord says (xvii. 29)—‘But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.’ This shows that St. Peter, and what is far more conclusive still, Jesus Christ himself, ascribed the catastrophe of the cities condemned under the curse to the fire showered upon them by the hand of God. Neither the one nor the other ever alluded to the waters of the Dead Sea.

“The testimony of holy writ, therefore, is decidedly in favour of the opinion that the Dead Sea always existed where it is. Not a single passage can be found in the whole bible which asserts or implies that the Dead Sea owes its existence to the catastrophe of Sodom, or that the condemned cities of the plain now lie engulfed beneath the waters of that deadly lake.”

In addition to this clear testimony of the scriptures, many striking passages are to be met with in profane writers—such as Josephus, Strabo, Tacitus, etc.—in proof of the same view. The Jewish historian indeed, who, there is abun-

dant evidence in his work to show, was personally acquainted with the Dead Sea territory, explicitly declares that, “traces of the heavenly fire and vestiges of the five cities are still to be seen there; and all that I have related respecting the land of Sodom,” he continues, “is entitled to the full credibility due to things we have witnessed with our own eyes.”

Having thus cleared the ground of the preliminary difficulty which by some minds might have been felt, regarding the probable site of the ruins in question, we shall be better prepared to appreciate the merits of De Saulcy’s alleged discoveries, to which we hope to refer, in a more detailed manner, in a future number.

### THE SUCCESSFUL PLEADERS.

#### A FACT FROM REAL LIFE.

A POOR serving-man lay on his bed, no longer able to work, nor even to feed himself. His limbs shook under him, and his hands refused to obey his will. He was helpless, and he would have been hopeless, but for the happiness of belonging to the family of a man of faith.

His master was a Gentile, living at a time when God had not as yet made any covenant with us “sinners of the Gentiles.” He belonged to a heathen and idolatrous nation. He was a commander over some of the soldiers whom the emperor of Rome had sent into Judea, to keep that conquered, but rebellious province from revolt. But though a “stranger and a foreigner” by nature, through grace he had been “made nigh.” He loved God’s ancient people, and had freely given of his substance to build an edifice for the worship of the true God. He was also a believer in the messiahship of Christ. He had heard of the miraculous works of the Lord, and doubted not that he was both able and willing to heal his paralyzed servant.

The sick man could not come for himself, for he could not move hand or foot. Perhaps he had no faith in Jesus himself, no belief in his power, no desire to apply to him. But his master had both the will and the power. He believed in the Saviour himself, and he doubted not his willingness to extend his grace to others. Accordingly, he applied to the Lord; he expected an answer of peace, and he obtained it. The gracious Saviour no sooner heard his request, than he granted it. His immediate reply to the petition was, “Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee!” And when the centurion returned home, he found his poor afflicted servant perfectly restored to health.

These thoughts were suggested by hearing lately the following account of one who had the centurion’s faith, and received the centurion’s

answer. Mr. J. was a Christian man, who had two brothers; one, like himself, was a servant and minister of God; the other was an officer in the army, who, unhappily, was hardened in sin and infidelity, and resisted for more than five and twenty years the prayers, the exhortations, the tears, and the example of his loving and faithful relatives; so that their faith concerning him had long languished, and they more and more feared that God had given him over unto a reprobate mind.

At length, however, Mr. J. once more felt his heart stirred up to pray earnestly for mercy to his poor brother; and, remembering the words, "this kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting," and feeling the inveteracy of his brother's case, he resolved, with God's help, to give a whole day and night to this object, fasting during a period of twenty-four hours, and shutting himself up in his study in earnest prayer.

The next day he felt his heart greatly lightened of its burden, and he wrote to his Christian brother, telling him how he had been led to pray for poor William, and how much he felt strengthened to believe that the Lord had a purpose of mercy towards this poor lost sheep. His brother, Alfred, wrote him in answer—"Heury, it is of no use to pray any more for William; he has sinned away his day of grace, and there is no hope for him." Still Mr. J. continued to hope and pray on; and not many more days intervened, when, the family and servants being all assembled for family worship, the postman brought another letter from Alfred, to this effect: "Dear brother, you were right, and I was wrong: William is converted!"

Mr. J. could read no more; but, falling on his knees, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, praised the Lord aloud for his goodness, before his wondering family. His brother's letter went on thus:—"The very day you had devoted to prayer and fasting was that on which it pleased the Lord to lead the heart of our erring brother to see himself a lost sinner; to humble himself before his offended God, and to seek his grace." His anguish was described as extreme. He who had hitherto felt no need of mercy, now thought he had sinned beyond forgiveness. He supposed, at least, that he must amend his life before he could ask it. In the midst of his troubles, however, the Spirit of God recalled to his mind the words of a hymn which long before had been presented to him by his godly relatives:—

"Come ye sinners, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous:  
Sinners Jesus came to call!"

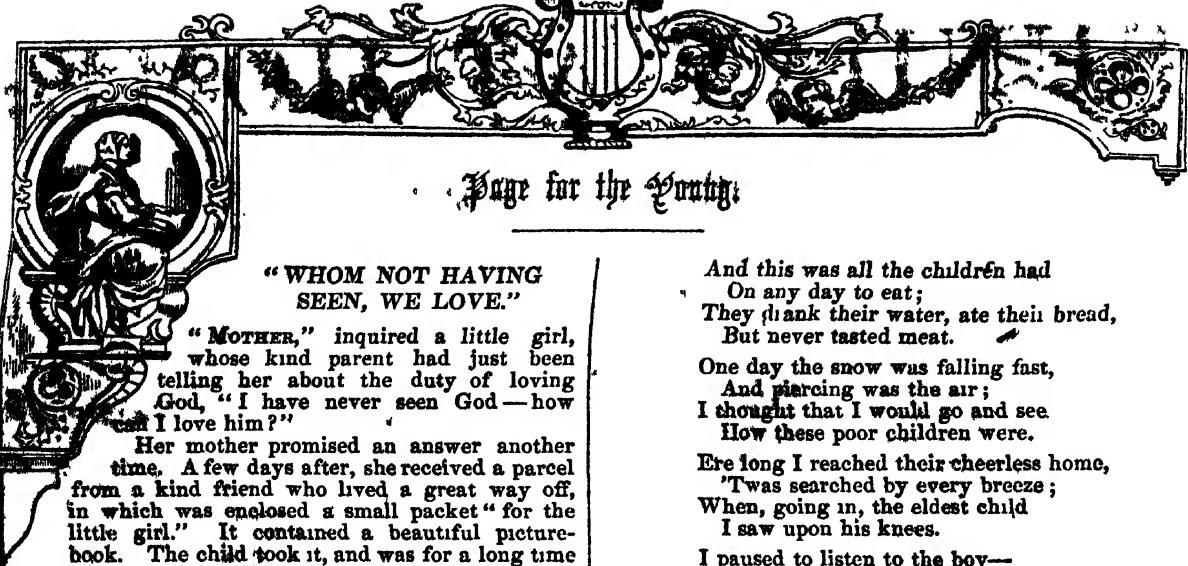
Encouraged by these words, so suitable and so opportunely remembered, he resolved to cast himself at once on God's mercy in Christ Jesus, and at length found joy and peace in resting his soul on the finished work of his Redeemer. Nor was this change transitory; from thenceforth he renounced this evil world, and all the sins and vanities of his former life, and was enabled to walk during his remaining days so as to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. He now sleeps in Jesus, having finished his course, and kept the faith.

This little narrative is but one amongst innumerable instances of the success of prayer offered by the believer for the poor sinner. But, reader, perhaps you have need to come to Jesus for yourself. It is not your brother, but yourself, that is dead in trespasses and sin. It is not your servant's body that is sick of the palsy, but your own soul that is weak, and helpless; and dying of an incurable disease. Shall a man love his brother's soul, and you care not for your own? Shall another care more for his servant's body than you care for your own soul? If your servant were sick, probably you would be willing to put yourself to some trouble and expense to get him cured, especially if he had been, and might be again, a valuable and faithful servant to you. But what servant can be of the value to you that your own precious immortal soul is? And yet, though immortal, it is dying eternally for want of Jesus's help. None other can cure—none other can save it.

You know what the Lord Jesus said unto the centurion, "as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee," and so it was: returning home, he found that his servant's disease had left him, and that he was in perfect health. And thus the Lord says unto you: "According to your faith be it unto you." If you do only believe that Jesus is able and willing to save you, and cast yourself upon him, all weary and heavy-laden as you are, you will find that indeed he is both able and willing: you will have peace in your soul, and will find yourself made whole.

And even if, unhappily, you should be an old and hardened sinner, like the old officer, the true history of whose conversion you have been reading, you see that it is never too late to turn to the Lord. He had fortified himself in his infidelity, and had grown grey-headed in the service of Satan, and yet he was not too hard, not too old to become like a little child, and fall at the feet of Jesus, confessing his sins.

It is right to add, that every word of the above narrative is strictly true, and was received by the writer from the lips of the principal actor in it.



### Page for the Young:

#### "WHOM NOT HAVING SEEN, WE LOVE."

"MOTHER," inquired a little girl, whose kind parent had just been telling her about the duty of loving God, "I have never seen God—how can I love him?"

Her mother promised an answer another time. A few days after, she received a parcel from a kind friend who lived a great way off, in which was enclosed a small packet "for the little girl." It contained a beautiful picture-book. The child took it, and was for a long time taken up in turning over the leaves, and looking at the pictures; at length she exclaimed—"Oh, mother, how I do love the good lady who sent me this book!"

"But you never saw her, my dear," said her mother. "No, mother," she replied.

"Then how can you love her?"

"Why," said she, "because she sent me this beautiful present."

"My child," observed her mother, "you asked me the other day how you could love God whom you had never seen. Yet you tell me you love this kind lady, though you never saw her, because she has sent you a nice present. Now you are surrounded by presents from God, why cannot you love him for his presents?"

Children, we are all surrounded by the gifts of God. Food, clothing, and a comfortable home, kind friends, every breath we draw, the health we enjoy, and all those daily blessings with which we are favoured, are presents from God; and what is more, we are so sinful, that we are not worthy of the least of all God's mercies. Can you not love him then for his presents? Above all, love him for the gift which he has made to the world. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Such kindness should win all our hearts. I can never think of Jesus coming into the world, and suffering and dying for sinful man, without feeling full of love and gratitude to him. Oh, seek to know him, and love and serve him whom, not having seen, we love.

#### THE LITTLE BOY'S FAITH IN GOD.

I knew a widow very poor,  
Who four small children had;  
The oldest was but six years old—  
A modest, gentle lad.

And very hard that widow toiled  
To feed her children four;  
An honest joy the woman felt,  
Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home,  
For children must be fed;  
And glad was she when she could buy  
A shilling's-worth of bread.

And this was all the children had  
On any day to eat;  
They drank their water, ate their bread,  
But never tasted meat.

One day the snow was falling fast,  
And piercing was the air;  
I thought that I would go and see  
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,  
'Twas searched by every breeze;  
When, going in, the eldest child  
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy—  
He never raised his head;  
But still went on, and said, "Give us  
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,  
Still listening as he prayed;  
And when he rose, I asked him why  
The Lord's Prayer he had said?

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning when  
My mother went away,  
She wept, because she said she had  
No bread for us to-day."

She said we children now must starve  
Our father being dead;"  
And then I told her not to cry,  
For I could get some bread.

"Our father, sir, the prayer begins,  
Which makes me think that he  
As we have no kind father here,  
Would our kind father be."

And then, you know, the prayer too,  
Asks God for bread each day;  
So in the corner, sir, I went;  
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,  
And went with hasty feet;  
And very soon was back again  
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy,  
I answered with a nod;  
I could not speak, but much I thought  
Of that boy's faith in God.

#### WHY DO YOU LOVE THE SAVIOUR?

A TEACHER once inquired of a little girl who was very ill, "Do you love the Saviour?" "I think I do," said she. "And what reason have you for thinking that you love him?" "Because," she replied, "I love his word, I love his house, I love his people, and I believe that he loves me."

"If we the Saviour love,  
We keep his holy word;  
Thus do his humble followers prove  
Allegiance to their Lord."

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



WILLIAM MILNE BEFORE THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

## WILLIAM MILNE.

WILLIAM MILNE was born in the parish of Kennethmont, in Aberdeenshire, in 1785. He was but six years old when his father died, and his education was that of a Scottish peasant. Until he was twelve years old, he was proverbially wicked—an amateur in blasphemy, often launching his herding-staff with furious curses after a straggling sheep or cow. When in his tenth year, however, whilst travelling at mid-day between two corn fields, the thought of hell drove him to prayer for the first time. When in about his thirteenth year he became

partially reformed, and soon afterwards began to attend a Sunday evening school, which was opened in the neighbourhood. The chief feature of this school appears to have been the mode by which the pupils were familiarized with the scriptures. They had to search out and to commit to memory all the proofs of any given point in doctrine or duty. This discipline appears to have produced a salutary influence upon the mind of the shepherd boy, although he tells us that his increase in knowledge puffed him up with pride. "Sometimes," he says, "I used to walk home from the school alone, about a mile, over the brow of a hill, praying all the way. At

PRICE ONE PENNY.

*this time I began the worship of God in my mother's family, and also held some meetings for prayer, with my sisters and other children, in a barn that belonged to the premises.*" But, he adds, " notwithstanding this change in my outward conduct, I fear that I was all this time acting under the influence of self-righteous principles;" and the inadequate views which he appears to have had of the nature of the atoning work of Christ, renders this fear but too probable.

It is difficult to assign the exact dates to the various steps in the spiritual history of William Milne at this period of his life, and therefore we must proceed somewhat summarily. Unable to obtain a place of retirement elsewhere, he often knelt on a piece of turf in a sheepcote, and many were the hours spent in this rustic oratory. It was his lot to live at this time in a family where religion was considered a fit subject for ridicule. His employment, however, had some peculiar advantages, not the least of which was that it allowed him to make books his constant companions. Often did he sit on the brow of a hill, reading the lives of the Covenanters, and longing to be honoured to bear a like testimony to that of these Scottish martyrs. He fell into deep distress of mind, and prayed, as he tells us, "ten or fifteen times a-day," in the hope of attaining to that peace which he soon found. Retiring to a solitary amphitheatre amidst the hills, he dedicated himself to God. But let it not be assumed that the religion of the youthful shepherd was a mere romantic enthusiasm. He was an earnest Sunday-school teacher, and he also established winter evening prayer-meetings in the destitute parts of the parish. With a few young men of like mind, he visited from house to house, praying and conversing with the poor.

William Milne had spent hours in the winter evenings in prayer for the coming of Christ's kingdom, before he thought seriously of becoming a missionary. A conversation with a friend, who told him that a brother of his was contemplating a missionary life, drew his attention to his own duty with regard to missions. He prayed for guidance, he consulted Christian friends, and he applied, through two ministers, to the London Missionary Society. A committee was appointed at Aberdeen to examine the young candidate, and when he first presented himself, most of them were afraid "that he would not do." One minister proposed that he should go out as a mechanic, rather than as a missionary. "Anything, anything," was his reply, "if only engaged in the work. I am willing to be a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, in the temple of my God." He was sent back for a month to reconsider the step which he proposed to take. He then wrote to the committee, who

immediately sent him word to prepare to go to England. This would be, apparently, towards the close of the year 1809.

Mr. Milne's appearance before the presbytery of Aberdeen has another anecdote connected with it which our artist has represented on our title-page. The incident is thus told in the biography of one of his fellow-students:—"The gentlemen were astonished when the lad presented himself in a highland cap, and other articles of dress, little corresponding with aspirations for literary fame. 'Man judgeth by the outward appearance,' and in this case the evidence was decisive. He was soon ordered to withdraw, and after some severe animadversions on the gentleman who had sent him, it was at once agreed to send him home. Before the youth was called in, Dr. Philips expressed his regret that before deciding his fate they had not asked him to engage in prayer. On entering the room again they requested him to pray. He instantly fell upon his knees, and addressed God with such humility and fervour, expressing at the same time such thoughts and sentiments as surprised the gentlemen present. When they arose from their knees, they looked at each other, and at the lad, and felt ashamed."

William Milne now became a student in the missionary seminary at Gosport, and as he had before shown that his sympathies for the heathen did not lead him to neglect those immediately around him, so it was here. He was a laborious evangelist in the villages of Hampshire. The success of the South Sea missions drew his heart towards the sunny islands of the Pacific, but he remained silent, and in this he acted wisely. God designed him for a wider sphere than that to which his heart tended. For moral heroism, and for distinguished success, perhaps no page in the history of missions is more glorious than that which narrates the labours, the perils, and the triumphs of Polynesian missionaries. But it seems unreasonable to compare the scattered islanders of the South Sea with the hundreds of millions who all read the written character of China.

Having previously married, our missionary sailed from Portsmouth on the fourth of September, 1812, for the Cape of Good Hope. He touched also at the Isle of France, and here he collected the principal facts upon which the Madagascar mission was based. On the fourth of July, 1813, he reached Macao, and was welcomed by Morrison—a name dear to the friend of missions. Here, however, his stay was short, for he was ordered to quit the place, and, accordingly, on the twentieth, he went in a boat to Canton. To remain there constantly would have entailed separation from his wife, since no females were permitted to reside there, and

would also have involved a risk of attracting the notice of the Chinese government. He, therefore, went on a tour to some of the Chinese settlements in the Indian Archipelago, taking a Chinese printer and a number of Chinese new testaments and tracts with him. On the fifth of September, 1814, he again reached China, and as it appeared impossible for him to settle there, Malacca was chosen as the head-quarters of the mission. Accordingly, he embarked with his wife on the seventeenth of April, 1815, and in August a school was commenced with only five scholars, on the same day on which the first number of a periodical in the Chinese language was published by this indefatigable missionary. He had a translation of a part of the old testament in hand, besides schools, and the monthly magazine just referred to; and his own knowledge of the language was such as to render daily study necessary. On the Sunday morning he preached in the Dutch church, in the native tongue. The houses, shops, and vessels were visited, and the claims of Christianity were brought before their inmates. In the spring and summer of 1816, he composed a little work which was called "The Youth's Catechism," and in the month of July he completed the translation of Deuteronomy. On the third of November, the Chinese convert, Leang-Afa—so well known to those who have studied the history of missions—was baptized by Mr. Milne.

In May, 1817, the first number of the Indo-Chinese Gleaner appeared, and in August Mr. Milne sailed for China, partly on account of his own health, and partly on account of that of his wife, who had preceded him in July. His labours in the translation of the scriptures were continued in China, and he arranged with Dr. Morrison what books of the old testament were to be entrusted to himself. In February, 1818, he again landed at Malacca, and in the month of November the foundation of the Anglo-Chinese College was laid. On the 20th of March, 1819, he lost his wife—a woman of a true missionary spirit. He was left with four young children, and he appears to have suffered very acutely. On March 22nd he writes: "Went to see the grave this morning with the children; they asked 'where the head and feet were,' and played about gathering flowers. Everything seems empty to me; what is life without one of kindred mind to share it with?" Again: "Oh! what causes of regret I feel when I think of my beloved wife! What is this? Have I been guilty of neglect in important duties to her? How death or bereavement changes one's view, and brings the mind more closely in contact with realities." It is almost needless to say that these were the reproaches of one who had been a tender and

affectionate husband. "*Last night,*" he says in a letter to Dr. Morrison, "I was at Rachael's grave, over which the grass begins to grow."

We are able to record but little concerning the brief remainder of the life of this devoted man. In March, 1822, he speaks of having expectorated much blood, and in the same month he tells us that he had done but little in his work during the last year. His end was rapidly approaching. The last entry in his journal is as follows:—"April 21st. Remained at home. Saturday and to-day assisted Mr. Ince in revising a scripture catechism, which he is writing." "Nature," says Dr. Morrison, "was fast decaying; he had yet but a few days more to linger; and another hand must tell the brief tale. Apprehending, probably, his speedy dissolution, he was anxious to return to Malacca. The Penang authorities very generously sent one of the government vessels on purpose to convey him thither. On his arrival at the Anglo-Chinese College, he was in a shockingly emaciated and weak state."

• On the second of June, 1822, he died. "The closing scene of this good man's life," says Dr. Morrison, "was peace, but not joy. Those who possess comparatively much knowledge, understand best how ignorant the wisest men are; and those who have thought most on the awful realities of eternity, are likely to meet death with the greatest awe. It is a serious thing to die. To stand before the judgment-seat of Christ is an awful anticipation. And as it is not every good ship that enters its final haven with a fair wind and under full sail, so it is not given to every good man to have a joyful entrance into the spiritual world. In that haven there is indeed eternal rest; but storms and tempests bellow, and dark clouds sometimes gloom at the entrance."

• If we are asked what this missionary accomplished, we answer, he was one of the leaders in the "forlorn hope" of the Chinese mission. He helped to prepare a way—to make a breach in the fortress of Chinese paganism, through which it is the duty of the church to pour a band of followers. He assisted in the translation of the Scriptures into a language in which it is accessible to several hundreds of millions of human beings. Let us assume that he did nothing more during his brief career, and we will ask where is the sneerer at missionary efforts who ever effected one-millionth part so much as Milne for his fellow-men. Even Christians seem to be in danger of falling into serious error with regard to the assumed smallness of the effects which result in some cases from missionary labour. Let them look at home and ask what is the average result of ministerial effort in this highly favoured land, where the profession of Christianity is deemed

creditable and is almost always advantageous to a man's worldly interests. Nay, let each of us ask what have I effected towards the moral improvement of my race; and when this question is answered, we shall each of us be better prepared to judge of what we may reasonably expect from the labours of a Morrison in an empire of more than three hundred millions of souls. We distribute bibles and tracts, and are disappointed because great apparent results do not follow. Such expectations are most irrational. Who will assert that without some special interference the number of those who find the narrow path of eternal life will not always be few, as was the case in our Saviour's day. And let us think of the blessings—the political and social blessings—which Christianity confers upon those who never become more than nominal Christians. If we cannot Christianize a man, is it nothing to save him from becoming a brute? The benefits which bibles and tracts confer upon society in this way are incalculable; they elevate the moral tone of mankind, encourage civilization, and save us from a state of society resembling that in heathen countries, and if only a few are radically changed by them, a great result has been accomplished. Let us, therefore, persevere as did Wm. Milne, for he met with foes amongst those who ought to have been friends, and leave to others the easy and thankless office of criticising and censuring missionaries, whilst they laud and magnify arctic navigators and tropical explorers. We may well wonder that these complacent grumblers do not give up in despair, for in truth their absurd opposition meets with a most disheartening reception. But such attacks are permitted, it may be, to stimulate us to greater efforts, and so are another instance of that moral alchemy by which God so often turns dross into gold.

#### TWO SCENES IN TWO GREAT CITIES CONTRASTED.

More than eighteen hundred years ago, a company of thirteen persons might have been seen approaching the gates of the city of Jerusalem, whither they had come from the little village of Bethany, on the other side of Olivet. They were of humble rank, as their garb and general appearance indicated; but, withal, thoughtful and serious, above the most of their equals in society; while he who was chief among them showed a blended majesty and mildness unknown before among the children of men; yet he was poorer than any, and could say, the "foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

A great feast was at hand—one dear to the Jewish nation, as commemorative of the most wonderful deliverance that the God of heaven ever wrought for a people upon earth. It was celebrated by great public rejoicings and sacrifices in the temple, but especially in the houses of the city at eventide, by a simple repast upon what was called the paschal lamb. As the wayfarers came down the olive-skirted pathway of the hill, into the valley of Jehoshaphat, they who were followers asked of him whom they called their lord, "Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover?" And he said, "Go into the city, to such a man, and say unto him, The master saith my time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples." They obeyed, and met the man, whom they recognised by his carrying a pitcher of water—the mark of identification assigned by their wonderful guide. They followed the stranger, who was happy to discharge the rites of hospitality at a time when the houses of Jerusalem were open to such as came up to worship at the feast. He conducted them to his guest-chamber, a large upper room, furnished, where they made ready. The streets were filled with busy multitudes; the Jew from Dan met the Jew from Beersheba; and as the night drew on, the stars broke out, and the silver moon rose in the heavens, the low murmur of many voices was heard among the tents pitched on the adjacent hills; and around the festive tables spread on the housetops, the voice of song, from many a quarter, ascended to the God of the Hebrews, while myriads of lamps sparkled from their windows, indicative of the joy and gladness that dwelt within.

But the meaning of that feast, as a memorial of the past and a sign of the future, was understood by none of all the multitudes who celebrated it, as it was understood by him who, when the even was come, sat down with the twelve. "With desire," said he, "have I desired to eat this passover with you, before I suffer; for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thercof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God." Wonderful words! the meaning of which the hearers of them did but little comprehend. But he who then spoke was of more than mortal mould, and had come into the world to do and suffer what, to the last hour of time, and infinitely beyond it, would yield to the human race consequences full of salvation and blessedness. Significant were his acts that mysterious night. "As they were eating, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples and said, Take eat, this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the new testament, which is

shed for many for the remission of sins." By these words he showed that he was about to die, that his death would be a sacrifice to God, that it would atone for human transgressions, and be the antitype and fulfilment of all the predictive symbolical expiations under the economy of the ancient Levitical laws. Food for deep thought was furnished by those words. Their meaning was to be explained by subsequent acts and sufferings, and upon them light was to be shed from heaven, through supernatural teaching, when the mission of this "man" of sorrows" on the earth should have an end. As a lasting memento of his death and love, he appointed this simple supper to be taken by his followers in all after-time. They were to eat this bread, and to drink this cup, to show forth his death until he came. For of another coming he told them—a coming in judgment and glory—not in humiliation and pain.

A beautiful and touching incident occurred in connection with that memorable supper. The master rose up and laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girded himself. Then he poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. But there was one who, in eastern fashion, was reclining there with the rest, on the couch round the table, who, when his humble and condescending lord approached him, asked, "Dost thou wash my feet?" The man shrunk from permitting what he thought would be an indignity to that infinite superior. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," was the reply. Again said the earnest-hearted follower, who did not always weigh either his lord's words or his own, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." "If I wash thee not," rejoined those lips, so full of sadness, wisdom, and affection, "thou hast no part with me." Now convinced of the duty of submission, and prompted to yield by the same feeling that before constrained him to resist, this man of marked infirmity, yet of faithful heart, exclaimed with characteristic fervour, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." All this was suggestive—it taught a lesson of humanity. "If I, your lord and master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." His people were to be a loving family, and an interchange of kindly offices was to be a bond of union among them. Deeper still went the lesson of that never-to-be-forgotten night, for the washing betokened another kind of purification—one that reaches the heart, and makes the subject of it "clean every whit."

This simple story, taken from the holiest of books, and fraught with the most precious

instruction, is here introduced that the reader may dwell on it thoughtfully and devoutly ere he proceeds to peruse what follows.

About two months ago, an old Italian city was all astir with crowds, swollen by strangers, to witness ceremonies, the fame of which had attracted many of them from far. In the most magnificent and costly edifice which the earth now bears, were seen on that bright spring morning, thronging every avenue and aisle, thousands and thousands of eager spectators, while, gorgeous fittings of many colours betokened the importance attached to the coming pageant. In the northern transept of the splendid fane were galleries covered with crimson and gold for the accommodation of ambassadors, princes, and nobles, in military uniforms, sparkling with stars and orders, while hard by were benches, now beyond row, provided for the fair sex, who came in thick clusters, clad in mourning, with corresponding veils upon their heads. At the end was a throne under a canopy, and on either side seats arranged in curves, which were gradually appropriated by scarlet-clad ecclesiastics, who, with their attendants, also attended in imposing vestments, and at length filled up the whole space assigned them.

On an elevated dais, covered with carpet and surmounted by a canopy, opposite to the courtly galleries just described, were seated thirteen men in white woollen dresses, with stockings and shoes of the same material, and tall white caps upon their heads. The right foot of each was bared by an attendant, and as the multitude crowded together and watched the whole scene, there was ushered into the transept, with kingly and priestly state, one clothed in a purple stole, and with a cope of dark red satin, and a breast plate of gilt, and a mitre of silver. With guards and servants he approached the empty throne, and there taking his seat, he cast incense into a thurible, and bestowed a benediction on one called a cardinal deacon, who forthwith chanted, in a tongue unknown to most, the words that record the washing at Jerusalem we have just described. The cope was then taken off from him upon the throne, and a towel, or apron of fine cloth was bound about his loins, when, descending, he walked towards the elevated seat occupied by the thirteen men in white, numerous officers following to assist in the ceremony. A golden basin and ewer were brought. An esquire poured out water. The pontiff knelt down and washed one foot of each of the thirteen, then kissed it; each man also, when washed, kissed the pontiff's hand, who gave him a handsome nosegay, followed by the presentation of a piece of gold in a purse of crimson velvet. This ceremony over, he returned to his throne, the apron was removed; an assistant

prince, kneeling, poured water on the pontiff's hands. A cardinal present presented a towel to dry them. The cope was resumed, a pater noster was intoned, and a prayer was then recited in conclusion. It was a scene of the utmost magnificence. The building, the assembly, the costumes, the varied colours, the glitter of gold, and jewels, and armour, the measured formality of every movement, the profound homage paid to the pontiff, and the excessive state with which the professed act of lowliness was performed, raising it into a ceremony of the highest honour; all contributed to render the whole proceeding one of the proudest pageants which, in this gay spectacle-loving world, the most eager child of vanity could wish to see.

Three days after, another ceremony was exhibited in the same city. Early in the morning the streets were alive with peasants in holiday dresses, their carriages came rattling along bearing party after party of the better class; old-fashioned vehicles, with bright red wheels, also enlivened the scene, as they conveyed to the most celebrated of churches those men of ecclesiastical dignity who had appeared in connection with the feet washing, attired in scarlet. Banners were hung out, and tapestry was displayed. Troops of military, horse and foot, lined the approaches. At the end of the great church, behind the high altar, green cloth was laid on the pavement, and a rich carpet was spread over the altar-steps; a throne under a canopy of crimson and gold stood opposite to the altar; a chair of white satin was placed midway on the right hand side; boxes and benches for ambassadors, princes, courtiers, and ladies, were fitted up where space allowed; the whole enclosing a large square left vacant for the performance of the ecclesiastical ceremonies. This was lined by guards of noble family, in rich scarlet uniforms, while along the nave of the church numbers of military were also drawn up in array to keep open an avenue for a pontifical procession. There was heard the blast of trumpets in the distance. Every eye turned in the direction whence it came. At the further end of the nave were presently seen above the heads of the multitudes and the helmets of the soldiers, the points of spears and halberds, together with sacred emblems, especially a shining cross, borne aloft. All slowly moved. And then emerged from between the columns a canopy, and under it a chair of state, and the pontiff seated in it, wearing a tiara, while two enormous feather fans spread out behind him like most strange and wondrous wings. A long, long succession of richly-attired priests, of different ranks and orders, some mitred, some capped, some bareheaded, next came into distant view within the enclosure behind the altar, where

at length also appeared the pontiff himself, descending from his triumphal chair, which was now seen to have been carried by men dressed in crimson silk. Picturesque was the costume of the attendants, and the tout ensemble of the spectacle, at this point of the ceremony, was full of those effects, as to colour and grouping, which an artist might admire and copy. The pontiff knelt down, and then went to the chair of white satin, where, enthroned as a monarch, and mitred as a priest, he received the homage of the dignified ecclesiastics in his train; no levee of a secular prince surpassing his in the pomp of majesty or the lowliness of submission.

Then followed rites and observances too numerous and minute to be here described. Various vestments were brought and put upon him. Fresh sandals were fastened on his feet; incense was burnt, and offices chanted; after which, in new procession, with a long train behind, he approached the altar-steps and embraced three of the cardinal priests, and then knelt down, after which numerous utensils were brought in covered with silk. There was chanting and bowing, men in scarlet and purple passing to and fro, and assuming various positions, while wax candles of colossal size, in the light of the midday sun, were blazing round. The pontiff performed sundry genuflexions, and turned now in one direction and then another, muttering as to himself; when, at a given signal, he uplifted a splendid chalice, at the sight of which the priests fell prostrate, the military guards bent on one knee, touching their helmets with the left hand, and pointing their swords with the right, towards the marble pavement, while multitudes beside, bowed themselves down to the earth. Soon after the strange service terminated, without one word being distinctly audible to any but the official attendants just by; the procession, re-formed as at first, slowly moved down the nave again, between ranks of soldiers, till it vanished through a huge doorway. Thence the pontiff was carried to a high balcony, where he stretched forth his hand towards the people who were gathered below on their knees to receive his benediction, a signal favour announced by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. Lastly two printed papers, called indulgences for the remission of punishment in another world, were thrown out of a window, and fell, eddying through the air, amidst the laughter and shouts of the multitude, not excepting the priests themselves, till, scrambled for by a knot of sturdy peasants, the prize was at length appropriated by some brawny fist and borne off from the spot in triumph.

And what we might ask, had all these pageantries to do with the scene in the upper room at Jerusalem? With the exception of the

washing of feet, there is in description, as there was in reality, nothing whatever to recall to mind the touching narratives of the new testament respecting the last supper of our blessed Lord; yet the two ceremonies are proclaimed to be celebrations of those acts of divine sorrow and love which he performed as the Redeemer of mankind. The pope of Rome, arrayed in regal splendour, professes to be the successor of him who shrank from allowing Jesus to wash his feet, and pretends, in the first of the performances described, to imitate his example of humility. By a strange confusion he is at once the successor of the servant, and the personifier of the master; and under pretence of carrying out the divine command, which enjoined on the disciples mutual love and the discharge of humble services one towards another, he only mimics the divine condescension, not mingling with other disciples as a disciple, but treating the men before him as their lord, even in the very article of formal humiliation, and never laying aside for a moment the pomp and retinue of a prince. Then the next instant he resumes an imperial dignity which exacts the most abject homage even from crowned heads.

But remote as the feet-washing in St. Peter's on Maunday Thursday is from the conduct of the Redeemer, or the practice of his beautiful lesson of humility to all his people in common, still further removed was the mass of Easter Sunday from the Lord's supper on that night when he was betrayed; a picture in the transept of that simple feast, as the artist conceived it to have been, seemed to hang there as a reproach of all this misplaced parade and theatrical show—a show that had not the merit of reminding the spectator, in any one particular, of the transaction it was said to commemorate. The contrast between the beautiful scripture narrative and the pompous Roman Catholic ritual, was such as to carry with it the plain condemnation of the latter. Most impressively did we feel this, as last Easter we witnessed at Rome the scenes we have described, just in the manner in which they would arrest the attention of one who had been prepared for them in no other way than by the study of the sacred scriptures. We retired from St. Peter's with mingled feelings of wonder and pity, and as we read the gospel story of Christ's last acts of love to his followers, gratefully did we think of the blessed reformation in our own country, which has restored to us the divine ceremonial purified from corruptions; and fervently do we pray that every reader may by faith partake of that living bread which the Lord's supper typifies, and be freed for ever from all vain formalism in obeying one of the last commands of divine authority and long-suffering love.

## PLANTS OF SCRIPTURE. THE ALMOND.



This tree attains the height of twenty feet. It resembles the peach in its leaves and blossoms; but the fruit is oval-shaped, with a sort of down upon its surface. It is a native of Syria and Arabia. In a state of blossom, it exhibits a beautiful appearance in this country; but in eastern climes it comes to its perfection, where the whole tree is splendidly white as early as the beginning of February, which month is there always a time of great serenity. Haselquist, writing from Smyrna on the 14th of this month, of "the new flowers of the year," says, "there is an infinite variety of the ranunculus ficaria, without reckoning the almond tree, which is white as snow with blossoms. Why does the almond tree expand its flowers before its leaves? is it not, perhaps, because its fruit, being a hard nut, requires a longer time to grow in? This tree is the ornament of the hill, accordingly it cannot fail of producing quantities of fruit, as it blossoms at a season when the weather is constantly serene, and it is not exposed to rain or bad weather." Dr. Shaw calls the almond "the most early bearer," and speaks of it as flowering in Barbary in the first month of the year, and yielding its fruit in April; and Russell describes "its latest appearance in blossom," at Aleppo, in February.

The almond has been commended in all ages as a wholesome and agreeable fruit, and Lord Bacon recommends its oily moisture as a nourishing diet; and it may be worth notice that whole fields and orchards are devoted to its cultivation in the south of Europe. But the Jordan almonds, named after that river, have always received the highest praise; and thus we read in Genesis xlivi. 11, that they were classed with "the best fruits" of the land of Canaan, in the present which Jacob sent to his son Joseph. We may see mercy mingled with judgment in thus preserving some fruits and spices, scarce in Egypt, to the famished land of Canaan; so that the patriarch could send "a gift in secret to pacify wrath."

Aaron's rod—which rod was a branch of the almond tree, and by which his title to the priesthood was confirmed—was kept as a memorial for future generations, to commemorate the

contest between God's ministers and the pretenders to the priesthood. See Numbers xvii. 6-8: "And Moses spake unto the children of Israel, and every one of their princes gave him a rod apiece, for each prince one, according to their fathers' houses, even twelve rods: and the rod of Aaron was among their rods. And Moses laid up the rods before the Lord in the tabernacle of witness. And it came to pass on the morrow, Moses went into the tabernacle of witness; and, behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." Parkhurst suggests that the chiefs



of the tribes bore such an almond rod, as emblematical of their vigilance, and that Aaron's dead almond rod, that blossomed and bore fruit, was a very proper emblem of Him that first rose from the dead: "And as the light," he goes on to observe, "appears first to affect this symbolical tree, it was with great propriety that the bowls of the golden candlesticks (see Exodus xxv. 33, 34), were shaped like almonds."

It has been thought, on grounds not slight or fanciful, that the buds, blossoms, and fruit yielded by Aaron's rod, symbolized the multiplication of God's gifts to his church, by making it the means of regeneration, sanctification, and exaltation to the life which is in Christ Jesus. And as the tree makes haste to bud, taking, as it were, the first opportunity, God has thought fit to use it in expressing, by Jeremiah, the rapid execution of his judgments upon the people. "Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond-tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen, and

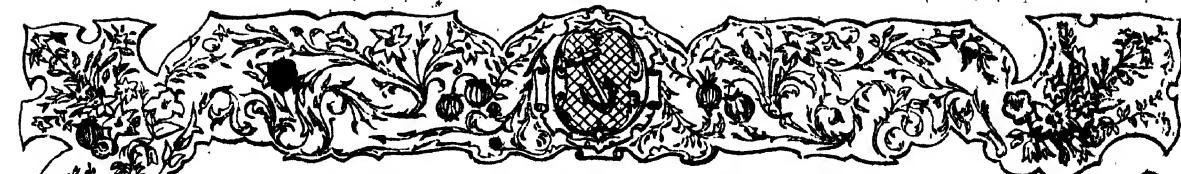
I will hasten my word to perform it." Jer. i. 11, 12. The double meaning in the Hebrew word *shaked*, is difficult to express in our translation. In answer to the question, "What seest thou?" Jeremiah says, "A watcher—an almond-tree." "And I will watch or hasten my word," the Lord answers.

Solomon says, in Ecclesiastes xii. 5, "The almond-tree shall flourish;" thereby intending to express the haste with which old age advances upon and surprises us; and the snow-white branches upon the bare boughs of the tree very well illustrate the hoary head, and the defenceless state of that period.

Spring sounds her trump of joy around,  
The green earth echoes back the sound,  
The fields and liberated plains  
Exult in their dissolving chains.  
At ev'ry prison-door she stands,  
With keys of freedom in her hands;  
And with a life-restoring shout,  
Summons each captive to come out.  
The insect, lock'd within its cell,  
Stirs at her voice, and breaks its shell;  
And birds, with renovated coats,  
Pour out their strains from loosen'd throats:  
The flow'ret in its wintry bed,  
Wakes at her call, and lifts its head.  
And see the almond blossoms first,  
Kindle to life with sudden burst,  
Investing every leafless spray  
With wreaths of bloom and flow'rets gay  
The signal giv'n, at once they sprout,  
And all impatient, hurry out.  
Then, beauteous in their snowy vest,  
Seem for the yearly bridal drest.  
Ah! why to sorrowful decay?  
Compare thy blossoms, fresh and gay!  
To me they wear a hopeful hue,  
When scenes are fresh and life is new;  
Yet is the season of life's close  
The emblem which thy blossom shows;  
Is it because those blossoms white,  
Like silver hair appear to sight?  
Or is it that old age makes haste,  
And death, like thy quick bloom, comes fast?  
Ah, well it is, in spring's soft breath,  
To hear the voice of age and death,  
Anticipating autumn's gloom,  
In early flow'r's and vernal bloom!  
Oh, may we have that heav'nly grace,  
Which youthful makes a wither'd face,  
Then shall old age and early bloom,  
Together meet beside the tomb;  
And death restore to us again  
A youth that shall immortal reign!

#### PRIVATE PRAYER LIKE THE DEW.

Oh, my friends! look, as the tender dew, that falls in the silent night, makes the herbs and flowers to flourish and grow more abundantly than great showers of rain that fall in the day, so secret prayer will more abundantly cause the sweet herbs of grace and holiness to flourish in the soul than all those more open, public, and visible duties of religion, which too often are mixed with the sun and wind of pride and hypocrisy.—T. Brooks.



### THE WORST BONDAGE AND THE BEST FREEDOM.

A FEW of our readers may have actually witnessed, and all of them well know from bold but true pourtrayals, the condition of the West Indian slave as once it was : when, toiling in the cane-field, under a blazing sun, the blood at fever heat, he was goaded on by the driver's lash ; or, when dragged from one plantation to another, to prevent escape, he was loaded with chains. Some, too, in their travels, must have noticed dungeons in old castles—Naworth in Cumberland, for example—where, by the light of a flickering lamp, they have discerned a rusty staple in the wall, with a half circle in the floor indented by the weary steps of a captive who spent hours, days, and years, in passing to and fro over the short space for exercise allowed him by his iron tether. Many more, perhaps, have gazed with horror on the thumb-screws, the spiked collars, the racks, and other instruments of torture, now preserved in the Tower of London, which were constructed on purpose, and, in times gone by, were really used to tear and disfigure God's beautiful workmanship—the human body ; that so confessions might be wrung out from the unwilling—confessions which often consisted in the stifling of truth and the utterance of falsehood.

Save that physical evils must ever fall short of moral ones, all this illustrates, faithfully illustrates, the power, oppression, and cruelty of sin's influence upon the sinner. So does a sensual habit—slave-driver-like, with whip and chain, urge on its victim to what is wrong, and hold him back from what is right. So is the soul held in dark imprisonment by besetting sins—only oscillating between vice and vice, between crime and crime. So base and deadly passions distort and destroy God's creation in the mind and soul, crushing out the good he has put there, suggesting and throwing into terrible expression the bad he has not put there. That we deal in no extravagant figures when we speak of men's souls as thus enslaved and tormented, is plain when we look at the libertine lashed to madness by his lusts ; the drunkard tied and bound by appetite ; the avaricious man imurred in selfishness ; the malignant exasperated by envy and revenge ; or the thoroughly un-

principled worldling wearing out life in a monotonous course of falsehood, deceit, and dishonour.

In many cases the sinner is made conscious of the despotism of his sin, and writhes in agony under its inflictions ; but there are also abundant instances in which the tyranny has so stealthily encircled the soul, and so much of delusion has been experienced, that the oppressed have remained, at least for awhile, insensible of their slavery. It is said of Napoleon, "that he ruled France with a gauntlet of steel covered with velvet." Forcibly may the figure be applied to the influence of some of the sins that beset mankind. They seem for a time smooth and soft, but beneath the deceitful exterior a terrible power is concealed. The velvet is, at length, seen through, and then is felt the crushing steel.

Yet this is far from the whole story of man's moral bondage. Whence comes the infinitely more common existence of what is evil than of what is good ? Why does the former grow so readily and rapidly ? Why does the culture of the latter demand so much patience, perseverance and self-denial ? Surely, if the condition of man's nature were what it was originally as it came from the hands of its Divine Maker, evil would not, as it does, so fearfully tyrannize over an immense majority. Dwelling on external disorders we discern an internal cause. The Scriptures recognise and explain it. We call it the depravity of human nature, by which we mean not the original constitution of humanity, but the working of humanity ; not its law, but its practice, for its constitution has been violated and its law broken. Our faculties are God's most noble earthly work, but the exercise of those faculties, under the influence of the will, has become fearfully deranged ; so that we see not human nature as divinely constituted, but human nature in a state of warfare and rebellion against that divine constitution. The commonwealth of the soul is good, its government good, its institutions good, its laws good, but the community of the soul is up in arms against the government, trampling under foot its institutions and resisting its laws. In man there is a tendency to revolt ; in that fact we see depravity. The bondage of evil habits has its cause beginning there.

Nor is this the whole explanation of the case. Is there not something external to confirm the bondage ? Are not the customs and manners of

the world, influences in constant existence, of powerful effect? Do not example and persuasion take a part in the process? Is not society encompassed by an atmosphere of temptation? Is not the spirit of the world something more than a fiction, even an operative cause working all over this many-millioned-peopled earth? And even now the end of our subject is not reached. Had we nothing more than our own reason and observation to teach us, we might fancy we had exhausted the theme, though left in perplexity in some points—though short of attaining a full explanation of the depth and breadth of human evil. Revelation makes known an invisible spiritual world, girdling this seen and material one all round. Revelation, we say, makes it known. But apart from that, there have been dim surmisings of superhuman agencies in all countries and times. Yes, some say, there have been superstitions enough of that sort. No doubt of it. But is there not some fact lying at the basis of all this superstition—not giving rise to it, but giving rise to a feeling of mysteriousness about the universe at large—giving rise to a conviction that in creation there is something more than we can see—giving rise to an impression that there is more commerce than what goes on between man and man; and that there are thoughts and impulses coming to us through other avenues than the eye, the ear, and the touch. We are sure there is more of truth underneath the absurdities of the ignorant superstitious peasants of Norway than in the negations of a shallow and blind Sadducean philosophy, which says “there is neither angel nor spirit.” Revelation makes known the fact of spiritual beings in their relation to us, and tells us especially of one arch-power, who ruleth in the hearts of the children of disobedience. This adds another step of explanation in reference to the great mystery of human bondage. Man’s spiritual imprisonment and slavery are not fully accounted for by individual habits, or by common customs, or even by the present corruption of humanity. There are facts in the history of vice and crime to which the only key is found in the revelation of a devil. There are contradictions in ourselves, struggles in our souls (as if two persons were there — another and I), suggesting a problem to be fully explained in no other way.

But there is a deliverer. He is not oneself. Do you say sin is voluntary; man is free; of his own will he submits to evil; the devil would have no power over him, unless he himself allowed it? We know it, and insist on it. But it must be remembered, when once we have given up our liberty, we cannot regain it by our own power. We may struggle and fight, but there is no victory for us. The fly floating in the

air, or buzzing among the grass, is free, but let it once get within the tangles of the spider’s web, and it is no longer free. Watch it, study it, for it is a parable of the soul as caught in Satan’s mesh-work.

If man be delivered from his captivity, it must be by another power than his own—by another person than himself. To reveal that power, to exhibit that person, is the object of the gospel. Jesus tells us that he will deliver us. Emancipation, if it come at all, must come through Christ. Between him and all evil, between him and all malignant despotic beings, a wondrous warfare is being waged, and men, if they seek not to be delivered by the first, will be the everlasting victims of the second. This is the great truth for the age in which we live—for the working men and women of England in the nineteenth century—for all classes in all climes. The bondage is sore, and is keenly felt by many who are too proud to own it; the rescue is certain and within reach of all who sigh and cry by reason of that bondage. The Son of man is one with us, a brother wearing our nature; one who was weary as we are, wept as we do, who was hungry and thirsty, and poor and despised, and forsaken and cast out. There is not a poor child of sorrow and pain in the hardest times whose case he does not fully comprehend, and with whose torn heart he does not sympathise. If sure of his compassion as the Son of man, we are sure of his power as the Son of God. Of one substance with the Father, “the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person,” almighty and righteous and wise, he shows us that he can save; when on earth he demonstrated, in visible fact, his ability to emancipate us, in the miracle he wrought upon the “two possessed with devils coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce.” The wild ones tamed—those unclean ones purified—the tormentors of the soul, fled—the wounds self-inflicted, cut with stones, healed—the agonised countenance serene, because the stony bosom calmed—these men, delivered from a demonized humanity, and in possession of a renewed and ennobled one, sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in their right mind—what beautiful representatives are they of the human spirit, whom Christ restores to liberty, holiness, and peace. We love to go “to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes,” by that memorable sea-shore, and to sit down under a cypress by the old Jewish burial-ground without the city, to gaze and muse with prayer and hope upon that blessed manifestation of love and power.

The only thing that could make our case utterly hopeless—that would cut off the prospect of deliverance from every quarter—would

be a conviction of righteous bondage for ever to the holy will of the perfect Judge of the whole earth—bondage not in the way of service, but condemnation and punishment. That cause of hopelessness exists not. Righteousness is satisfied, and God is reconciled; and so man can attain to a state of pardon and acceptance. In that sense we may be free, and if delivered from God's justice, we are sure we shall be delivered from the devil's injustice.

Moreover, Christ assures us of his spiritual presence; tells us that he will come and make his abode with us, and promises the Holy Ghost for our renewal, sanctification, and comfort. Sin makes us feel the presence of the tempter and enslaver. Through repentance and faith in the one Lord who destroyed the works of the devil, we are brought to rejoice in that divine presence which is to us as the breath of morn and the healing sunlight to the captive after "the opening of the prison doors."

Is the salvation perfect all at once? In the first moment of rapture some think so; but when surprise abates, when experience is calmed, when life's rough paths are trodden again, and the heart finds out its old enemies, and temptations creep from their lurking-places, it is discovered that the process of deliverance is gradual—that there is a good long distance between the young convert and the matured saint—that the means of grace, and the discipline of suffering, and the habit of service have much to do before the accomplishment of a perfect emancipation.

How does he make us free? By our coming to him *at last*, after we have put forth every effort for ourselves, that he may crown our endeavours by his help, that he may finish what we have begun, and supply what, after sincere and earnest emotion on our part, may be wanting in us? Is it not rather by coming to him *at first*, that we may receive of the fulness of his grace, that he may create within us a clean heart, and that through the mightiness of his Spirit he may begin and carry on the warfare against all evil to the very end?

Glorious is his own declaration—"If the Son make you free, you shall be free indeed." We remember knowing in our boyhood a poor lunatic, who, though shut up in an asylum, fancied himself at liberty, and that he was a king; and in his wild dreams he would point to his own rude scratches on the wall, depicting men and ships, which he called his army and his fleet. An illustration that of many a dream of liberty, and power, and greatness indulged in by men not thought insane, and setting off by contrast the worth and blessedness of that freedom and honour which in reality belong to the recipients of Christ's salvation.

"Free indeed!" A freedom it is, not from a few gross habits such as men without religion sometimes gain the mastery over; but from the tyranny of sin in general; not indeed perfect all at once, as we have shown, but tending towards a point when the last mark of evil shall be obliterated for ever, and the freed spirit, full of love, shall take its place with the un fallen before the throne of God.

"Free indeed!" And real freedom for man must ever be in submission. Not in withdrawal from the regency of law, not in the disowning of moral obligation, can we find liberty. Such a course leads to bondage, for man must have a master; and if no other, then his own corruptions will tyrannise over him with a power only next to that of hell, preparing him too for that at last. Freedom indeed is to be secured only through submission to the Lord of all. To serve God is to put our liberty under God's guardianship. In an early stage of feudalism there might be found a few freeholders—allodial proprietors they were called—in the neighbourhood of mighty lords. Such persons seeking to be independent only became the servants of those stronger than themselves. Their wisdom was to place themselves under the authority and protection of the just, to escape the despotism and spoliation of the unjust. Men are now living in the vicinity of the most cruel of all tyrants; but they are also under the shadow of the mightiest and most gracious of all deliverers. Our wisdom is to wear the easy yoke and the light burden, as a sure defence against the iron rod and the galling chain.

#### EVIL HABITS VANQUISHED.

MARTHA JONES is the wife of a day labourer. She has a kind affectionate husband, and four or five promising children. She loves them tenderly, and would never willingly grieve them, and she has learned moreover the blessed value of the "one thing needful." But her failing is manifested in a very irritable temper, partly occasioned, and very much increased, by a sensitive, nervous temperament. All noise, hurry, and confusion, bring to her positive pain, and really incapacitate her from performing the common duties of life. She well remembers, and will long remember, one Saturday evening in winter. The morning of the day had been spent somewhat idly, and the necessary work which, in a labourer's family, is always heavy, and on a Saturday peculiarly so, had all to be performed in a few short hours of one of the darkest days of winter. She was impatient with her children, unkind to a neighbour who came in to borrow some article of domestic use; but the crowning

piece of her misery, and that which was to her as a thorn for weeks after, was her churlish conduct to her kind husband. He came in tired from his work, before the cottage was cleaned or the supper ready, and the only greeting he received was, "Oh, James, do go out again, you are just come to hinder me like every one else." He answered nothing, but looked at her as if he could say, "Do I deserve this?" and, laying down a parcel on the table, he went out, and closed the door behind him. That parcel contained a new gown and shawl for his wife. He had worked over-hours for some weeks unknown to her, and he had just laid out the produce of this extra labour in what he knew would be an agreeable surprise to the being he loved best in the world.

Martha's real sorrow that evening brought a ready forgiveness from her husband, as on many occasions it had done before; but this circumstance seemed a halting-place in her life, and she laboured hard to discover and remove that stumbling-block, whatever it might be, which caused her so many unhappy hours. The result was, a re-arrangement of her time with peculiar regard to her besetting infirmity. She rose earlier in the morning, that the work of the day might be got forward. She brought everything into the most exact order, allotting a certain time for everything, and obliging herself to devote a small portion of every morning and afternoon to quiet reading and meditation. Hers was a mind that was soon chafed by even the necessary cares of life, and required to be renewed and refreshed by a more frequent access than others, perhaps, to the fountain of life; and having made this discovery, she gladly availed herself of it. No inducement could ever again prevail upon her to crowd one hour's work upon another; and now she may be seen every evening in perfect tranquillity, quietly awaiting the return of her husband and children, the one from his work, the other from their school: she receives them with cheerfulness, and the evening meal is one of quiet enjoyment. The children are happy, for their parents are so. The father takes his seat in the chimney corner, and prepares to read aloud, for his wife has her basket of needle-work all arranged, and she has nothing to do but to listen to him.

I do not say the evil I have mentioned is cured, but all the outward manifestation of it is gone. She still suffers from her infirmity, but no one else does, and this determined resistance which she has commenced will one day become a confirmed habit, and the effort will be almost imperceptible even to her. She has made "a straight path for her feet."

Richard Johnson is the son of a respected lawyer. He has been well educated, is fond of

literary pursuits, and, as far as his time and means will admit, a lover of the fine arts. He has been early led to a study of the scriptures, and now, having arrived at the age of nineteen, the light of divine truth is shining more and more upon his heart, leading him to choose for himself the narrow, self-denying way of everlasting life. His favourite pursuit is music, in which he has become a great proficient for his years; and about a year ago he was induced to join a musical club, which met on Saturday evenings between the hours of seven and ten o'clock. The pleasure he derived from these evenings was intense, and all the toil and labour of his profession through the week were lightened by the anticipation of it. But strong as his love of music is, there is another principle in his heart stronger still. By degrees, he found that his Sundays were becoming less profitable. The last notes of the glee formed the first thoughts of his waking moments, and throughout the hours of divine service his mind was completely absorbed by the remembrance of the deep-toned harmony he loved so well. Again and again he strove to recall his wandering thoughts, but in vain. The preacher whose faithful pleadings had found a ready echo in his heart was listened to languidly, and one Sunday he was induced to give up the service altogether.

This awoke him from his dream, and, tracing back his wandering footsteps, he found that his loved Saturday evenings had been the stumbling-stone in his way. If safe for others, they were not safe for him, and he resolutely determined that night to give them up. He tried very hard to persuade the members of the club to alter the day, but in vain; so he withdrew his name. His companions could not understand his reason, but he understood it full well, and he has never repented this resolute determination to make "a straight path for his feet."

Joseph Miller was not always the quiet sober man he now appears to be, nor was his cottage the scene of domestic comfort it now presents. For some years after his marriage he lived the life which thousands do, "without God in the world." While he kept clear of all offences which the law of the land could take notice of, the law of God was broken every day, and he heeded it not. Great part of the wages of every week was spent at the public-house, where, with his chosen companions, he usually spent his evenings. But it pleased God to send a very rough messenger to rouse this man from the dream of folly he was pursuing. The scarlet fever carried off his two youngest children, and he was himself attacked by the same disorder, and lay lingering for weeks on a bed of sickness. Here he had time to "consider his ways," and

the message of God thus painfully brought home to him was, through the blessing of God, confirmed and strengthened by the visits of a minister of the gospel.

He rose from his bed an altered man, in thought and intention at least; but the work of reformation is not done in a day. Long and frequent were the struggles, and many the discouraging falls which he underwent. Long habits of thoughtless folly, added to a natural irresolution of mind, and an easiness of temper which more often led him wrong than right, now stood in his way, and he did indeed present the spectacle of a very lame walker. But he was too sincere in his change of conduct to be baffled by these things. He found by experience that his chief trouble was caused by his old companions, who still continued to meet at the public-house; and as this was in the road which he passed every day on his return home from his work, he often found the temptation to join them there irresistible. He therefore resolved to find another way home, and by going round the lane, which led him nearly a mile out of his way, to avoid the temptation altogether. This plan once adopted, he adhered to it; and in all weathers, and through all seasons, amid many discouragements, he persevered, until habit had rendered it an easy exertion.

This greatest evil brought into subjection, the smaller ones were conquered without much difficulty. He has since hired a piece of ground, which he has converted into a flourishing garden, and here all his spare time and spare energies are expended. Health and cheerfulness both to himself and his family have been the consequence of these efforts, and he is amply rewarded even now for thus making "a straight path for his feet."

Reader, if your heart has gone along with the recitals in the foregoing pages, you will be prepared to go even one step further. Is there any member of your family suffering under the infirmity of an irritable temper? Perhaps you do not know how acutely such minds suffer from trifles which you would laugh at. From continual observation, you can most likely tell what especial things are likely to call forth this besetting sin. Try, if possible, to put those things aside; and watch for little opportunities of smoothing difficulties. To you it may be easy, for your natural temper enables you perhaps to see things rightly; while to the vexed spirit little things are apt to magnify themselves into great evils. And above all, let the words of your mouth be the "law of kindness." Let them be as oil poured upon the troubled waters, soothing the spirit while it convinces it of its folly, by the very kindness it so well knows how to appreciate.

## DISCOVERY OF VESTIGES OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

### \* PART II.

AFTER the preliminary observations offered in a previous paper, we are now in a better position to address ourselves to an examination of the evidence in favour of the alleged continuance *in situ* of the ruins of the destroyed cities of the plain. And if ever there was an instance in which the thoughtful and serious mind could find "sermons in stones" it must surely be amid the hoary fragments of those ancient dwellings, upon which, for the punishment of their guilty inmates, the indignation of God, ages ago, fell so swiftly and desolatingly. These remains speak to us as impressively and admonitorily as they spoke to the generations long since passed away; and well will it be for us if we give heed to the warnings uttered by these old inanimate preachers against sin. There they lie still, on the spot where they once sheltered a teeming but impious population, declaring as plainly as any tongue could express it, that the bible is no cunningly devised fable, and that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men."

From the precedence that is invariably given to it by scripture in every enumeration of the cities of the plain, it is probable that Sodom was the metropolis of the Pentapolis. It will be natural and proper, therefore, for us to direct attention to that spot first. It had been conjectured by Dr. Robinson, Lieut. Lynch, and other Dead Sea explorers, some years before the recent visit of De Saulcy, that the site of Sodom was somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the immense salt mountain which runs for six or eight miles along the south-western coast of the lake, and from whence its saltiness is supposed to be mainly derived. The name of the mountain, variously written Usdum and Esdoun, is evidently only another form, very slightly modified, of the ancient Sodom. Still no architectural vestiges had been met with of sufficient importance to warrant the inference that the site of that city had been discovered. The honour of being the first to fall in with and identify such relics was reserved for De Saulcy.

It was while on his way to Kerak, and as he was passing along between the base of the salt mountain and the margin of the sea, that his thoughts were directed to this subject by the singular appearance of a hillock, "covered with large rough stones looking as if they had been burnt." Those fragments seemed to him to have constituted, at some very remote period, a part of a round structure immediately commanding the shore. The sight of this fallen building strongly impressed his mind, and,

coupled with the associations of the locality, set him thinking about the long-perished Sodom. On turning to the Arab shiekh who accompanied the party, and inquiring to what the ruins before them formerly belonged, he replied that they were a remnant of Sodom. And on being asked further if there were any other vestiges of the condemned city in existence, he replied in the affirmative, and pointed in the direction of the northern extremity of the salt mountain, which the party had not long since passed. Considering the dangers and privations by which they were beset, it was thought imprudent to retrace their steps for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity; indeed, as they hoped to return by the same route in a few days, all further investigation was postponed until then.

Accordingly, after spending a short interval in visiting Kerak and the eastern coast, De Saulcy and his companions resumed their study of the supposed ruins of the guilty city. On approaching the northern end of the salt mountain, the coast was found to widen considerably; and in traversing this region, they, in all directions, met with large blocks of stone, worn by time, while in the midst of them the travellers were soon able to distinguish regular rows of masonry, being evidently the foundations of ancient walls. These ruins were found to cover an area of nearly four hundred yards in extent. A further description of these important discoveries we will give in De Saulcy's own words:—

"To our left the Djebel-Esdoum has ceased to form a single mass, and we have arrived in front of the vast excrescences, or projecting hillocks, bordering the northern part of this mountain.\* On these hillocks, which present an extensive surface, disjointed accumulations appear, exhibiting positive and infallible evidence of the existence, on this point, of a very considerable town.

"By seven minutes past three, we cross the dry bed of a torrent fifteen yards wide. Here the hillocks, covered with ruins, are divided by a ravine, and form two distinct masses, bearing on their surface the huge fragments, which the Arabs accompanying us are unanimous in calling Esdoum (Sodom). In the plain itself appear numerous lines of stone blocks—remains of the primeval habitations. By eleven minutes past three we marched west-north-west, starting from the spot where the ruins heaped upon the plain cease to appear. We then kept constantly

following the same direction; whilst the delta, upon which our road is traced, is become a vast plain, intersected by many ravines, strewed with large rolled blocks, and planted with a vast number of mimosas or acacias. By a quarter past three, we are opposite the extreme point of the Djebel-Esdoum, which ends in a perpendicular steep, commanding a large and beautiful plain, plaited with mimosas, and spreading considerably in a south-south-west direction."

Such, then, in De Saulcy's opinion, were the relics that survive of Sodom. Continuing their course, in a north-west direction, the travellers came to the mouth of a valley or ravine, bearing the local designation of Oued-az-Zouera. Struck by the remarkable similarity of this name to the Zoar of the scriptures, which it was clear, from the biblical narrative, could not be far distant from Sodom, great attention was paid to the appearance of the locality. Two hillocks in particular, flanking the valley, invited research; and upon the level crests of these, numerous ruins of great antiquity were met with. These ruins are known among the Arabs as Zouera-et-Tahtah, or the Lower Town of Zoar. The distance of the latter from the remains of Sodom is said to be about one mile and a half, which De Saulcy regards as harmonizing singularly with the account of the flight of Lot and his daughters from the burning city, across the intervening plain. The escape, it will be seen by a reference to Gen. xix. 15, 23, was effected during the short interval between the break of day and the rising of the sun, which, as is well known, is of brief duration in the east. It certainly would have been quite impossible for the fugitives, in the specified time, to have reached the spot on the opposite eastern coast, which has heretofore been regarded as the site of the little city of refuge, even supposing no sea at that period flowed between. In a direct line the distance is some ten or twelve miles; while by making the circuit of the southern marshy shore, it would amount to between twenty and thirty. In the neighbourhood of these ruins, De Saulcy observed a huge subverted cone, exactly resembling the crater of an extinct volcano, and which may have been one of the terrible agents employed by God in the infliction of the dreadful catastrophe.

In corroboration of his conjecture, that the true sites of Sodom and Zoar have been really discovered, De Saulcy has adduced in his work voluminous evidence, both from the sacred text and from ancient writers. It would be quite impossible to present even an intelligible summary of it here. The following passage, however, will exhibit the confidence felt by the distinguished discoverer as to the genuineness of the ruins in question:—

\* For the position of the localities here and afterwards referred to, the reader is referred to the map of the Dead Sea, accompanying De Saulcy's work; or, should this publication be inaccessible, to an excellent map, compiled from De Saulcy, Lynch, and Dr. Robinson, which may be had at a low cost in a popular tract, entitled, "The Dead Sea and its Explorers." London: W. Freeman.

"I cannot suppose," he says, "that additional proof will be required of the fact—which may be questioned but not invalidated—that the ruins which are known to the Arabs under the name of the Kharbet-Esdoum, are actually and really the ruins of the biblical Sodom. To contest this positive discovery, there will be but one course left—that of boldly denying the very existence of these ruins, which my companions and myself have twice visited and examined."

"Sodom was situated at the south-western point of the Dead Sea: the salt mountain is called Sodom by Galen. Sodom was, therefore, on the very same spot with the salt mountain. This mountain is called by the Arabs, indifferently, Djebel-el-Melehh, or Djebel-Esdoum; the latter expression being also that of Galen. Thus, then, if on the very situation of the salt mountain, we fall in with the ruins of a town, there is every probability that these are the ruins of Sodom; and this probability becomes an undeniable evidence, if the inhabitants of the country unanimously agree in giving to these ruins the name of Kharbet-Esdoum (ruins of Sodom), and in attaching to them the traditional history of the town destroyed under the curse. All these conditions being strictly fulfilled, it is not possible to refuse credence to the fact, that these ruins of a town called Sodom are really the ruins of the Sodom mentioned in the bible."

It only remains now, in reference to these identifications, to add a few remarks respecting Zoar. In Genesis (chap. xix.), we read, "I cannot escape to the mountain lest some evil take me, and I die. Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: oh, let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live. Therefore, the name of the city was called Zoar. The sun was risen upon the earth, when Lot entered into Zoar." This passage clearly shows the close neighbourhood that must have existed between Zoar and Sodom. It also shows that Zoar was not in the mountain, since Lot says, 'I cannot escape to the mountain.' Another passage in the same chapter gives additional strength to this observation. We read (xix. 30): "And Lot went up out of Zoar, and dwelt in the mountain, and his two daughters with him; for he feared to dwell in Zoar: and he dwelt in a cave, he and his two daughters." It is evident from this, that, to enter the mountain, he had to go up as he went out from Zoar. It follows, then, necessarily, that Zoar was not on the mountain, but at the very foot of the mountain, since the angels commanded Lot (ver. 17) not to tarry in any part of the plain, but to fly towards the mountain. "I believe it would be difficult," says De Sauley, "to select a place answering better than Zouera-et-Tahtah all

the conditions expressed in those different passages of the bible; and if, besides the physical conditions, which it is scarcely possible to mistake, we find still attached to the ruins in question the identical name of Zoar, are we not invincibly led to the conclusion that Kharbet-Zouera-et-Tahtah and the Zoar of the bible are one and the same place?"

While De Sauley and his party were marching through the Oued-ez-Zouera—a route by no means improbably pursued by Lot—they were favoured with a sublime spectacle, which reminded them forcibly of the awful catastrophe that has given so enduring an interest to that blighted region. It will be best conceived of by reading the traveller's own eloquent description of the scene:—"When we were ascending the first acclivities of the Oued-ez-Zouera," he says, "large black clouds, driven by the westerly wind, passing over our heads and over the Djebel-Esdoum, rushed down upon the Dead Sea, in the direction of the Rôhr-Safich, then rising again along the flank of the mountains of Moab, soon cleared the view and allowed us to contemplate the expanse of water, resembling a vast motionless sheet of molten lead. By degrees, as the storm hurried towards the east, the western sky became again pure and radiant; then, for a moment, the setting sun darted above the mountains of Canaan fiery rays, which seemed almost to cover the summits of the land of Moab with the flames of an enormous conflagration, while the bases of those imposing mountains remained as black as ink. Above was the dark lowering sky; below, the sea, like a metallic sheet of dull leaden grey; around us, the silence of the desert and utter desolation. Afar off, in the west, a bright, cloudless sky, shining over a blessed land, whilst we seemed to be flying from a country condemned for ever. It is impossible to describe the scene, which, to be fully understood and felt, must have been witnessed. Our Bedouins themselves, though accustomed to the grandest operations of nature, participated in the sensations by which we were completely mastered. 'See, sir, see!' cried they, 'Allah is smiting Sodom!' And they were right. The tremendous spectacle which was witnessed by Lot, from nearly the same spot where we were now standing, must have borne a striking resemblance to the magnificent reparation with which we had just been favoured by the same presiding Providence."

In a future number we propose to complete the subject, by presenting all that is of interest in relation to the other cities that shared in the common doom, and whose vestiges still proclaim to the wide world, from the solitudes of the Judean desert, the vengeance of the Divine Being against all ungodliness in men.



### Page for the Young.

#### THE FIRST MISTAKE.

A YEAR ago it is to-day,  
Since my poor mother died;  
A week before it, down this way,  
I bounded by her side.  
  
It was a vernal ev'ning fair,  
Enriched with golden hours,  
And soft and balmy was the air  
That play'd among the flow'rs.  
  
My mother had been very ill;  
This was her first spring walk;  
And I could see she suffer'd still  
In each attempt to talk.  
  
Our path we follow'd for a mile,  
And as, beneath this tree,  
We both sat down to rest awhile,  
Her breathing grew more free.  
  
Before me was a meadow wide;  
And children at their play,  
Who would have won me from her side  
To join their circles gay;  
  
While she more fondly clasp'd my hand,  
And drew me to her knee,  
And, with soft kisses, bade me stand,  
Nor struggle to get free.  
  
For she had solemn things to say,  
If I would lend an ear,  
Nor turn impatiently away,  
Nor deem her words severe.  
  
Alas! my heart was far away  
In the bright fields around,  
Where still the little ones at play,  
Sent forth a joyful sound.  
  
And now, all eager to get free,  
I disengaged my hand,  
And hasten'd in my heartless glee,  
To join their frolic band.  
  
On, on, from flow'r-fraught mead to mead,  
With bounding step, I went,  
Nor drew the rein to check my speed  
Till one long hour was spent.  
  
Too late I then retraced my way,  
And felt I had done wrong,  
And heard my gentle mother say;  
"What kept my child so long?"  
  
Alas! that hour of fond caprice,  
Bewail'd with fruitless tears,  
Now threatens to disturb the peace  
Of all my after years!  
  
For when she tried again to speak,  
In vain I tried to hear;  
Her voice had tones too faint and weak  
To reach my ready ear.

A week she linger'd from that day,  
But gain'd no strength to talk;  
And now a year has passed away  
Since that last ev'ning walk.

But still her voice is in my heart,  
And there its echoes call;  
While conscience wakes to take her part,  
And fhemories darkly fall.

She speaks in each soft vernal breeze,  
Which sighs among the flow'rs;  
In winds that whisper to the trees,  
In summer's quiet hours.

And never shines one sunny ray,  
Or woodlands give their song,  
But recollections of that day  
Advance in hostile throng.

Ah! often in our childhood's hour  
God has a word to say!  
But we resist his gracious pow'r,  
And heedless turn away.

And then he seldom speaks again  
In the same gentle tone;  
But leaves us to cry out in vain  
For mercies which are flown.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

#### THE UNANSWERED CALL.

WITH voice as soft as sunnier wind,  
God call'd me once in vain,  
Some folly occupied my mind,  
I could not listen then;  
From heav'n's caress I turn'd away,  
While mercy's voice still wo'd my stay.

Unwearied yet again he tried  
My heart's desire to win,  
While I his patient love defied  
And trifled with my sin;  
His gentle messages forgot,  
His invitations heeded not.

He comes not now as then he came,  
In mercy's gentler path;  
Rough winds his dark approach proclaim  
And speak a God of wrath;  
Now sinks the vernal southern gale,  
And breezes from the north prevail.

Yet could I hear that voice again,  
In its sweet tones of love,  
It should not call, as once, in vain,  
My stubborn heart to move;  
Each gale that breath'd a Saviour near,  
Should wake my willing heart to hear.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME :

A family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE DYING SCEPTIC.

WHILST engaged one winter evening in teaching a Bible-class, I was waited upon by a respectable woman, who was an entire stranger to me. She earnestly begged me to come to her dwelling to visit a dying brother. With tears in her eyes, she informed me that he was the son of a truly Christian mother, but that for many years he had associated with infidels, and did not believe in the Saviour whom she loved.

In obedience to this summons, I as soon as possible hastened to the house. Ascending the stairs, I entered a small room, and saw a middle-

aged man stretched on the bed, apparently unconscious, and his chest heaving violently. In deep anxiety I stooped over him, shook his arm, and spoke aloud in his ear. The expiring man, with a great effort, opened his eyes, over which the glassy film of death was fast gathering, and, aroused to temporary consciousness, looked me full in the face. At once I told him that I was a Christian minister who had come to visit him, and that he would be very soon in the presence of his Creator and Judge. Knowing that he had been a despiser of the religion of the cross, I asked him, "Do you not believe that Christianity is from God?" The man, with a gasping effort, replied, "It is doubtful," and then sank back into

a state of unconsciousness. Again I roused him up, and urged him, from a consideration of the awful position in which he stood, to cast away his doubts, and throw himself on the mercy of God in Christ; but he made no reply. I then said, "Shall I pray with you?" With another convulsive effort, he replied, "There is no need, sir!" In an agony of mind, I knelt down and cried aloud to God on his behalf. The dying infidel opened his eyes and looked at me. When I arose, I solemnly appealed to him again. I reminded him of his mother, and entreated him now to believe as she had taught him in childhood; and, as a sinner, to trust in the great Redeemer for pardon and eternal life. But all was in vain. With an evident desire to terminate the interview, he grasped my hand as it pressed his own, and abruptly said, "Good night." With feelings of bitter sorrow, I left the chamber, as the dying man relapsed into insensibility. Next morning, I found on enquiry that, during the night, without giving any further sign of consciousness, his spirit had passed into the eternal world.

That painful scene I shall never forget. He was a man who from a child had been taught to know the holy scriptures, through the care of a godly mother. But, in the pride of intellect, and with an unregenerate heart, he had come in contact with scoffers, and in a dying hour had embarked his hope on a mere "perhaps." Into the hands of such a doubter this paper may fall; if so, he is affectionately entreated not to cast it away in contempt or anger. Space will not permit of lengthened or formal arguments as to the truth of Christianity. But what I ask from you now is, to consider whether it is not possible, or even probable, that your doubts may not be well founded. Do you think that you have calmly and candidly weighed the evidence which has proved so convincing to a Newton, a Locke, and others of the loftiest intellectual powers? If you are ready to justify your doubts as to the inspiration of the bible, by the alleged discrepancies which have been urged against it, or by its apparent contradiction of the facts of astronomical or geological discovery, have you examined the books written by able and earnest men, in which these seeming discrepancies and contradictions are obviated and explained? Is it not possible that you have been somewhat one-sided in your enquiries? A wise man once said, "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." Would it not be well in a matter in which, if a mistake is made, the consequences are so serious, to examine both sides? Have you weighed the arguments drawn from scripture miracles, from the fulfilment of prophecy, as attested by the facts of history, from the natural weakness and

darkness of man, and his consequent need of a Divine revelation, as well as from the exact adaptation of the remedies which the gospel prescribes for the moral maladies of the race.

Again, is it not remarkable that some of the most able advocates of infidelity have at one time or other borne testimony to the character of the author of Christianity? "Supposing," says Bolingbroke, "that Christianity was an invention, it has been the most amiable invention that ever was imposed on mankind. *The gospel, in all cases, is one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, benevolence, and universal charity.*" Rousseau's eloquent tribute to the character of Christ is well known. It is given at length in "Fuller's Gospel its own Witness." Even Thomas Paine says of Jesus: "He was a virtuous and amiable man. The morality which he preached and practised was of the most benevolent kind." And a well-known advocate of modern "secularism" has spoken of "the interest and dignity" of the precept of Jesus, in which he enjoins that an offending brother should be forgiven "until seventy times seven," and says "there is nothing so grand in the life of Christ as his forgiving his enemies on the cross." Now I ask you, is it consistent thus to think and speak of Jesus, and yet believe that the religion which he taught was an imposture, and himself, this *model man*, a deceiver of the people? Think then calmly on this point. Do not run away from us by talking about "priestcraft," nor by an angry outcry against the inconsistencies of selfish men, and the hypocrisies of professing Christians. I might ask, are all Christians of this character; or are such persons living in harmony with their principles? But the question is, "What think you of Christ?" Was there any "priestcraft," any selfishness, or corruption, or hypocrisy, in him? Had he any evil ends to serve? Did he seek to ennable, enrich, or glorify himself by what you call "imposture"? Did he despise the poor, the glory of whose religion it was, and is, that "to the poor the gospel is preached?" Was he the friend of the oppressor or the down-trodden, whose golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," would, if acted upon, remove all social wrongs, and make this earth a paradise? Is it logical to think well of Christ's character, and yet to deny Christ's claims? "Is not this then the Christ?" yea, "the Son of God, the great prophet?" And, casting away your scepticism, will you not sit down humbly at his feet, and hear his word? That word proclaims pardon for the guilty, purity for the depraved, peace in death, a blessed resurrection and eternal life through faith in his atoning sacrifice, and by the renovating influence of his Holy Spirit. Others

once as stout in unbelief as you can be; have done so, and the "truth as it is in Jesus" has verified itself to their hearts.

"Since I thus read the Bible," says one, "and prayed to God to teach me its blessed truths, it has chased away the midnight darkness of my soul, it has hushed the tempest of the passions, it has changed the very current of my being, it has proved itself to be of God by the inward revolution of thought, taste, and feeling; I am therefore constrained to be a Christian." "For my own part," says another, who was led, after patient inquiry, to renounce his unbelief, "I never did desire the consolation of everlasting nothingness: I never could covet a plunge beneath the black wave of eternal forgetfulness. It was evident to me that thousands of the scientific were influenced by the weight of a small pebble, a 'doubt' or a difficulty, to adopt a creed, provided that creed contradicted holy writ. I had heard and read too much of man's depravity, and his love for darkness, not to see that it militated against my system of deism; that the otherwise learned should neglect to observe, or, if observant, should be satisfied with the most superficial view, and seizing some shallow and questionable facts, build hastily upon them a fabric for eternity."\*

Sceptical reader, remember that if Christianity be true, it is "tremendously true." For it is expressly declared by its author, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only-begotten Son of God." And on the other hand, if Christianity be true, it is gloriously true. For "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Will you then, like the dying sceptic, venture all upon a *doubt*; or, rather, will you not give instant earnest heed to him who says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

#### THE BIBLE IN RUSSIA.

You could not ask a more interesting question about any country than "How does the bible get on in Russia?" The facts which such an inquiry elicits throw more light on the true condition of a people than any other test that can be applied. Is the bible *free*?—then you may safely judge that serfdom is fast on the wane. Has the unfettered circulation of the bible had any fair time allowed it to show its influences?—then you may be sure that the best guarantee for the rise and permanence of the noblest social institutions is already secured. Cuvier could sketch the entire skeleton of an animal that had lived before the flood, if you

gave him a single bone of its body to work by; and even so we might undertake to draw a portrait of the moral state of any community, given one feature as a criterion, namely, the manner in which the bible is received.

The histories of modern nations form a practical commentary on the words of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The bible has often proved the first instrument by which an iron-handed despotism has been crushed, and an enslaved race has risen to the enjoyment of the precious heritage of liberty. Wherever the people, even in spite of tyrannic rulers, have shown a determination to welcome it, it has become to them a channel for heavenly blessings which no human arm could turn aside—blessings for a time invisible and purely spiritual, but soon working their way into all the relations of life, and yielding all manner of delightful outward fruits. But where the bible has been locked up, or expelled, or barred out, there the sons of the soil have laboured in chains, and all cries after freedom have been silenced by the threats of a power which decrees that its empire must be swept clean of all such heresy.

The story of the bible in Russia is a case illustrative of this general rule, while it also has peculiarities which render it intensely interesting at this moment. The emperor, doubtless, has had his eye upon one of the Russian proverbs, and purposes to give it practical enforcement, namely, "A master's will is that the slave have none of his own." But he has probably overlooked another, which the bible will one day gloriously illustrate even in Russia, "A small key opens the large lock."

Mr. Pinkerton, formerly an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, relates that until that society introduced the scriptures into Russia, the only household instructors to be found in the families of the peasants were pictures of their tutelary saints, while the rich had paintings of the Saviour and the Virgin, and even of the Trinity. These sacred pictures, painted on wooden boards and crosses, were carried about the country by bareheaded old men, who bartered or exchanged them, but never sold them, as they were considered too holy to have any price put on them. Nor were they ever burnt or destroyed. When too decayed to be of any use, they were cast into a running stream, and whoever found any of them was bound to return them to the waters until they should be seen no more.

The destitution of that immense empire in regard to the most precious of blessings, the word of life, appears from a single fact. When Dr. Pinkerton visited Pleskof the second time, and after a Bible Society had been formed there,

\* Nelson on "Infidelity."

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he found from the statement of the archbishop, that the greater part of the clergy in four hundred and fifty parishes of his diocese were still without the bible. But side by side with this, it was heart-cheering to hear that they had disposed of all the bibles and testaments they had received from St. Petersburg, and that a second supply of five hundred bibles and seven hundred testaments, then ordered, were nearly all bespoken.

The first operations of the Bible Society in Russia were commenced in Finland, in 1812, when the Emperor Alexander, the predecessor of Nicholas, contributed 5000 roubles, or 200*l.*, from his private purse. Six years before that time, not one in a thousand of the Russians could read, but the ignorance of the people did not prevent the acceptance of the word of God. They soon felt that this was the grand cure, and it speedily created readers. A society was established in St. Petersburg in 1813, and in ten years, more than eight hundred thousand copies were issued. They set out with the avowed aim "to furnish every family throughout the extensive domains of the Russian empire with a bible, or at least a new testament, and ultimately to afford every individual the means of possessing that invaluable treasure in his own vernacular tongue." Contributions flowed in from all sides. Moscow followed the example of the imperial city. The provinces of the Baltic sea in less than a year joined the movement, and in 1814 almost every town of importance in this vast country had its auxiliary. In seven years, the weary desert, the upland village, the snow-fields of Siberia, and even the mountain ridges of the Caucasus and Uralia, had been traversed by the bearers of the precious seed; and this circulation was actually the means of raising up among these remote habitations, translators of the word into the dialects of the various tribes.

As the name of Odessa, on the Black Sea, has recently become so familiar to us, it may be interesting to mention something about the bible there. A society was formed in that town in 1816, under the most hopeful appearances, and it was while Dr. Pinkerton was in quarantine, on his second visit, three years after, that he received a most gratifying proof of its success. Some of our readers would hardly imagine the vexatiousness of the said quarantine. But it shall be described in the doctor's own words: "The cell which I occupy with my servant is only sixteen feet by thirteen, and ten feet high, with two windows four feet by two each. A common Russian oven made of brick-work, in one corner, with two dirty bedsteads and a fir table, three feet by two, composed the furniture of the cell. We found it very damp

and cold the first night, but the second day we made considerable improvement by heating the stove, stopping up the holes in the floor to keep out rats and mice, and ordering provisions, etc., from the town. Adjoining the cell is a small place for cooking, and a wooden bedstead for my servant; and before our prison door is a court twenty-two feet by nineteen, with stone walls on each side about ten feet high, and a railing in front of the same height resting upon a stone breast-work. This small court being thus closed in on every side is usually damp, and the free circulation of air is prevented; in wet weather it becomes a pool of stagnant water, to the great annoyance of those confined in the cells. The regulations of the institution demand forty-two days confinement, allowing the traveller to retain all his clothes and baggage by him; or fourteen days on condition of stripping naked on entry, and parting with everything you have brought with you. Your goods and apparel are in that case taken away by condemned criminals, and hung up in the pack-house to be exposed to the air forty-two days." They are not very particular, it appears, about sorting your garments from those of other people, for Doctor Pinkerton found that his had been mixed with the clothes of a Greek just arrived from Smyrna, where the plague was raging.

We can imagine the joy of our good friend, who had come to Odessa purposely to promote the progress of the bible cause, when, on the fourth day of his quarantine, he was visited by a messenger bringing him a printed copy of the four Gospels in the modern Russ! This translation had been introduced to the notice of the Russian public by a printed address from three of the greatest dignitaries of the Russian church!

It has been observed above that, even in the frozen regions of Siberia, the bible found a pathway. The following incident from "The Book and its Story" shows what can be done by one grain of living truth. It occurred in 1818. "A member of the St. Petersburg Committee sent a copy of a single Calmuc gospel to a Burist prince in Siberia, to see if his people could understand it. The prince replied that they could not. It was the first specimen they had seen of Calmuc typography. A long while afterwards a letter brought the pleasing intelligence to St. Petersburg that the Buriats had found the key, and could make out the sense of the Calmuc gospel. His excellency Prince Galitzin then wrote to the governor of Irkutsh, begging him to appoint two learned Buriats to come to St. Petersburg and accommodate the version of the Calmuc gospel to their native dialect. Two of their chiefs, persons of high family and very intelligent and in-

quisitive, accordingly came and occupied themselves with the translation of what they impressively called ‘the beautiful sayings of Jesus;’ and such was the immediate effect of their occupation on their minds, that when they turned to pray to their idols as usual, they felt an internal disquietude of which they had never before been conscious, and requested to be more perfectly informed of the nature of the gospel.”

The result may be gathered from their letter to their prince in Siberia, in which they say—“ We are fully and firmly resolved to receive the doctrine of the saving God, Jesus Christ, although we are not yet acquainted with the manners and usages of this religion. After the conviction we have obtained of the truth of the word of God, we can no longer endure the want of it; we must abide by this doctrine.”

Such, were the happy workings and encouraging prospects of the bible in Russia from 1812 till three years after the present emperor came to the throne. It is true that wherever Jesuits and other enemies of the enfranchisement of the human soul could exert any influence, they opposed its circulation, but it went on, and even Nicholas was a subscriber to the cause, till he listened to the false representations of a party consisting of nobility and clergy in Petersburg, many of whose minds had been poisoned by monks, and he formally suspended the activity of the Russian Bible Society “in all its operations without exception.”

Thus in the year 1826 the society’s stereotype printing office in Petersburg was closed, all printing of the scriptures in Russia ceased, an edition of ten thousand copies of the first eight books of the old testament was strangled in the press, and two hundred and eighty-nine auxiliaries were suppressed. Yet the light was not extinguished. On the 4th of March, 1831, the emperor permitted the Protestants to form a society exclusively for themselves; and at their first anniversary it was reported that they had issued eleven thousand and seventy-two copies of the sacred volume. But “the word of God is not bound;” the truth having once entered a country and taken hold of the native heart, cannot be banished, even if the whole army of the czar were assembled to thrust it from his shores! Russian martyrs will be found to walk in the steps of the Madiai, if the interests of truth should require such a testimony, and we shall yet see noble victories of faith brightening the dark pages of Russian history.

Our hope for Russia is in that very bible which her sovereign thinks he has arrested. Though imprisonment and death may possibly add a momentary contribution of gloom to the deepening shades which now gather over that monarchy, the sufferings of the faithful will ere-

while furnish memorials to stand in hopeful contrast with all that ambition and tyranny have done to oppress them. Among the many sententious sayings of the Russians we find the following are current—“ Virtue conquers mere force”—“The devil said he had all the kingdoms of the world, but God refused him even the rule of the swine.” The bible may struggle, but it cannot die, even in Russia.

### LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

RACHEL RUSSEL, daughter of the earl of Southampton, was born about the year 1636. She appears to have possessed a truly noble mind, a solid understanding, an amiable and benevolent temper. Her pious resignation and religious deportment, under the pressure of very deep distress, afford a highly instructive example, and is an eminent instance of the power of religion to sustain the mind in the greatest storms and dangers, when the waves of affliction threaten to overwhelm it. Her husband, William Lord Russel, was beheaded in the reign of Charles the Second. He was a man of great merit, and he sustained the execution of his severe sentence with Christian and invincible fortitude. During the period of her illustrious husband’s troubles, she conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection and the most surprising magnanimity. “She appeared in court at his trial; and when the attorney-general told him “he might employ the hand of one of his servants in waiting, to take notes of the evidence for his use,” Lord Russel answered that “he asked none, but that of the lady who sat by him.” The spectators, at these words, turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous Southampton rising up to assist her lord in his utmost distress. A thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After his condemnation, she threw herself at the king’s feet, and pleaded, but alas! in vain, the merits and loyalty of her father, in order to save her husband. When the time of separation came, her conduct appeared worthy of the highest admiration; for, without a sigh or tear, she took her last farewell of her husband, though it might have been expected, as they were so happy in each other, and no wife could possibly surpass her in affection, that the torrent of her distress would have overflowed its banks, and been too mighty for restraint. Lord Russel parted from his lady with a composed silence; and observing how greatly she was supported, said, after she was gone, “The bitterness of death is now past;” for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. He declared that she had been a great blessing to him; and observed that he should have been miserable if she had not possessed so great mag-

naminity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing to save his life." He said: "There was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, in whom were united noble birth and fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to himself; but that her behaviour in this extremity exceeded all!"

After the death of her husband upon the scaffold, this excellent woman, encompassed with the darkest clouds of affliction, seemed to be absorbed in a religious concern to behave properly under the afflicting hand of God, and to fulfil the duties now devolved upon herself alone in the care, education, disposal, and happiness of her children—those living remains of her lord, which had been so dear to him, and which were, for his sake, as well as their own, so dear to herself. The following short extracts from one of Lady Russel's letters, addressed to her son, the duke of Bedford, evince her deep piety, and her desire for the spiritual welfare of her children.

"And now, my dear child, I pray, I beseech you, I conjure you, my loved son, consider what there is of felicity in this world that can compensate the hazard of losing an everlasting easy being; and then deliberately weigh whether or no the delights and gratifications of a vicious or idle course of life are such, that a wise or thoughtful man would choose or submit to. Again, fancy its enjoyments at the height imagination can propose or suggest (which rarely or never happens, or, if it does, as a vapour, soon vanishes); but let us grant it could, and last to fourscore years, is this more than the quickest thought to eternity? Oh, my child, fix on that word eternity! Old Hobbes, with all his fancied strength of reason, could never endure to rest or stay upon that thought, but ran from it to some miserable amusement. I remember to have read of some man who, reading in the bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground; the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word eternity, which so struck upon his mind that, from a bad liver, he became a most holy man. Certainly, nothing besides the belief of reward and punishment can make a man truly happy in his life, at his death, and after death. Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last—peace in the evening of each day, peace in the day of death, and peace after death.

"For my own part, I apprehend, I should not much care (if free from pain) what was my portion in this world, if a life to continue, perhaps one year, or twenty, or eighty; but then, to be dust, not to know or be known any more, this thought has something of horror in it to me, and always had, and would make me careless if it

were to be long or short: but to live, to die, to live again, has a joy in it; and how inexpressible is that joy, if we secure an humble hope to live ever happily; and this we may do, if we take care to live agreeably to our rational faculties, which also best secures health, strength, and peace of mind—the greatest blessings on earth. Believe the word of God, the holy scriptures, the promises and threats contained in them; and what most obstructs our doing so, I am persuaded, is fear of punishment. Look up to the firmament, and down to the deep; how can any doubt a divine power? And if there is, what can be impossible to infinite power? Then why an infidel in the world? And, if not such, who then would hazard a future state, for the pleasure of sin a few days? No wise man, and, indeed, no man that lives, and would desire to see good days; for the laws of God are grateful. In his gospel, the terrors of his majesty are laid aside, and he speaks in the still and soft voice of his Son incarnate, the fountain and spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, love, and hope should dwell. The idolatrous heathen performed their worship with trouble and terror; but a Christian with a merry heart and a lightsome spirit. . . . . He rejoiceth with a friend in the good things he enjoys—fears not the approach of any; no evil spirit can approach to hurt him here, or accuse him in the great day of the Lord, when every soul shall be judged according as they have done good or evil. Oh blessed state!—fit for life, fit for death! In this good state, I wish and pray for all mankind; but most particularly, and with all the ardour I am capable of, for those I have brought into the world, and those dear to them. Thus are my fervent and frequent prayers directed, that you may die the death of the righteous, and to this end that Almighty God would endue you all with spiritual wisdom, to discern what is pleasing in his sight."

Lady Russel survived her husband above forty years, and continued his widow to the end of her life. She died in the year 1723, in the 87th year of her age. Her continued hope and trust in him who had been the staff of her life, and her support in affliction, is evidenced by the following declaration, made not long before the end of her days. "God has not denied me the support of his Holy Spirit, in this my long day of calamity; but enabled me, in some measure, to rejoice in him as my portion for ever. He has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure promises of another life; where there is no death, nor any pain, nor trouble, but fulness of joy, in the presence of him who made us, and who will love us for ever."

### FREDERICK WILLIAM III, LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ONE of the chaplains of the late king of Prussia, the father of the present king, has recorded many interesting anecdotes of that pious monarch. Among others, he relates a story which beautifully illustrates more than one important truth. A distinguished officer, Colonel Massenbach, had written something which very much offended his sovereign, and being tried and found guilty of high treason, was condemned to imprisonment in the fortress of Glatz during the royal pleasure. In the winter of 1826 the son of the colonel came to Berlin and expressed a wish to be permitted to speak to the king. The adjutant-general replied that it would for the present be impossible, for the king had had the misfortune to fracture a limb, and was confined to bed, so that none but the physicians and nearest relatives were permitted to see him. Young Massenbach expressed himself extremely sorry, for he had wished personally to return his sincerest thanks for the liberation of his father. "What!" said the adjutant-general Witzleben, "is your father no more in the fortress? where is he then?" "For a week past he has been at home with his family, having been released by order of his majesty." "Impossible!" cried Witzleben; "the king has been for many weeks confined to bed and unable to write, and such an unexpected order could not have been given through any one but myself." As the young man persevered in his assertion, the officer fancied that the domestic affliction had possibly preyed on his spirits and weakened his judgment. After consulting with some other officers, it was resolved to mention the matter to the king.

"I happened to be sitting with the king as Witzleben entered," says the royal chaplain Eylert. "A blush rose on his pale cheek as the adjutant-general told his message. 'It is all quite right,' said his majesty; 'and I will tell you how it happened.' As I last week had a painful, sleepless night, I thought over the scenes of my past life. The remembrance of Colonel Massenbach rose vividly before me, and writhing under my own pains, I felt kindlier thoughts towards him rise in my breast. I prayed for sleep and obtained it, and when I awoke refreshed, the sun was shining on my bed. When suddenly, I know not how, that passage of scripture came into my mind, 'Love your enemies; bless them; that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth

rain on the just and on the unjust.' I did not want to have any talk about it, so I called immediately for pen and paper, and wrote an order to the governor of the fortress at Glatz to set Colonel Massenbach free. I can't see the son. It would be no use. Tell him from me that the past is all forgiven and forgotten, and I wish his father many happy days in the bosom of his family.' The king said this with a calm tone and in a weak voice," says Eylert, "while the tears stood in our eyes. 'What great thing is it?' said his majesty, when Witzleben had retired. 'It is nothing but what every other Christian in similar circumstances ought to do, according to the Saviour's directions. Outward circumstances sometimes make our duty easier. In sickness and under trials, one feels differently and judges more leniently than at other times. It affords me great pleasure to think that this came of itself, and without any outward motives that God put such thoughts into my heart, and gave me power to restore once more to the bosom of his family that man who had grieved me so bitterly.'"

This was all that Eylert knew of the matter; but the story has still another side. The unfortunate colonel had no other prospect than that he must end his days in the prison. He tried every plan, and endeavoured to interest on his behalf all his influential friends. He had written repeatedly to the king himself, but all in vain. And now ten years had passed, and hope had died within him, when one day laying his hand on a religious tract, he read an account of remarkable answers to prayer, and suddenly the thought rushed into his mind that though he had tried every other plan for obtaining his liberty, he had never earnestly asked it as a favour from the Lord. He immediately fell on his knees, and felt that he could pour out his whole soul in believing prayer to his God and his Saviour. After long and earnest prayer he rose from his knees expecting firmly to be set free in God's own time and way, when, lo! the very next day the order arrived commanding the governor of the fortress to let him join his family.

On reading such a story as this, which is well authenticated, one learns to feel how the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, who turneth it where he will, as the rivers of water.

One feels how often in the time of need we try every other scheme for deliverance rather than the simple plan commanded in the scriptures. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." We have so much more confidence in visible aid than in the invisible God who has said, "Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive."

One learns from the pleasure which it afforded the sick monarch to reflect on a good deed, how much happier the man is who can forgive an injury than he who takes revenge or even inflicts, as in this case, well-deserved punishment. Verily, in keeping the commandments of God there is great reward; they have great peace who love his law.

### CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

#### EVERY SHOULDER WAS PEELED.

"Son of man, Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon, caused his army to serve a great service against Tyrus: every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled."—*Ezek. xxix. 18.*

THE Chinese carry burdens upon the ends of a staff, which lies across the shoulder. When the weight does not exceed what one man is able to bear, he divides it, if practicable, into two halves, and places each half in one of the baskets, which are suspended from the ends of the staff. When the load is as much as two men can carry, they hang it to the middle of a stout staff, and divide the burden between them, as our brewers do a small cask of ale. Burdens of all weights, however great, are conveyed from one place to another by this method, a number of men contriving to place ropes in different parts of the object to be removed, and to fasten these ropes to stones, whereby it is lifted and borne off by their united efforts. A huge block of granite, or a heavy piece of ordnance, carriage and all, are sometimes carried in this way. In China, a stranger is often very agreeably surprised at the address with which his burdensome luggage is conveyed to the place of its destination. After his goods and chattels are put into a boat preparatory to landing, he, perchance, contemplates with anxiety their number and their weight, and asks by what means they can be carried to the house of his friend. On landing he is presently surrounded by a troop of coolies or porters, provided with ropes and staves, and before he has settled with the boatman, and looked around to see that all his goods are safe, they are on the way to the dwelling of his future host.

From the frequent rubbing and pressing of the staff upon the bare shoulder of the porter, the skin hardens and becomes callous, thus forming a natural cushion, whereon the staff rests without creating pain. At the same time excessive labour will wear away this hard skin, and excite an inflammatory action below, by which it will be peeled off. This was the case with the men in the army of Nebuchadrezzar; they worked so incessantly in carrying burdens of earth for the forts, which he raised against

Tyre, that their shoulders were peeled, while their heads, employed in the same way, lost their hair. In fetching earth and other materials to the spot, the Chaldean soldiers used their shoulders, as the Chinese are wont to do: when, however, it was necessary to carry them up a ladder, to supply those who wrought upon the wall, the head was used, since a man may walk erect, or ascend a flight of steps, with a weight upon his head, better than he could upon his shoulder. This occasioned a thickening of the skin upon the crown of the head, and interfered with the growth of the hair, for the want of a pad or cushion to ease the effects of the burden.



#### THOUGHTS TO THINK ABOUT.

If we wish God to hear our prayers, we must see that we always hear his word.—*Bp. Hopkins.*

Obedience must be paid, not in order that we may be pardoned, but to show our gratitude for being so.—*Russell.*

It is easy confessing other men's sins.—*Hill.*

In Hebrew, the same word signifies eye, and fountain, as if to imply that the eye would be as much needed for weeping as for seeing.—*M. Henry.*

How happy should we be if we loved God but a little.—*Adam.*

WHEREFORE SERVETH  
THE LAW?

A YOUNG man of a naturally amiable disposition, but who had been a good deal spoiled by the over-indulgence so often sinfully lavished by parents upon an only child, was suspected by his watchful relatives of being in the incipient stage of consumption. The anxiety to obtain for him the best medical advice and to resort without delay to the most active and judicious treatment, was, as may well be imagined, extreme. To this, however, the determined opposition of the young man himself appeared for some time to oppose an insuperable obstacle. The natural unwillingness of youth to submit to confinement or restraint was in his case unfortunately aided by the habit of having in everything his own way; and to this was perhaps added the strange mirage-like tendency of the disease itself to deceive its victims with the promise of life and health. And as the slight short cough and the general appearance of delicacy which so alarmed his anxious parents were as yet the sources of but trivial inconvenience to himself, he ridiculed their apprehensions, and declared that nothing should induce him to put himself upon the doctor's books.

While matters were in this state he received a welcome visit from a school and college friend, a year or two older than himself, and possessed of a very sound practical understanding. To him the poor parents speedily confided their fears and wishes, and entreated him to use his utmost influence to induce a consent to the visit of a physician. He readily promised to do all in his power, but added that they must not blame him if in so doing he should create some alarm in the mind of his friend with respect to his condition. They gave him at once a *carte blanche* to act as he pleased, saying that they confided altogether in his judgment, and expressing at the same time their great doubt of his success.

It was, however, with no small degree of surprise and pleasure that, in the following afternoon, they heard their son exclaim, as he entered the room with an expression of much anxiety upon his countenance, "I wish, dear father, that you would send for Doctor M.; I do not find myself at all as well as I could wish." The request was at once joyfully complied with, and in the interim they eagerly in-

quired of his friend by what means he had so soon and so completely succeeded. He smiled as he replied: "My method was a simple one; I knew that what he needed—free as he is from the sense of pain or illness—was just a practical proof of his being nevertheless very far from his former state of health; without this I felt confident that he never would submit to the visit of a physician, or to the remedies which could be prescribed. I accordingly challenged him in a playful manner to a short race with me up the hill, with which we so often tried our mettle when we were boys. He immediately accepted the challenge; but, poor fellow, he ran, as I expected, but a short way indeed before he had to stop, and to sit down utterly exhausted and panting for want of breath. A few words while in this state sufficed to draw from him the admission that it is not with him as it used to be, and he promised me at once that he would send for the doctor."

This experiment was attended with the happiest result. Under the skilful treatment of his physician, followed by a temporary sojourn in a milder climate, the young man was completely restored to health, and ever after looked upon his friend as an instrument in the hand of God for the preservation of his life.

This little incident seems to furnish an important and admirable illustration of the design of an all-wise God in giving the decalogue—a design with regard to which it is to be apprehended that there exists amongst professing Christians of all classes and denominations no small amount of total and dangerous mistake. The law of the ten commandments is regarded by many as the revelation of a plan and purpose of God whereby man should obtain eternal life, pointing out to him the way of obedience as the way to heaven—saying to him, "do this, and thou shalt live," in order that by so doing he may live eternally. It is admitted, generally speaking, that the plan has failed through man's inability to render to the law that perfect obedience which it demands; and it is believed that, owing to this failure, the Most High had to devise another plan, namely, salvation through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, apprehended by faith as revealed in the proclamation of the gospel. Thus the gospel method of salvation comes too generally to be regarded and undervalued as an *after-thought* of God—an expedient, as it were, only resorted to upon the failure of the first intention; while to

a legal method of salvation, or to one which approximates thereto, is attached all the preference which belongs to the original design.

The fact is, however, that scripture teaches us directly the opposite of this; as any one may satisfy himself by just carefully reading the third chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians. There we find it stated (verse 8) that "God preached before"—that is, before the law—"the gospel unto Abraham." Again (verse 17) we find it affirmed that "the covenant"—that is, the gospel covenant—"that was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law which was four hundred and thirty years after cannot disannul." And again, (verse 19) in reply to the all-important question, "Wherefore then serveth the law?" we read the answer, "It was added"—to the pre-existing gospel covenant—"because of transgressions." Thus the conclusion is manifest that, instead of the law being before the gospel, the gospel was before the law—that the gospel method of salvation, by grace through faith in the atonement of Christ, as preached to Adam and to Abraham in the promise of a Messiah, was the original and only purpose in the mind of God; and that the law was afterwards brought in and "added" to the gospel for another and a different purpose.

Nor are we left in doubt as to what this purpose is; and here it is that our illustration most aptly comes in. "It was added," says the inspired apostle, "because of transgressions;" and why, he further explains in verse 24. "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, that we might be justified by faith." For, as the same apostle tells us, (Rom. iii. 20,) "By the law is the knowledge of sin." The deadly disease of sin within the soul, like that of consumption in the body, is of that insidious and deceptive character that it induces insensibility to its existence—it leads its victim to mistake the hectic of a false excitement for the ruddy hue of health—the fitful energies of fever for the vigour of a sound constitution. In spiritual as in bodily ailment, it holds equally good that "they that be whole"—or that fancy themselves whole—"need not," and, therefore, will not seek, "the physician; but they that are," and know themselves to be, "sick."

The first step, therefore, which is needful, in either instance, is to convince of disease; and God's wise method of doing this is just that of our illustration. He sets fallen man—unconscious of the nature of his fall—to the performance of that which it would require all the strength and all the energies of an unfallen being to accomplish. He demands from him, in full and minute detail, that love of God with "all his heart and soul and strength," and of "his neighbour as himself," which could only be

yielded by a heart and in a life altogether unestranged from God, and untainted by the malady of sin; and he does this in order that man may thus be made practically aware of his own helplessness—may have full proof of his utter incapacity to think or to do that which is good—and, convinced of his disease, its extent, and its deadliness, may be brought to him who is mighty to heal and to save. Thus "the law," the same apostle tells us (1 Tim. i. 8, 9) "is good, if a man use it lawfully"—use it for the purpose for which it was designed of God; "knowing this that the law is not made for a righteous man (to show him how he may attain life by his own obedience), but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners"—to convict them of their sin, to show them by the application of the line and the plummet how far they have departed from rectitude, how crooked, how perverse are all their ways; and thus, divesting them of their insensibility to sin, stripping them of their self-righteousness, to prepare them, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, for the full reception of him who has come "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

A remarkable instance of this "lawful use of the law" meets us in the record (Matthew xix) of our blessed Lord's conversation with the young man who came to him, asking "what good thing he should do that he might inherit eternal life," betraying, as he did, by the very question, his utter ignorance of his own incapacity; and whom, by the application to his conscience of the law in the breadth of its requirement, the Saviour sent sorrowful away.

That such is the great primary purpose for which God has given to us his law, does not militate in the least degree against our also regarding it as a rule of holy life, to which every true Christian will endeavour to conform. This it must be of necessity, inasmuch as it is the expression of that mind and will of God, conformity to which is the very essence of that "newness of life" in which the believer continually walks, inasmuch as likeness to Christ and restoration to the image of God imply and include obedience to the law.

What we should guard against most carefully is, the looking upon the law as in any respect a covenant of salvation—as having to do with entitling man to eternal life, otherwise than by convincing him of sin, by proving to him that he has, or can have, no title in himself to aught except eternal condemnation, and thus urging him to seek and to find the remedy for sin in the blood that "cleanseth from all sin"—the title to life in "the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe."

## THE RESULT OF PRINCIPLE AND CONSISTENCY.

It is very interesting to observe how one good thing generally leads to and links itself with another; for Christianity is like the principle of motion, which ceases to exist when it ceases to proceed. *Grant that a man has got hold of the truth, or, rather, that the truth has got hold of him,* he goes forth directly to seek the diffusion of the truth, and by means of it, to promote the well-being of others. When religion has become diffused in its genuine form, throughout a community, or a land, it instantly seeks to disperse and disseminate itself. No longer a mere theory, a skeleton, a vapour, it projects its principles, its emotions, and its influences all around. One illustration of this may here be given. It was the religious conviction and emotion of Great Britain that abolished the slave trade. That great event, in the year 1806, stirred and stimulated the Christian and benevolent mind of the whole kingdom; and no sooner was the grand object accomplished than the hearts of men were awoken to what they had not thought so much about before—the amelioration of the moral circumstances of the negro population in our West India Islands. Nor was this all. Every negro—every person of colour—that was met with at home, was invested with a new interest, and became the object of the kindest consideration. Societies were formed for the benefit of the black people—for their protection, their education, and their Christian instruction. The wrongs which the race had so long suffered were sought to be redressed by means of blessings poured upon the heads of such of them as were accessible or within our reach. In a sermon preached on behalf of one of these institutions, we remember Dr. Chalmers giving utterance to a fine sentiment on this subject, in somewhat like the following appeal:—"When the despot of France declared war against England, he thought to wreak his vengeance on her by detaining as prisoners every British subject that happened to be in his dominions! Do you imitate him, but in a better way: for the injuries we have inflicted on the negro race, do you go and wreak your *mercy* on every African you meet with!"

In the institution for which Dr. Chalmers preached, there were gathered together all the persons of colour that could be brought within the sphere of its influence. Within a few years these might amount to nearly two hundred individuals. They were taught to read and to write; their moral condition was looked after; and in one or two cases they were successfully protected from the violence of masters, who, having

brought them to this country, had forgotten that here they were no longer their property, and that the moment a slave sets his foot on British ground, he is free. On the sabbath evenings they were collected for worship and instruction; and many were the happy and blessed hours thus employed, during the course of eight or ten years. Very various were the characters of those who came and went, and attended more or less regularly at that school; but there was no more variety, and no greater dissimilarities than are to be found among Europeans, nor, considering all circumstances, were the natural features of their minds worse; in many instances they might be better than in those who had possessed a thousand more and greater advantages. One evening a strange woman came in, who had lately arrived from one of the West India Islands; and having accidentally heard that there was a sabbath evening school for persons of colour, she had found her way to the room where it was held. She listened for a while with much attention, and at length burst into tears, which, upon enquiry, she said she could not restrain, as she was so strongly reminded by the scene then before her of the meetings which she had been accustomed to attend in the place from which she came, where a good minister of the Methodist body used to gather together the slaves of the estate, and speak to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven. This woman was evidently a pious person, and exhibited one of the good traits of the African character—that of the most grateful, warm-hearted attachment to those who were kind to her and sought to do her good. Going back more than once, and returning, in the service of families who moved to and from the West Indies, she always found her way again to the sabbath evening meeting, and generally brought a box of the finest preserves as a gift to her instructor.

On another evening, there chanced to be present in the school, a gentleman who had lately arrived from Sierra Leone, a Captain Macaulay, brother to the late Zachary Macaulay, so well known as the enlightened and indefatigable friend of the African race, and father of the distinguished historian and orator of the present day. Captain M. was somewhat curious to see the specimens in the school of persons of colour, with whom he had become so familiar in the course of his voyages to the African coast. Among many others, there was present in the school on that evening a remarkably fine youth, a pure African, and possessed of the most handsome face and figure, who had for some time been receiving instruction at the day school in the ordinary branches of education, and who was most punctual in his attendance on the

sabbath evenings. He was very clever, became an apt scholar in every department, drew into his mind all sorts of useful knowledge, and was particularly fond of music—his fine voice being pre-eminently heard during the singing of the psalms in the worship of the school. His name was *Strephon Ball*, and his history somewhat singular. Living at Sierra Leone, where he had the opportunity of hearing much about England, he was seized with the most invincible desire to see London. The wish, however, was resisted by his relations, and he had no natural opportunity of having his desire gratified. At last, however, such power had this passion obtained over his mind, that he concealed himself in the hold of a vessel that was about to sail from Sierra Leone for London, and remained undiscovered until the ship had put to sea. In the course of her voyage, the vessel was boarded by a king's ship (for it was then a time of war, and the impressment of sailors into the navy was allowed), and, among others, *Strephon Ball* became one of the crew of his majesty's frigate. This ship was commanded by the Honourable Captain Mackay, brother of the then Lord Reay, who, conceiving a great liking for *Strephon*, made him his own body servant. In this capacity he was at the time to which we are referring; and Captain Mackay, being absent from the service during a winter, and resident in the place where the society existed, sent this youth to receive the education and instruction which were provided by it in the school for persons of his colour.

On the evening above-mentioned, when the exercises were over, and the school about to be dismissed, this young man—black as ebony, and glossy as a japanned ornament—came up to wish his teacher good night; in returning which kind wish, the teacher happened to name him, and to say, "Good night, *Strephon*." When all were gone, Captain Macaulay turned round and said, "What did you call that boy who came and wished you good night?" "*Strephon Ball* is his name," was the reply. "Well," said the captain, "how very strange this is! Just when I was last about to sail from Sierra Leone, a woman of the name of *Ball* came to me, and told me that she had lost her son, a fine youth, who somehow had suddenly disappeared; that she knew he had been smitten with an intense longing to see London, and she thought he must have escaped unobserved in some vessel or other. Knowing whither I was going, she entreated, with tears in her eyes, that I would make some inquiries, and endeavour to restore to her her lost son, or to send some tidings respecting him. And here," added Captain Macaulay, "I have found him! I will write immediately, and let his mother know it, and make her heart glad

with the good account of him which I can now give."

But it was another person who attended this African school whom we had particularly in our eye, and of whom we proposed giving some short account—holding him forth as a striking example of *the result of principle and consistency*.

His name was *John*. He had been brought home from one of the West India Islands, and somehow remained in this country and settled, having obtained work as a labourer. When he first came to the school, he certainly had a very savage and ferocious look, and appeared to be a specimen of the mental and moral degradation to which slavery reduces man—man, originally formed in the image of God! He was sour and sulky, irritable and contentious, and the only attendant at the school of whom his teacher was really afraid. However, *John* was determined to be a scholar, and he began with his A, B, C. Most regular and diligent in his studies, he soon mastered short words, and then long ones, and, in the course of eight months or so, could read the new testament so as to understand it. And when he came really to understand it, then you saw the altered man—and the happy man, unfolding and developing. Nothing could exceed the beautiful progress that became gradually perceptible in the mind and character of that individual. He became as gentle as a lamb. As the sands of ignorance disappeared, the tide of knowledge flowed in. And it was not the mere knowledge which the power of reading gave him. It was spiritual knowledge, brought home by a Divine agency to the heart. The scriptures became his study—his delight. Nothing could be more interesting than his conversation upon all bible subjects, and when at an after-time he offered up the prayer in the public school, as he sometimes was asked to do, such was the copiousness and propriety, and such the unction, that one might have supposed that it was some old and deeply experienced believer who was pouring out his heart at the throne of grace. In short, the tiger was thoroughly tamed. *John* became a new creature, and a monument of that true and effectual teaching which cometh from above. He joined himself to a Christian congregation, and attached himself to the ministry of a sound, faithful, and diligent pastor, who, a few years afterwards, was called to attend him on his death-bed, and who assured the writer, that he never had greater satisfaction in any case, than in the exemplary life and the happy departure of this humble member of his flock.

The great thing is to be steady and consistent. Trials of faith and constancy, sometimes very severe, await those who will be on God's side, but grace grapples with and overcomes them.

We have said that John was a labourer, and his employment was at a large distillery. Here he attracted notice by his diligence and good conduct, and in process of time was promoted from out-of-door work to an in-door occupation. His fidelity in his post still further recommended him, and his situation and earnings were improved. At last an important step was proposed to him. In order to superintend and watch over the last run of the spirits when they are made, and to measure the quantity, the master of the distillery had found the greatest difficulty in finding a person who was proof against the temptation which such a position offered, and which had been found too strong for those who hitherto had held it, many of whom had become victims to the snare which such a position presented to the virtue of ordinary men. But the strict sobriety of John's conduct, and the known firmness of his principles, led to his being appointed to this office, and which he gratefully accepted. On the evening of the following Saturday, however, he found, to his great grief and mortification, that it was necessary that the person who had the charge that was now devolved on him should be in attendance and at his post during the Lord's day. This announcement struck and staggered him for a moment, but his resolution was instantly taken. He did not think it his duty to throw everything into confusion by at once absenting himself on the following day; but contrived, in as far as he could do, what he found to be impossible, to make one class of obligations to consist with the claims of another, even with those of a conscience that was ill at ease and sorely wounded. His mind, however, was quickly made up. He had no hesitation in deciding on what was right, and made no delay in declaring it. On the next morning he went to his master and gave up his situation, intimating at once his reasons for doing so. His master rated him upon his folly; tried to make him ashamed of his scruples; held out to him the importance of keeping a good place when he had got it; advised him not to quarrel with his "bread and butter;" and gave him two or three days to consider the matter, and to decide. At the conclusion of that time John returned and told his master that he had done so, but was immovable. The sabbath, he said, was not his own, nor yet his master's, but was God's; that he had no right to occupy the time of it in the work of his ordinary calling; that, in doing so, he could not look for a blessing upon himself or upon anything he did; that he had a greater concern to attend to on the Lord's day than any earthly object could be; and that he was willing to forfeit all for the sake of a good conscience, and was ready to renounce his employment in the distillery if required, or, at

any rate, to relinquish the promotion he had received, and for which he again expressed himself very thankful.

The result was, that nobody else could be found sufficiently to be trusted with the delicate and dangerous office which John thus gave up. A plan was contrived by which attendance was rendered unnecessary on the sabbath, and the distillery was entirely closed on that day. John continued at his post during the other days of the week, and remained (a black man though he was) to be a bright example of the importance of decision of character and Christian consistency, showing how much good one individual of this stamp may effect, and how much evil he may prevent or bring to a close. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way."

#### PROPOSED OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON THE LORD'S DAY.

MR. OLIVEIRA having given notice of a motion to propose the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's day, the following admirable letter on the subject has been addressed to him, by Edward Baines, esq., of Leeds:—

"TO BENJAMIN OLIVEIRA, ESQ., M.P.

"My dear Sir,—Perceiving from your letter in the *Globe* that it is your intention to propose the opening of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, on the Lord's-day, I take the liberty of explaining to you the views which, in common with great numbers of persons, and I believe with many of your own constituents, I entertain on this subject.

"Few persons have a warmer admiration than myself of the unparalleled collection of objects of interest in the New Crystal Palace, or stronger hopes that the undertaking may prosper, and that it may conduce to the improvement of the public intelligence and taste.

"But I should deprecate the Sunday opening of that palace on the following grounds:—The Lord's-day has, from the days of the apostles, been set apart as a day of rest and of religion; and without entering here into a theological argument, I believe, with many of the first divines, that it is the Christian continuance of the weekly religious rest appointed by our Maker from the creation of man, and expressly included in the moral law as a part of the duty which man owes to God. I regard it, too, as one of the greatest blessings conferred by God upon his creatures; first, because it is a respite from physical labour, and secular employments, which would otherwise prematurely wear out

health and vigour; and second and chiefly, because it affords the means of that moral and spiritual improvement which God has inseparably connected with the performance of our duty to himself. Without this heaven-appointed relief, the labourer would be brutalized by incessant toil, and all above the labourer would be secularised by incessant worldly engagements. But observe, we have no scriptural sanction for a day of rest, except that which makes it a day of religion. Take away the religious character of the Lord's day, and you take away our best, if not our only, security for the day of rest. In this, as in other things, man's duty has been made his privilege: his relief from bodily toil has been connected with the far higher interests of his immortal being: nor can any one disallow the claims of the Creator, without thereby inflicting the deepest wrong upon the creature.

"If, then, the Lord's-day is expressly designed as a day of religious observance and improvement, it cannot properly be used either for purposes of amusement or of mere intellectual cultivation.

"The law and general usage of England are in accordance with these views. On Sunday, not only are the pursuits of industry suspended, not only are the Houses of Parliament, the courts of law, and the government establishments closed, but places of public amusement are shut, and the institutions of science, literature, and secular education are suspended. In obedience to the general sentiment, our national museums and galleries, our public libraries, our philosophical and literary societies, our mechanics' institutions, our universities, our schools, our lectures, our public exhibitions of all kinds, are closed. Public meetings for secular purposes are not held. With a few most undesirable exceptions in London, newspapers are not issued; and of course we have on that day no theatrical performances, no races, no games.

In England, then, beyond dispute, the Lord's-day is generally consecrated to religion, as well as to repose. And we have been accustomed to regard this as one of the most honourable distinctions of our country. It is very different in many countries of the continent, where the sabbath is half destroyed and half perverted; where the morning is given to business, the afternoon and evening to pleasure. Nearly all the establishments, institutions, and places of amusement which we close in England, are thrown most widely open. The consequence to religion is disastrous. Between work and pleasure, the observances of religion are huddled into a corner, if not wholly forgotten; and we see polite, elegant, and educated nations, of whom we are compelled to say that their higher

duties and their highest interests are awfully neglected.

"When the Great Exhibition was held in the first Crystal Palace, England nobly maintained her character. To the surprise of visitors from all lands, this palace was shut, and the world was told that our nation 'remembered the sabbath-day to keep it holy.' Who can say whether the commencement just made of a religious observance of the sabbath in Paris, may not in some measure be traced to that example?

"Why should we forfeit our character, by inconsistently opening the new Crystal Palace on the Lord's-day? If it was right to close the first palace, it would be wrong to open the second. There is nothing in the exhibition itself to justify the change. Like the former, this palace is dedicated mainly to art, and in some degree to commerce, though with the added attraction of a garden. It is a school for the fine arts, for antiquities, for history, for botany, for ethnology, for geology, for various branches of the useful arts. Legitimately used, it will extend the knowledge and improve the taste of the people, and be a place of delightful recreation. But all its uses and characters are secular. It has no religious object or tendency whatever. It is a commercial speculation, though of a most praiseworthy and public-spirited kind. Visitors are admitted for money; the trade departments are let to manufacturers and artists of all nations, to exhibit their wares; refreshments are sold there; great numbers of persons are employed in the palace, the grounds, and the railway."

"The more attractive and fascinating is the place, the more extensive is the sabbath desecration that would ensue. If the building were opened at a low charge on Sunday—as it must be to answer the purpose—tens of thousands of persons would flock from London and all parts of Britain to visit it. All the railways would arrange cheap trips, to carry the working classes to the Sunday exhibition. It would be advertised in every newspaper and placarded on every wall. Never has there been an object that would draw so many persons from their homes and their duties. Of course the more distant travellers would need accommodation and refreshments, which would lead to the employment of great numbers of victuallers and their servants. There cannot be a doubt that the measure which you advocate would diminish the attendance on public worship and at Sunday-schools, and would give an impulse to sabbath desecration which would extend to the whole country.

"Nor would the mischief end here. If the Palace at Sydenham be opened, all the public institutions and exhibitions I have named above,

and all places of public amusement throughout Britain, must be opened likewise. In fact, the English sabbath would then be gone. The law must be altered, and it must be altered on some principle of consistency. Parliament must proclaim that the Lord's-day shall not, as formerly, be a day of religion. It would be pretended that the cultivation of the taste and the intellect, and refined kinds of amusement, were equally proper employments for the day; and, therefore, the opening of every institution, exhibition, and place of resort which ministered to those ends would receive legislative sanction.

"Such are the consequences that would result from the success of your intended motion. But they would not end here. If the religious bulwark of the Lord's-day were thrown down, nothing could prevent Mammon with all his rabble from rushing in at the breach. Labour would be put in requisition for seven days of the week; and the sacred rest of the sabbath would be a thing of the past. Or, if recreation were still sought for, one kind of amusement would be declared as good as another, and in the end we should have amusements of all kinds competing for votaries, with every attraction that could seduce the young and unwary.

"You hope that the Crystal Palace would draw persons out of the public-house. It is not certain, however, that it would have that effect; because it is to be supposed that most of those who frequent the public-house on Sunday prefer the sensual gratification of drinking to the gratification of the taste and intellect. But if in some cases it should have that effect, would parliament be justified in encouraging one method of desecrating the sabbath, for the sake of discouraging another mode? Certainly not. In my judgment, parliament ought to shut the public-houses on the Sunday, because of the enormous mischief proved to result from their being open; and the brief experience we have of the effects of such a measure in Scotland leads to the belief that virtue and morality would be incalculable gainers. But there could not be a falser or more dangerous principle, than that parliament is to choose among modes of breaking the sabbath, and to give its public sanction to any one of them. The duty of parliament is not to sanction any; for if it does, it becomes responsible for all the consequences. There are different degrees of enormity in crime; but the magistrate would not be warranted in encouraging the smallest, even for the sake of discouraging the most heinous. In one view, the more specious forms of irreligion are worse than the grosser forms, because the evil of the latter is acknowledged, whereas the former may be conceived to be right and proper.

"With these views, you will not be surprised

at my promising to give all the opposition in my power—small as that power is—to the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's-day. Happily there are many persons of vastly greater influence who will exert it in the same direction. I believe the ministers of religion, the Sunday school teachers, and a very great number of those who venerate and love religion, will take the same course. The measure, depend upon it, will not be carried without an opposition of the most formidable nature.

"But I am convinced you will not persevere in your announced intention if you should see that it would lead to evil results, or would pain and offend multitudes of your fellow-countrymen. I therefore respectfully entreat you to weigh the reasons which are opposed to the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's-day, and not to allow any considerations of taste or elegant recreation to lead you to compromise the infinitely higher interests of religion.

"I am, dear Sir,  
Your faithful, humble servant.

"EDWARD BAINES."

"Leeds, June 23, 1854."

#### THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN.

Look yonder at the meadow fair,  
See how the swallows frolic there;  
Now wheeling round in airy ring,  
And now away on rapid wing;  
They never stop their merry play  
Because it is the sabbath day.

List to the lark, whose voice so shrill  
Seems far and wide the air to fill;  
Observe him as he mounts on high,  
And takes his music to the sky;  
'Tis not to welcome God's blest day  
He sings his loud exulting lay.

The bee is out among the flow'rs,  
Still toiling, as on week-day hours;  
Exploring ev'ry leaf and bell,  
And storing honey in its cell;  
No lighter load he bears away,  
Because it is the sabbath day.

Gay grasshoppers among the grass  
Make merry music as we pass;  
See how they skip and frisk along,  
Responsive to their own light song;  
They never change their sonnet gay  
To suit the solemn sabbath day.

Man only makes a solemn pause,  
In recognition of its laws;  
His tools of husbandry put by,  
Unhandled in the furrow's lie;  
His toiling hand now rests to pay  
Due homage to this hallow'd day.

For him the sabbath was designed,  
To him its benefits confin'd;  
It comes with a fresh pow'r to bless,  
As wearied, on we forward press,  
Inviting us with smiles to stay  
And rest upon the sabbath day.

ELLEN ROSENTHAL.



## Page for the Young.

## MOTHER'S LAST PRESENT.

The following affecting incident was related by C. A. Dudley, esq., at an anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday-school Union. In the county of Kent lives or lived a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the sabbath school connected with his church. They had the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months: at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two bibles of large print, which she had long used to a good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and, oh sir, who knows what it may do?"

A pious soldier conveyed the bible to the widow's son, whom he found the ringleader of vice in the regiment in which he had enlisted. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah," he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed she was dead; "but," he added, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver (presenting him the bible), and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse at least of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not much to ask, (opening the bible); so here goes."

He opened the bible at the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that is very odd. I have opened at the only verse in the bible I could ever learn by heart; when I was in the Sunday-school, I never could, for the life of me, learn another. It is very strange. But who is this we mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and of the invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation. From that hour the widow's son became a changed man, and was as noted for his exemplary conduct as he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after his conversion, this regiment engaged with the enemy. At the close of the engagement, the pious soldier in walking through the field of blood, beheld under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James Blackhead reclining on the bible, which was open at the passage, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He had gone to his eternal rest. Mr. Dudley said he had fre-

quently held his bible in his own hand: there were not less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. The word of the Lord is quick and powerful. The only verse this poor man ever committed to memory, was the means under God of bringing the widow's son out of darkness into marvellous light; and he is now, we trust, uniting in the song of the redeemed in heaven.

**WISDOM IN A FOOL.**—A baronet of the last century, whose mansion was in Yorkshire, was supposed to be dead; when the following conversation took place between his jester, or fool, and his servants.

*Serv.* Our master is gone!

*Jester.* Ah! whither is he gone?

*Serv.* To heaven, to be sure.

*Jester.* To heaven! no, that he is not, I am certain.

*Serv.* Why so?

*Jester.* Why? because heaven is a great way off; and when my master was going a long journey, he used, for some time, to talk about it, and prepare for it; but I never heard him speak of heaven, or saw him make any preparations for going; he cannot, therefore, be gone thither.

The baronet, however, recovered; and this conversation being told him, he was so struck with it, that he immediately began to prepare for his journey to that country "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

**THE flower of youth never looks so well as when it bends to the Sun of righteousness.**

**ETERNITY.**—The following beautiful reply was given to the question, "What is eternity?" by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris:—"The life-time of the Almighty."

THE Thracians had a striking emblem of the almighty power of God. It was a sun with three beams—one shining upon a sea of ice and melting it; another upon a rock and melting it; and a third upon a dead man, and putting life into him. And so the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: it melts the coldest heart into love; it brings the hardest heart into a state of uniform obedience to the will of God; and quickens those who were dead in trespasses and sins.

**RABBI ELIEZER** said to his disciples, "Turn to God one day before your death." "How can man," was their reply, "know the day of his death?" "True," said Eliezer, "therefore, you should turn to God to-day; perhaps you may die to-morrow; thus every day will be employed in turning to him." "Behold now is the accepted time"—"for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



LUTHER SINGING IN THE STREETS OF MAGDEBURG.

## THE STORY OF A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

NO. I.

ADAPTED FOR THE YOUNG.

If you look at the map of Germany, and especially at that division of it generally known by the name of Prussia, you will see the river Vipper traced there; and following its course a little way, you will find the town of Mansfield, a place celebrated for its iron mines. At Mansfield, about 368 years ago, a poor woodcutter might often have been seen, followed by a bright, high-spirited little boy, on his way to the neighbouring forest, where he was wont to spend

whole days in his hard labour. The mother, too, often accompanied her child; he proud, no doubt, to add his little fagot to the general store, and working, as all active healthy children will work, with all his heart. Martin, for so the little boy was called, was brought up with great severity. Children in the present day have but little idea of the rigour with which parents were accustomed to treat their little ones 300 years ago. There appeared to be but one remedy known for the faults of the young, and that was the rod, which was used with heavy and unsparing hand. Thus, little Martin, who was a passionate self-willed child,

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

anted such discipline, and when he grew to be a man, he said that he became very timid from the treatment he received in childhood.

The circumstances of the boy's parents gradually improved. John Luther, the father, shortly left his occupation of wood-cutter, and obtained employment in the mines. By industry and perseverance he made his way, until, at length, he established two small furnaces for iron, by the side of which little Martin grew and prospered.

We have all of us had our dreams in childhood. Would not our young readers like to know what were those of Martin, as he watched the busy workmen at the forges?

Times gradually improved, and John Luther, an honest sensible man, became of some importance, and was elected one of the council of Mansfield, the chief town of the district so called. This was a fine thing for Martin, since his father's position warranted him to invite to his table, schoolmasters, priests, and learned men; for, although he had had but little education in his youth, he had a great respect for learning in others, and as the intelligent child listened to the talk of the company at their simple meals, he used to long for the time when he, too, might be able to join in such conversation, and be himself a schoolmaster or a man of letters.

So time passed on. The boy was carefully trained in the knowledge of God, so far, at least, as his parents were acquainted with it, and was sent to school, where he was taught the heads of the catechism, the ten commandments, the apostles' creed, and the Lord's prayer. A little Latin, too, he learned in the school of Mansfield, but the poor child had never been taught anything of the love of God, and every time he heard that name which now fills the heart of many a young one with joy and peace, Martin turned pale with terror. He saw not in Jesus Christ the Friend of sinners—the gentle Shepherd of the lambs—the same Saviour who laid his hands on little children and blessed them; but he regarded him rather as an angry judge, to whom he dared not pray, except through the intercession of saints and angels.

At fourteen years of age, Martin left home. He was to be a learned man; this was his ambition, as well as that of his father, and, accordingly, the boy, without a friend in the place, was sent to the town of Magdeburg to study hard, and to get his bread how and where he could. His master was one belonging to the Franciscans; for, as you probably know, most convents and monasteries had schools for the young attached to their institutions, where the monks taught such things as they themselves knew. A sorrowful life was that of Martin while here. Boys

who are at comfortable schools, and who go to bed at night and rise at morning, finding all their wants supplied, and who yet grumble now and then at the simplicity and plainness of school fare, would do well to think of the little pale thin lad, and companions as poor as himself, who, when hurried out of the monastery after the hours of instruction were over, had something else to do besides play till the dinner-bell rang. His father's allowance of money was not sufficient to supply his necessities, and when it failed, he was wont to go and sing from house to house, some of those fine old hymns, such as even at the present day one may hear young voices carol in the streets of German towns. At Christmas they were about the infant Jesus born at Bethlehem; but little did Martin think how precious he, of whom he then so ignorantly sang, would one day become to his soul, and how for his dear name he was to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross. At this very time God seemed to be preparing the boy for his future service. In a life of ease he might never have attained to the power and strength of character which were so eminently his. Do not then wish to have all things go smoothly with you. You little know what part in the world God designs for you; but remember he who knows the end from the beginning has planned your lot, and if sorrows come in early youth, receive them as promises that by sorrow God means to teach you lessons of endurance, which in joy you would never learn.

And so time passed on with the boy-scholar. At Eisenach, whither his father removed him, and where John Luther had relations living, his privations were still almost as severe. The relations cared little for Martin, and his spirits quailed as he stood one day, faint and weary, before the door of an honest citizen's house. Three times already had he raised his sweet voice in vain before other doors, but now it seemed that not a note would sound, and instead of song came tears. It was all over—all his hopes and dreams. "I must go back to Mansfield, and work in the mines," he thought, "and give up study for ever."

Who was it that fed Elijah? Who was it that said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father?" The very same who put it into the heart of a kind woman to beckon to the lonely mournful child, and whisper words of comfort, and afterwards to take him into her house, feed him, and cherish him with tenderness and care. Good Ursula Cotta! She little thought when she fed the starving lad, that she was strengthening the Lord's work. Another lesson for you, dear children. We do not know the extent of good which one little act of kindness to another, done humbly as unto the Lord,

may effect. A few days more passed, and Martin Luther had found a home with Conrad and Ursula Cotta, which, when his studies were over for the day, he was wont to gladden by the tones of his fine melodious voice, or his performances on the flute and lute. "There is nothing sweeter," he said in after years, when speaking of the kind, motherly Ursula, "than the heart of a pious woman."

Martin's childhood is at length over. The great difficulties of Latin, etc., are mastered. He has laboured hard at rhetoric, sermon making, and verse making. "Good-hearted," he was called by all who knew him; bright, cheerful, obliging, and learned for his age he was; yet one thing he lacked. Luther had never yet repented of sin; he knew nothing of having passed from death unto life. What sort of religion was Luther's then? for he was accustomed to pray, and could talk and reason well on theology. I will tell you. It was a religion without Christ—cold, heartless, and very melancholy. He was now eighteen years of age, and his father determined to send him to the celebrated University of Erfurt, which you will find marked on the map of Prussia, as well as the other towns I have named. While here he was thoughtful and serious; he felt his dependence on God, prayed much and often, and went to church regularly.

One day—oh, what a day in Martin's history! —one memorable day, when looking over the books of the library at Erfurt, he found a BIBLE. You have bibles in your house—one, two, three; ah, more perhaps than you can count, or than you know. Almost every young child who can read, in families where the word of God is valued, has a bible. Sunday scholars carry little bibles in their school-bags, and almost every one, in our country, however poor, might have one if but the desire were in the heart. But Luther had never even seen a bible. He had heard portions of it at church, and he thought that he had heard it all; but here were whole chapters and books with the names and contents of which he was quite unacquainted. "Oh," thought he, after reading for the first time the story which you doubtless heard long since on your mother's knee—that of the child Samuel—"Oh, that God would give me such a book for my own." This bible was in Latin, not in his native language, German, but its truths were the same; and again and again, like one who has found a precious pearl, did the young scholar return to the precious volume. The work of translating that bible was reserved for him. Surely it was God who caused Martin to find his own word. One of the biographers of Luther truly says, that in that old book, laid long on a dusty shelf, the Reformation lay hid.

At this most interesting moment of Luther's life, we will for the present leave him; but before you lay aside the book will you just compare your feelings in opening God's word with those of the young scholar at Erfurt. Do you rejoice in the possession of that which he so earnestly desired? Have you in fact ever thanked God for the bible? If not, do so now, and lift up your young hearts to him with the prayer, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

[To be continued.]

### THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

WHOEVER has read "Peter the Whaler" will remember his description of an unexpected meeting with some Esquimaux, in those northerly regions where the temperature is frequently 30° below zero. He says: "We had rounded the rocky point, and were dragging our sledges towards our hut, when what was our surprise to see a group of human beings, clothed from head to foot in skins, standing round it, examining it apparently with much curiosity. On seeing us, they drew up in a line and advanced slowly towards us down the hill. They numbered twice as many as we did, and as they had arms in their hands, Andrew ordered us to stop, to see what they would do. Show them that we wish to be friends, lads; and place your lances and the guns on the ground," said Andrew. We did as he directed; and instantly the Esquimaux, for such we saw they were, threw aside their spears and knives, and cried out 'Tima, Tima!' and advanced with outstretched arms towards us." As the reader might expect, it soon came to a hearty shaking of hands, the author says "as hearty as if we were the oldest friends each other had in the world." And then follow many pleasing incidents illustrative of their friendliness, honesty, and good nature.

The other day a little boy, whose mother was reading to him these wonderful adventures of Peter the Whaler, asked her whether any missionaries had been sent to the Esquimaux. That was a truly sensible question, and to a right-minded person no inquiry can be more deeply interesting. Indeed, whatever exploits can be related as giving fame to a country, and whatever discoveries may have been made in it, there is no man whose voyages, explorations and achievements are watched with such interest by angels, and by Christ as are those of the missionary who penetrates the wild haunts of the savage that he may bring souls to the Saviour. Now it is a happy thing for the walrus and bear-hunters of the frozen regions that we can satisfy the mind of our little friend on this point; and

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

It cannot but awaken gladness in the hearts of those who "know the joyful sound," to hear that among the icebergs of the arctic circle there are to be found preachers of the gospel as bold as any whaler, and that the God whom winds and waves obey, and who "scatters his ice like morsels," has given the rude destroying elements charge not to hurt them.

The Moravians, or "United Brethren," are the champions of the missionary enterprize in the snowy north, and wonderful are the hair-breadth deliverances which they have had to recount while contending with the awful barriers that surround the ice-locked pole. Although they had taken part in previous attempts which had failed of success, nothing daunted, they determined, in the year 1769, to try and found a mission on the coast of Labrador, a territory which so many ships have passed in search of Sir John Franklin. Its north-eastern shores are washed by the waves of Hudson's Strait, or rather by such streams of sea-water as can find a tide course through the immense field of ice which opens into the North Atlantic Ocean.

As no regular communication with Labrador could be found by way of Newfoundland, the brethren wisely determined to purchase a vessel of a small size, but fitted to encounter the floes of the polar seas, well known as "tight and sound, and a prime sailer." This sloop was soon manned with a brave "ship's company," most of whom were members of the society. By the goodness of God, the party reached their destination in the following July, and came to a friendly understanding with the natives, chose a place for a settlement, and all returned safe and sound to England in the autumn of the same year.

So far all was fair and promising, and during the winter, a large vessel, called *The Amity*, was purchased by the company, stored by the society, and despatched the next May, for the intended station. The company numbered fourteen, including the wives of three, and a fine old missionary named Drachart, who had laboured among "Greenland's icy mountains" for twelve years. Before they set sail, however, Drachart and two others were admitted to an audience with the secretary of state for the American colonies; some of the conversation which then passed will show what was the spirit in which this work was undertaken. His lordship asked whether Drachart could speak English? "No." "Where had he been for some time past?" "In Yorkshire." "And cannot speak English?" Drachart replied that "he was too old to learn." His lordship looked at Drachart with concern, and said, "Dear sir, then you are certainly too old to go to Labrador," and turning to the secretary of

the society who came with the deputation, added, "Indeed, sir, you should not send this old gentleman to such a savage people." The reply was that "it was his own earnest desire to go," and the minister exclaimed, "I protest you are the only public-spirited people I know, and may God prosper you." Drachart being told what he had said, pointed upwards and answered, "There is one above who can bring me through, and if he only gives me grace to see one more Esquimaux brought to the feet of Jesus with my dear Karpik, I shall esteem all difficulties light." This was interpreted to his lordship, who was much pleased and struck, and remarked, "Well, indeed I know no people like you." Karpik was a youth to whom Drachart had been the instrument of conversion to Christ, and who had died happily in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to life everlasting.

They left the shores of England commended in solemn prayer to the grace of God, and after struggling for thirteen weeks, were driven by storms into shallow waters full of sunken rocks, and islands alternating with towering ice-walls; they were welcomed by the rejoicing shouts of the poor savages, and having taken up their quarters at Nain, sent the *Amity* back to London for supplies. The next year, 1772, found the *Amity* again in the North Atlantic. But this time the company determined to fish for awhile on the banks of Newfoundland with a view to help the expenses of the mission. Hence it was late in the autumn before they could reach Labrador, and by this time the little colony of brethren was in great distress. They had well nigh given up all hope of seeing their friends that year, and as winter was drawing near, their position was truly fearful. They had but two pieces of butcher's meat left, and very little food of any kind. So they had hunted for the black and red berries growing on the hills, and had put them carefully by to dry. No pen can describe the joy with which every heart among those noble philanthropists bounded when the *Amity* was recognised gallantly coming in with her precious cargo. One of them observed, "The ship's staying away so long had two effects—1st, it convinced us that nothing is too hard for the Lord, and that he can command the seas to remain open even to this late period of the year, so as to allow the approach of the vessel sent for our relief. In the 2nd place, it made us all the more thankful for the provision sent us."

From this time the missionary ship went safely backwards and forwards till 1777, when she was replaced by the *Good Intent*. This vessel, on her homeward voyage in 1778 was captured by a French privateer, but re-captured by a British cruiser before she could reach a

French port. The captain, indeed, and the crew were taken into Dunkirk, but they, with the society's papers, were soon returned, and the event was singularly overruled by the God in whom they trusted, for the safety of the ship in future voyages. It led to their receiving a safe-conduct both from the French king and the American minister who was then at the court of Versailles. That minister was the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin; and the following is a copy of his document:—

"To all captains and commanders of vessels of war, privateers, letters of marque, belonging to the United States of America:—

"Gentlemen, The religious society, commonly called the 'Moravian brethren,' having established a mission on the coast of Labrador, for the conversion of the savages there to the Christian religion, which has already had good effects in turning them from their ancient practices of surprising, plundering, and murdering such white people, Americans and Europeans, as for the purposes of trade or fishery happened to come on that coast, and persuading them to a life of honest industry, and to treat strangers with humanity and kindness.

"And it being necessary, for the support of this useful mission, that a small vessel should go there every year to furnish supplies and necessaries for the missionaries and their converts, which vessel for the present year is a sloop of about seventy tons, called the Good Intent, whereof is master Francis Mugford.

"This is to request you, that, if the said vessel should happen to fall into your hands, you would not suffer her to be plundered, or hindered in her voyage, but on the contrary, would afford her any assistance she may stand in need of; wherein I am confident your conduct will be approved of by the congress and your owners. Given at Passy, this 11th day of April, 1779.

\*      "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,  
"Minister Plenipotentiary, from the United  
States, at the Court of France."

Such is but one of innumerable instances in which the servants of God find that they have reason to re-write the ancient record, "And the curse was turned into a blessing." How many times has this been repeated as a fact in the experience of those whose hope is in the Lord their God!

For six years from this time the *Amity* was again employed in behalf of the mission, and thus accomplished fifteen years of good service, as a handmaid of mercy to the devoted band who had voluntarily left the easy home-steads of Britain to spend their days in bringing sons and daughters from afar to Christ.

Henceforward, for about thirteen years, we find the society's vessel bearing a new name, but one equally appropriate to the character of their vocation. The *Harmony*, which was launched from Bursledon, near Southampton, in April, 1787, performed six voyages without any remarkable occurrence, but on the seventh, the hearts of all the brethren in England were thrown into sad apprehension and trembling, as she did not appear to her time. The sea ran so high that the captain and crew had little hope of her outriding it. But many special prayers were sent up to God, not only from cabin, and deck, and mast-head of the labouring vessel, but from the homes and meeting-houses of the English brethren also, that the God who commands the universe and cares for all his servants would grant them safety. And at length all fears were at an end, as the *Harmony* sailed up Yarmouth Roads on the 13th January, 1798. One thing only damped the joy of this meeting: the first instance of death had now to be reported. The brother Kriegelstein had taken violent cold while on shore at Stromness, in the Orkneys, where the ships usually called on their way home. Inflammation succeeded, and he was speedily called to his rest. But it was some comfort to his friends that the body had not been left upon an unknown shore, or in the wide, wide sea; for they had safely conveyed it to England, and the first interment of a Labrador missionary took place in their own burial-ground at Chelsea.

The Arctic shoals and ice-fields were not the only foes which the adventurers had to encounter in those days. They were times of war, and man's most dreaded enemy was man. Not infrequently the most successful sail would prove the most perilous, and just as the gallant crew were shouting their hurrah at having emerged from a wilderness of islands and frozen blocks, they found themselves running into the jaws of a powerful foreign frigate. And in those wild seas what mercy could they expect? What tribunal was there to appeal to? Who was there to prevent even the vilest injustice or the most remorseless cruelty? Yes, there was One whose eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good, "without whom not even a sparrow falleth to the ground," who has said to his servants, "I will cause the enemy to entreat thee well," whose "name is a strong tower, into which the righteous runneth and is safe." The Lord of hosts was with the pursued missionaries. He was "a refuge" for them, as the following incidents will show. The *Harmony*, having set sail from the coast of Labrador in the autumn of 1797, reached the Orkney Islands in safety, after a passage of less than three weeks. Here she found a vessel, named the *Apollo*,

vessels, destined to convoy the Hudson's Bay ships home. Two of them arrived the following day, but one was missing. A fortnight of vain expectation having passed, the *Apollo* went in quest of her, and fell in with a French frigate, whose business was to capture the Hudson's Bay ships. The *Apollo* attacked her and compelled her to strike. This very frigate had been seen by the *Harmony* one moonlight night, a little before she arrived at Stromness; but through the good providence of God the enemy had not perceived her, and she was preserved from instant surrender or a fearful conflict, which must have ended in defeat. In less than a month after the whole convoy were cheered by English voices as they anchored in the Thames.

But a still more remarkable preservation occurred in 1803, to the next vessel purchased by the company. This was the *Resolution*. She made a safe passage, though detained three weeks, by the ice on the coast, and the captain having duly visited the three settlements now established, hastened away that he might catch the convoy at Stromness, as he had always done before. But great was the disappointment of the London friends when the Hudson's Bay ships sailed up the river without even tidings of the missionary vessel, especially as they now heard of storms raging in the northern seas, which had strewn then with many a wreck. At length, however, a letter came, which informed them of the following facts:—The *Resolution* had got within three days' sail of the Orkneys when the easterly gales drove her back and kept her at sea three weeks longer. But those furious winds had met her as the messenger of a merciful God. One day she was chased by a French frigate, brought to, and forced to keep her company; but the sea was so tempestuous that it was impossible for the crew of the frigate to board the *Resolution*. Thus it continued all night and the next day. The second night, too, was dark and boisterous, and the captain now determined to attempt an escape. Accordingly, with all the sail the ship could carry, they dashed away into the gloomy waste, and saw no more of the pirate for two days, when they had the worst to fear from meeting her again. Should they now be captured, it would be worse for them than if they had never left her. The most terrible vengeance might be expected. Again, however, the howling tempest rose to their relief; no boat could be put out, and night coming on before the gale subsided, once more our heroes had to bless God for their deliverance.

The perils and escapes of these lion-hearted men have not yet been half told. We have to

narrate, in our next number, some of the most exciting details a polar history ever furnished, and we shall see in them all the striking interpositions of Jehovah for the rescue and preservation of his oft-endangered ark. But meantime our readers can fully sympathise with the straits of our dear countryman, James Montgomery, who thus celebrated the centenary of the "Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel," in 1841.

"To-day, one world-neglected race  
We fervently command  
To thee and to thy word of grace;  
Lord, visit and befriend  
A people scattered, peeled, and rude,  
By land and ocean solitude,  
Cut off from every kinder shore  
In dreary Labrador.

Thither, while to and fro she steers,  
Still guide our annual bark,  
By night and day, through hopes and fears,  
While, lonely as the aik  
Along her single track, she braves  
Gulfs, whirlpools, ice-fields, winds and waves,  
To waft glad-tidings to the shore  
Of longing Labrador.

How welcome to the watcher's eye  
From morn till even fix'd,  
The first faint speck that shows her nigh,  
Where surge and sky are mix'd!  
Till looming, large and larger yet,  
With bounding prow and sails full set.  
She speeds to anchor on the shore  
Of joyful Labrador.

Then hearts with hearts, and souls with souls  
In thrilling transport meet,  
Tho' broad and dark the Atlantic rolls  
Between their parted feet;  
For letters thus, with boundless range,  
Thoughts, feelings, prayers can interchange,  
And once a year join Britain's shore  
To kindred Labrador.

Then, at the vessel's glad return,  
The absent meet again;  
At home our hearts within us burn  
To trace the cunning pen,  
Whose strokes, like rays from star to star,  
Bring happy messages from far,  
And once a year to Britain's shore  
Join Christian Labrador.

#### CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### THE SWARM OF FLIES.

"And the Lord did so: and there came a grievous swarm of flies into the house of Pharaoh, and into his servants' houses, and into all the land of Egypt: the land was corrupted by reason of the swarm of flies."—Exod viii. 24.

The flies that appear to be assailing the buffalo in the engraving accompanying this article, resemble the *Taenias*, or a family of flies which is furnished with a powerful apparatus for blood-letting.

The name by which the Chinese distinguish this insect is very striking—the fly that drives the cattle mad.

It is proper for us to state, that the æstrus, or gadfly of the ancients, does not appear to be the same as that which in modern times bears these names. Different species of the present æstrus deposit their eggs in the skin of the ox, the sheep, and the horse, but the larvæ, or bots, into which they are changed, seem to create no pain, but have, by close observers, been considered as having a salutary effect upon the health of those animals, after the same principle that counter-irritation has a wholesome effect upon man in many disorders.

The æstrus of the Greeks, the asilus of the Latins, and the gadfly of our forefathers, was a species of *Tabanus*, or horse-fly, in our judgment, since the characters of that genus best agree with the accounts which are given of the æstrus, by the classic writers of antiquity, and suit the etymology of gadfly, which it is easy to see comes from *gad*, the vertigo, or whirling round of madness—whence we have our own adjective, giddy, and fly. It was an insect, then, that drove the cattle mad with the fear and torment of its terrible lancets. It is remarkable that the Chinese term (the fly that drives the cattle mad), and the English name, should correspond so exactly in the nature of their derivation. The hind, who in the west of Europe saw that his herd were hurried into distraction by the visit of a certain fly, could not fail to give it a name expressive of that fact. The rustic among the mountains, in the central provinces of China, who found that the voice of the driver was not heeded, and fences and streams formed no barriers to his cattle, when once the humming of a certain fly was heard, could not choose but to give it a designation which pointed to that circumstance.

The torture that is inflicted upon man and beast by insects, in warm climates, when a marsh or a river happens to be in the vicinity, can hardly be guessed at by those who spend their days in this happy country. Yet, those who have received a wound from the *Tabanus cæcutiens*, or common horse-fly, perceive how a small insect can occasion an intolerable smarting, and fetch blood at the same time. If, instead of an occasional visit from such an eager blood-sucker, we had to encounter a swarm at every turn, our enjoyments would be at an end, and our life a burden. The Egyptians, exposed to such assaults, must have appeared like a nation of madmen, running to and fro, and beating the air, in unavailing attempts to drive away their keen pursuers. It is no marvel then, that the sacred writer says the laird was destroyed by the flies, since all the comforts that it yielded for man were for a time virtually annihilated. This punishment, inflicted upon Pharaoh and his subjects for the hardness of their hearts,

well deserves the name of plague. Pharaoh, however, under the shelter of a *canopium*, or awning, to keep off insects, might fare better than his subjects, who were obliged by the calls of duty to venture from their hiding-places.

In the East, during the night, we have often found a safe retreat within the mosquito curtains, which let in the light and the air, while they exclude our tiny assailants. But when on a journey, with a small allowance of baggage, and a scantier amount of accommodation, we often discovered that fasting, long marches, and the colds of night, were easier to be borne than the annoyance of the mosquito.

In many parts of the new continent, the minute sand-fly harasses the traveller perpetually, whenever his route lies by the sea-shore, or by the margin of a river. It is so small that it is always felt before it is seen, and the poor victim, ever and anon, turns with agonising haste to search for the cause of his pain. When the writer of these remarks was at San Blas, in Mexico, he laid one of these sand-flies under a microscope, to ascertain the nature of the organs, that could give so much smart. He found that it had a very large proboscis, which, by its tapering form, was admirably calculated for penetrating the skin. There is a kind of gadfly in South America too, named *æstrus hominis*, which deposits its eggs in the skin of man. These eggs, after the ordinary course of things, are in due time changed into maggots, which create most unsightly risings upon the surface.

There are two or three reflections which suggest themselves as a kind of peroration to these brief and desultory remarks. In the first place, we learn experimentally that very small causes are sufficient to overturn our happiness, and to render the sweetest morsels in our daily bill of fare, bitter. How foolish and reckless must that man be, then, who makes a light matter of affronting a Being, who can scourge him to madness by so insignificant a thing as a swarm of little flies. We gain a lesson of humility, in the second place, for it is as mortifying to our pride, as it is painful to our body, to perceive that there are creatures so far below us in dignity, which can give us the greatest annoyance, without our being able to help ourselves. If insects be intended to teach us the love of humility and fear on one hand, they may be made useful in stimulating us to activity on the other. Stagnant water, undressed wilds and deserts, and neglected rooms and furniture, are the nests wherein these ministers of annoyance are hatched. Drain the marsh, till the forest land, and inscribe the fair motto of cleanliness upon everything within the house and its appurtenances, and the tormentors begin to disappear. Above all, let us lose not a moment

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

In seeking the favour of that Being (if conscience tells us that we are still unreconciled to him by faith in his Son) at whose disposal are all the resources of nature, and who can, by the most insignificant of objects, accomplish the high behests of his holy will.



## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER DIRECTED.

How shall I come to God, for I am a sinful creature? "Jesus said, I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John xiv. 6.

But how can I feel sure that Jesus will receive me? "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37.

I have nothing that I can bring to him. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. xxi. 6.

But should I not first endeavour to purify my soul from sin?

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." Job xiv. 4. "Without me, ye can do nothing." John xv. 5.

How then shall I come? "By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh." Heb. x. 20.

Is God sure to receive me; can he love me? "I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi. 18.

"What should be the object of my life?" "Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." 1 Cor. vi. 20.

Can my unimportant actions in any way glorify the everlasting God?

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." John xv. 8.

What do you mean by fruit?

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Gal. v. 22, 23.

Does God, then, take notice of my daily conduct?

"I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them." Ezek. xi. 5. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not know?" Psa. xciv. 9, 10.

I am very ignorant, who shall instruct me?

"Search the scriptures." John iv. 39. "The holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through that which is in Christ Jesus." 2 Tim. iii. 15.

But I have so many evil habits to combat; what shall I do?

"Gird up the loins of your mind." 1 Pet. i. 13. "Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. vi. 12. "For he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Heb. 13. 5.

But there are trials and temptations in my way which others have not.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor. x. 13.

I wish I had some friend who could understand all the trials of my spirit.

"We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. iv. 15.

It is my desire to walk uprightly, but I feel I have no strength.

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Isa. xl. 29.

May I go and ask him, then?

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." James i. 5.

How will God give me wisdom?

"I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

When trouble comes, what shall I do?

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Psa. l. 15.

In the hour of death?

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Isa. xliii. 2.

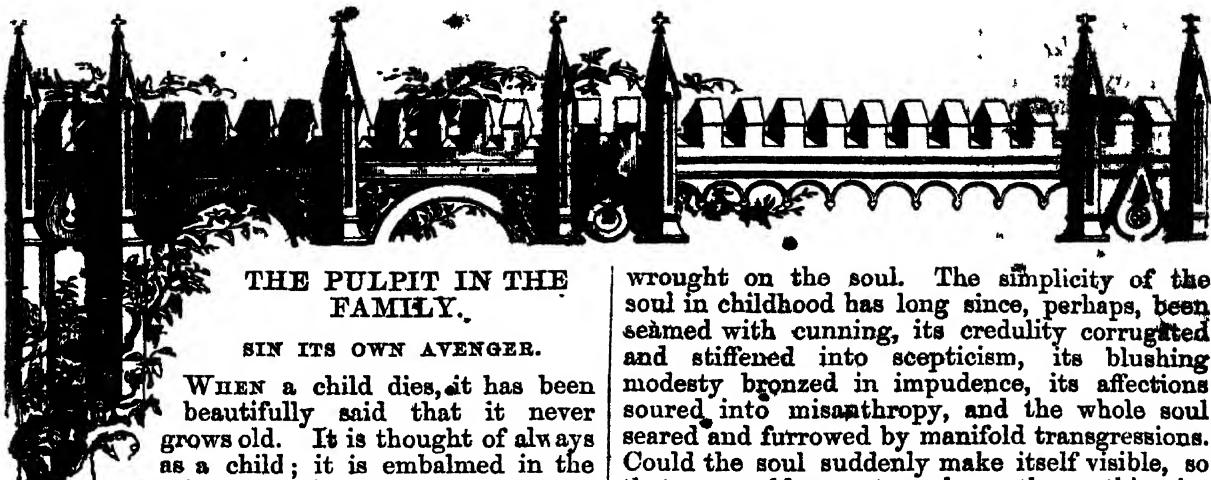
And in the day of judgment?

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Rom. viii. 33, 34.

O! I will cast in my lot with God's people, for they only are happy.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Numb. xx. 29.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Numb. vi. 24—26.—*Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.* Published by the Religious Tract Society.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### SIN ITS OWN AVENGER.

WHEN a child dies, it has been beautifully said that it never grows old. It is thought of always as a child; it is embalmed in the affections a half-opened bud, never losing its sweetness, never blooming into maturity, never withering in decay. When the image of such a long-lost child flashes on the mind in contrast with its former equals, now vigorous in manhood or withering in old age, we are startled at the vivid revelation of the changes wrought by time.

A few years ago the body of a young man, retaining undecayed the fulness and beauty of opening manhood, was dug from a coal mine in England. None recognised him, or even remembered that one had perished on that spot. But, as the discovery was noised abroad, a woman, wrinkled, and bent, and leaning on a staff, tottered to the spot; then, after a moment's scrutiny, she cast herself, with a piercing cry, on the body and embraced it with intense affection. It was her betrothed, who, just before their marriage was to be consummated, had perished in the mine. Then she was young and fair like him; now, wrinkled and decrepit, she stands over his youthful form, and measures in the contrast the ravages of threescore years.

Once at a meeting of the old students in an American college, which took place every fifty years, as the graduates were entering their names at the desk, two gray-haired men came forward from different parts of the house, and greeted each other as classmates, amid the acclamations of the throng. They had not met since they graduated, nearly fifty years before; and now, as they scrutinized each other's faces, searching for the well-remembered features of former years, they were compelled to see in a moment the changes effected by passing from youth to age.

When scenes like these reveal the changes of a whole life-time in the flash of a moment's glance, and we are saddened by contemplating the ravages of time on the body, we may profitably reflect—and full of solemnity is the thought—that not less real are the changes

wrought on the soul. The simplicity of the soul in childhood has long since, perhaps, been seamed with cunning, its credulity corrugated and stiffened into scepticism, its blushing modesty bronzed in impudence, its affections soured into misanthropy, and the whole soul seared and furrowed by manifold transgressions. Could the soul suddenly make itself visible, so that we could see at a glance the scathing influences of a sinful life upon it, the spectacle would be more affecting than that of the ravages of time on the body.

This idea accords with the language of the bible: "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. Know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God." We do not say that the prophet intended in these words any exact philosophical theory as to the influence of sin; but we must suppose that he intended to describe sin as itself an agency in inflicting its own punishment.

There are various ways in which sin effects this result. The more closely we examine the delicate and wondrous mechanism of the soul, the more apparent it is that sin disorders it in all its parts. It embitters the memory, it defiles the imagination, it troubles the conscience, it inflames the desires, it makes the habits into chains and fetters, it turns every faculty and susceptibility into an instrument of torture, and the sinful soul, like the bomb-shell in its terrific career, carries within itself the burning elements of its own destruction.

When a lecturer on temperance holds up before his audience the stomach of a drunkard, or a picture of it; when he exhibits, in their different stages, the progressive effects of alcohol in diseasing its coats, in filling it with sores, in making it a mass of deformity and disease; when he argues that a disorder, which thus consumes the very organs of life, must be productive of suffering, disease, and death, the argument is felt to be unanswerable. It is an argument analogous to this which we urge respecting the effect of sin on the soul. Could we hold up before our readers the soul of a sinner; could they see the changes which sin has produced in it; could they see the spirit, no longer beating in angelic grace, but festering and gangrened with pride, impenitence, and selfishness; could

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they see the vital powers of virtue decaying; pernicious desires eating like cancers, baleful passions swollen and inflamed, and "from the sole of the foot even unto the head, no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores;" the argument would be seen to be decisive. "Sin, because it works such effect on the soul itself, can result only in misery."

All this is really the effect of sin on the soul, though the bodily eye cannot see it. A man's character is different from his acts; it is consolidated by his acts. What he continually does, he forms a habit of doing; the feelings habitually indulged become a second nature to him. Thus, man not only performs sinful acts, but—what is of immeasurably greater consequence—his acts affect his character, and stamp their impress on the soul itself; the desires, the affections, the thoughts, the habits, the whole soul are stamped with the imprint of a sinful character, and realize the apostle's description, that "even their mind and conscience are defiled." The soul of the miser is as really pinched and shrivelled by his penuriousness as his body: the soul of the worldling, according to the apostle's terrific language, is scathed by its worldliness and feels the rust of riches eating it, as it were fire; the soul of the debauchee rivals his body in rottenness; "their heart is as fat as grease." In these cases the effect of sin on the soul is as manifest as that of disease on the body.

But it is not the openly immoral and profligate alone who exhibit these effects. The impenitent of every character present a contrast to the health and beauty of perfect holiness, showing too plainly the ravages of sin on the soul. Behold the soul perfected in holiness, delighting in intercourse with God, free from every sinful emotion, overflowing with universal, unselfish love, radiant in the very image of Christ and in the loveliness and peace of heaven. Behold, now, that soul fallen in impenitence, disliking to think of God, disliking prayer as a burden and all God's service as a weariness, the whole current of the thoughts worldly, selfishness the ruling principle of the life, the lips sealed against every word of praise, every fountain of love and heavenly hope frozen and motionless in the heart, discontented with the present, goaded by restless desires, "without God and without hope in the world." Who can look at the contrast without exclaiming, "How art thou fallen from heaven, oh son of the morning. Thine own wickedness corrects thee; know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God."

There are two facts recorded in the bible—the only two of their kind—which show in a terrific light the effect of a single act of sin on the character of the soul. We refer to the sin

of Adam and the sin of the fallen angels. In both these cases the first act of sin produced a fall, a moral revolution, a depravation of the whole soul, and was the beginning of a continued sinfulness. We might not have anticipated, could we have speculated on the subject antecedent to the event, that a single act of sin would issue in depraving the whole character of a hitherto holy being. Yet so, in every known instance, the fact has been.

Subsequent sins, committed by a being already sinful, cannot produce effects so marked; we do not see the soul falling, like a star burning as it falls, from heaven to earth. But every act of sin produces a real effect in depraving the soul and confirming a sinful character. The law of habit is familiar; yet in this view of the subject it reveals one of the most fearful facts in the constitution of the human soul; the fact that a man cannot act without affecting his character; that every act he performs, every feeling he indulges, is strengthening invisible chains that bind him, and making it more and more necessary to continue to act in a similar manner and to indulge similar feelings.

It should be considered, also, that character is permanent. Permanence is implied in the very idea of it. Rarely does a decisive change take place in a single trait of character; and, when such a change does take place, it constitutes an era in the life. The fundamental change of the character from impenitence to penitence, from selfishness to love, is a change so great that nothing less than God's Spirit ever effects it. And if this character is already sinful, permanent as it is in itself, every act of sin is consolidating it into a more unalterable fixedness, a more impregnable solidity. Thus, the sinner's own wickedness is itself an agency in punishing him by depraving his character, and confirming him hopelessly in habits of sin.

The principle which has now been elucidated renders inevitable the future and endless misery of ungodly men, by rendering inevitable their future and endless sinfulness. It shows that the doctrine of future and eternal punishment is not less a necessary result of the laws of the human soul, than a doctrine revealed in the word of God. We need look no farther than the considerations just urged to discern a tendency to a fixed and unalterable state. Even in this life, this ever active tendency sometimes results in so enslaving men in some bad habit or trait of character, as to make their reformation no more to be expected than a miracle. And by continuing to sin—the result cannot be avoided—the soul must sooner or later be irrevocably confirmed in sinfulness. The same law of character applies equally to the holy acts of one whose soul has been renewed by the

Holy Spirit. Every act and exercise of piety tends to confirm the soul in piety. Thus we discern a tendency in continued holy acts and affections to a state of confirmed holiness, in which, as it is with the inhabitants of heaven, probation will have ceased and perpetual holiness will have become certain; and in continued sinful acts and affections a tendency to confirmed sinfulness, in which, as it is with the devils, probation will have ceased in hopeless and eternal sinfulness. Thus by the natural action of the mind itself, according to its uniform laws, a state of probation is always and necessarily consolidating into a state of retribution. Here, then, in the very constitution of the human mind, we find a law binding the future to the present, and making the conduct of the present mould the character and destiny of the future.

There is no reason to suppose that death will interrupt the operation of this law. *There is nothing to favour such a supposition in any discernible facts attending this last change.* On the contrary, the history of death-beds is a strong argument that this law will not be interrupted by death; for up to the last moment we discern its continued operation; and that so strikingly, that it has passed into a proverb, "The ruling passion strong in death." Nor is there any evidence that the law will be interrupted in aught that we know of the nature of death; for it is a change pertaining to the body, and not at all to the soul. Therefore reason and scripture give not the slightest evidence that this law will be suspended at death. Their teaching, on the contrary, is that the marks with which sin has scathed the unconverted soul, must remain on it after it leaves the body; that the law by which sin has perpetuated itself through the mortal life, and consolidated a character of sin, will continue to act in like manner in the life to come; that the soul will carry with it its own character, and, by the very laws of its own being, that a love of sin will issue in an eternity of sin. Nothing can arrest this result but the renewing of the soul by God's Spirit, through the sacrifice of Christ, offered for the very purpose of making it possible to arrest this law. This interposition of the Holy Spirit, the bible emphatically teaches, is confined to this life.

[To be continued.]

### LOUISA SCHEPLER, THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The events which transpire around us, and the whole history of the past, coincide with the declaration of scripture, that of a truth God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, and in every class of society, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with

him. Indeed, to a well-regulated mind, there is something peculiarly pleasing in the unaffected piety of the lower classes of society; for one remembers that it was among the poor that our Saviour chiefly dwelt while here on earth.

Louisa Schepler was for fifty-nine years the faithful servant in the family of Oberlin, the good pastor of Ban de la Roche or Rockvale, in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, near the boundary of France and Germany. In the biographies of Oberlin her name is mentioned, but comparatively little is said of her, and few are aware of the real worth of this highly favoured and self-denying maiden. The great Baron Cuvier paid a noble tribute to her memory by claiming for this poor peasant girl of Belle-fosse the sole honour of having originated the infant schools which in England, in France, and in Germany have produced such unspeakable benefits to the working-classes. "To her alone," says the Baron, "is this honour due, and to this object she devoted what little property she had, as also her health and strength."

When Oberlin had become pastor of Ban de la Roche, he found the whole valley where his parish lay, in a most neglected condition. No schools were there. The people were desperately poor and very ignorant. The children did nothing but run wild in the woods, in summer gathering berries, and in winter sat by the stoves, ate their food when they had any, and then lay about in filth and rags. Oberlin and his wife had laboured for some years in this place, and had gained the affections at least of the children. When the pastor's wife was going alone to some distant part of the valley, carrying with her food, or medicine, or clothes to some of the poor and the sick, a little peasant girl was always found watching the opportunity to accompany her and help to carry the bundles. Poor thing she had nothing to do, and was too happy to be near the good mamma Oberlin, and to listen to the stories she told her along the way. When her little bare feet were bleeding from running on the stones and heath, or half frozen in the terrible winters, she would never confess to feel any pain. Oh no, indeed, she did not feel it, she said; and then mamma Oberlin would, on a summer evening, sit down to rest on a grassy bank, and taking the child's hands between her own, would tell her of him who was rich and for our sakes became poor, that we by his poverty might be made rich, and Louisa did not care to dry away the tears of joy that streamed from her bright blue eyes as she listened. This little maid was Louisa Schepler.

When she had reached her fifteenth year, what was her joy to be permitted to come and live in the pastor's house as servant. It was in

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In the year 1778. Mamma Oberlin taught ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> children how to do the work of the house, ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> also how to read and write; and Louisa rose very early to read in her Bible, and to commit her catechism to memory, and when the work was done she sate down to practise writing. Oh, what trouble did it cost her, and how much more did it cost her mistress, for the first fifteen years of Louisa's life had been spent in idleness! But Louisa had learned one secret, which was, indeed, the secret spring of her life. When anything was too hard for her, she committed it to God in prayer, and after having poured out her heart to the Saviour whom she loved, she tried it once more. Louisa always asserted that it made a great difference, and after prayer, her work, she said, was far easier. All that have tried her plan say so too.

The children of the neighbourhood loved to be near the parsonage. They had nothing to do, and lay about for whole days in the hope of being able to run and kiss the hand of good father Oberlin. The pastor had a printing-press in the house, and filled up his leisure time printing texts of Scripture, which he then gave to the children whom he met on the way. When Louisa was going about, she taught the children to read their text and commit it to memory before the pastor returned. She had sometimes a large group gathered round her on the grass, and some of them made great progress. When the winter came, the pastor gave her a barn into which she could take the children, and there she taught the girls to knit and sew, and the boys to read and write. The success of this school encouraged the pastor to extend the system, and soon in every village he had his infant school. The great difficulty consisted in finding suitable teachers, but Louisa was always ready to assist, and by her aid young people were trained to undertake this important work.

In the year 1783, the pastor's wife was called away by death, and the housekeeping and education of the seven children was committed to Louisa, who had now been five years in the house. In the morning she attended to the children, arranged the affairs of the house, appointed the other servants their work, planned with the pastor about the schools, the sick, and the poor of the parish; this was the regular morning's work, and the intervals were filled up with writing letters. From eight o'clock till evening, she was in her infant school. When the children were sent home, she hastened through frost and snow in winter; the weather made no difference to her, and there were few roads in the valley. She hastened away to plan with the teacher of some other school, to visit the sick family, to read and pray with some ~~selected~~ but to bring a few lines of advice and

comfort and a birthday present to one or other of the eighty children, perhaps more, perhaps less, for whom she had stood sponsor in baptism. These letters are treasured up to this day; and the traveller in Rockvale may easily get a sight of them, and as he reads what is written there, and hears what is told of the faith and love and zeal and self-denial of Louisa, he will not wonder that her influence for good was so great. Were these visits accomplished, she was once more the unassuming servant and housekeeper in the pastor's house, putting the children to bed, and, as she sate mending their dress, telling them of the Lamb of God who took away the sins of the world.

For all her labours in the house and in the school she would accept of no remuneration. The pastor had often contrived to give her gratuities, but when her mistress had been ten years deceased, and she had been now fifteen years in the family, we find her writing to papa Oberlin on the New Year's day of 1793, in substance as follows:—

"Dear and cherished father—Permit me, on this occasion, to request a favour for which I have long been desirous. As I have no longer my father to support, and am in reality independent, I entreat you not to refuse me the favour of making me your adopted daughter. While you treat me as a daughter in every other respect, I beg of you to do so in this case also, and not to give me any more wages. What I want for shoes and stockings is not much, and I can ask it when necessary as a child asks a father. Grant me this favour, and believe me your attached daughter, LOUISA SCHERLER."

The pastor did not wish to take her labour for nothing, and we find her writing to him again:—"Dear father, will you then deprive me of the only earthly pleasure I have—the pleasure of serving you without wages!"

The good pastor was spared to his parish and to his family till the year 1826, when, on the 1st day of June, he entered into his rest. Louisa closed his eyes, and as she knew how earnestly he had for upwards of forty years longed to enter into life, to be near his Saviour and near his dear wife, she cried, "Oh happy day! oh how greatly desired!" After the funeral a letter was opened which papa Oberlin had directed his children to keep sealed till after his decease. It was in substance as follows:—

"My very dear children—On leaving you I bequeath to your care my faithful servant who has reared you all, the unwearied Louisa. Your mother took her into the house when she was fifteen years of age, and since her decease Louisa has been your faithful guardian, your mother, your teacher, everything.

"Her zeal for her Lord induced her to go to

all the villages of the parish, and gather the children to teach them to sing, and to read, and to work, and to admire the goodness of God, and to approach him with fervent prayer. The difficulties she had to encounter seemed insuperable, and would have taken away the courage of a thousand others. And when she returned in the evening, wet and weary, she took no rest, but set herself to the work of the house, and to wait on you and me."

" You will perhaps say she was well paid; but, dear children, let me tell you that since the death of your mother I could not persuade her to accept of any wages. Her own little property she spent for the good of the poor and of the schools, and she never accepted anything from me but some piece of dress out of my store, all of which I owed to her care.

" I know you will honour your father by doing for her all that a parting, loving father could wish, and all that your means will permit. Committing you to God, I am, dear children, your affectionate father, " J. F. OBERLIN."

The children wished her to accept of a share of the property equal to what each of themselves received, but Louisa would accept of nothing but the permission to put the name of Oberlin to her own.

A wealthy French nobleman, of the name of Monthyon, had left in his will a considerable property, the interest of which should be devoted to persons distinguished by virtue and merit. In the year 1829 the prize was unanimously voted to Louisa, and the testimonials at that time given were glowing panegyrics of a life unsurpassed in real excellence. The five thousand francs, equal to about 200*l.*, Louisa accepted with gratitude to God, and devoted principal and interest to the great work dear to her heart.

She had long ceased to teach her infant school alone, her health not permitting her; but the schools were continued in the same spirit. Her aim was not merely to amuse nor yet to instruct. Had she seen the children growing up cleanly, and cheerful, and truthful, and industrious, and obedient, still she was not satisfied till she saw them regenerated and converted. Well she knew that the flimsy patch-work of mere education could not stand the rough storm of life; that that which is born of flesh is flesh, and must decay; that should a real lasting benefit be bestowed and real happiness be experienced by her children, it was nowhere else to be found than in a heart renewed by the Spirit of God and made like to Jesus. She knew that conversion is an individual work. Therefore she loved to take the children one by one, their little hands between her own, and looking affectionately into the face, just as mamma Oberlin used to do with herself, she would tell of him

who was sent by God to seek and to save the lost. She would tell of the lowly manger at Bethlehem, of the widow and her son before the gates of Nain, of the woman at Jacob's well, of the blind man at Jericho, of the little children brought to Jesus, of the man who came to Jesus by night, and who did not know what it is to be born again. Then she would tell of Judas, and of Peter, and of the high priests, and of the cross, and the earthquake, and of the open and empty grave, and of the ascension to heaven of him who is the same yesterday and to-day; and for ever until, with a deep drawn sigh, many a little one resolved to surrender the whole heart to one so loving, so tender, so great, and so good.

Up till five days before her death she continued her usual work. The weight of seventy-four years had bowed her body, but the mind was brighter and purer, and the amount of work done was perhaps not less than in her best days. On the 25th July, 1887, her active course was closed, and she slept in peace. Her ashes were laid by the side of him whom she had so faithfully served, and the sorrow in the valley was as great as when father Oberlin himself, eleven years before, had been removed to his resting-place.

We cannot do better than take a few extracts from the funeral address which one of Oberlin's grandchildren delivered at the grave. " She is happy!" he cried. " Of this we are sure, and who among us would not wish to die the death of this righteous one?

" But let us not deceive ourselves respecting the cause of her salvation or the ground of our own hope. Let us beware of giving to the creature the honour which belongs to God alone, the Creator and Redeemer of our souls. Let us beware of looking at the works which have been done, and of forgetting him who worketh in us both to will and to do. The dear departed one was not guilty of this error. All who knew her can testify whether she ever boasted of anything but her weakness and infirmity, that the honour might all be given to him to whom it is due; you can testify whether she was ever ashamed to confess her own sin and misery; you can testify that all the good which she was permitted to do she attributed to the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. -

" Let us then over this grave speak of the glory of Christ as manifested in the life of this sister and mother. She was a sinner like us, and under the deserved wrath and curse of God, but she believed the testimony which God gave of his Son. She had with faith and joy accepted the message of a free redemption by the blood of Christ, and with a deep sense of罪的 worthiness and want had cast herself as a help-

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the thing at the foot of the cross. Therefore she obtained mercy, and that Lord who is meek and lowly of spirit, said: Arise, my daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee.'

"Her pure and holy life, her self-denying labour, her love, her zeal, were the fruit, and not the cause, of her redemption—a second gift in addition to the first, as a seal by which the Great Shepherd marks his own sheep to distinguish them from unbelievers and self-deceivers.

"We can all do the same that she did if our faith and humility were only like hers. Is our piety and is our whole life so far behind hers? it is not from any difference in our natural strength, nor from any want of divine aid, but because we do not bend before the cross of Christ with a penetrating sense of absolute want as she did. Perhaps we trust ourselves to Jesus, but not like the shipwrecked mariner clinging to it like the last plank. Perhaps we love him, but not with the affection which we can bestow on many an earthly object.

"She is no more among us—this faithful servant; but we have something better than her person, we have the fountain out of which she drew all her strength. A chasm is left where she was taken away, and shall we not plead with God to give his Holy Spirit that we may fill her place, and take up the testimony which she bore to tell to generations to come the story of a finished redemption and a lying Saviour. To him who loved us and redeemed us by his blood be glory and praise for ever and ever. Amen."

## LOOKING FOR DIAMONDS.

## A HINT TO MOTHERS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

A REPORT was circulating through the papers a few months since, that a gentleman had purchased a cabinet of minerals, and after the sale was consummated, in examining the different specimens, he thought that one rough, unpolished stone gave some signs of being a real diamond. If such proved to be the fact, the jewel would be one of the most valuable in the world. The owner, on the bare supposition that it might be a diamond, is said to have applied to it every test within his power, and then carried it to experienced lapidaries to get their opinions. I do not state the thing as a fact, but as a rumour, and yet even this rumour contains a moral worth some attention.

Every immortal soul is a jewel infinitely more lasting, and precious than "the Mountain of Light," as the Koh-i-noor is somewhat grandiloquently called. In its natural state it is unshapely and rude, but as certain arts of the lapidary give beautiful forms and polish to the

rough precious stone as it comes from the ground, so the truth of "Jesus Christ and him crucified," in all its varied forms as found in the holy scriptures, is intended to be the means which the Spirit of God may use in polishing and beautifying the soul of man into a most precious jewel for the crown of "the Lord of all." This truth may be sharp and hard as the diamond dust with which the artist grinds the precious stone into form, and yet if the work be not interrupted and made abortive, the jewel thus wrought will shine as a star in the firmament for ever.

In this work the Holy Spirit employs subordinate agencies. For instance, look at that infant wailing so helplessly in its mother's arms. That helpless thing will outlive the sun, and he who made it a living soul, has put it in a mother's arms to polish it for the Master's crown. In her own soul that honoured woman has the agency so potent, a mother's love, with which to attract that wayward and sinful spirit towards virtue and heaven. She has the bible full of the precious diamond dust of truth to apply to that precious jewel. She has the mercy-seat, always open, and there she can go to the great God and ask wisdom for the right performance of her delicate and difficult trust. When she finds that in spite of all the appliances she may use, that soul is yet without the "beauty of holiness," and unseemly by reason of its depravity, she can go to him whose moral power is infinite, and who can as easily change the rough stone into a "polished stone," as a gardener can change the course of the brook which is running through the yielding loam of his garden. (Prov. xxi. 1.) He has promised to aid her in her work, and ought she not to be very zealous and untiring in her efforts to present that child, a beautiful diamond, to the Saviour who has actually "bought it with a price?" Parents ought to consider that in every child entrusted to them, the Lord Jesus would have them on the look out for priceless diamonds for his adornment when he shall sit in glorious and excellent majesty on the great white throne.

Whilst every soul is thus inconceivably precious, and worthy of the most diligent efforts to save it, there are some souls which in their importance and beauty are as much superior to others as "the Mountain of Light" is to a diamond small enough for a lady's ring. Look, for instance, at that pale, insignificant, frail boy who is looking so earnestly at his mother while she teaches him the great truths of religion, by the aid of the pictured tiles which adorned the fire-place of his home. Mother of Philip Doddridge, be very careful how you lay your hands on that young spirit, for, it is no ordinary one. Work carefully over that jewel. Be diligent

yet cautious, laborious yet prayerful, for the boy by your side contains capacities which, by the grace of God, shall make him one of the most learned, pious, and successful ministers the church has ever had. In the light which he shall reflect from the face of the Saviour, hundreds shall see the way of life and find heaven. That boy is to be the author of the "Family Expositor" and "the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," works which are to be mighty through God in leading sinners to Christ so long as the sun and the moon endure!

It was no ordinary diamond which Doddridge's mother was permitted to work with, and her faithfulness will meet with no ordinary reward. And why should not every parent be looking for diamonds in kind like this? Even though he may not reasonably expect to find one of such size, lustre, and beauty, yet may he find some one like Doddridge, although not so great, yet prized dearly by the King of heaven. The heads of every family should be looking for diamonds among their children!

And why ought not every sabbath school and Bible class teacher to be on the sharp look out for just such diamonds? Sabbath school teacher, it may be that among those six boys whom you meet on the sabbath, is some Robert Morrison, the apostle of China, or William Goodell, the translator of the Bible into the Armenian tongue, or Samuel J. Mills, whose travailing soul gave birth to American missions. You do not know what precious diamonds may have been committed to your workmanship. Therefore be on the constant look out lest some valuable jewel be lost to Christ and the church through your unfaithfulness! But whether any one of these scholars shall prove to be distinguished as compared with others or not, it is very certain that the faithfulness and prayerfulness which, with the divine blessing, shall result in the salvation of one or of all these scholars, will be hailed in heaven as a more glorious event than the finding of the most splendid diamond that ever glittered in the crown of a king. Therefore, be constantly looking for these treasures.

#### THE FORCE OF EVIL HABIT.\*

Some persons will say, 'Oh! when I find out that I am acquiring habits that will injure me, when I find out that I am being injured, I will give it up.' I say that that is not common sense—you come to a false conclusion. You acknowledge that these habits may injure you; you do not say, 'When they have injured me, but, 'When I find out that they have injured me.' I tell you, such is the fascination thrown

around the man by the power of evil habit, that it must have essentially injured him before he will acknowledge it.

You might as well say, 'I will put my hand into the den of the rattlesnake, and when I find out that he has struck his fangs into me, I will draw it out and get it cured.' That is not common sense. I remember riding towards the Niagara falls, and I said to a gentleman near me, 'What river is that, sir?' 'The Niagara river,' he replied. 'Well,' said I, 'it is a beautiful stream, bright, smooth, and glassy: how far off are the rapids?' 'About a mile or two.' 'Is it possible that only a mile or two from us we shall find the water in such turbulence as I presume it must be near the falls?' 'You will find it so, sir.' And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

Now launch your barque upon the Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy; there is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind you adds to your enjoyment; down the stream you glide; you have oars, mast, sail, and rudder, prepared for every contingency, and thus you go out on your pleasure excursion. Some one cries out from the bank, 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids below us, but we are not such fools as to get into them; when we find we are going too fast to suit our convenience, then hard up the helm, and steer to shore; when we find we are passing a given point too rapidly, then we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land.' 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us; what care we for the future? No man ever saw it. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We will enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. This is the time for enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we find we are sailing too swiftly with the stream.' 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' Now see the water foaming all around you—see how fast you go; now hard up the helm!—quick! quick!—pull for your very lives!—pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords upon the brow! set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail! Ah! it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go; and thousands thus go over every year by the power of evil habit, declaring, 'When I find out that it is injuring me, then I will give it up.' The power of evil habit is deceptive and fascinating; and the man by coming to false conclusions argues his way down to destruction.

\* From Mr. Gough's "Lecture on Habit."

## PAGE FOR THE YOUNG.

### FLOWERS AND WEEDS.

Arthur and Jane had each a little garden of their own, which had been given to them by their kind father. He told them that they must take care to pull up all the weeds, and to do all they could to encourage flowers to grow. They used to save some of their money in the winter, and when the spring came, they spent it in buying seeds and roots.

When the little leaves and stems began to peep above ground, Arthur and Jane watered them every day; and as the plants grew, they took care to keep them free from all insects, and to shade them when the sun shone too strongly. They made a fine path of gravel between the beds, which they kept quite smooth and clean. In the afternoon, as soon as they came home from school, they used to run into the garden, to see to their sweet flowers. With all this care the beds looked very pretty when summer came.

But there was one thing which gave them a good deal of trouble. Weeds would spring up. Almost as fast as they were pulled up in one place, they grew in another.

"I do not like those ugly naughty weeds," said Jane to her mother. "They must not grow in my pretty garden. I want only sweet flowers to be there."

"We tried Arthur," said their mother. "I am sure we have tried our best to keep them out, but they will grow in spite of us."

"It is just like other little gardens," said their mother, "in which I wish to see only flowers, but I am sorry to say I have seen many weeds thrive there, though much labour has been given to keep them out."

"What little gardens are they, mother?"

"Those over which I have watched, and in which I still hope to see some useful and lovely plants, though I have not yet quite gained my wish. I have often thought I could see a few buds, but they have not come into full blossom. And sometimes where I had hoped to find a flower, I have only plucked a weed."

"But where are these gardens?"

"These gardens are your young hearts, my dears." You know I have wished to see there what I would call my pleasant flowers. One of these is Kindness; and a very large and fine plant it is when fully grown; but the weed of Selfishness too often springs up around it, until it is quite covered from our view. This ill weed will spread in all directions, and twine itself about every stalk that comes in its way. Humility is a very pretty flower. It does not make much show, for like the sweet violet it hides itself among its own leaves. If you mark it well, you will see its delicate and sweet-smelling blossom. But there are tall and showy weeds called Pride and Vanity; which though they please some eyes, are very hateful to the flowers. Truth is another plant in these gardens, but the hurtful weed of Falsehood will come along by side, and cause it soon to wither and die. Then there are other flowers, known by the names of Industry, Contentment, and Peace, which are much admired by all who see them; but the 'naughty weeds' of Jealousy, Suspicion, and Anger, often choke the nice plants before they are fully grown."

"Oh, I see, mother, what you mean now. The flowers

are good tempers and conduct, and the weeds are our wicked passions and evil ways."

"You are quite right, Arthur; and you should know that the soil of your hearts is friendly to the growth of these hurtful weeds. Gardeners say that it is always needful to keep young plants clean from all weeds, which twine round the roots, and stop their growth. You see, then, why I have tried to root out all evil which I have seen in your conduct, or to cut it down; but I have felt that the Holy Spirit must renew your hearts. We must watch, and pray, and labour; yet only the Spirit of God can so change these little gardens of your hearts, as to make 'the plants of grace' grow and flourish in them."

"You said to us, dear mother, that if we ask God to give us his Holy Spirit he will hear, and answer our prayer."

"Yes, I did, Jane; and I hope you and your brother will not forget the lesson I then taught you. Then I shall see in you those flowers which of all others are the most lovely that can be found in the human heart. There will be the precious blossom of Faith: you will look to Jesus as your Saviour who died for you on the cross; and you will make him all your trust. The sweet plant of Love will flourish too: you will yield yourselves to God, and love him because he first loved you. And blooming hope will appear in all its beauty; you will look forward to the happy time, when you shall be removed from the Lord's garden on earth, the church of Christ, to flourish in his heavenly courts for ever."

### SELF-DECEPTION.

PASTOR R., of Elberfield, was once sent for to see a dying man. He found the patient really very ill, and entered at once into an earnest conversation about the state of his soul. The patient began, in the strongest terms, to describe himself as the very chief of sinners, and declared that his past life filled him with abhorrence. He continued so long in this strain that the pastor could scarcely find an opportunity to speak. At last, taking advantage of a pause, he remarked gently, "It was then really true what I heard of you?" The patient raised himself in the bed, stared in astonishment at the pastor, and demanded, "What then have you heard? No one, in truth, can say anything against me," and continued, in a strain of unbounded self-satisfaction, to tell of his virtues, and recount of all his good deeds, pouring out, at the same time, a torrent of execrations against the slanderers who had tried to injure his character. "It was not from foes or slanderers," said the pastor, "that I heard it, but from yourself; and now it grieves me to hear that you don't believe what you said. Alas! how much of seeming penitence is merely an attempt to gain the approbation of those around us."

INTERCESSION.—A gentleman visiting an infant class, having referred to Hb. viii. 5, "He ever liveth to make intercession for them," asked, "And what is meant by intercession?" After a few moments' pause, a bright, little fellow, about six years old, replied, "Speaking to God for us, sir."

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



LUTHER'S PPRIL IN THE THUNDER-STORM.

THE STORY OF A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

PART II.

THE MONK.

We left Luther deeply engaged in the study of God's word. Happy Luther! to have been led in the morning of his life to search its sacred pages. It was at this time that he received two messages from his heavenly Father, which were calculated to lead him to himself. I will tell my young friends what these were. Nightly and daily toil at books, in the prospect of an examination, undermined the youth's health, and he

was at length laid on a sick bed. Oh, a sick bed is a bed of thorns, unless the heart is full of the comforts of Jesus. Luther found his to be so; and when he arose from it, he seemed to have awakened to a sense of the earnestness of life, and was more solemn and thoughtful than heretofore.

Soon after resuming his studies, he was made master of arts in the University of Erfurt, or doctor in philosophy, as the degree is called in Germany, and, in consequence, was honoured, flattered, and congratulated; but withal he had no peace.

Agreeably to his father's wishes, he deter-

mined to become a lawyer; but whilst he gave himself up to the studies necessary to that profession, his conscience continually reminded him that religion was the one thing needful, and that his first care should be for his soul. Since reading his bible he had learned God's hatred of sin; and now arose the question, "How was he to be sure that he possessed God's favour?" With all the earnestness of his character, he resolved, therefore, to procure it—to labour for it, and to win it; but the true way was still hidden. The church of Rome, to which he belonged, taught many ways of salvation—penance, fasting, praying, confession, intercession of saints, almsgiving, etc.; but it did not clearly whisper in the sorrowing sinner's ear—"I am the way," and "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

The loss of one of his college friends, soon after his illness, redoubled his concern for his safety. "What would become of me if I were called away?" he said. In the year 1505 he went to pay a visit to his father; and on his journey back to Erfurt, he was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. At his side fell the fearful thunderbolt; yet he was preserved. Mark here, how God takes care of Luther, and how the very lightning is stayed in its course, that he, for whom he assigned so important a work, might be spared. We must not run rashly into peril, but we may always believe firmly in God's power to protect us in the tempest, or in any other danger, for there is no such thing as chance. It was not chance, but God, that prevented the bolt from killing the student on his path.

Luther, thus arrested, stopped by the roadside, and kneeling down, he prayed God to preserve him, at the same time vowing to Him that if he would deliver him from this danger, he would forsake the world for ever, and dedicate himself to his service. "I must become holy," he said to himself; for the late marvellous escape seemed to have showed him his unfitness to enter into the presence of a holy God. "I must be holy"—this was the burden of his cry. He had thirsted after knowledge, and his thirst had been quenched. But HOLINESS, how was that to be attained? His resolution was taken. He would go into a cloister; he would leave the world and its sins behind, and become a monk. A life in a monastery, he had often been told, had power to change the heart, and to make man perfect; and it was thus, then, that Luther would become holy.

One night there was a social party at Martin's lodgings. Many of his dear college friends were gathered together to hear his farewell words; and after their simple repast, many a song arose, as was their wont in their meetings; and

although sad at heart, the young collegian sang with the rest, and gave way to mirth and gaiety; but in the height of that mirth the jest is quenched on Luther's lips; the smile that played on the mouth is turned to a serious earnest expression, and he tells them that he is about to bid them farewell for ever. Yes, even so; and fearing to encounter their entreaties, he leaves his lodgings that very night, and with Virgil and Plautus—one a Latin poem, the other a copy of Latin plays—under his arm, he goes alone in the darkness of night to the convent of the monks of St. Augustine.

The door opens—it closes again—and Luther at twenty-one years becomes a monk; and now he believes his soul is safe. The Augustines gather round the young man, and are loud in praise of his decision; but his friends at Erfurt, as soon as they received his farewell letter, announcing his determination, were filled with sorrow.

John Luther, the father, was more than sorry, and wrote very angrily to his son on this occasion, assuring him that he had for ever forfeited his love, and that he would henceforth receive no favours from him. The death of Luther's two brothers by the plague, and a report that the monk of Erfurt was also dead, soon after softened the father's heart, however, and he was reconciled.

But all this time Luther was not *holy*—and why? He was looking for salvation in himself, and knew not that it must come from Christ alone.

The monks, glad as they were to have such a learned man in their house, were determined to humble the young doctor's pride. So they gave him very humiliating work to do, and he who had lately received such distinguished honours at college, was now obliged to open and shut the convent gate, sweep the church, and clean the rooms, and then, with his bread-bag on his shoulder, to go from house to house through Erfurt, begging for the convent.

But Luther did not shrink. He was thoroughly an *earnest* man. All great men are so. Besides, it was one step, so he thought, towards becoming holy. The greatest grief of all was the impossibility of pursuing his studies. "Come, come!" the ignorant monks used to say, if they saw the doctor reading, "it is not by study, but by begging bread, corn, fish, meat, or money, that you can benefit the cloister." So Luther was forced to put away his books, and to resume his bag and his weary walks through the town.

But the discipline was good for him, nevertheless. God was teaching him, by small trials, the firmness and courage necessary to enable him to endure greater; and it was well, perhaps, that he should feel in his own person the

weight of popish bondage, the wretchedness of the age of superstition in which he lived, that he might have the more perseverance in his efforts to free the church from the yoke. But the sharpness of his discipline was soon relaxed. The prior, as the principal monk in the convent was called, excused him from the meanest offices, and Luther resumed his studies earnestly. Many good men, although but partially enlightened, had written before Luther's time on the corruptions of the church. Occam and Gerson had done this, and expressed themselves very freely about the authority of the pope. The thoughts of these men were near to Luther; but the bible was the well-spring from which the anxious and troubled soul loved best to draw water. He had as yet no bible of his own; but there, in the convent, chained to a desk, was the precious volume, and he haunted the Scriptorium continually, there literally to feed on God's word.

Luther now taught himself, with but little assistance, the Hebrew language, and so deeply engaged was he in his studies that, on more than one occasion, he forgot the prescribed prayers. A terrible omission this! and a breach of the rules of his order, which weighed on his conscience, and convinced him that he was not yet holy. To become so, therefore, he withdrew into perfect solitude, and prayed, fasted, and watched, and for seven weeks enjoyed scarcely any sleep. Shut up in his cell, often with only a little bread and a single herring for his day's sustenance, he rose and wounded his body, and prayed still for peace and holiness; but peace and holiness came not, for he had now, by means of the bible, discovered more fully what it was to be holy, and saw that in his heart there was no good thing.

So when the monks tried to compose him, and encourage him to do good works, he used to say, mournfully, "But what good works can proceed out of a heart like mine?" And he was right. In his lonely cell, in his work of penance, fasting, and charity before the altar, when the incense rose and the fine chants sounded through the church, his agony was ever the same, for he still carried with him the evil heart, from which, as he justly said, no good could proceed. But he had made a great discovery: he found that he had obtained another garment, but not another heart; that, although he had withdrawn from the world, he was not safe from sin.

One day it was announced that the vicar-general, on his usual visit of inspection of the convents, was arrived. The eyes of Staupitz fell at once on a pale, thin, much-dejected young man, so wasted that you might count his bones. This was none other than Luther. The vicar-

kindly drew him aside, and by degrees Luther told him all his burden. Judge of his consolation when Staupitz said, "I have felt the same; but why," he continued, "distress yourself with such high perplexing thoughts? Look to the wounds of Jesus Christ; trust in him, in the righteousness of his life, and not in penance." "But," replied Luther, (and how many since Luther have said the same?) "I must be changed before he can receive me." Many conversations ensued. "There is," his venerable tutor was wont to say, "no pure repentance but that which begins in the love of God. Love him, who first loved you." Luther listened in astonishment and in delight; but still, after repeated interviews with Staupitz, his cry was ever and anon, "My sin! my sin!"

The vicar-general was a true missionary to the burdened monk, and his parting advice to him before leaving Erfurt was, to study the bible alone. Never was better advice given, nor better followed; and when the good Staupitz sealed their friendship by the present of a copy of the scriptures, the young man's heart leaped for joy.

Day was dawning in the spirit of the monk after a night of darkness and tempest. Hitherto he had viewed Christ only as an angry judge, whose favour must be earned by stripes, fasting, and repentance. What rapture to know that the Saviour revealed in the bible was one able and willing to save.

With the bible in his cell, and the first ray of the Sun of righteousness in his heart, we will leave Luther for the present. Will the reader ask himself or herself this question: "To what am I trusting for heaven? Is there not hidden somewhere a hope that you shall be saved, because of something *besides* Christ?" May he show you then, as he showed Luther, that it was for sinners that he died; that it is his blood, not your works, that cleaneth from all sin.

#### MEMOIRS OF GREAT BOOKS.

##### BAXTER'S SAINT'S REST.

A POPULAR essayist has remarked, that men gather instruction from books in more ways than one. We may study them, or we may study their history. In the one case, we learn wisdom from the books themselves; in the other, from circumstances connected with them by natural or casual associations. In this latter process, no doubt, the mind may wander from the page, and suffer itself to be borne along in listless indolence; but it may also so regulate its inquiries as to turn them all to useful account.

Of these extraneous thoughts about books

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

the first probably that will occur refers to the writer, the second to the readers. I have open before me a volume of the seventeenth century—a book of genuine wisdom and of great power. The hand that penned it has long since crumbled into dust. A few hours ago, I stood in Newgate-street, within some yards of his grave. The printer who "composed" it, the "reader" who corrected it, each formed some opinion of its sentiments. They and their children's children have passed to judgment. Perhaps they have met the author, and have blessed God that he ever lived. Perhaps they have discovered too late the truth of his warnings. This I see is the ninth edition, though the first was printed only thirteen years before. It is dedicated to the people of Kidderminster, of Bridgenorth, of Coventry, and Shrewsbury. It must, therefore, have had, even during the author's lifetime, many thousands of readers. What account has each given of himself unto God? What influences are still at work in the nineteenth century, which may be traced up to the piety formed or fostered by this volume? How far would the history of families and of individuals have been different, if it had never been written? These questions and many such may be asked, and are all of deep interest. Let us answer a few of them, by passages from the history of some of the great books of modern times.

Can we do better than begin with Richard Baxter? He is the author of *three* of the most useful volumes in religious literature, while his character commends all he has written. For the thoughtless, he wrote his "Call to the Unconverted, to turn and live." For the believer, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." For the Christian minister, he left not only his own bright example, but "The Reformed Pastor."

Baxter was never at college. Like Erasmus, Scaliger, Fuller, and Carey, he depended for all his learning on his own exertions; and like them, he underwent a discipline, painful but highly instructive. "My faults," said he to Anthony Wood, who had written to ask whether he was an Oxonian, "are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none. . . Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live; and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts; beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied." To feeble health and protracted affliction, he was indebted for most of his earnestness and wisdom; and to the same cause we owed his first and one of his best books, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest."

At the outset of the civil war, Baxter sided on the whole with the parliament. More accu-

rately, he may be said to have been the friend of the constitution against both the great parties, and as might be expected, he was blamed by both. After the battle of Edgehill (during which he was preaching for his friend Samuel Clark, of Alcester), he accepted the chaplaincy of Col. Whalley's regiment, and continued to discharge the duties of his office with earnestness and popularity. He soon found it, however, to be no congenial post. He distrusted Cromwell, and was grieved with the narrow views of some of the leaders. At length his health failed. "It pleased God to take him from all public employments." The leisure which his illness secured him, he employed in collecting and writing down his thoughts of that country on the borders of which, he tells us, he seemed to stand. How touching is this whole scene! The pale enfeebled man gathers up his feet, expecting to die; the din of battle is still in his ears. Around him is a suffering country, and alas! a distracted church. Instinctively he turns his thoughts to "the better land." The whole picture is a realization of the Pilgrim's visit to the Delectable Mountains, "where the eye could trace the outlines of the New Jerusalem, and the ear already caught the thunder of the harping of the many harpers." The sights he saw, and the sounds he heard, he has recorded in this volume.

"Rest! how sweet a word is this in mine ears! Methinks I feel it stir and work, and that through all my powers, but with a various work upon my various parts. To my wearied senses and languid spirits, it seems a quenching powerful opiate; to my dulled powers, it is spirit and life; to my dark eyes, it is both eye-salve and a prospective; to my taste, it is sweetness; to mine ears, it is melody; to my hands and my feet, it is strength and nimbleness. Methinks I feel it digest as it proceeds, and increase my native heat and moisture; and lying as a reviving cordial at my heart, from thence doth send forth lively spirits, which bear through all the pulses of the soul. Rest, not as the stone that rests on the earth, nor as these clods shall rest in the grave. . . It is rest from sin, not from worship; from suffering and sorrow, not from solace. Oh blessed day, when I shall rest with God."

The "Saint's Rest" is one of the most useful of Baxter's books. He himself speaks of it as greatly blessed; and many eminent men have owed their conversion to it. Among these, Doolittle, John Janeway, and Robert Warburton, father-in-law of M. Henry, are well known. Joseph Alleine, of Taunton, the author of the "Alarm," and John Flavel, repeatedly perused it with profit. Archbishop Usher was so pleased with it, that he urged the author to write on

conversion. Dr. Manton thought the writer came nearer the apostolical writings than any man of his age. Dr. Doddridge is "charmed" with him. Job Orton recommends his volumes as superior in usefulness to those of Howe, Henry, and Watts. Addison bought the book, so delighted was he with a page he happened to find. Dr. Johnson often quotes him, and recommends Boswell to read any of his writings, for all are good. Wilberforce, the Christian statesman of our own century, deems his works a "treasury of Christian wisdom," and the man himself, "among the highest ornaments of the church of England." Could we trace the history of this volume in more private circles, it would be found to justify the eulogy of Dr. Bates: "It is a book for which multitudes will have cause to bless God for ever."

Connecting Baxter's books with his personal history, we have a double lesson; one for the invalid, another for the busy Christian. He entered the ministry with what would now be called the symptoms of a confirmed consumption. He seemed ever living on the brink of the grave. Great energy or noble achievement was hardly to be expected from such a sufferer. Had he spent his time in telling his ailments and in seeking relief, had he even retired from the field to the hospital, it would be easy to find circumstances to excuse, if not to justify, such a course. But instead of yielding to selfish complaint, or valetudinarian indolence, he manfully held on his way, a cheerful traveller to the very close. "In deaths oft," he seems to have found his chief comfort in "labours more abundant." There is a shorter, surer road to repose amid bodily afflictions, than talking of them, and this road Baxter found.

Nor less instructive is his example to the busy Christian. With him activity was a passion. Sometimes the friend, oftener the victim, always the patriotic observer of the ruling powers, he was at the same time a diligent student, a voluminous writer, and a laborious pastor. Three and twenty octavo volumes of practical writings, forty more of controversy and history, attest his diligence in one department; hundreds of visits paid to his parishioners, and prolonged conversations with each, attest it in another. He did the work of a city missionary at Kidderminster, and wrote more pages than many modern students read! "The life of the statesman, the traveller, or the merchant is thought to excuse, from its peculiar embarrassments, a lower standard of holiness in the Christian who occupies such a place in society. Baxter's cares, correspondence, and labours might have wearied many a merchant, and seemed too intricate for a cabinet minister, while oft he found himself with no certain

dwelling-place, travelling now to regain health, and now to escape persecution; yet the retirement of the closet and the culture of the heart seem never neglected. He was like Daniel, who, with the cares of an empire resting on his shoulders, was still in his chamber, the man greatly beloved of heaven; and like Nehemiah, when, amid the luxury and pomp and honour of his station, his eye saw through the gilded lattices of Shushan, not the tufted palm, or the splendid pillar, or the fragrant garden, but one object still arose before his eye, the blackened walls of the distant Jerusalem."\*

Would you imitate this excellence? Cherish a kindred spirit of earnest consecration. Meditation and prayer—"true converse with the skies"—will give the rest.

### THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

#### PART II.

THOUGH a trader may plough the Indian ocean or any of the southern seas for many a year without an adventure, and grow as confidential as an old family servant, the experience of such as navigate latitudes of everlasting ice is quite another thing. There work is sharp and short. What with the severity of the gales, and the tremendous concussions against her timbers from impenetrable masses, as hard as stone, an arctic ship cannot be expected to last long. And hence it happened that those men of faith who were bold enough to plant three mission stations along the shore of Hudson's Strait, viz., at Nain, Okkak, and Hopedale, often had to look for fresh funds, to build, buy, or fit out new vessels. Almost a fleet has already been employed in the conflict of eighty-five years with the ruggedness of seas which remain as pathless as ever. The rage of the elements is as wild as when the first mariner ventured to breast their fearful fury. The ocean is not like the forest, or the swamp, or even the mountain height, through all of which the skill of man has carried highways, which have rewarded his labour.\* The very track of the largest fleet that ever rode the sea is lost in an hour; and so are all the efforts you may make to tame that ever-changing surface into any submission to man. The toils and successes of the hardiest arctic adventurer only leave the frozen coast as inaccessible as before to every one that follows in the enterprise. So that you get no forwarder in respect to difficulties. Every time your cargo of supplies is despatched, you have the same awful scenes to anticipate, and the same life-struggles to go through. Yet this is no reason for abandoning the work. Indeed this probably forms one of its safeguards.

\* The Christian Review, 1843.

especially, that induces constant prayer, that removes the soul far out of the region of human strength or device. It is this that has made that mission, in particular, a sphere in which Providence could be seen. Hence it has pleased God, in most remarkable methods, to make way for the missionary through the barriers which so long shut in the Esquimaux from the civilized world. And doubtless the very life and soul of that courageous mission has consisted in the constant dependence on God, which such formidable dangers have fostered.

The unmanageable ocean, on which man is but a little child, is perfectly obedient to God. "By the breath of God frost is given; and the breadth of the waters is straitened." "He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which liftest up the waves thereof." "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." If the Psalmist had been one of the little company whose story we are now about to pursue, he could not have expressed what they often saw more exactly than they found it in these last two verses.

He who prepared paths for Labrador missionaries through deserts of ice, opened the hearts of Christian people sufficiently to provide new vessels from time to time. The *Hector* followed the *Resolution*, and then we meet with the *Jenima*, a little brig, not built for arctic service, but yet so marvellously preserved, that she has outridden greater buffetings and tossings than any other ever employed by the society. On her third voyage, in 1811, the cold was so intense, even in September, that the sails completely froze into sheets, as stiff as board, and when she reached her destination, the sailors had to strike off the ice, as if they were ploughing a field, before they could furl them. Another time, in the very middle of summer, the ice stopped her in her course, and was found to extend two hundred miles in an unbroken mass from the coast. Vain was the attempt to force a passage to any one of the stations; nor could she even make her way back, as she soon became completely inclosed. For forty-nine days this valiant little warrior battled with the keen edges of the icy banks, through which the crew cut her path, and after being thumped almost to death by the floating blocks, which met her as she neared the coast, when the field was breaking up, she landed her weather-beaten band at Okkak, amidst shouts of amazement from the Esquimaux as well as the missionaries. The very next day, August 30th, the whole coast, as far as the eye could see, was entirely choked up by ice. But this time she had on board a missionary and his wife, bound for Hopedale, so that it was necessary to make every effort at a further voyage before severer weather set in.

Three times did the captain try to accomplish the short passage from Okkak to Hopedale, and on the third every effort was baffled. Snow, fog, hurricane—all combined to perplex him. For some hours, he was obliged to let the ship lie to, while the sea broke over it, and at last she was driven back to England, after being twisted in such a manner by the strokes of the sea, that the water gushed through the open seams of her side into the cabin and mate's berth.

All this, however, did not daunt the devoted missionary Kmoch, and his partner. As soon as the winter was over, they bid farewell to the mild clime of Britain's isles, only to meet with dangers and preservations more memorable than before. It was on the 14th of July, 1817, that they first heard the cry from the mast-head of "Land in sight!" since leaving Stromness, in the Orkneys. They had been just a month in getting thus far from those islands. They had already seen many ice-birds. These creatures often give the sailor notice that he is near the ice. They are black, with yellow spots, and hover about the ship chiefly in the night, making a curious noise, like a loud laugh. Their voice forms a very singular contrast with the terrific scenes in which they are at home, and strangely combines with the roaring of the ice, which rumbles and rustles like the coursing of innumerable carriages through a London street. Indeed the voyager scarcely knows what to make of the aspect of these regions, for, while the rattle beneath and around reminds him of the busy murmur of city life, just as he is approaching the wildest wastes of the earth, he sees churches, wagons, and animals of all sorts. These are the forms which, for the moment, the ice assumes as you pass along; and in a few minutes the same objects will change into some things as monstrous as these are natural.

Our friends had just been occupied in wondering at these odd appearances, when the coast of Labrador was sighted, about seventy miles distant, and the captain, observing a small opening, ventured to push in, hoping thus to reach some open water nearer the coast. Night at length coming on, they were obliged to fasten the ship with grapnels to a large field of ice. And now the devoted Kmoch, who is still living, at eighty years of age, shall continue the tale himself. In his journal of that terrible voyage, he proceeds: "In the night, between the 19th and 20th, we were driven back by a strong current to nearly the same situation we had left on the 17th, only somewhat nearer to the coast. On the 20th the morning was fine, and we vainly endeavoured to get clear; but towards morning the sky lowered, and it grew very dark, the air also felt so oppressive that we all went to bed, and every one of us was troubled with uneasy

dreams! At midnight we heard a great noise on deck; we hastened thither to know the cause; and found the ship fast driving towards a huge ice mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost, but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was excessively cold, with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro, at the mercy of the ice, till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field."

But all this was only the prelude to greater terrors. Now follows, by way of a little parenthesis, for breathing time, before hearing worse things, the cook's announcement of dinner, which was partaken in silence, every one lost in thought, and seeming only half awake. "Shortly after the wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually, till it turned into a furious storm. Topmasts were lowered, and everything done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice-mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving, without the power of turning aside.

"Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which we were fast, with great swiftness approaching the mountain; nor did there appear the smallest hope of escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation, for if we had but touched the mountain we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapnel. The ship also sustained some damage. But we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large fields of ice which floated around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness.

"The following night was dreadfully dark, the heavens covered with the blackest clouds, driven by a furious wind. The roaring and howling of the ice as it moved along, the fields shoving and dashing against each other, were truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made to make the ship fast again to some large field; and the second mate, a clever young man, full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off and upon such fields as approached his endeavouring to fix a grapnel to them, but in

vain! And we lost ~~the ship~~ ~~the vessel~~ on this occasion. The storm, indeed, exposed the ice, and made openings in several places, but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming, for, when the ship got into open water, her motion became more rapid, the power of the wind, and the blows she received were more violent. Whenever, therefore, we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every five or ten minutes, and sometimes oftenet; and the longer she remained exposed to the wind, the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every stroke, we tried the pumps, to find whether we had sprung a leak; but the Lord kept his hand over us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation, we offered up fervent prayers to Him who alone is able to save, and besought him, that if it were his divine will that we should end our lives among the ice, he would, for the sake of his precious merits, soon take us home to himself, nor let us die a miserable death from cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

"It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into the open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice; all seemed as a dream. We now ventured to carry some sail with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pump going, with only about ten minutes' rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down, he immediately fell asleep."

Thus passed away many more hours of fearful suspense, during which at one time they were driven towards a frowning cliff and were likely to be dashed to atoms. But, in the goodness of God, the captain was aided in steering among the rocks by a magnificent northern light. Then again the ship began cracking against the dreaded floes; and then with a turn of the wind they neared Hopedale and all hearts rejoiced to the full. But still the way was again blocked up and only one of two alternatives remained—to be driven with all the force of a fresh wind against the impenetrable coast-ice, or to navigate between the islands where the water was full of sunken rocks, endangering the vessel at every inch of her course. The latter plan was adopted, in the

hope of escaping to shore if any mishap occurred.

Such were the hair-breadth escapes of the *Harriman*, which was at last brought into Hopedale harbour on the 9th of August, 1817.

Four years after this the missionaries, with their Esquimaux congregations, celebrated the jubilee of the Labrador mission, and the natives made their first offering to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which consisted of a quantity of seal oil. No doubt, in the midst of these festivities, the sufferings of the past were only remembered with joy and gratitude to God that his servants had been enabled to endure hardship as good soldiers of Christ.

We cannot pursue the history of these deeply-interesting proceedings, or of the terrible adventures which continually occur as the society's ships go to and fro with agents and supplies. Sometimes wedged against an iceberg twice the height of the mainmast, with not space enough on either side to dip a bucket into the water, sometimes having all their ropes frozen to the thickness of four or five inches; sometimes threatened by swells which make the thick ice, which hides beneath a shallow covering of water, undulate to one hundred feet in perpendicular height; and sometimes embedded for a week together as if in a quarry of marble, without a drop of water being visible as far as the eye could reach; and then finding this to have been a most merciful detention, as they reached the shore only just after it had become clear of the still more dangerous floating masses.

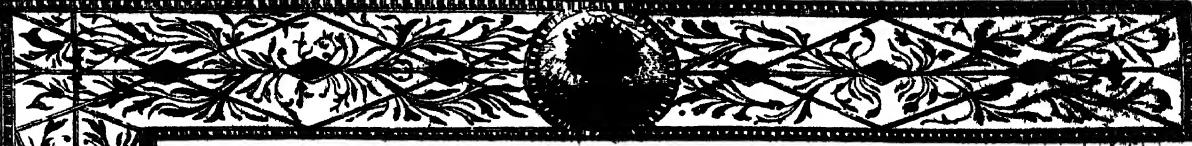
Surely it becomes us to speak unto our Father in heaven, when on our knees in our own comfortable homes, for the true nobles of the earth who venture their lives in these dreary regions that they may save the sons of man in the desert. And while we admire the ever faithful power which so often

comes to their rescue, we should not forget that the same mighty hand is our guardian day by day. We in this happy Britain, far removed from the perils of the frozen zone, are as dependent on Providence as the whaler and the arctic missionary. And it is as much owing to the constant care of God over us, that reason does not forsake her seat or accident does not deprive us of our limbs, or indeed that life has any blessings for us, as it is that the struggling, creaking vessel is borne over breakers full of ice-blocks to the haven of a polar shore.

So marvellous has been the preservation of the Labrador missionary ship that it has arrested the attention not only of Christians, but of candid and observant men of the world, especially of such as were conversant with maritime affairs. The late admiral Lord Gambier more than once declared that he considered the preservation of this vessel, during so long a course of years, as the most remarkable occurrence in nautical history that had come to his knowledge. It is mentioned also in the periodical accounts of the Brethren (volume xx. page 74, the source, to which we are indebted for our information) that the ship is annually insured for a premium considerably less than that which is charged for vessels bound to the same regions.

Surely it is no irreverent assertion to make, that the good hand of God has visibly protected it and guided it to its appointed haven — an expression which reminds us of the emblem given by our engraver below, and which was long used by a pious merchant on his bills of exchange, as an indication of the dependence of his ships for safety on an all-ruling Providence. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand."





### THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

#### SIN ITS OWN AVENGER.

We have considered the fact, and the inevitable certainty of the fact, that a man's wickedness will correct him by perpetuating itself. We proceed to show that this will be a fearful correction.

Let it be borne in mind, however, that we are considering but one of the elements of misery existing in the sinner's own soul. We say nothing of memory, conscience, and other mental powers which sin converts into instruments of torment. And we do not deny that, in addition to all this, there will be positive infliction of evil, denoted by the imagery of the fire and the worm, so that the body, which has been the soul's companion in sin, will be its companion in suffering. The single point which we urge is, that that is a most severe correction which sin inflicts by perpetuating itself, and giving the sinner over to the realities of a soul leprous from head to foot with a sinful character. It is appalling only to think of a man foaming eternally in rage or revenge, lacerated eternally with peevishness, anxiety, or discontent, aching in eternal hatred, pinched by eternal miserliness, goaded and driven by eternal ambition, given up like a helpless deer, Actæon-like, to be hunted eternally in full chase by his own open-mouthed and ravenous passions. And what aggravates this misery is, that into eternity the sinner carries, not the objects that have gratified and nurtured these passions and desires, but only the passions and desires themselves, made craving and voracious by long indulgence, and now left with nothing but the bare soul on which to gnaw for ever. A man—perhaps he ought not to be called a miser, but he had sought his happiness in hoarding—was wasting with consumption, in a little room without stove or fire-place. At his bedside was a chest, in which, unknown to his attendants, were locked his treasures. As the season advanced, he was continually urged to consent to be removed to a warm room; but he as constantly refused. At last they removed him in his sleep. No sooner had he waked than, gazing hurriedly around, he cried, with his husky voice, "Where is that chest?" He was told that it remained in the other room. "Bring it to my bedside," was the quick reply. He fixed

his eyes on it with delight, and gazed on it till he died. This wretched victim of avarice could carry his treasure with him to his dying bed; but he could carry it no farther. Into eternity he could carry—not his treasure—but only the avarice to which the hoarding of that treasure had given a tyrannical power. The miser in eternity is a miser without money, left to the insatiate gnawings of an avarice which his whole life had been employed in making terrible. Napoleon spent his life in feeding his ambition with principalities and kingdoms, till it had grown to a monstrous greatness. And to the sea-girt rock whither he was banished, he carried that gigantic ambition; he left behind all that could gratify it and appease its fury. His misery there is a fearful exhibition of the power of a single passion to fill the soul with anguish; it feebly illustrates the case of the sinner driven away in his wickedness, leaving behind all the objects of sinful gratification, but carrying with him his passions and desires, strengthened and infuriated by long indulgence, and now left with nothing but the soul itself on which to gnaw, and be the worm that never dies.

Let those who are seeking happiness in the paths of cupidity or ambition, who, by indulgence, are nursing into strength, passions earthly, sensual, devilish—let them remember that, though the objects which they seek are perishing, the passions with which they seek them belong to the soul and partake of its undying life. When wealth, and thrones, and palaces shall have passed away, when the plaudits of men shall have been silenced, when the monuments of greatness, the histories and poems which record its achievements shall have perished, and the globe itself shall have been burned up, the evil passions which they are nourishing to-day will be raging in all their fury.

The same principles are equally applicable to the impenitent man of whatever outward character. He has not had fellowship with God: but in this fellowship the happiness of heaven must consist. He only can be happy in heaven whose character is such as to make him happy in being with God and in serving him.

But we must go a step further. The sinner's want of fellowship with God, and consequent incapacity to enjoy him, is not negative only. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." This enmity shows itself, not so much in

conscious hatred of God, as in the habitual contrariety of the sinner's disposition to God's. God, for example, has the keenest sensibility to the evil of sin and the intensest abhorrence of it. The sinner, at the best, is indifferent to his own sinfulness; he does not hesitate to commit sin; he commits it without any sorrow that seriously disturbs his peace; and often finds his delight in it. Another example of the same contrariety of disposition is seen in the fact that God is intensely interested in establishing his kingdom on the earth, and on this has concentrated his energies, in all the course of his providence, since time began; but the sinner feels no such interest in this object; is quite indifferent about it; and concentrates his energies on his own interest. Here is an entire contrariety of the sinner's disposition to God's. And the same contrariety appears in the sinner's treatment of God in all the relations in which God presents himself. God presents himself as a king, the sinner disobeys his law and murmurs against his "providence"; God presents himself as a father, the sinner does not receive him as a son; God presents himself as a saviour, the sinner does not accept him, or see any beauty or desirableness in him. With a character so contrary to God's, the sinner cannot be happy in God. In the world of spirits, where there is no money to be gained, no honours nor offices to be won, no worldly delights to amuse, where the soul meets God face to face, and all the happiness possible is the happiness of being with God and being like him and doing his will, such a character must be of itself the source of deep misery; and the final sentence, "Depart," will be only the formal decreeing of that separation and alienation from God, which the very character of the sinner has already effected.

Most terrific, therefore, in whatever light we look at the subject—most terrific the consequences of sin involved in the single idea of forming character. And so, sometimes, the word of God expresses it, when it says in literal and yet most appalling language, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." When that decisive day shall come which closes probation, let every one retain his own character, and unfold and strengthen it for ever. When the transgressor of God's law, in serious reflection, dwells on the thought, till its full meaning unfolds on him, it is absolutely appalling to think, "I shall be for ever such as I am now; I shall feel for ever the same aversion to God and his service, the same ingratitude, pride, and hardness of heart; I shall eternally be controlled by the

same grovelling desires, the same grasping selfishness, the same tumultuous passions. For ever all the offensive features of this character will grow more offensive. I am binding myself by my acts and feelings every day—by my own hands I am binding myself with chains of darkness for ever." Look forward, thou covetous worldling, thou filthy debauchee, thou proud self-righteous Pharisee, thou callous despiser of Christ, look forward ten thousand years, and behold projected on the dim and distant clouds of eternity that monstrous and loathsome image, lifting like a colossus its execrable shape. It is but the image of thyself, magnified by the lapse of ten thousand years. It is but thine own pride, and covetousness, and hatred, and hardness of heart that compose the horrid limbs and features of that colossal monster. Tremble to know that, unless thou repent, and art renewed by the Holy Spirit, thou wilt thyself be what thou now shudderest to behold; and from that point, now far distant in eternity, where that image stands, when thou shalt reach it, thou mayst look forward to still more detestable developments of thine own character.

And here we may reclaim to its true significance that much abused expression, "Sin is its own punishment." Let no man delude himself with this, as if, because sin is its own punishment, therefore that punishment is slight, temporary, little to be regarded. Sin is its own punishment. But the meaning of this is deep and wide as eternity; it expresses the most appalling fact in the history of sin; it means that every sin is a seed planted in the soul to bear the fruit of sin a hundred-fold, and each multiplied harvest sowing and multiplying itself in new harvests of sin for ever. It means that sin stamps itself on the very soul, shapes and moulds the immortal spirit into its own hideousness, and compels it to grow for ever into its own monstrous deformity and hatefulness. It means that the sinner will be a sinner for ever; will for ever experience the raging of passion, the agony of unappeasable desire, the burning of hatred, the anguish of remorse; will for ever become more and more unlike God; will for ever repel him with an increasing aversion, and be repelled by him from his bosom of holy love. Thus now, thus during every day of sin, thus through all eternity, will the sinner's own wickedness correct him; and for ever will he be seeing and knowing that it is an evil thing, and bitter, that he has forsaken the Lord.

Impossible, then, by any device to continue in sin and yet evade its penalty. Impossible to flee from the wrath to come, except by fleeing from the sins of the present. Impossible to flee from these sins but by repentance and faith in

Christ. Then, with overpowering emphasis (and that too without reference to awful passages which speak of the body as sharing in the sufferings of the soul), does our subject enforce the warning of inspiration, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

### THE TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS.

JOHN MOORE and William Irving had attended the same school, and had afterwards been apprenticed to the same master. And yet, though so much together, they had little affection for each other. Moore was about two years the elder, he knew that he was more talented than Irving, and yet the latter almost always surpassed him. Moore could not deny that Irving deserved the confidence of the master; that he was diligent and conscientious; and yet he could scarcely be heard designating him otherwise than as "that sneaking hypocrite." And what was there in Irving's character to deserve such an epithet? Nothing else than that Irving loved to join his parents at church and to sanctify the Lord's day. Moore spent his Sunday in boating excursions and in rambles to the country. And if he had seriously asked himself why he hated his companion so desperately and spoke of him so bitterly, he would perhaps have found no other reason than that his own works were evil and his companion's righteous.

Many a quarrel had been between them; for though Irving attended church regularly, attended to his pious father's injunctions to pray and read in his bible every morning and evening, and was never heard to swear or lie; still his heart was full of pride and self-righteousness. His religion was merely matter of education, and though he knew his bible well, still he was as ignorant as Nicodemus once was respecting regeneration. If he thought of it at all, he only thought that it would be very necessary for the like of Moore, and the expressions "being dead with Christ," "risen with Christ," "born of the Holy Ghost," and the description of the Christian's life as "the love of Christ constraining us," he did not understand, or fancied they had no meaning. The consequence was, he despised Moore just as much as the other hated him. Still when the time came to part, both were exceedingly sorry.

Years had passed over before they met again. Irving had got married. He loved his bible and the day of rest more than he had done in his youth, and for other reasons. He had gone to reside in a manufacturing town in Germany, to superintend the machinery of a mill. Perhaps

he had forgotten Moore, or if he thought of him it was only to wonder what had become of him, when one afternoon the latter stepped in and shook him heartily by the hand. He too had been fortunate in business; and as he had a temporary employment in the same town, he heartily accepted of the invitation to stop with his old schoolfellow and fellow apprentice.

It was Sunday morning before they saw much of each other, for both of them were, for the time, working late and early. It was quite delightful when Moore rose late—for he seldom rose, he said, before noon on Sunday—it was delightful to find Irving walking alone in the garden. After bantering him on his former puritanism, and praying, and Sunday goings on, and taking for granted that ~~the~~ was all past, he wound up with saying, "Now, Irving, don't you see that all the world is of my way of thinking, for nobody goes to church or respects the Sunday here?" "Not all the world," replied Irving, quietly, "and as to church-going, I for one, with my family, have been to church this morning, and we did not find ourselves alone there; and if you will join us this evening, I will introduce you to one who may perhaps give you another idea of the Germans than you seem to have."

Irving often spent an hour of the Sunday evening with a silversmith in the town, of the name of Meier, and as he had told his companion something about him, Moore, at his next visit, begged the silversmith to tell him how he had come to be so different from other Germans whom he knew.

"When I got married," said Meier, "I and my wife had a considerable property between us. The house and a piece of land were our own, and free of debt; my business prospered, I had several journeymen employed, we wrought Sunday and Saturday, and everything prospered. The Sunday is a day of rest, we said, but not for us. Work, work, work, and we never had enough done. The neighbours envied us when they saw we were becoming rich. We had broken one of God's commandments by neglecting the Sunday, and soon we learned to break others in our haste to be rich. We made inferior articles, a little cheatey was tried, a little prevarication; we thought we would be neighbour-like, and all prospered."

"Still it was strange that we were laying nothing by; all went from hand to mouth. Well, we comforted ourselves with the thought of our large family and the great necessary expense. But it was strange that on settling my accounts one year I found myself 5*l.* in debt that I could not pay. At the end of the next year I had parted with some of my journeymen, and was 10*l.* behind. How could that come? Soon

my credit began to yield ; sometimes I could not pay the wages on Saturday night ; we had tried to borrow, but we could not do that again. Who could think that people far less respectable than we were would trust us when we wanted to borrow only a trifle for a week or two ? We sold one field after another, and at last the house. All went against us, and we could not understand the reason. I was obliged to part with all my journeymen, and work alone. My customers all left me. I must travel with my wares or sit in the markets, and even then our poverty was very bitter.

" Fifteen years passed in this way. One evening I was coming home after having travelled all day without selling anything, and overtook an old man above ninety years of age, trembling on his stick. People called him nothing but Old Willie. I had, in better days, often given him some little assistance, and he now stopped me to inquire why I appeared so dejected. My spirits were greatly sunk, and I was glad to have some one to speak to, so I told him my whole tale, and then a flood of tears came to my relief. ' Aye,' said the old man, ' so you wrought day and night, Sunday and week-day. You should not have done that. The Sunday is the Lord's day, and not yours. At first all prospered with you, but you did not know that the goodness of God was leading you to repentance, and you treasured up wrath against the day of wrath and righteous retribution. I know it well. Listen to an old man's counsel, and it will go well with you yet.'

" I was glad to hear the old man speak," said the silversmith, " there was so much sympathy in his tone ; and he went on to give me advice.

" ' Go home,' said he, ' and join with your wife in asking Divine forgiveness for your heavy sins, for you have been living without God in the world. Take your bible and read, and pray for the Holy Spirit to enlighten your mind to understand what you do read. Don't let it terrify you that you have been so long in beginning to pray. Confess all your sins to the Lord Jesus, and he will give you grace and pardon ; and on Sundays see that your work is all laid aside, and that, with wife and child, you are in your place in the church. And then, oh then, see that you do what is commanded in the word of God, and what you hear in the sermon. Don't be offended,' he continued, ' when I tell you who you are like. You are just like a child that is dependent on his father for everything, and yet will do nothing that the father wishes.' And then he told me a great deal that made me feel I had been very wicked, and that God was very good. And I felt that just because he was good, he could not have done any thing else with me than what he had done.

" He bade me good night, and I was now alone. I had never felt before that much was wrong with my own heart, but I had just heard what a careless, godless creature I had been, and all that the old man said was true. I could not move from the place, but fell on my knees and cried, ' Oh God ! oh God ! ' I could say no more. It was now quite dark, and the words of the old man sounded still in my ears. When I had reached home, my wife saw my state, and begged me to tell what had happened. When the children were sent to bed, I told her all, and now, I said, we must follow Old Willie's advice. She was quite willing, for we had always only one will between us, I and my wife. The next morning the children must bring their testament and read some verses, and a prayer out of the prayer book. So it went every morning and evening till Sunday. ' But now,' said my wife, ' what will the people say if they see us all at once beginning to go to church ? ' ' We had better go,' I said, ' and let the people say what they like. What would the Lord think of us if we did not go to his house after having promised to do it ? ' We went, and were astonished at the sermon. It was about Zaccheus. ' Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house.' It was as if the preacher said, ' Meier—make haste—to-day—I must ! ' We now went every Sunday to church. The children were astonished at the new way of living, but they liked it very well. One of them came home one day and said somebody had pointed at him and said, ' Now your father is going to become a saint.' ' Let them say what they like,' I said ; ' they know no better.'

" I was a raw recruit in Christianity. Every advice I received gratefully. I made the acquaintance of several good people. Old Willie was right. With the new way of living there did come a blessing into the house. I wrought late and early enough, but I never wrought any more on Sundays. I never made anything but really good articles, and my wife went about and sold them. In less than half a year I had more work than I could do alone, and within two years I had three journeymen, and had money laid by. But the Sunday is no more a day of work. The people laugh at me and my journeymen all going to church, but I let them speak as they will, for I have learned it is not of him that willett nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. I have learned that he calls on us to keep his commandments, and to prove him whether he will not pour down a blessing. And we have not only the outward blessing of worldly increase ; we have also the peace which passeth knowledge—the peace of a pardoned breast.'

Meier had told his story, and John Moore had once or twice turned his head away, as if he did not want to be seen. When the two old schoolfellows reached home that night they sat late together. The next Sunday morning found Moore up in time to go to church; and so long as he remained in the town, almost every Sunday evening found him sitting with the silversmith, and talking with evident delight of him who is Lord of the sabbath.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIOUS FATHER.

THE following letter, says the editor of the "Episcopal Record," was written by the Rev. W. G. Goodell, who has been a missionary in the East for more than thirty years. It was addressed to his brother, and we know not which to admire most, its purity of taste, its depth of pathos, or its simplicity of piety:—

"Constantinople, Aug. 18th, 1852.

"My dear Jotham—The intelligence contained in your letter was not unexpected. Our father had attained to a great age, lacking only five days of being eighty-six years old. He was full of days, but more full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. How long he had 'borne the image of the earthly' before he was renewed in the spirit of his mind I know not; but I know he had long borne 'the image of the heavenly.'

"Though I can look back some forty-five years or more, I cannot look back to the year when he was not living a life of faith, and prayer, and self-denial, of deadness to the world, and of close walk with God. This was the more remarkable, as in the church, of which in those days he was a member, there was scarcely one individual who could fully sympathize with him in his religious views. Those great evangelical doctrines of the gospel, which his own minister never preached, and his own church never adopted into her creed, were his meat and drink. '*The raven, though an unclean bird, brought food to Elijah,*' was a common expression of his on returning from church, where he had been able to pick out of much chaff a few crumbs of the bread of life. His privileges were few; prayer-meetings were unknown; the sum total, or about the sum total of his library was the Family Bible, one copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Pike's Cases of Conscience, the second volume of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and the Assembly's Catechism.

"But, though his means of grace were thus limited, yet, meditating day and night on God's law, his roots struck deep; and he was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf

is always green, and whose fruit is always abundant. Whoever saw him riding on horseback would, if he kept himself concealed, be almost sure to see him engaged in prayer. Whoever should work with him in seed-time or harvest, would find his thoughts as actively employed above as his hands were below. Whoever of the Lord's people met him by day or by night, at home or abroad, alone or in company, would find him ready to sit down with them in heavenly places, in order to comprehend 'what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height' of the love of Christ.

"Being the youngest of the family, you can have but an indistinct recollection of the small house on the side of the hill, containing two small rooms and a garret, floored with loose and rough boards, where twelve of us were born; and of the small clump of apple-trees before the door, where your elder brothers and sisters played in the days of their thoughtless childhood. There, with no lock to any door, and no key to any trunk, or drawer, or cupboard; there, where, as I am told, nothing now remains but an old cellar, which may even itself, long before this, have been filled up; there our godly father prayed for us with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit; there, on every sabbath eve, he asked us those solemn, important, and all-comprehensive questions from the catechism; and there, with eyes and heart raised to heaven, we used to sing to the tune of Old Rochester—

"God my supporter and my hope,  
My help for ever near;  
Thine arm of mercy held me up  
When sinking in despair."

And there, too, our mother, of precious memory, though, as she died when you were but six months old, you remember her not—there she lived a life of poverty, patience, meekness, and faith. There she used to sit and card her wool by the light of the pine knot, and sing to us those sweet words—

"Hov'ring among the leaves there stands  
The sweet celestial Dove;  
And Jesus on the branches hangs  
The banner of his love."

And there, too, almost thirty-four years ago, we assembled early one morning in her little bedroom to see her die. Her peace was like a river; she was full of triumph; and she was able to address to us words of heavenly consolation, till she had actually crossed over into shallow water within one minute of the opposite banks of the Jordan—heaven and all its glories full in view. Precious woman! 'Were my children but pious,' thou didst often say in thy last long sickness, 'how cheerfully could I leave them and go away.' But what thine eyes were not permitted to behold, have not the angels long since

'thee, that the eight children thou didst leave behind, with all, or all but one of their partners, were partakers of that blessed gospel which was all thy salvation and all thy desire,' and that three of thy sons were engaged in proclaiming it to others? Yes, God hath heard thy prayers and 'hath remembered his holy covenant,' as we are all witnesses this day.

" But before I close I must say something more of the early habits and character of our venerable father. The little farm he once possessed, if it were not all ploughed over, was, I am confident, almost every foot of it, prayed over. And some dried apples from it, which a subsequent owner sent me a few years since, were to me 'as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.' He was full of the missionary spirit long before the existence of the present missionary societies, praying daily for both Jews and Gentiles; saying with the psalmist, 'Let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee, all of them'; and like his uncle, Solomon Goodell, was ready and desirous to contribute something for the spread of the glorious gospel long before he had an opportunity for so doing.

" He served three years in the revolutionary war; and I was struck with the fact you communicated of its being early on the morning of the memorable 4th of July, amidst the roaring of cannon, that he slept in peace. And though to his children he left no inheritance, no, not so much as one penny, yet in his godly example and prayers he has left them the very richest legacy which any father ever bequeathed his children.

" It is a rare privilege we have all enjoyed in being descended from such parents. They were the children of the Great King. They belonged to the royal family. Their names were on the catalogue of princes and of those that live for ever. They daily walked abroad with the conscious dignity of being heirs to a great estate, even an incorruptible inheritance; and they have now gone to sit down with Christ on his throne. 'And they shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more.' I love to look back and see how, with no ambitious aspirations after worldly gain, or pleasure, or honour, they humbly walked with God: how from day to day they deliberately sought, both for themselves and their children, first of all 'the kingdom of God and his righteousness'; and how, in this scoffing world, they were so united to Christ as apparently to have no separate interest or existence; it not being so much 'they that had lived as Christ living in them.'

" It was doubtless a mercy to them that they

never at any time possessed much of this world's goods, and were at times reduced to great straits; and a mercy to us that we had to bear the yoke in our youth, and often to make our meal of salt and potatoes; and I have often found it in my heart to bless God for all his dealings with them and with us. And why should we be anxious to leave our children any other inheritance than was left to us? If we leave them this, and they avail themselves of it, then, though we be dead, they shall still have a Father who will provide for them, and take care of them, and bless them, and make them happy for ever.

" And is our father gone, who prayed for us so much? Let us be thankful that the Great Intercessor 'ever liveth to make intercession for us'; and more than ever let us avail ourselves of his mediation and atonement, of his grace and strength, and of his righteousness and spirit; and more than ever let us now pray for ourselves and for all our brothers and sisters. And is our father dead? Let us give special thanks that our father and mother are no longer in this world of sin and sorrow. And let us be more careful than ever to 'be followers of those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises,' being sinners saved by grace alone."

#### BEGINNING FAMILY PRAYER.

THE commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must often be attended by difficulties, where the head of the family has for years neglected it. "I have never done anything since I became a Christian," writes one, "which required so much self-denial, and which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship. I felt that it was a duty, from the time I devoted myself to the service of Christ; but I shrank from its performance so painfully, that day after day and week after week passed away without my attempting it. At length conscience remonstrated so loudly, and my conviction that it was a sin to neglect it was so strong, I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night; again and again I implored strength from on high. I was constitutionally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated.

" Before breakfast I said to my wife, 'I feel, C—, as if we ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it.' 'No,' she replied, but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When we rose from the breakfast-table, it

seemed to me the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silence and be seated. They did so, but I felt that their eyes were fixed wonderfully upon me. I took the large bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book and read the first chapter that presented itself. I then knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. But my hesitation soon passed off. I knew not why it was, but during the performance of this service, my soul was so filled with thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach him, and to place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of his protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplications for his blessing with as much freedom and fervour as I had ever done in secret. When I arose, I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears.

"The conflict was over—the duty was entered on—and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right, came into my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full union with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetuess of this service, and to many of them I believe the hour of prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us."

#### HINDRANCES TO PRAYER. •

GUILT on the conscience is one great hindrance to prayer. When sin is recent; when, like Adam skulking among the trees, the bitter-sweet of the forbidden fruit is still present to his taste, and his newly-opened eyes are aghast at its own deformity, it is not natural for the self-condemned transgressor to draw near to God. And it is not till the Spirit of God directs his view to the unnoticed sacrifice, and encourages him to put on the robe of God's providing, that the abashed and trembling criminal can venture back into God's presence. And it is not till the Spirit of God comes forth into his soul, and begins to cry, "Abba," there, that the soul goes forth with alacrity to meet a reconciled God. To reveal the great High Priest, the daysman between infinite holiness and human vileness—to open heaven, and display Jesus standing at the right hand of God, to impart confidence in the finished work, and so amidst abounding guilt, to give hope to

prayer—is His work who, when he is come, convinces not only of sin, but of righteousness,

Another great hindrance to prayer is dimness of spiritual perception. When a man of taste or science climbs a mountain in a bright transparent day, he rejoices in its goodly prospect or curious spoils; but his dog feels no interest in them. He sees the philosopher peering through his telescope, or exploring for the little plants that grow near the summit, or splintering the rocks and putting fragments in the bag; but it never occurs to the spaniel so much as to marvel what his master is finding there. He sits yawning and panting on a sunny knoll, or snaps at the mountain bee as it comes sailing past him, or chases the conies back into their holes, and scampers down with noisy glee as soon as the sad durance is over. The disparity between the philosopher and his irrational friend is hardly greater than it is between the worldling and the believer when you bring them together into the domain of faith. "The natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;" and on the Pisgah of the same revelation whence the believer descries a goodly land, and where he is making the most interesting discoveries, he sees nothing to arrest his attention. The word of God and its promises, the throne of grace and its privileges, the things of faith in all their varieties, have no existence to worldly men. And when constrained to bear others' company, in outward ordinances, they are thankful when the ending prayer or closing sanctuary sends them back to the world again. But just as the same lover of nature might ascend his favourite eminence on a beclouded day, and find all his goodly prospects intercepted by a baffling mist, so dense that, except a pebble here and there, he can alight on none of its rare productions, and without any opening vista by which he can catch a glimpse of the fair regions around—so the believer may ascend the hill of God, he may open his bible or enter his closet, and find, alas! that it is a foggy day, the beautiful panorama blotted out, and himself left to grope chillicly in the cold and perplexing gloom. But like a gale of summer wind, up-springing and lifting all the fog from the mountain top, the breath of the Omnipotent Spirit can scatter every cloud, and leave the soul on a pinnacle of widest survey, rejoicing in the pure light of God.—Hamilton.

STABILITY.—Though you get strokes and frowns from your Lord, yet believe his love more than your own feeling. . The world can take nothing from you that is truly yours; and death itself can do you no hurt. It is not your rock that ebbs and flows, but your sea.—Butterfield.



## Page for the Young.

### EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY. COUNT ZINSENDORF.

THERE is something truly lovely in early piety! We see an old grey-headed man, ready to sink into the grave, and think it quite right and proper that he should be pious. He must soon die, and why not prepare for another world? But the child and the youth dream of a long life of enjoyment, and fancy there will be time enough afterwards to become serious. Some have never heard, and some don't really believe—

"Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live."

But all be assured, my dear children, there is something exceedingly lovely in early piety.

Count Zinsendorf, of whom we are about to tell you, thought so too when he was old. But even in his youth, he thought much of the *happiness* and the *privilege* of having a Saviour in heaven with whom he could speak as with a friend. He was born in Dresden, in the year 1700. His parents dedicated him to the Lord, and, as Hannah did with Samuel, solemnly surrendered rip their right and interest in him, feeling that he did not belong *in any way* to them, but to the Lord Jesus, for whom they were resolved to educate him. In later years he often thought of this dedication with pleasure, pleading it as a reason why the Lord should protect and bless him.

Zinsendorf's father was a sincere and devoted Christian; and the character of his mother may be learned from a few lines which she wrote in her bible, shortly after the birth of this, her eldest son. After recording the day of the birth, and acknowledging the grace of God in it, she writes:—"The God of all consolation guide this child's heart, and preserve him blameless in the path of virtue! May no evil have dominion over him, but may he be preserved in the truth, so shall he fear no ill for time and eternity. \* \* When I look at the power of sin within and around me, my flesh faints, and my heart trembles for my offspring! Whither shall I flee? Only to Thee, oh thou faithful, covenant-keeping God, and I plead the precious merits of thine own dear Son, my Saviour! Only for his sake be gracious to my child, and grant him eternal life! Amen."

A mother who has learned thus to pray for her child, whether she be a countess or a poor woman, has no reason to fear that he will ever be forsaken. It did not appear *at any visible evidence* of especial care was manifest over young Zinsendorf, for notwithstanding the earnest and believing prayer of his parents, he was scarcely six weeks old when his father died, leaving him an orphan. Some would have said, that this was hard, but the beloved mother knew the sentiment—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

From his fourth till his tenth year, Zinsendorf was educated by his grandmother, and during this time he was not only kept from all bad society, but had an opportunity of meeting with and listening to many men distinguished by their piety. Above all, he was made

acquainted with the bible, and it was at this time that the foundation of his whole future life and character was laid.

A pious clergyman, called Spener, once called on his grandmother when he was in his fifth year, and in a solemn, earnest prayer, again devoted the boy to the service of God. This prayer Zinsendorf never forgot; it made a deep impression on him. He was then, however, as giddy as other children; had a fiery temper; he fell asleep too, sometimes, during prayer. But then he struggled and prayed against the outbursts of passion, and once wept very bitterly that he had fallen asleep while the family were singing a hymn at family worship.

While he was still very young, perhaps in his third or fourth year, he had a most delightful abiding sense of the love of Jesus, and felt that he could tell him all his wants in prayer, and speak to him as freely as he could to any earthly relative. He learned very quickly what was placed before him; but better than all this, his heart was full of love to Jesus.

He loved especially the hymns which spoke of Christ assuming our human nature, and suffering for sinners. To teach him a new hymn about the sufferings of Jesus, was the greatest favour any one could bestow. His teacher was one evening telling the story of the crucifixion; how the thorns entered the brow, and the nails pierced the hands and feet of the compassionate Son of God; how the blood streamed from the wounds, and yet how he never complained, but gladly bore it all from love to us. The boy listened for a while, then burst into a violent flood of tears, which no one could still, and when left alone, he firmly resolved to devote his whole life, and every thought and act to the Saviour who had laid down his life for him. And he was then only six years old! Alas! how many of us have heard the story of Immanuel's suffering, and know it all by heart, and yet have never shed a single tear over it, nor made a single resolution to love Him who first loved us!

He had an aunt whom he dearly loved, and to her he opened up his whole heart. He used often to go with her to his chamber and pray. Sometimes, he said, he could tell his Saviour far more, and feel his love more deeply, when aunt Henrietta was with him. Sometimes he could collect his thoughts, and fix them better on the Lord, when she knelt by his side. Does this seem strange to us? It was the child's commentary on the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

In the whole life of Count Zinsendorf three traits of character were especially prominent, and it was in his early years that the foundation of them was laid. These were:—

1. A very deep sense of the sufferings and merits of Christ;
2. A firm resolution to live solely for Him who had given his life for him; and
3. An unreserved communion of his whole heart and soul with pious friends.

Next week we shall give further information concerning this interesting character, who in his manhood was able to adopt the language of Obadiah, and say "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth."

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



LUTHER PREACHING IN THE "PULPIT OF THE REFORMATION."

## THE STORY OF A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

PART III.

### LUTHER AT ROME.

But the work was not finished with Luther's discovery of the Saviour's willingness to save. He had not yet given up all self-dependence. He had read, he had prayed, but he had not believed. Sufficient light had dawned in his heart to make the darkness there more apparent, but he was not at rest.

In the second year of his abode at the convent, he was attacked with a violent illness. In the prospect of death all his anguish and terror

returned, for he knew that he was not yet holy. Thus much his bible had taught Luther. One day as he lay on his sick-bed, trembling and sorrowful, an old monk came into his cell, and spoke kindly to him. The poor old man knew but little, but he could say his "Creed," the Creed, and he told the young monk that he had found there something to comfort him. Luther had learned this creed when a boy at Mansfeld —had learned it as we learn many things in childhood, without attaching much meaning to the words; but now, as the simple-hearted man recited the words which had consigned him that time of trouble, Luther was arrested in his belief in the forgiveness of sins."

"I believe in the forgiveness of sins," echoed the young man, sorrowfully.

"Ah," said the monk, "but that is not enough; the devils believe that David's and Peter's sins are forgiven; but God's commandment is to believe that *our own* sins are forgiven. The testimony which the Holy Ghost applies to your heart is this, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*'"

This was the point; and here mark two lessons in Luther's history. One is that we may go deep into the knowledge of Christ and his doctrine, and yet be unsaved and unpardoned. Luther had read of Jesus, studied the bible, reasoned, and been reasoned with; but till this moment he had not found his Saviour in the Saviour of the world. Another lesson is, that God often makes use of very humble means to accomplish his purposes. The old monk who preached the great truth by Luther's sick-bed was not so learned as he whom he taught, nor so skilled in theology as the vicar-general Staupitz; but he knew, amidst all the darkness and errors of his faith, that he needed salvation, and he had found all that he needed in Christ. Luther was on the right road. The idea of meritizing salvation vanished; he now trusted alone to Jesus. He did not perceive all that this single belief involved; yet he had received salvation; not through the priest, not through penance, nor fasting, nor any mediation whatever, but that of Christ, from God himself; and as he rose from his sick-bed he was a new man.

The time drew near when Luther was to be ordained priest. Jerome, bishop of Brandenburg, officiated at the ceremony. None but priests can celebrate mass in the Roman Catholic church; and of the moment in which Luther received the cup from the bishop, with these words, "Receive the power of offering sacrifice for the living and the dead," he said in after years, "that the earth did not swallow us up was an instance of the patience and long-suffering of God." It is indeed an awful delusion to suppose that God would ever give to sinful man power to do the work of his own sinless Son. The last and only acceptable sacrifice was offered on the cross, when Jesus said, "It is finished," and now "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin."

The vicar-general Staupitz still continued his friendship to Luther, and spoke of him in such high terms to Frederic, elector of Saxony, that he invited him to become professor in the university of Wittemberg. Here, to his great sorrow, he was chosen teacher of philosophy, and he who hungered and thirsted for God's word was obliged to spend his time in the study of Aristotle; but he did not forget his bible. He applied himself earnestly to master the difficulties of the Greek and Hebrew languages,

and at the end of a few months he was made a teacher of divinity. Every day at one o'clock Luther gave a discourse on the bible. He began by explaining the Psalms, and then the Epistle to the Romans. One day as he was studying in his quiet cell, (for he was still a monk,) he read these words from Habakkuk, "The just shall live by faith." The text struck him forcibly. It was as if God had spoken it to him, and in the many struggles of his after life he constantly recurred to those words, "The just shall live by faith." You may suppose that the character of Luther's lectures was something quite new in the Roman Catholic church. He was a Christian, not a mere scholar; it was not man's teaching alone, for he was now God-taught.

In the middle of the square of Wittemberg stood an old wooden chapel, thirty feet long and twenty wide. Its walls were falling to decay. A pulpit made of planks, raised three feet above the ground, received the preacher; and here it was that the Reformation was first preached, for Luther yielded to Staupitz's desire to preach in the church of the Augustines. His countenance was full of expression, his voice clear and beautiful, his manner earnest and serious, so that he drew crowds to hear him. In a short time the little chapel could not contain the people, and he was at length chosen preacher by the council of Wittemberg to officiate in their church.

After a year or two of labour in Wittemberg, his travels began. There had been a dispute between the vicar-general and the heads of seven convents, and Luther being justly considered eloquent and acute, was sent to Rome to negotiate that business. He set out, and crossing the glorious Alps, his heart beat high at the thought of seeing that ancient city, which from his earliest childhood he had been taught to consider as the seat of holiness. But hardly had he descended into the plains of Italy than he began to anticipate his mistake. On the river Po, in Lombardy, there was a convent at which the young German monk halted. This convent was very rich, and the monks led most idle and luxurious lives. The simple-minded brother from Wittemberg saw with astonishment the marble and silk, the rich dresses and delicate food, in which those who professed to have left the world and its vanities indulged. Friday came—Friday the great fast-day of the Roman Catholics—but what was his surprise when he saw the tables of the Benedictines loaded with meats. His honest disposition prevailed, and he spoke out boldly. "The church and the pope," he said, "forbid such things." Very angry were the Benedictines at the freedom of the unmannerly German, and as he repeated his remark, some of them urged him to depart. He

did so, but was taken so ill at Bologna, that many people suspected him to have been poisoned; but it is more likely that the rich living at the Benedictine convent had not agreed with the frugal monk of Wittemberg, who had been used to subsist chiefly on dry bread and herrings. He recovered, however, and continued his journey, and at length reached the city which he had so longed to behold.

Warm in his feelings, and it must be remembered still a sincere papist, Luther visited all the churches and chapels, and listened with implicit faith to the marvellous stories of miracles and relics; yet his heart was chilled to observe the heartless formality with which the Roman clergy celebrated mass, and the more so as they, on their part, laughed at his simplicity. One day, when he was assisting at the service he found that at the altar they had read seven masses while he was reading one. "Make haste, make haste!" whispered a priest at his side, "have done with it." On another occasion, when dining with some bishops and high dignitaries of the church, he was greatly shocked at their impious conversation. One of them told him, among other things, that when saying mass at the altar, instead of repeating the sacramental words by which they professed to change the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, they pronounced these, "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain; wine thou art, and wine thou shalt remain; and then," said he with a laugh, "we elevate the pyx, and all the people worship!"

Another curious fact connected with Luther's visit to Rome is, that here he obtained a deeper knowledge of the holy scriptures. He had not hitherto made satisfactory progress in Hebrew, and therefore took lessons in that language of an old rabbini. It is singular that at Rome he should have made the greatest progress in that knowledge which was to be Rome's destruction. Once during his stay there, in his anxiety to procure an indulgence which the pope had promised to any who should on their knees ascend a steep flight of steps called Pilate's staircase, the poor German monk set himself to toil up the steps, but as he was slowly doing so he thought he heard a voice like thunder, speaking from the depth of his heart, "*The just shall live by faith!*" He started up in terror, and horrified at his folly, he fled from the spot.

Often as Luther had studied the Epistle to the Romans, he had never seen the way of salvation so clearly as when, on his knees, labouring to make a righteousness of his own, the voice of God spoke in his heart. He rose convinced from that hour of the great truth that we are justified by *faith* in Jesus, without the deeds of the law.

This visit to Rome was a great means of shaking Luther's attachment to Popery. He left it full of grief and indignation; and weary of the thought he turned his heart more devotedly to the word of God, which gained that power over him which the church had for ever lost.

On his return to Wittemberg he was appointed biblical doctor, and was resolved thenceforward to devote himself more than ever to the study and teaching of the sacred scriptures. The path he took on the occasion bound him to defend the truth of the gospel with all his strength, and how that vow was performed we shall ere long see.

### "SAY, GOD'S WILL BE DONE, DEAR MAMMA."

I STOOD alone in the beautiful cemetery of L——, with many solemn yet happy thoughts passing through my mind; thinking of the time when I too would be lying beneath the green turf, the weak body and weary heart at rest, and the spirit returned to him who gave it. I was roused from my reverie by the appearance of a lady who passed me in deep mourning, leading a little boy by the hand. Hers was one of those sweet pensive faces that linger long in the memory, returning again and again like the remembrance of a pleasing dream. I thought of her all night, and in the morning her countenance was still before me in its touching loveliness.

The cemetery was my favourite walk; it was refreshing both to mind and body to escape from the noise and heat of the town, wander amid its solemn beauty, inhale the perfume of its thousand flowers, and, amidst its murmuring leaves hold communion with nature's God. It seemed her loved resort also, and we frequently passed each other; at last, we were accidentally introduced, and I became a visitor at her house.

The first day I had the pleasure of being there, I was struck with a fine painting of three children, two boys playing with a Newfoundland dog, and a little blue-eyed laughing girl, rolling among some baskets of tumbled roses. One of the boys I at once recognised as my little friend Freddy, who accompanied his mamma in her walks; but where were the other two? His was the only little voice and step that I heard in the house.

The mother answered my silent question: "You are looking at my children," she said, as she seated herself beside me; "they were the treasures I had laid up for myself on earth, unmindful of the gracious Giver; and I only awoke to remember we can call nothing on this earth ours, when my little fair-haired Mary is cold in my arms, her blue eyes closed, her

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

voice still. Death had never come between me and those I loved before, and I wept unceasingly, day after day, month after month." The slightest circumstance opened the fixed-gates of memory; the tolling of a bell—the sight of a little frock—the sound of the little name I loved so dearly, shook me with agony. My husband and friends ceased to speak words of comfort, which they saw were unavailing; my boys grew silent when they saw my tearful face, hushed their glad voices in my presence, and sat quietly reading their books.

"A year after my little girl's death, I again held a smiling infant in my arms, and all thought this new blessing would wean me from my grief; but alas! it was not so; I looked on its little innocent face, and while I pressed it nervously in my arms and covered it with kisses, I wept for the dear one who was gone. I said, I was not murmuring against God; but I knew not my own heart, and in my prayers I approached him as one I feared and wished to propitiate—not as one I loved—not as one who had done so much for me, who felt for me, and chastened me in love, not in anger. And I wrapped my arms round my baby, with the scarcely allowed yet hidden thought at my heart—Thou shalt not take this one. Weak words! I was soon called to part with my infant, and not with her only, but with Edward my first-born—he, on whose sweet face I had first imprinted a young mother's fond kiss.

"I ceased to weep. My husband took my baby from me, and laid it in the same grave with our lost Mary; and I stood beside my boy's bed, with the drops of agony falling from my brow, my brain on fire, my heart breaking, and many dark and rebellious thoughts contending in my breast. He opened his soft dark eyes, (he had ever been a gentle dreamy child, talking of heaven as his beautiful home, and gazing for hours up to the silent stars, which he said were like angels watching over us,) he put his little burning arms round my neck, drew my head down on the pillow beside him, and murmured in a tender pleading voice, 'Say, God's will be done, dear mamma.' Oh, that sweet voice! it comes over me yet like an angel's whisper. The scales fell from mine eyes; I saw my heart with all its dark deformity laid open before me, and, through God's grace, I was enabled not only to say, 'his will be done,' but when I pressed my first-born's little cold cheek to mine, I thanked my heavenly Father with an overflowing heart that he had not left me till by repeated strokes he had softened my rebellious will, and enabled me to relinquish, unflinchingly, my earthly treasures, for that blessed hope ever which death hath no power."

## LAST DAYS OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS.

JOHN KNOX.

AFTER thirteen months' absence, a truce between the contending parties enabled Knox to return to Edinburgh. The summer of 1572 was drawing to its close, and his life was ebbing away from him with the falling year. He attempted once to preach in his old church, but the effort was too great for him; he desired his people to choose some one to fill his place, and had taken his last leave of them, when, at the beginning of September, the news came of the Bartholomew massacre. If even now, with three centuries rolling between us and that horrible night, our blood still chills in us at the name of it, it is easy to feel what it must have been when it was the latest birth of time; and nowhere except in France itself, was the shock of it felt as it was in Scotland. The associations of centuries had bound the two countries together in ties of more than common alliance; and between the Scotch Protestants and the Huguenots there were further connections of the closest and warmest attachment. They had fought for the same cause, and against the same persecutors; they had stood by each other in their common trials; and in 1559, Conde and Coligny had saved Scotland by distracting the attention of the Guises at home. Community of interest had led to personal intimacies and friendships, and in time of danger such links are stronger than those of blood; so that thousands of the Paris victims were dearer than brothers to the Lowland Protestants. One cry of horror rose all over Scotland. The contending parties forgot their animosities; even the Catholics let fall their arms in shame, and the flagging energies of Knox rallied back once more, to hurl across the channel the execrations of a nation whom a crime so monstrous had for a moment reunited. The T爾booth was fitted up for the occasion, and the voice of the dying hero was heard for the last time in its thunder, denouncing the vengeance of heaven on the contrivers of that accursed deed.

But this was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do: and the world, at its best, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not so sweet a place that men like him care to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet, simple way, he set his house in order, and made his few preparations. We find him paying his servants' wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends came in to dine with him, not knowing

of his illness, and "for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine, which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, and for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, came crowding with their anxieties and inquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him, which, years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him—

"Ilk ane," he said, "bids me gude night, but when will ye do it? I have been greatly behaudin and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to one who is able to do it, that is to the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down: it is time that we drop it altogether. He had taken leave of the world, and only the few dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died, he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence—*Quid habes quod non accepisti?* 'What hast thou which thou hast not received?' It was the last stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us—the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green for ever.

On Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain. "It is na painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sat by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I command my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Toward evening, he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, whilk was the longer because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything. "Ay," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound."

"Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that you have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which oft time ye have shown to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign;' and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and sleepit away without any pain."

In such sacred stillness the strong spirit, which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What he had been to those who were gathered about his death-bed, they did not require to be taught by losing him. What he had been to his country, "albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the surface changes of ecclesiastical establishments, or the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formulae. Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but of obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her, passed away without breaking.

We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intolerant iconoclasm; and we are like the agriculturists of a long-settled country, who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

#### CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### THE WAR-CHARIOT.

"And Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron; and all the people that were with him, from Harosheth of the Gentiles unto the river of Kishon."—Judges iv. 13.

A REPRESENTATION of a war-chariot, employed by the fighting men of ancient China, ornaments the close of this paper. It was copied from

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wood-cut in the "Lieke," a work of high antiquity among the Chinese. In form, it was unlike the chariots of the natives of Greece and Asia Minor. The tomb of Mausolus, erected at Halicarnassus, in Caria, by his wife Artemisia, was surmounted by a chariot drawn by four horses, which appears, from medals, to have been nearly a fac-simile of the one represented in our engraving. A regard to convenience suggested the form, and hence the Chinese and the Greeks may have hit upon the same model without any interchange of ideas. It is not improbable, however, that many arts, inventions, and discoveries, in existence among the natives of both sides of the ancient continent, were antediluvian in their origin. If this hypothesis be applied to the war-chariot, we may assume that it was invented before the flood, and was one of those engines by which man was aided in harassing his fellow, at a time when the earth was filled with violence.

The body of the carriage was shaped like a vehicle, which among husbandmen is called a tumbril, and was left open behind, that the warriors might ascend and descend with ease, and at the same time be under the shelter afforded them by its front. The sides and front protected the warriors in part from the missives and blows that might be levelled at them. The front, by a variety of cross-pieces, we see is rendered doubly proof against the force of stones and arrows, to which this part was more exposed than the rest of the carriage. It was higher than the sides, so that while it protected the body, the warrior could use his spear on the right and left of it. In the upper part, it resembled somewhat the battlements of a tower, and was provided with loopholes, through which the riders might watch the approach of the enemy, without exposing themselves to the shafts that were whizzing in the air around them.

The right side of the carriage was furnished with different kinds of spears, which were ingeniously contrived to do mischief, in whatever way they might be wielded. The first pair are a variety of halberd, and did execution, not only in being thrust at the enemy, but also in the act of withdrawing them. The third has two blades, which are shaped like a carpenter's square. This also had the advantage of cutting off its way, whether it was pushed forward or pulled back in any encounter. The other two lances appear to be intended for grappling with a foe in close quarters, after the other spears had been broken by a conflict with the shield or sword in the combat. Each chariot was perhaps, in the first instance, filled with five persons, to whom pertained the five weapons ranged on the right side of it. These did not all engage at

once, but helped each other by handing weapons when required, or by taking the post of one who was weary or wounded. This we gather from mock-fights, which are often exhibited upon the stage in China, where, while one is struggling with an adversary, several of his friends look on, who are ready to lift him up when fallen, furnish him with a fresh sword or spear, or to dispute the victory again with the successful party. Our reason for assuming that five men mounted one chariot, was at first derived from seeing the standard on the left side of it, as this was always carried by the chief among a division of five warriors.

The chariot was drawn by four horses, which were attached to the pole, and not by traces to the body of the vehicle. A thong or strap passed round the neck of the horse, as a substitute for the collar, and from thence to the end of the pole. The shortness of this line and attachment acted as a prevention against the risk of having the traces cut away by the enemy, and the movements of the horse impeded, by the remnants of dishevelled harness hanging about them. In case too that one was wounded, he might easily be detached by an application of the third spear in the group. The strap that served the purpose of collar, was connected with the saddle upon the back of the animal, hence it was not only enabled to draw the chariot, but also to counteract any disturbances there might be in its equilibrium. The saddle was provided with a pad on each side, and a shield upon the crupper, and thus the horse, armed with a kind of cuirass, had some of his more vital parts in a state of security against the assaults of the enemy. In the fifth book of the Iliad, and about the 720th verse, the yoke or staff is represented as being made fast to the end of the pole (rhymus), and as being further attached to the collar (leptadrion). This yoke appears to have agreed in use with the saddles upon the back of the Chinese horse, inasmuch as it served to bear up the chariot as well as to draw it forward. With a little allowance for a difference in respect to the yoke, the Grecian and Chinese horses seem to have been harnessed alike. In both instances the chief aim was to encumber the horse with as little in the way of equipment as possible. The steeds were guided by six reins, each of the outer ones being furnished with two, while those within had only one. In the economy of driving a stage-coach, we see that each horse is only allowed one rein, and is obliged to take a hint from his companion as to one half of his duty. The Chinese charioteers were not so frugal in this point, being unwilling, for reasons hinted above, to fasten the heads of the horses too closely together.

The engraving and the foregoing remarks will

suffice to explain the nature and use of the war-chariot in old times, when military tactics were in their infancy. To men uninstructed in modern stratagems, they were terrible things, and are spoken of by Chinese writers, as well as those who composed the history of the Jews, as forming the chief item in the array of battle. A column of these heavy vehicles drawn by animals delighting in battle, and advancing with the greatest impetuosity, must have overwhelmed a line of infantry, unprotected by any rampart, and half-affrighted at the thunder of their wheels. A sublime description of their effect is given by the prophet Nahum, chap. ii. 4: "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

This may, by accommodation, be taken as an account of the army of Sisera, when he advanced to charge the ten thousand of Naphtali and Zabulon. The order was from the God of battles, that Barak should muster his men on mount Tabor, where elevation, an uneven ground, and clumps of underwood, and perhaps a shower of arrows, threw the chariots of Sisera into confusion, and distracted the attention of his warriors between the management of their horses and the uso of their weapons. This disorder was perceived by Barak and his corps of volunteers, who, drawing their swords, rushed forward to engage hand to hand with their adversaries, as they were struggling in the midst of perplexity and disappointment, and thus gained a decisive and easy victory. Those who were in the rear, panic-struck at the ill-fortune of the van, turned round their horses, and fled in dismay. These were pursued by the victorious companions of Barak, overtaken, as they met with impediments by the way, and slain amidst an imposing array of warlike implements. A small measure of wisdom, a little courage, and the smile of heaven, will enable us to do great things, in defiance of the largest armament, or the best-concerted schemes.

With the cavalry and infantry of Pharaoh was a squadron of war-chariots; but, because God fought for Israel, their wheels were first broken off, and lastly they were thrown into the midst of the sea. The fact that Pharaoh's chariots were drawn along without their wheels deserves a moment's attention, because, with the idea of our modern vehicles in our mind, we can hardly reconcile this with probability. By reference to our illustration, we see that the pole is arched, so that were the wheels suddenly removed, it would not descend low enough to impede the movements of the team. And, as they are only attached to the end of the pole, their legs would not be trammelled by the traces.

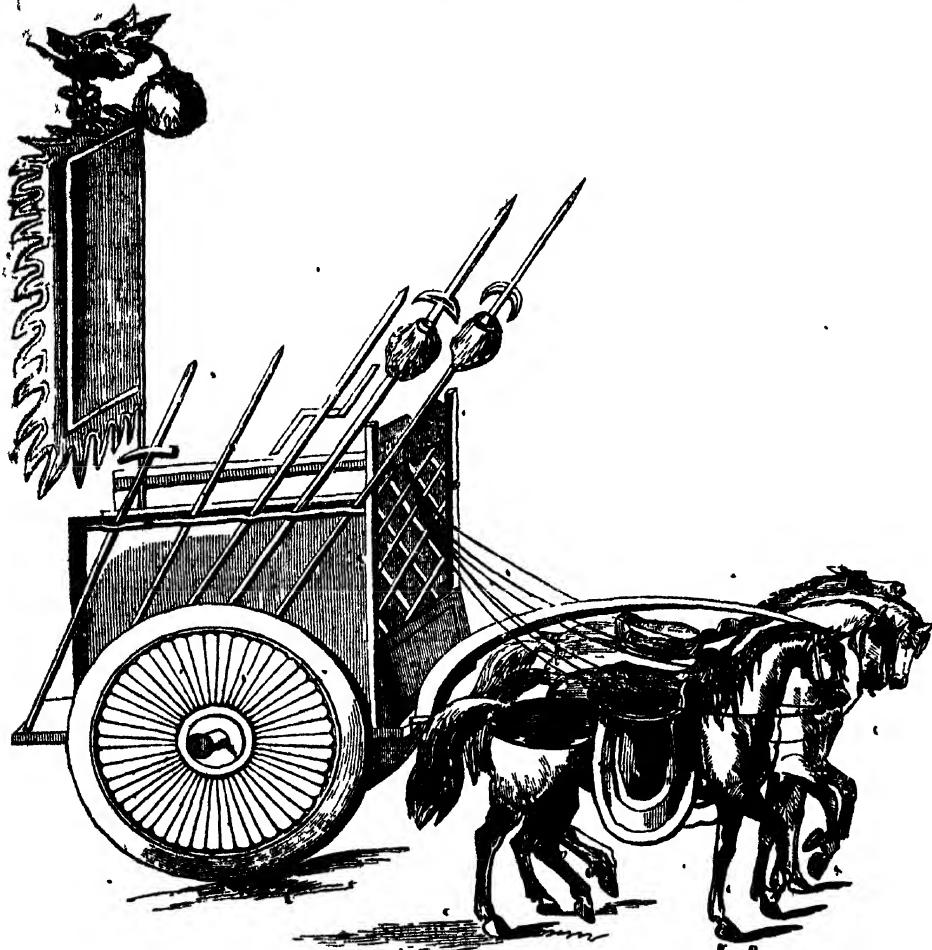
The labour of drawing would be greatly increased by the loss of the wheels, ("they drew them heavily,") but would not be rendered impossible. The construction of the war-chariot furnishes a reply to any difficulty which a sceptic might raise as to the truth of this statement.

When Shishak, king of Egypt, went up to Jerusalem, in the reign of Rehoboam, he had besides footmen without number, and three-score thousand horsemen, twelve hundred chariots. 2 Chron. xii. 8. "Behold, he shall come up as clouds; and his chariots shall be as the whirlwind; his horses are swifter than eagles." This seems to refer to the army of Nebuchadnezzar, which was accompanied by war-chariots, like the kings of Canaan and the Egyptians in their warlike marches. Jer. iv. 13. "And Joshua did unto them as the Lord bade him: he houghed their horses, and burnt their chariots with fire." Joshua xi. 9. This at the first glance looks like a cruel and unnecessary measure. Cruel, because some hundreds of unoffending animals were consigned to a painful death by starvation; and unnecessary, because the wood and iron of the chariots could be turned to many useful purposes. It was, however, as we think, not a measure that followed the victory, but one by which that victory was gained. It was a military stratagem, or means of defence against those formidable engines of destruction, war-chariots. The Israelites were directed not to aim their blows at the charioteers, nor at the vital parts of the horses, but at the legs, where a slight wound, among any of the sinews, would at once disable the animal, and impede the motion of the vehicle. By following this advice, a single man was sufficient to grapple with a chariot of armed men, because he engaged under the shelter of the horses' heads, and, though his antagonists might alight and put him to death, two or three wounded steeds would render the object of their confidence useless. The "burning of the chariots" was a measure of the same kind, and was attempted, perhaps, by throwing balls of lighted asphaltum at the cars, which, by sticking to the wood, would not fail to ignite it, and thus compel the warriors to abandon them and engage upon even ground. We are told that Sisera's chariots were of iron, which means perhaps only that they were plated with that metal. Now, if we ask why he took this precaution, an obvious answer would be, to render them proof against fire. This precaution implies, then, that fire had been used, and successfully too, as a measure of self-defence, against the havoc that might be done by a column of war-chariots, tilting over a plain, amidst thousands of living creatures. If Joshua gained an advantage over the predecessor of Jabin by the employment of fire, Jabin would

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usually be led to cover his cars with iron, to avoid a similar catastrophe. The mention of iron chariots seems unimportant on a casual reading; but when it is taken in connection with what happened some years before, it becomes an

interesting fact, and enables us to see the harmony of two apparently isolated and independent events. Thus, even in the minutest points, the truth of God is confirmed the more closely that its statements are examined.



### KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS.

'Tis written on that baby brow,  
Laid in its rest—the last,  
On which a mother's tear-drops flow  
So scorchingly and fast.  
  
'Tis traced on that young wasting form,  
Drooping like frosted flower;  
Passing unto the dust and worm  
In early vernal hour.  
  
'Tis on the shroud—wove in the bowers  
Of bridal hope and bloom,  
Where the out-scattered orange-flowers  
Are on the new-shut tomb.  
  
O love! convulsive, clinging love,  
It beats upon thine ear—  
Keep thy heart's treasury above;  
Both moth and thief are here..  
  
'Tis heard, as weakly uplifts its wings  
Of gold for sudden flight;

And change a dark'ning shadow flings  
O'er all that look'd so bright.

It comes with melancholy moan  
From wrecks of hope and trust;  
And mingleth with the smother'd groan  
Of those it left in dust.

It quivers in the farewell tone,  
When the long-loved must go;  
And the bruised heart bleeds on alone  
Unheeded in its woe.

Let not that living joy entwine  
So deeply in thy breast;  
Nor be that cherished one of thine  
So oft, so fondly prest.

Lest for thy soul's idolatry  
Wrath gather on thy head;  
And thy heart be a cemetery  
Strew'd darkly with its dead.

MARY LEWIS.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.\*

THE UNJUST STEWARD.

"And the lord commanded the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that, when ye fall, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.—Luke xvi. 8, 9.

VEVVY few persons read the New Testament who do not stumble at my text; and numbers, even among those who have had what is called a good education, turn away from it in sad perplexity, unable to conceive how Jesus Christ could command them to make the mammon of unrighteousness their friend. And assuredly he does not so command them. What he bids us do is to make friends *by*, or by the help of, the mammon of unrighteousness; that is, to employ the mammon of unrighteousness—mark the words—to employ that mammon, that riches, which is called unrighteous, because by so many it is gained dishonestly and spent wickedly—to employ that riches, which so many employ amiss to their soul's hurt, in making friends for ourselves, who shall receive us into everlasting habitations. In other words, our blessed Lord commands us to make such a use of our money, and of all our other talents, be they what they may, for the glory of God and the good of our brethren, that after our death it may please our God and Father to receive us into the heavenly abodes of never-ending peace and joy.

With this commendation the parable ends. What follows is our Lord's remark on the story, and the moral he would have us draw from it. "In this story (he says) you see an example, how the children of this world are mostly wiser in their generation than the children of light. In this wisdom I would have you follow them. I would have you, too, endeavour to make friends to yourselves—not such friends as the unjust steward made, for he made only earthly friends—nor by the same dishonest practices, for that would be against the law of God and man: but I would have you no less anxious to make friends, no less careful, no less forecasting than he was. Only let your friends be heavenly friends, who will receive you into everlasting habitations.

\* Abridged from the Rev. A. W. Hare's "Sermons to a Country Congregation."

Do you wish to know how such friends are to be gained? They are to be gained by the help of the mammon of unrighteousness, by making the most of all your earthly means and opportunities of serving God and helping your neighbour."

It is impossible to read this parable, and our Lord's remark on it, without being struck by the broad assertion that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. . . . Our Lord says, the child of this world is wiser in his generation than the child of light; wiser in his generation, mind; that is, wiser in his own line. Jesus does not say that he is wiser altogether for that he is not. The folly of making a wrong choice—the folly of hungering after that which is not bread, and setting his heart on things which cannot satisfy—the folly of turning his back on his heavenly Father, of living in careless defiance or neglect of the Almighty Ruler of the world—the folly of choosing to walk earnestly and busily in a path which leads to death and hell—with all this heap of follies the child of this world is justly chargeable: and it is such a pitch of foolishness as must entitle him to the first and foremost place in folly. He is the fool of fools, because he chooses his course of life wrongly: whereas the child of light chooses, or at least professes to choose, his course of life rightly and wisely.

But after the choice has been made, a wonderful change takes place. He who chose his path like a fool walks along it like a wise man; he who chose his like a wise man walks along it like a fool. "The children of this world," says Jesus, "in their generation, are wiser than the children of light." How does this happen? you will naturally ask. How comes the fool to act so much more wisely than the wise man? and the wise man so much less wisely than the fool? My friends, there can be no doubt: the ground and cause of all this lies in that evil bias of our nature, which, unless the Spirit of God be within us to outweigh and check it, makes it so much easier for us to do wrong than to do right. At all events, the fact is certain. The children of this world do, in their own line, and according to their own notions, act much more wisely than the children of light. It is impossible to walk through life with one's eyes open, and not perceive that this is so. The true child of this

world, is thoroughgoing, active, persevering. When he has made up his mind that this or that thing is desirable, he sets his heart upon having it. He casts about and considers, until he has hit on a plan of getting it; and as soon as he is satisfied that his plan is a good one, he straightway begins carrying it into effect. It matters little whether the object of his wishes be great or small, whether it be an estate or a horse; if the child of this world wants to buy it, he takes the proper steps for doing so, and loses no time. He does not say, "That horse would just suit me; I never saw one I liked half so much; so the next time I come this way, some six months hence, I will ask the price of it." He is too wise for that; he knows that six months hence the horse may no longer be on sale; he bethinks himself that no time is like the present; and if he finds that the horse is to be had for a fair price, he closes the bargain at once. It is the same whatever he engages in. If he is a man of business, he gives his mind to his business; he takes more delight in thinking about it than about anything else. No subject interests him so much. Any first-rate book that treats of it he would be sure to study, and probably would have its chief rules and directions at his fingers' ends, ready to be applied on all occasions. If he cannot learn from books, he takes care to learn from men. He wastes no opportunity of talking about his business with persons of great experience in it. He is glad to hear what they may have to say upon it; any practical hints or remarks which they may drop, he stores up and treasures for future use. In a word, he lives in his business and for his business, and has very few cares or thoughts out of it. Such is the child of this world, if he happens to be a man of business; and assuredly he may well be called wise in his generation. For he has the wisdom to act up to his own notions. He places his happiness in his business, and thither he goes to seek it. He thinks success in his worldly calling the best thing that can happen to him; and that success he does everything man can do to insure, by diligence, by thought, by care, by painstaking, and very often by denying himself many pleasures and comforts. In a word, Mammon is the god he has chosen for himself; and he serves his god as a god ought to be served, with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his strength. He is wise, therefore, in his way.

Or suppose that, instead of a man of business, the child of this world happens to be a man of pleasure, will he still be wise in his generation? Yes, he will still be wise. He will not indeed show his wisdom in the same way as the man of business, because the road of pleasure is different from the road of business. But in his own way,

and on his own road, he will show his wisdom just as much. He will seek pleasure and amusement with the same eagerness, with the same activity, with the same perseverance, with which the other seeks gain and profit. The true pleasure-hunter, who makes that his object in life, will follow after it early and late. Who so regular as he at the beershop, if he is poor; or at the tavern and gaming-house, if he is rich? He is sure to be seen at every place of amusement, at every merrymaking, every feast and fair, that he can contrive to find his way to. He is fond of keeping company with persons of his own sort. When he is with them, what delight does he take in telling over his own adventures to them, and in hearing theirs! His head is full of lewd stories and foolish songs. Thus he too is wise in his generation. For he makes his belief, his words, and his deeds tally. He has placed his happiness in pleasure; and pleasure he thinks of, pleasure he talks of, pleasure he follows after from year's end to year's end. Everybody who knows him must see that pleasure is the great end of his life. To pleasure he gives himself up. He has chosen Belial, the god of lewdness and debauchery, for his god; and Belial he serves, as the other served Mammon, with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his strength.

This, then, is the wisdom of the children of this world, that what they do they do thoroughly—that what they profess to think desirable they strive in earnest to obtain—that they do not allow a little thing to stop them, or lure them aside, when pursuing the object of their wishes—that they worship their false gods with a true and zealous worship.

Turn your eyes now to the children of light, and tell me whether you can see the like marks of wisdom in them. We profess to make heaven the object of our lives; are we really and truly following after it? Are we as active, as zealous, as steady and persevering, in seeking after our heavenly inheritance, as the children of this world are in seeking after gain and pleasure? Are we as much, or half as much, in earnest? Do we take delight in the best book that was ever written, and keep its rules at our fingers' ends, in order to square our behaviour by them? Are we anxious to seek the company and listen to the discourse of such as honour God and keep his commandments? Do we examine ourselves regularly, as a merchant examines his accounts? Do we, on perceiving a fault in our Christian life, set about thinking how we may best avoid it for the future, and then, having laid down our plan, carry it immediately and steadily into practice? Do we rejoice as much in the Lord's day as the man of business rejoices in his day of sale, and the man

of pleasure in his day of amusement? Or do you not often love your Sunday rather as a day of worldly rest—which, blessed be God! he has made it—than as the day set apart for coming to God, and communing with him in his holy temple? Alas, too sure and certain is it that we do none of these things. We serve our God, the great maker and ruler of the world, with less zeal, with less affection, with less heartiness, with less truth, than the man of business his Mammon, or the man of pleasure his Belial.

This is the great fault and frailty of our Christian life. We do our work by halves. Is this wise? is it reasonable? is it not the height of madness? to be so sluggish, so indolent, so listless, so false-hearted in the service of God who made us, and of the Saviour whom we declare to have redeemed us; in the pursuit of the joys of heaven, which we declare to be the only true joys, and which are to last for ever? If you did not believe the gospel, if you did not profess to be Christians, I might then say you were wise in your generation—I might then exhort you to go on in your present course. But seeing that you do believe in Christ, seeing that you do hope and wish for heaven, take a lesson from the enemy, learn the wisdom of the serpent. Let us imitate the zeal, the perseverance, the prudence, the courage, the unweariability—in a word, the wisdom, which the children of this world show in the pursuit of their vain and perishable, of their ruinous and deadly objects. Let us be as active and as determined to please God as they are to please themselves. Then, on that great day, when all the shows of this world shall have passed away and every man's work shall be made manifest—while their wisdom turns out to be the excess of folly, and their labour to have been vanity and vexation—while in return for the wind which they have been sowing so diligently, they are reaping the whirlwind of wrath—the God who for his Son's sake will vouchsafe to accept our services, and to look with favour on our imperfect attempts to employ the mammon of unrighteousness in his service, will receive us into everlasting habitations.

#### HOW PRAYER IS SOMETIMES ANSWERED.

##### AN OLD SAILOR'S ANECDOTE.

THE cause of my choosing the sea for a profession was this. My father had dealings with sea-captains in the way of business; and when I was a slip of a boy, I used often to go with him to the docks; and while he was attending to his affairs, I was at liberty to roam over the vessels, of which we were on board, pretty much as I liked. It was not long before I ventured up the ratlines; and being nimble and clear-headed,

I was soon expert enough at that part of the business.

One day my father came off deck with the captain of a fine Indiaman, out of the cabin, and looked round for me; but I was nowhere to be found, till at last, casting his eyes about, he saw me perched on the cross-trees. He soon made his voice heard; and the next minute I was standing beside him.

"You shouldn't have ventured there, George," said my father. "You don't know how soon an accident might happen."

"Oh, father," I said; "there is not any danger: it's only good fun to get up into the rigging."

"Good fun, you call it, my boy, eh?" interposed the captain; patting my head good-naturedly; "well, now, I shouldn't wonder if you would like to be a sailor."

I don't believe that I had ever thought of it before: I had always expected to be brought up to my father's business: but without much hesitation, I answered that I thought I should like it.

"Very well," said the captain; "get your father's leave, and you shall go out with me next voyage."

This was all that passed at that time; but the offer fastened on my mind; and to make short work of this part of my story, I got my father's leave, and, what was harder, my mother's, to go on board as a mid.

I never had reason to repent this; for I really like the sea, and always did. But I should be far from recommending a lad to come to so sudden a determination as mine was. In fact, the circumstances under which I became a sailor were peculiar. The captain who took me under his charge was a remarkably kind and considerate man, and a Christian. It was this that made my parents willing to yield to my wishes; for they were Christians. The captain was also under some obligations to my father, which he was glad of an opportunity of returning in double kindness to me: he always treated me as a son. Nevertheless, there were hardships to be borne and work to be done, on which I had little calculated; and though our ship was a marvel of regularity and sobriety, compared with many others, there was much to drive away from a young mind like mine the serious impressions which, by God's blessing, had been made upon it in childhood and early youth, by my parent's instructions, example, and prayers.

I was becoming careless. Who can tell what the end would have been, if God, in his mercy, had not interposed, and, in saving my life from destruction, brought me also to determine that my father's God should be mine, and my guide, even unto death!

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It was in this wise :—

"I had been several voyages, when my old friend, the captain, died; and other changes were made in consequence, which induced me to relinquish my berth. The ship sailed again without me; and I was for some time unemployed. This was a great disappointment and vexation, for though sailors are glad enough to see land after a long voyage, they soon tire of life on shore. So, at any rate, it was with me. And besides this, having chosen my profession, I had to live by it; and I was losing both time and interest, and was at an age when, if I did not get up, perhaps I never might.

I was at home a good many months without finding anything to do, and was beginning to think of giving up the sea altogether, when I was sent for by the owners of a vessel lying in the Downs, waiting for a fair wind to proceed on her voyage to India. I had tried for a berth in her while she was freighting, but, as I thought, unsuccessfully. You may judge of my delight then, when I was told that I was appointed third mate of the Burhamptooer; and that to make sure of the appointment, I was to be at Portsmouth on a certain day, to wait her calling there for final orders, when she would take me on board.

I was not long reaching home that afternoon, to report what I called my good fortune, and to make preparations for my departure.

My parents were pleased too, though my dear mother shed a few tears at the thought of parting again, so that I almost reproached myself for being so elated at what gave her some pain. And yet, it was not that I wished to be separated from my mother or father; we understood each other there, I think: and that was a comfort.

For a day or two, I was busy in making preparations for the voyage, and packing up; and then the last evening came.

"George," said my father to me, as we sat round the fire—my father and mother, sister Lucy and brother Charles, and myself—it was getting late; but it was my last evening at home, and none of us seemed to like to break up the small party—"George," said my father, "it would be an unspeakable happiness to us all, if we could feel assured that you, my dear boy, had given your heart to the Saviour. We could part with you then, not without regret, but without the weight of anxiety your mother and I now."

I do not remember what reply I made to this. It was something light and evasive, to the effect that I could not make myself better than I was; for my father looked gravely concerned and distressed, and my mother wept silently. I was sorry for this, for I really loved

them both; but I was vexed, too, that the last evening should be made gloomy.

"What can I say, mother?" I asked somewhat impatiently; "you would not have me be a hypocrite, and pretend to what I don't feel, would you?"

"No, George, no," she answered; "anything rather than that: but, George, you know the guilt and danger of rejecting the Saviour; and that he is ready and waiting to be yours, and to make you his; why do you keep back from giving your heart to him?"

Much more passed than I can or need set down. On my part, it was putting off with promises that I would think more about religion than I had lately done, and with hopes that some day I should be all that they wished. On theirs, it was urging me not to delay, while in health and safety, seeking my soul's salvation.

At last my father said, "We cannot do what we would for you, George; but we *can* pray for you."

"Yes, father," I said, and I felt melted a little with seeing his evident sorrow; "and I wish you to pray for me."

"Well," he said, "I should like to pray for you, and with you *now*."

We had knelt together an hour before, at family prayer; but we all knelt again; and my father prayed very earnestly and very touchingly for his "dear sailor-boy," as he spoke of me to his God."

Now, I have sometimes heard persons in family prayer, and in public as well, who have been very much excited and very eloquent, and perhaps very sincere at the time, who yet have not made much impression on my mind—partly, I believe, because I knew their lives were not consistent with the expressions they have uttered. It was not so with my father. His life and his prayers went together; and every word he uttered made itself felt, because there could be no well-grounded suspicion that it did not come from the heart.

Well, my father prayed for me with many groans and tears; he seemed to be wrestling with God for me, and he continued praying long, as if he would have said, "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me!" He prayed much for my soul, that it might taste and drink deep into Christ's precious salvation; that I might no longer delay, nor halt between two opinions as to whom I would serve; that in the voyage on which I was entering I might be kept from following the evil example of the careless, profligate, and profane. He prayed that I might be kept from danger, be prospered in all my ways, and be returned home, in God's own good time, in safety:—that God would bless me indeed.

There was not much more said that night; we soon separated; and none of us went to bed, I think, with dry eyes, or thoughtless minds.

[To be continued.]

### "MORE WORLDS THAN ONE."

It is more than a century and a half since Fontenelle published his interesting "Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds," and called the attention of his contemporaries in France, Germany, and England, to the fascinating doctrine that the moon and the planets were inhabited. The growth of the science of astronomy since that period has added to the arguments in favour of a theory which has found its supporters among the most eminent men by whom that science has been cultivated or its truths expounded. The celebrated Astronomical Discourses of Dr. Chalmers may be specially noticed as having largely contributed to the exposition of the truth that there are more worlds than one, and to the removal of the learned or popular objections by which it had been assailed.

In tracing the progress of thought and opinion, we mark many epochs in which a truth is brought to light only to be welcomed and saluted as a king at its birth, and presently to reign over willing minds, wherever it is made known. Such was the truth enunciated by Fontenelle, which has become "the hope of the Christian" as well as "the creed of the philosopher;" for it has been truly said of the opinions cherished on this subject, that they are "those which the humblest Christian has shared with the most distinguished philosophers and divines." Very pleasing to the mind of the contemplative Christian is the thought that those distant worlds of light, which in common with our own planet, receive their light and their warmth from the same common centre, are the habitations of intelligent beings, who can contemplate the works of their almighty Maker, and celebrate his praise; and the delight produced by these contemplations increases as we learn that the sun itself, and those countless suns which shine around us, and their attendant planets, present conditions which justify the belief that they are the scenes of intelligent life in which a "reasonable service" is presented to God continually.

We would not have it thought that because an opinion is widely diffused, or because it assists the mind to spiritual and elevated conceptions, that it must therefore be regarded as infallibly true. It may have these recommendations, and even more, and yet be a vain illusion of the mind, to be relinquished at the stern bidding of reason and science, and at the au-

thoritative command of revelation. Much as we delight in the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, we would readily sacrifice it when it is found to be opposed by the unanimous witness of those witnesses, whose voices singly, notwithstanding we are bound to respect. As there has been a recent attempt made by an anonymous writer to disturb our faith in the plurality of worlds, it is not an unseasonable task just to glance at the foundations on which this sublime truth depends. We are enabled to perform this work with facility, being aided by the admirable defence which has just been made by Dr. Brewster,\* whose work is written in reply to the anonymous essay "Of the Plurality of Worlds."

The favourite doctrine under consideration, if not among the truths clearly taught in the sacred scriptures, is supported by a process of reasoning which has the inspired sanction. We refer to a passage in Isaiah xlvi. 18: "For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, God himself that formed the earth and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain; he formed it to be inhabited." In these words we are reminded that God does nothing in vain, or without accomplishing thereby a worthy purpose—that the earth would have been formed in vain unless it had been formed to be inhabited. It is a very just inference from this passage, therefore, that God places living beings wherever he has furnished the conditions suited to their existence. From the manner in which the truth is implied in this passage, it is universal, and may be applied to all parts of creation, as well as to the globe on which we dwell. As far as the inquiry of the naturalist extends, it is found that the Great Creator produces animal life wherever it can be sustained and answer its proper end, and that such life is everywhere exactly adapted to its habitat; and of the one God for whose pleasure all things are and were created, we may safely conclude that he observes the same law of doing nothing in vain, in distant worlds as well as in our own.

We have then to ask the astronomer whether his science, in its present advanced state, presents in other celestial bodies such conditions as are known to be favourable to life in our own. Are there in those distant planets land and water? Is there an atmosphere in which living creatures can breathe? Is there a temperature in which life can be supported, and light enough to spread the surrounding scene before the eye? To these questions modern astronomy replies in the terms of distinct affirmation. Dr. Brewster is the representative of nearly all the dis-

\* "More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher, and the Hope of the Christian." By Sir J. D. Brewster, K.H., D.C.L. London. Murray.

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distinguished men by whom the science of the heavens is studied, when he says 'yes,' and the anonymous author of the story can scarcely be said to represent a class when he replies 'no.'

By the aid of Dr. Brewster's new and interesting volume, we shall notice the evidence afforded of the analogy between this earth and other worlds.

The density of Mars and Venus is very nearly the same as that of the earth, and that of Mercury a little greater. As the diameter of Venus is nearly equal to that of the earth, the density will be almost exactly the same; while Mars and Mercury, whose diameters are only about one half that of the earth, the weight ~~there~~ is about half the weight they would have if placed on our globe. In Mars, Venus, and Mercury, the days are about as long as our own. In Mars we may see "continents and oceans and green savannas," while he has polar regions in which the snow disappears as the summer advances. The surfaces of Venus and Mercury show mountain chains of great elevation. These planets are surrounded with atmospheres like our earth; and the clouds are seen floating in that of Mars. Venus and Mercury have also their atmospheres for living things to breathe in. If the intense light of Venus and Mercury should be adduced as objections to their being inhabited by beings like ourselves, Dr. Brewster replies, "that the intense light may be completely moderated, either by a very small envelope, or by a diminished sensibility of the beings, or by a combination of both." In reference to all such objections as are thus noticed, it may be sufficient to remind those who have engaged their minds in the study of God's works in any department, that they are fraught with instances of wise arrangement to provide against inconvenience and danger.

The size of Jupiter is twelve hundred times greater than our globe, which is properly advanced as proof that it is made for some grand and useful purpose. It revolves round its axis in nine hours and fifty-six minutes, and it is attended by four moons capable of supplying it with abundance of light during the short absence of the sun. Owing to the slight inclination of its axis, it enjoys a perpetual spring; the masses of clouds in its atmosphere have a more uniform position, and arrangement more and more permanently than our earth, while the clouds afford perpetual moonlight. The distance of this planet from the sun having been considered, a reason why it cannot support life, is given in the opinion that the atmosphere may be so thin as to compensate to a certain extent for the want of direct heat from the sun, the temperature of the air may be such as to keep the water in a fluid state, and maintain

a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists on our globe.

In the three remaining planets, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, the direct light and heat of the sun are necessarily much less than that which falls on Jupiter; but still, in so far as vision and local temperature are concerned, the light of the sun may be as brilliant, and the temperature of the seasons as genial as they are on our own earth.

To complete the view of the solar system, we must not omit to notice the probable conditions of its glorious central sun, and of our own satellite, the moon.

Those who have held the doctrine of a plurality of worlds have generally excluded the sun from the number of celestial bodies, to which that doctrine has been considered to apply, regarding it as "the fixed mainspring of the great planetary chronometers, without which they would stop, and rush into destructive collision;" as "the lamp which yields them the light, without which life would perish;" and as "the furnace which supplies the fuel, without which every organic structure would be destroyed." Recent discoveries in the sun's atmosphere favour the idea that that glorious world may be the habitation of organic life. The skilful examination of the spots observed in its equator lead to the conclusion that its light issues not from the body of the sun, but from an outer stratum of self-luminous or phosphoric clouds, beneath which there is a second stratum of clouds of inferior brightness, intended to protect the solid and opaque body of the sun from the intense brilliancy and heat of the luminous clouds. Sir William Herschel states that taking the light of the outer envelope at one thousand, that of the inner or cloudy protecting envelope is 469; that of the body of the sun, as shown by its dark spots, is only seven. The surface of the sun may therefore be comparatively cool and the fitting *locale* of a high order of life. So that, to quote the language of Sir William Herschel, as the result of his analogical reasonings, "we need not hesitate to admit that the sun is richly stored with inhabitants."

The habitability of the moon has been denied on the assumption that she has no atmosphere. Careful investigation has shown that she has an atmosphere about a mile in height, of varying density, in which volcanic fires burn, and "large regions perfectly level, and apparently of a decided alluvial character." Describing her climate, Sir David Brewster says: "The moon certainly has neither clouds nor seas; but this is no reason why she may not have an atmosphere and a precipitation of moisture on her surface sufficient for the support of vegetable life. The

moon may have streams, and even rivers, that lose themselves as some of our own do, either in the dry ground or in subterranean cavities. There may be springs, too, and wells sufficient for the use of man, and yet the evaporation from the water thus diffused may be insufficient for the formation of clouds, and consequently for the production of rain. The air may be charged to such a small extent with aqueous vapour, that it descends only in gentle dew, to be absorbed by vegetation, and again returned to the atmosphere," even as "there are in our own planet, regions where rain never falls, and where the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere descends only in refreshing dew."

These interesting phenomena all go to prove the fitness, not only of planets and their satellites, but of our sun, and if so, of all other suns and their systems, for the support of life, in forms unknown to us, but adapted to each celestial locality and to its historical state. The history of our planet, in consequence of the labours of the geologist, may now be read by the attentive student of this wonderful album, with its fossil letters imprinted on its leaves of stone, showing how in its successive stages it has been prepared for the occupation of new races, all equally perfect in organization, but rising in importance, up to that God's work. So we conclude of other worlds in their different stages of advancement, some older and others newer than our own, that they are "not made in vain," but were "formed to be inhabited" by such kinds of life as they are fitted to sustain.

Thus the progress of astronomical science lends new force to the language of Dr. Chalmers, when he says: "Though this earth and these heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shine upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions; that they are occupied with people; that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there; that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in; that piety has there its temples and its offerings; and that the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?"

"The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand  
Leaves nothing waste; but sows those fairy fields  
With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise  
Beneath his genial ray." YOUNG.

With these glimpses of creative power and goodness in other worlds, let us join the holy raptures of the psalmist, and say, "Praise ye Him, sun and moon! praise Him all ye stars of light!" "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!"

### A SPIRITUAL MEDITATION.

AMONG the ladies of the seventeenth century noted for piety, none bear a more honoured name than the Countess of Warwick. Among the gifts by which she was distinguished was that of spiritual meditation. The following is a specimen, selected at random, having no title or others, of one of her compositions of this kind.

### "UPON A DAM MADE TO STOP THE WATER."

"This dam, that is put up purposely by a person to keep to himself the water, declares him to be no good-natured man. Because though he is supplied by neighbouring springs with more water than he needs for his necessary uses, yet stops the current of it from his neighbours, who want it, desiring to keep all for himself.

"Turn this, O my soul, into an occasional meditation, which may be useful to thee. By considering that this may not very improperly be compared to rich persons, to whom God hath given with a liberal hand great plenty of this world's wealth by which he designs, that they should not only be watered themselves, but water others also. But they, instead of distributing to the necessitous poor, enclose to themselves all that God hath bestowed upon them, to bestow it upon their excesses in rich clothes and furniture, with which they adorn their persons and walls; which expenses are the dam which stops the current of their charity, and keeps it back from the poor and indigent, whose wants would be comfortably supplied by their superfluities.

"O Lord, I beseech thee to humble me exceedingly under the remembrance of my former guiltiness in this kind; and make me for the future, when thou art pleased to pour thy benefits upon me, to consider thou designedst I should be thy almoner to convey, as through a conduit-pipe, thy alms to thy necessitous poor, and let me never more dare to stop and dam up what I ought with a liberal hand to sow, for the refreshing of others. O let me willingly stanch a lust, to feed a saint remembering that he that sows sparingly shall reap sparingly. Then let me not only now and then drop a little for charity, but make me one of those persons mentioned in thy word, who being liberal, devise liberal things, and by so doing be established.

"O, make me, as it were, an open flood-gate to water my neighbour's necessities, that so I may, as much as in me lies, be an imitator of thy divine bounty, who dost good to all. O make me to do so as far as I am able, but especially cause me to remember the household of David, that so I may show my love to him that beggetteth, by loving him that is begotten, seeing my goodness extendeth not to those that do so to thee."



## Page for the Young.

### EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

COUNT ZINSENDORF.

II.

WHEN Count Zinsendorf was advanced in life, he happened to be in Geneva on a visit, and being required to address some children there, he said:—"My dear children, I will tell you what I did when I was very young. I was told that my Creator had become man from love to me, and it made a deep impression on me. I thought with myself—If my compassionate Lord should have no other person to love him, at least I will cleave to him, and live and die with him. Many an hour have I spent in conversing with him as one speaks to a dear and honoured friend. But still at that time I did not know the amount of what I owed him. Alas, I did not know the merits of a bleeding, dying Saviour, who had made an offering for my sins, till on a certain day when the whole truth of what my Creator had borne on my account flashed vividly before my mind. At first I burst into tears and could not restrain myself, it was so wondrous good of him; and then I made a solemn covenant with him, to live to him and love him more than I had ever done. I have now spent upwards of fifty years in daily intercourse with my Saviour and feel myself every day happier." What a testimony was this! Alas, how few have made religion such a thorough work! Zinsendorf's covenant was a very short and simple one—"Dear Saviour, be thou mine, and I will be thine."

With all this, his youth was not one uninterrupted course of pleasure. At times his heart was careless. At times, too, doubts and difficulties rose in his mind. And these were terrible seasons, but still he kept hold of the promise; he resisted the tempter and was then soon set free. These trials lasted sometimes for a whole night or for half a-day, and when they were past he loved his Lord the more.

When Zinsendorf was an old gray-haired man, he revisited the scenes of his boyish days; and there was not a tree, nor a rock, nor a single spot that did not remind him of the sweet intercourse which he had enjoyed in prayer with his God. Under that tree he had first learned to submit his will to God. While walking in that green lane he had first discovered that the redeemed from among men would be as pure and as free from sin in heaven as the holiest angels. When the last rays of the setting sun tinged yonder blue hill and the orb was seen no more till it rose next morning on the other side, he used to think with rapture of death, when the day's work was done, and of the glorious resurrection morn when the body should arise to shine in heaven, and as a sun, set no more.

Where he could be of any use to any one, it made him happy. ~~kindness~~ attached him, and a kindly word he never forgot. If any one was unkind to him, he could have no rest till he found an opportunity of showing him some marked favour. All his pocket-money he spent for the good of others, and laid out none of it on himself.

In his eleventh year he came to Halle to be under the care of the pious Francke. He learned diligently and strove to be the best in his class, but he never forgot that

acquaintance with Christ is the best of all knowledge. We have already said that he was naturally of a fiery temper, and when he came to school he found that he was also ambitious. At a public examination his memory failed him, and on reflection he viewed it as a chastisement for his vanity. "Since that time," he says, "I learned to have no more pleasure in surpassing others, and was satisfied when I had done my duty." Had this resolution led him to be idle in his studies, it would have been a bad one; but in trying to please God, he doubtless excelled others who acted from inferior motives. A Christian child should excel other children in all that is praiseworthy.

His companions sometimes tried to persuade him to join them in their follies, but he occasionally succeeded in inducing them to give up their schemes and come and join him in prayer. Night and day he thought and planned how he could bring other children to know and love Christ as he did himself. After a time some young companions, whom he influenced to read the Bible and pray with him, formed themselves into a society, with rules and regulations drawn from scripture. Among the resolutions we find such as these:—"Never to quarrel with any one; to shun all dancing and gambling. To aim at making those around them happier and better. Especially to seek by all means in their power to promote the conversion of the heathen and the Jews." The members of this "order of the mustard seed," as it was termed, were from ten to fourteen years of age.

The first time he partook of the Lord's Supper was for him a solemn season. He bound himself anew to his beloved Lord with an indissoluble covenant. Twenty years later he writes:—"The transactions of that day are as vivid in my recollection as if it had been yesterday, and the assurance which I found on that day I have never lost."

We will not pursue the history of this pious child farther, but recommend that those who are interested in knowing how it fared with him in his life, should try and obtain a full biography of him. It is not true that all good and pious children die young. Zinsendorf lived till he was sixty years of age; and was the honoured instrument, in the hand of God, of gathering the scattered Moravian brethren who had been driven by Popish persecution from their homes in Austria, and of uniting them into churches. It is well known what exertions the Moravian brethren made to spread the gospel among the heathen and the Jews; and how, when rationalism and infidelity had sucked the life out of the Protestant church in Germany, and had left it a petrified mass, these brethren kept the lamp of pure religion trimmed and burning till better days came over the lands of the Reformation. And all this was the fruit of the prayers and missionary zeal of Zinsendorf.

He had a great work to do, and he began it early and carried it out in earnest. Nothing which tended to promote the Divine glory was too great for him, for he still said, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me;" and he felt that he dared as little question this statement of scripture as he could doubt that other faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Is not his experience of the Divine faithfulness calculated to lead us to go and live as he did, that our memory may be blessed, and our latter end be like his?

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



LUTHER'S NINETY-FIVE THESES NAILED TO THE CHURCH-DOOR.

## THE STORY OF A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

### PART IV.

#### THE REFORMATION BEGINS.

If you had entered one of the German towns about this time (1517-1518), you would have wondered at the scenes of confusion and excitement which it often presented. Was it a fair or a market? Judging from the noise and jests of the busy people, and the crowd of eager buyers, you would have called it a fair. Clusters of people loiter about the principal streets and in the outskirts of the town, talking of some

expected arrival, when lo! a gay carriage enters, escorted by three horsemen, well-mounted and in great state. At the gates of the city the procession pauses, and a messenger is despatched to the magistrate with this message, "The grace of God and of the Holy Father is at your gate."

Everything is immediately in motion. Priests, schoolmasters, and tradesmen with flags, men and women, boys, girls, and little children, all go forth to meet the strangers, with lighted tapers in their hands, advancing to the sound of music, whilst the bells of every church ring out their joyous peals. "A greater welcome," said an old historian, "could not have been given

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God himself." And now the train moves forwards towards the principal church in the place. The pope's bull of peace is borne in front on a velvet cushion, or cloth of gold, whilst a man bearing a large wooden cross follows, amidst singing, prayers, and the smoke of incense. They enter the open doors, the cross is erected before the altar, and the people gaze with awe and curiosity. Many a burdened heart among the crowd beats high with hope. The man who remembers his theft looks to the wooden cross; the evil-speaker, the angry and malicious man, the covetous, the intemperate, are there; and there is hope for every one. And now a figure more imposing than the rest appears. He wears the black garb of his order, and carries a red cross. His form is tall and commanding, his voice deep and sonorous; and as the cross is elevated at the altar, he slowly ascends the pulpit. To preach, of course; and what think you is the subject of his sermon? Men are there with hearts oppressed and consciences laden with sin; will he tell them of Jesus whose own words are, "He that believeth on me shall never perish, but shall have everlasting life"? Will he sound forth the loving invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Will he point, not to the cross of wood, in which is no value, but to the unseen, crucified, yet living Saviour, who is exalted at God's right hand to be a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance to his people and remission of sins?

"Alas! no; poor ignorant flock, they are as sheep without a shepherd. I will tell you what Tetzel, the preacher, taught. "Indulgences," says he, "are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts. The red cross has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ. Draw near, and I will give you letters duly sealed, by which even the sins you hereafter commit shall be all forgiven you. I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than he with his sermons."

But more, the indulgence's not only deliver the living, but the dead. Listen to the voices from the bottomless abyss—"We are enduring horrible torment; a small alms will deliver us." A shudder here ran through the assembly. Husbands thought of wives buried out of sight; fathers and mothers thought of children, and children of parents. Many hearts were touched; for the poor Romanist has not the consolation that the Protestant tastes who is bid to sorrow not as those without hope, knowing that his believing loved ones sweetly sleep in Jesus. The Romanist is taught that the soul after death is racked in all the torments of purgatory, and that from this condition it is his duty, by prayer,

penances, fasting, and almsgiving, to deliver him.

The appeal was not in vain; and the moment the discourse was ended, Tetzel descended from the pulpit, ran towards a strong box, and in sight of all the people threw in a piece of silver with a loud sound. Confessionals were then prepared, and crowds pressed forward, not with contrite hearts to Jesus, but with money in their hands to the priest. Confession ended, the faithful hastened to the vender of indulgences. Only one was commissioned to sell. He had his counter close to the cross. Very sharp was the glance fixed on each. He examined their step, manner, and dress, and inquired into every circumstance. For particular sins, Tetzel, the salesman, had fixed prices, and the penitent dropped the money into the box.

This monk was a man of notoriously bad character and great impudence. At Magdeburg, on one occasion, he refused an indulgence to a rich lady, unless she paid down a hundred florins. The lady consulted her own confessor. "God only gives us remission of sins," was his answer. "He gives it freely, he does not sell it." "Such an adviser," said Tetzel, on hearing of the speech, "deserves to be burnt alive."

At this time Luther was still a Papist, full of respect for the church and for the pope. "I was a monk and a patriot of the maddest—a true Saul," he said; but his mind, partially enlightened, could not but revolt at the tricks and imposition of the system of indulgences; and on one occasion, when he received some confession at Wittemberg, he used great plainness of speech on the subject. After hearing a long list of crimes from some of the residents, Luther asked if they meant to forsake their sins. "No," they replied, showing Tetzel's letters, "we have the indulgence." "I have nothing to do with the paper," he said; "if you do not turn from sin, you will perish." Much alarmed, they ran back to Tetzel, and told him the opinion of the Augustine monk. Tetzel of course was very angry, and had recourse to threats. To strike the people with terror, therefore, he ordered a large fire to be lighted in the grand square, and declared that he had orders from the pope to burn any one who opposed the sale of indulgences.

The Reformation now began. The feast of All Saints was at hand, and the church at Wittemberg was open for confession and indulgences. Pilgrims flocked there for the purpose, as well as to see the relics which, encased in gold and silver, were set out to dazzle the people. On the evening before the festival, Luther went boldly to the church, and without telling any one of his plan, affixed to the door ninety-five objections to the doctrine of indulgence, and in this public manner professed the doctrine of a

free, gracious remission of sins. The work was indeed begun, and must now go forward.

Many a pilgrim who came to Wittemberg for an indulgence, took back with him some important truths. Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany, read Luther's objections with admiration, and before a month had passed they had found their way to Rome, where even Pope Leo X, though he could not but be annoyed at their stern truths, overlooked these in consideration of the talent they displayed. It was in vain that the theses, as they were called, which were now published and widely circulated, were burnt by the notorious Tetzel in public places; the seed was sown and began to take deep root. The Bishop of Brandenburg was very indignant with the reformer, and once, when seated by his fireside, he said, "I will not lay down my head in peace, until I have cast Martin into the fire like this faggot."

And now came the question, which was to be the authority for Christians to follow—the CHURCH or the BIBLE? Luther, from the time that he first sought the pages of the chained bible at Erfurt, had declared for the latter; but at Rome the command had long gone forth that the CHURCH was to be first obeyed. It is true that the church said, To understand scripture, the Spirit of God must open the understanding; but its error lay in pretending that the Spirit which God has promised to all who ask it in Jesus's name, was or could be confined to a few priests. "They shall be all taught of God," saith God.

Luther having thus begun his mission, not content with declaring the truth at Wittemberg, he prepared to go on a journey of evangelization. At Heidelberg, to which town he travelled on foot, he was very bold in declaring his opinion. You will see how he had left the doctrine of work and human merit by these expressions uttered there: "The law says, 'Do this:' and what it enjoins is never done. Grace says, 'Believe in him,' and all is perfected." "The love of God finds nothing in man, but creates in him what he loves. Man's love is the gift of his Well-Beloved."

On his return from Heidelberg he wrote to the pope; but the Emperor Maximilian, alarmed at Luther's boldness, quite changed his opinion about the reformer, and entreated Leo to put an end to his proceedings, promising to enforce his orders to the letter. Leo was roused, and a court was held to judge the man who had broached these new doctrines. Luther was at Wittemberg when he received the summons to appear at Rome in person within sixty days. His friends were alarmed, and Luther himself was troubled. His constant friend, Frederick the elector, however, refused him a safe-conduct thither, and the pope's anger was stirred. Let-

ter succeeded letter; the matter was delayed, and in the mean time God sent his tried servant a friend in the good Melancthon. Their intimacy continued till death. Melancthon, too, was a reformer, and as remarkable for wisdom and gentleness as Luther was for energy and impetuosity. Luther gave vigour to Melancthon, while Melancthon gave moderation to Luther; and it was with the help of his dear friend Philip that he began the translation of the bible into his native language, German. In this blessed occupation he sometimes forgot Rome and the dangers that awaited him there.

The pope at length yielded to the request that he might appear for trial at Augsburg, before the cardinal legate; but even this concession did not relieve the fears which his friends entertained for his safety. Luther was too faithful and brave, however, to draw back. Poor and unprotected as he was, he set out on foot to meet his enemies. On his way through Weimar a friend said to him, "My brother, you have Italians to meet at Augsburg; they will cast you into the fire." "My dear friend," said Luther, gravely, "pray to our Lord God who is in heaven for me and for his dear child Jesus, whose cause is mine, that he may be favourable to him. If he maintains his cause, mine is safe."

The interview that ensued was long, but Luther did not yield. The Italians, expecting to see the poor German monk fall on his knees, were surprised at his calm and honest firmness. "The pope has authority over all things," said the legate. "Save the scriptures," answered the reformer. "Retract," said De Vio, "or prepare to endure the punishment you deserve." But Luther would not retract.

God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, took care of Luther at this dangerous time, and after many threats and discussions he was permitted to leave Augsburg without hindrance; and notwithstanding the efforts of both pope and cardinals to get the reformer into their power at Rome, the elector declined sending Luther away or expelling him out of his territories. In the mean time Rome was in a ferment: Luther must be silenced, or the power of the church was at an end.

How the Reformation grew and progressed we shall see in another chapter.

### HOW PRAYER IS SOMETIMES ANSWERED.

#### PART II.

I was to start early the next morning. The Portsmouth coach left the inn at eight o'clock, and I had some distance to pass through the streets before reaching it. We were all up,

therefore, long before it was light, for it was winter. It was a silent breakfast-time, as such times often are, when there seems to be the most to say, but no one ventures to speak. It might be that I was going away for ever; or, if I returned, should I find them all living? More than a year, at any rate, would pass away before I could return, and what changes a year often brings about in a family!

"I cannot say much to you, George," said my father, who had been trying to keep up all our spirits without much success; "let us pray together once more before we part."

His prayer that morning was a short one; it was principally that I might have a safe journey that day, and a safe voyage out and home; or rather, that God would take me under his care and keeping, and deal with me as seemed good in his sight, so as that all might be well in the end—well for eternity.

I have reason to remember this part of my father's prayer.

It was a fine, frosty morning, though scarcely light when I took my place on the outside of the coach, and shook hands with my father and brother for the last time; but the gloom soon cleared away, and when we were fairly on the road, the sun shone out cheerily, and my spirits began to rise again.

The journey was more than half-way over, and we were going gently down a hill, when I felt a sudden lurch, and without any other warning, felt myself violently thrown forward in the air. The axletree, as I afterwards learnt, had snapped asunder, and the coach, which was heavily laden, was overturned with great force.

I was ignorant of this at the time, however, and of all things else. When I came to myself, I was lying on a bed, at a roadside inn, in great pain. I tried to move, but could not; and the agony caused by the attempt was so great that I shrieked, and again sunk into insensibility.

This did not last long, however; and when I once more recovered, I found myself under the hands of a surgeon, who was fomenting my head. I had barely sense enough to answer a few questions this gentleman put to me; but I gave him my father's name and direction, and the next day, both he and my mother came to the inn.

It was some days before I was pronounced out of danger, and able to be moved; and then, by short stages, and in an easy carriage, I was taken back to my home. By this time, I understood how narrowly I had escaped with life. I had been thrown from the coach-top onto the hard frosty ground, and fell on my head. The violence of the fall was partially broken by a thick fur cap which I wore that day; but for this I should probably have been killed on the

spot. My collar-bone was also broken, and my whole system received a shock from which I was long in recovering. Strange to say, I, of all the passengers, was the only one who received any severe injury.

I need not say that this accident at once put a stop to my voyage. The Burhampooter sailed without me; and my prospects seemed irretrievably marred.

For some weeks I felt indifferent about this, as about all things else; I was incapable of much thought, and was only thankful that the accident had occurred within reach of my father's house. But as I slowly recovered health and strength, sad murmuring feelings were uppermost in my heart, and sometimes I gave them utterance. Instead of being grateful that my life was spared, I groaned with impatience at the disappointment which my hopes had undergone.

"Mother," I said one day, "I cannot make it out at all."

"What cannot you make out, George?" asked my mother, who was sitting beside me, as I lay on the sofa.

"How is it I got this hurt? You believe that God hears prayer, I know, mother."

"Yes, I am sure he does. He does more than hear prayer, George; he hears and answers."

"Always, mother?" I asked; and if I spoke as I felt, it was in a tone of scorn and unbelief.

"Always, I firmly believe," said my mother, with energy, "when the prayer is fervent and goeth not out of feigned lips: always in God's own good time, and in his own best way."

"Father prayed for a safe and prosperous journey for me," I said bitterly; "and see what came of it: I was the only one on the coach who did not have it."

"How do you know that?" my mother asked quietly; "I mean," she said, "how do you know that all the other passengers had a safe and prosperous journey?"

"I know that they escaped, and I did not," I said; "and, at all events, you cannot say that mine was either safe or prosperous."

My mother was a meek and gentle woman; she did not like argument; she used to say that she could not argue about religion, but she could trust and pray and believe. She looked mournfully in my face when I said *that*, and I could see that her eyes were filled with tears. I repeated my words: "Now, can you say, mother, that my journey was safe or prosperous?"

"We shall tell better about that by and by, George," she answered, in her mild, submissive way. "We cannot see yet what the end will be: perhaps we shall not see the answer to that

prayer till we reach another world; but I am sure we shall see it then."

Many months passed away before I was sufficiently restored to be fit for sea; and then I had to wait a long time before another good opening could be found for me. At last I obtained a berth, though not so promising as that I had lost in the Burhamptooner, and was once more making hurried preparations for the voyage.

A few days before going on board, I was in a coffee-room in the city, and took up the day's *Times*; more from habit than design, my eye rested on the shipping intelligence, and the first words I read were these—"Loss of the BURHAMPTOONER."

With dazzled eyes and reeling brain I read on, that on her homeward voyage, the Burhamptooner had foundered in a heavy gale; that the catastrophe was witnessed without power of relief; and that all on board had perished.

My story is told. You may say that my accident was a stroke of good fortune; others have said so when they have heard my story; and they smile when I say it was an answer to my father's prayers. I am not to be daunted by a smile.

#### FOOTSTEPS OF PAUL IN ITALY.

Of all the historical associations which cluster round so many spots in Italy, none are more interesting to the Christian mind than those connected with the Apostle Paul. It is a great advantage to get vivid ideas of facts: and, in addition to many of a classical nature, which now exist for us as they never did before, we have recently gained, in a visit to that most beautiful peninsula, a freshness of impression with regard to Paul's voyage and journey to Rome, such as we would fain impart to our readers, with the hope that it will increase their interest in reading the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Looking at the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean night after night, and once meeting with rough weather, how real the story of his adventures seemed to us. There he suffered shipwreck; there neither sun nor stars for many days appeared. With the gospel on his lips and in his heart, he went a prisoner to stand before Cæsar, and, conscious of the value of that treasure, and of his own divine mission to convey it, but especially assured by a vision from heaven, he knew that the storm which drove him up and down the Adriatic could not harm him, his confidence being reasonable and wise, because founded on a divine promise, and therefore not like the idle vaunt of him who

predicted security to his vessel because it carried Cæsar and his fortunes. That Alexandrian ship, the 'Castor and Pollux,' coming from Syracuse and then from Rhegium, with a south wind in a single day to Puteoli, becomes as veritable, to one who stands on its ancient mole, as any of the Italian craft which still sail into that harbour.

The modern name is Pozzuoli, and the place lies a few miles to the north of Naples. It is now much decayed, but traces of its former magnificence may be seen in its various ruins. Among these may be particularly noticed the Temple of Serapis, a quadrilateral structure with a circular temple in the middle; and an extensive amphitheatre at the back of the modern town, with vast substructions, chambers and passages being constructed underneath the very arena, and lighted from above by apertures, in the upper floor on which the exhibitions took place. The seaport is of Syrian origin, and was of great importance in the days of the apostle. It has been called the Liverpool of ancient Italy, whither went the vessels from the coast of Africa, laden with corn and other commodities, while on its quays, ambassadors and armies embarked for their several stations on the Mediterranean coasts.

Near to Pozzuoli is Baia, now desolate, but crowded with ruins, once the most splendid, gay, and dissolute of watering-places. The old wave-beaten mole, of Roman workmanship, still existing in part, is probably the same as that to which the 'Castor and Pollux' would be moored on the completion of its voyage. Seventeen piers remain, and crumbling steps down into the water are there; and how we thought of the scene witnessed on the spot at Paul's landing, as we gathered some of the seaweed, which grows luxuriantly, and with tenacious roots, on the blocks of the well-known Pozzolana.

A road anciently ran from the port to the great Appian Way, connecting Rome with the southern part of Italy. We can trace it still, in the pavement of lava, through the pass of Monte Barbaro, the marks of chariot-wheels not being yet obliterated. When Paul departed along this road to the imperial city, he would receive the affectionate farewells of the Christian brethren who, as we learn from the Acts, had greeted his arrival and besought him to tarry with them seven days. Tombs lined the streets for some distance outside the walls of the town, as was then the customary arrangement in the neighbourhood of Roman towns.

At Capua, the branch road from Puteoli joined the Appian Way, and there the little band would find themselves plunged into the thicker bustle of the great thoroughfare leading from Bruttium.

disium to the capital. Many a chariot, many a palanquin, many a horseman, many a laden wain, many a humble carriage, many a traveller on foot, would be passed or met, as Paul and Luke, and Julian the officer, and the rest of the party, wended on their way.

From Capua the road runs to Terracina; Anxur it was called in the time of the apostle. It was a beautiful May morning when we passed through this line of country, and the remembrance of the prospects which came and went, as the vetturino quietly drove us along, will ever live in our imagination. We still see the bright green sides of the valley near St. Agata, speckled with olives, and the vines hanging from branch to branch like spiders' webs—and the glorious Apennines, on the way to Gaeta, white as silver, lifting up their heads behind the nearer hills, enclosing orchards of fig-trees, and pleasant fields where "the dove-coloured steers were ploughing up and down among the vines." The aspect of the country would be different when Paul passed through it. It was very early in the spring. "The vines and elms would have a winterly appearance, but the traces of spring would be visible in the willows, among which the Liris flows in many silent windings, from the birthplace of Marins in the mountains to the city and the swamps by the sea, which the ferocity of his maturer life has rendered illustrious."<sup>\*</sup>

Mola de Gaeta, the chief halting-place next to Capua, on the road to Terracina, is one of the most beautifully situated places on the face of the earth. Never shall we forget the view which broke upon us there, as we opened our window in the early morning. There lay one of the fairest and most brightly emblazoned leaves of that wonderful book of nature, which our heavenly Father has spread out before his children here on earth, and which he has taught us, by his holy word, to read with other eyes than mere nature or reason can ever give. How noble are the forms of the distant mountains to the south—of the promontory of Gaeta to the north, with its long lines of white houses—of the curved sweep of the shore, constituting together one of the finest bays in the world;—and how gorgeous are the colours of the deep blue water and the deep blue sky, and the green gardens of orange-trees, washed by the sea-waves, and the clusters of golden fruit, all lighted up by an Italian sun. Cicero had a villa here, his Formian villa. Here he walked and talked with Scipio; here too he was murdered by a man who owed his life to his victim's eloquence. Roman architecture would adorn the spot

when Paul passed through it. We cannot imagine him indifferent to what he saw. With more than an artist's, more than a poet's, more than a historian's thought would he look on those forms and colours, and on those classical associations. All would be seen in the grand light of divine truth; all would be connected with the work of the Creator, and the way of the Lord of providence; and we feel it to be no unnatural picture, when we fancy Paul there looking over the bay, and repeating with deep emotion his own sublime words, "Of him, and through him, and to him are all things, to whom be glory for ever."

The road leaves the sea at Gaeta, and Paul travelled over the Cœcuban hills, yielding abundance of vines from their stony soil. The passes which we crossed were deeply interesting, though in some parts dreary and solemn; rendered, especially towards nightfall, additionally so by the remembrance of the deeds of violence often committed hereabouts, by the brigands who used to haunt the region—a race which, though considerably checked and reduced, is not yet quite extinct, so that it would not be safe travelling there, even in the present day, were it not for the pickets of soldiers that guard the road.

Fondi, on the Neapolitan frontier, stands in the old Appian Way, another point, consequently, in which we felt ourselves to be in company with the apostle. We travelled on, still keeping to the ancient road, close to the sea, the mountains rising boldly to the right. The narrow pass approaching Terracina is famous as the stronghold of Fabius Maximus in the second Punic war, when he held the defile against the passage of Hannibal. Terracina itself is another of the spots on this road distinguished for its scenery and associations, the latter, however, belonging chiefly to a period subsequent to the era of the apostle. Yet it was in his time a great naval port; Roman naevia rode there in safety, and the rings are still visible to which the sailors used to moor their galleys. One of the most prominent buildings there at present is the papal palace, the retreat of Pius VI—an object which calls up thoughts of the marvellous change which time and corruption have wrought in the nominal church of Christ. Could Paul have been told, as he entered what are now the Papal dominions, that one, calling himself the successor of his brother apostle Peter, the Galilean fisherman, would be sovereign lord of that territory, and claim the highest prerogatives of a temporal prince—it might well have startled him.

The Pontine Marshes begin soon after we leave Terracina, or Anxur, and they extend for thirty-six miles. Their insalubriousness and want of cultivation have given them a wide-world celebrity; and it is certainly very wearisome and

\* "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," by Conybeare, vol. ii. p. 367.

fatiguing to cross the tame, dead level road, by the side of the canal, except that one keeps thinking, every now and then, of the illustrious traveller whose footsteps we are endeavouring to help our readers to trace. At the end of the canal occurred the little incident recorded by Luke, which we shall now halt awhile to notice : " So we went towards Rome ; and from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage."

The reverence felt for sacred scripture is often improperly made to influence our notions of those who are described to us in its pages, as though they were altogether above the walks of humanity. They are looked upon as lifted up to a height where they have little, if anything, in common with ourselves. They are less regarded as persons surrounded by the usual circumstances of human life, and as partaking in the anxieties of the human heart, than as wonderfully gifted, honoured individuals, having very extraordinary offices to perform in the world, and extraordinary thoughts and feelings about everything. Paul and the rest had indeed a miraculous knowledge of divine truths, but he and they were "men of like passions with ourselves." To dwell upon one side of their characters is pernicious. No doubt it was the almost exclusive meditation upon the apostle's superhuman endowments, efforts, and honours, which so early led to the mischievous habit of looking upon them, and such as were like them, in the light of *Saints*—*distinctly and exclusively so*. They were separated from the rest of the faithful. They were exalted into a wonderful class. Reverence for them grew so as to absorb all sympathy *with* them. They came to be worshipped. They were no more brethren in Christ. They were fathers, lords, mediators. We believe that the idolatry of the Roman Catholic church arose very much out of this feeling. We believe, too, that among Protestants the feeling, which is the gerin of that idolatry, may now be found.

The little story, then, just quoted, is of great importance, inasmuch as it reminds us of the bonds of brotherhood which binds us and one of the greatest of God's servants together, and makes us feel that there are deep grounds of sympathy between him and ourselves. For the historian's words convey to us the idea that Paul was at the time depressed. His thanking God and taking courage imply that he wanted encouragement. And it is not an idle speculation, as will be presently seen, if we endeavour to form some idea of what might occasion his depression. The scenery through which he had passed had probably something to do with it. The marshiness of the place is very depressing—the more so to a traveller going to Rome,

from the contrast it exhibits to the glorious scenery preceding it. Variegated prospects, full of hills and valleys and plains, palus and aloes, figtrees and pomegranates, vines and olives, oranges and flowers, bordered by the most beautiful coast scenery, are suddenly exchanged for a barren level and a formal canal, enclosed by stunted trees. A contrast, though not exactly what exists now, would be apparent in Paul's days. Appii Forum was then a market-town at the extremity of the canal on the side next Rome, where the mules which dragged the packet and other barges were unyoked. It was a place of great noise and bustle, though now but a solitary posthouse remains. Crowds of tavern-keepers and bargemen lived there. Travellers in great numbers passed through it. It was customary, as we learn from Horace, to travel in a towed barge along the canal at night, when the passengers were exposed to all kinds of annoyances, as the satirist has very graphically described. A man might very naturally feel out of spirits, after such a journey, to find, on reaching his destination, the noise and uproar of his journey only redoubled. We do not believe the apostle was above such influences.

But there were other things more important to depress him. To say nothing of the probable effects of his disastrous voyage and shipwreck, he was a prisoner going in chains to Rome; not on a tour of pleasure, or even of business. He was travelling among people proud and insolent, full of levity and licentiousness. They were flocking in crowds to and from the Appian Way, many going to and returning from the abominable Baiae. They added idolatry to sensualism. They had borrowed from Greece both its superstition and its vice. If, on Mars' Hill, Paul's spirit was moved within him, would it not now be moved within him at the sight he saw in southern Italy? Such a man in such a place would be like Lot in Sodom. His "righteous soul" would be " vexed within him." Might there not also come over his mind thoughts of the godlessness of that power which was enthroned at Rome, and of its impious defiance of the just Lord of the universe? Might he not think of this, in connection with the great puzzle of the existence of moral evil, a puzzle often forced with peculiar effect on thoughtful men in travelling, when new forms of wickedness come before them? and would not "that which came upon him daily, the care of all the churches," weigh heavily on his spirits, as his mind ran from one to another of those infant societies, and rested on the blots and blemishes of each? and might not "some thorn in the flesh, some messenger of Satan" sent to buffet him, be just then pricking him to the quick, and making his whole nature smart and tingue?

## SUNDAY AT HOME.



ROME AS IT APPEARED IN THE DAYS OF PAUL.

But enough of these conjectures. Our object in enumerating them is this--to make the reader feel that if he be depressed, whether the cause be trivial or important, he is now only what Paul sometimes was, and that God provideth comfort for all his servants, as he did on this occasion for his apostle, Paul. The Lord had gathered to himself a people at Rome; they had heard of the illustrious prisoner; some might know him personally; all know him by character. So with kind and loving hearts they came forth to meet him. One party came as far as Appii Forum, fifty-six miles from Rome, the other tarried at the Three Taverns, eight or ten miles nearer the city. We dwell upon it with pleasure, because it is so simple and natural, and comes home so close to our hearts. Distance of time as well as place seemed annihilated when we were at Appii Forum. We were transported at once into the first century, looking at "the brethren" as they came near the gates, familiar with all the incidents connected with travelling, talking about the minister of Christ whom they were expecting to meet, wondering how he looked, and anticipating no little benefit from his wisdom and love; for he had come "to impart to them some spiritual gift, to the end that they might be established." We read in Exodus of Moses' interview with Jethro. Something like that would be the meeting between Paul and the brethren from Rome. Paul would ask them of their welfare, and they would relate somewhat of their spiritual history. They would ask him of his welfare, and he would relate to them passages of his own experience for their edification. Thus was the man of God comforted at Appii Forum, even as in Macedonia he was comforted by the coming of Titus, and at Athens by the arrival

of Timothy. And often still does friendship lighten our loads, and lessen our sorrows. When depressed, the sight of an old friend is as a vision from heaven. It brings back the light of other days, and we afresh feel within the awakening of a hope of better fellowship beyond the grave. Nor can we doubt that, in the case of the apostle, as it should be in ours, the soothing of earthly friendship led to thoughts of the Unseen Divine and Everlasting Friend, who sticketh closer than a brother.

Joyous was the effect. Paul heard of the progress of the cause of Christ in Rome; he saw living witnesses of the power of grace; he received anew a conviction of the presence of the best of friends, and felt assured more than ever of the perpetuity and immortal triumphs of the cause of his Lord and Master; and "he thanked God, and took courage." Took courage to believe that he who had been with him would be with him still; took courage to go forward to a city where bonds and imprisonments awaited him; and took courage to renew his efforts for the enlightenment and recovery of human souls. Everything would wear another aspect now. His lassitude and depression would be dissipated. The diminution of fatigue, the more hopeful prospect of the future, the renewed elasticity of religious trust, the sense of a brighter light on all the scenery around him, on the foliage which overshadowed the road, on the wide expanse of the plain to the left, on the high summit of the Alban mount, all this and more than this is involved in Luke's sentence, "When Paul saw the brethren, he thanked God, and took courage."

\* Paul's arrival in Rome, and the associations of his history with that most wonderful of cities, we shall notice in a future paper.

## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

HEAVEN A PLACE OF REST.

BY DR. TYNG.

UNDER the inviting aspect of a place of rest, the Holy Spirit often presents the future dwelling of the redeemed soul. It is not, however, mere dormancy of being—a merely negative rest. There is occupation, and duty, and positive pleasure, suited to the enlarged capacities and the holy tendencies of glorified spirits. But a remaining rest is the view of the recompence of reward, which contrasts it with present trials; and which leads us, while exercised with them, and groaning under their burden, to desire to depart and be with Christ—as the labourer seeketh the shadow of the evening, that the toil of his work may give place to his necessary and wished-for repose. In the world, says the Lord to his disciples, ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace. The apostle comforts the Thessalonians in their troubles with this prospect of rest with the Lord Jesus, when he shall be revealed from heaven with power and great glory. Each wearied believer shall participate in this rest, and unite in the glory of the Lord, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross and despised the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God. Within him will be peace, because all the power and propensities of sin have been annihilated for ever. Around him there will be peace, for but one desire and feeling shall govern the multitude of the redeemed, and one master only shall they serve and follow. And while no possibility of future anguish can be presented before Christ himself, every soul that is with Christ shall partake of the same glorious privilege. And in this one negative aspect—a rest from toil and care—the gain of being with Christ will be unspeakable.

But this rest with Christ is not the mere freedom of the soul from sorrow and care. It is the pure and spiritual satisfaction and delight which the redeemed spirit derives from the eternal possession of a Divine Saviour. It is the calm and confiding enjoyment of his perfections and his glory; it is the uninterrupted and unending contemplation of what he is, and of what he has done for his people; it is the overflowing

delight which the purified mind and the enlarged heart of the sanctified believer experience, in the attainment and secure possession of an object infinitely precious, long sought for and desired, and in no degree disappointing the expectations it has awakened. It is the triumphant passage of thought over unknown scenes and objects of glory, searching still more deeply into the unsearchable riches of grace, as revealed and laid up in the only-begotten Son of God. It is the unutterable joy of harmony and order, to a soul which is alive with the most delicate sensibility to the delight which they afford. It is the rest of an affectionate child in the wise and uniform government of a father's house. It is the rest of an intelligence, now angelic—may I not say superangelic, in the experience through which it has passed—in the pure and spotless dominion of the Most High, all whose ways are perfect, and whose will is the highest manifestation of wisdom and love.

How valuable is such a prospect—how precious is such a rest to the true follower of the Lord Jesus! Under all his present trials in despondency and suffering, this anticipation of the excelling glory which is laid up with Christ, will be of unspeakable importance, and of the greatest practical worth. We may consider this practical worth under three distinct aspects, applicable to the present circumstances of the Christian, arising from the views which have been now presented.

It is a *relative* rest for the servant of Christ, considered as a sufferer from present outward circumstances. It is a condition of perfect peace in connection with those with whom he dwells. Are the members of Christ here burdened with earthly sorrows? Do they look back to number years which have gone by, by the afflictions and sorrows which have successively distinguished them? Have they once said with Job, "I shall die in my nest," and yet have they lived to say with him in the sadness of subsequent experience, "My days fly away, and I see no good?" Have anxieties and disappointments corroded their peace? Have bodily pains racked their bones, and driven sleep from their eyes? Do they write the memorials of their days with tears? How precious to such wayworn pilgrims is the opening hope, which our subject presents! What the world will that be, "where no hand shall be pressed in final separation—where the sighs of

departure shall have lost their meaning—where we can look upon those whom we love, without the harsh thought pressing upon the mind, that the place which now knows them shall soon know them no more—where no inhabitant shall say, “I am sick”—where no retrospection shall bring to mind scenes and thoughts, whose whole power is to minister distress! Let all the suffering members of Christ look forward to this rest. Make it sure to your minds that you are in Christ, in the spiritual renewing of those minds by the Holy Ghost, and then fix your hopes upon the peace and blessedness which shall follow, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. Contrast the unvarying aspect of this blessedness with the tossings of the present tempestuous world. Let the hope which it offers teach you, while troubled about many things, that this inheritance alone is the one thing needful; and that he is the happy man, whoever and wherever he may be, to whom Christ is now the hope of glory, abiding within his heart; and for whom he will therefore be the everlasting gain in the hour of his departure. You meet with many temporal disappointments and embarrassments;—perhaps your agitated mind has often asked, “What shall I eat?—what shall I drink?—wherewithal shall I be clothed?” Well: be you found in Christ, and it will not always be so. With Him is durable riches and righteousness. And he is rich—not who layeth up treasure for himself here—but who is rich toward God. You meet with many friends who fail you. Like Job, you are ready to say, “My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook;” or with the prophet, “Every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbour will walk with slanders.” Disappointed successively in the characters of men, you are ready to exclaim, “The godly man ceaseth; truth is perished from the earth.” Look forward then with Paul to this better prospect. There is a Friend who loveth at all times. There is a place where all countenances wear the habitual expression of honest and affectionate hearts; where none are deceiving or being deceived. See that your hopes and your affections are there established, and it will not be long before things temporal shall yield to things eternal. We cannot pursue this particular application more minutely. It is designed to show, that there is no present outward trial for which the dwelling with Christ does not furnish an adequate recompence in eternal rest; and thus to encourage the living, suffering members of Christ to endure unto the end, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

*It is an internal spiritual rest for the believer, from his inward personal conflicts and trials—a state of peace for his soul—encouraging him by the hope which it presents, to endure with*

perseverance in his present contests with sin, and in his growth in holiness and grace. Do those who are now in Christ find that they cannot do the things that they would? When they would do good, is evil present with them? After all their efforts, and vigilance, and prayer, are unholy passions within them still unsubdued? Is a rebellious, wandering heart still beyond their power of constraint or control? Do they look back upon a Christian profession, and feel deeply sad, in the conviction how far they yet are from having attained what they desire and ought to be? Are they almost ready to conclude, while there is so much within them that is dark and unsatisfying, they have never been made the children of God? This is doubtless the case with many; the most truly so, perhaps, with those who are attaining deeper views of the claims of Jesus, and of the sinfulness of their own hearts. Oh, what joy is presented in the prospect of a rest for the soul in the kingdom of the Lord! How happy would a single day now be, should it pass without one selfish desire, or one sinful passion to ruffle the temper of the mind—without one wandering purpose to distract the heart from entire devotion to God—without one sight or sound of sin abroad to wound the soul with the thought, Who is me, that I am constrained to dwell among those who are enemies unto peace! And yet, how faint an illustration would such a day be, of the eternity provided for the redeemed soul! There the heart will be finally cleared and rescued from the stain and power of sin! Not one turbulent passion shall go with the believer to the land of his inheritance! Not one sorrowful recollection of deficiency in duty, or of transgression against God, shall mar the perfection of its enjoyment! Not a temptation shall be presented to draw a single thought aside from God. There is no being with Christ who wishes anything for the believer but his growth in holiness and enjoyments; no one who desires, or is able, to provoke him to anything but love and good works. When the suffering members of Christ are wearied with spiritual contests and temptations here, let this remaining rest be present to their minds. Multitudes have already conquered, and have entered into its enjoyment. And they may also participate in all that it can give. But then they must endure with fidelity, through every dispensation, and contend with the power of sin with unfailing perseverance. They must be vigilant through every season, and hope and quietly wait for the end proposed. But how great is the encouragement which is offered in Christ to this perseverance in our warfare! The Lord Jesus is watching over every event of our lives. He searches our hearts, and sees and accepts all our desires.

and motives for good, even though we are unable to bring them to a successful action. Often perhaps, while the world scoffs and condemns, he can say, It is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased. He accepts, though men condemn. With this prospect of rest in our warfare, we are encouraged to fight a good fight—to keep the faith—to finish our course, and to lay hold upon the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus; and in the midst of conflict, to look forward to the peacefulness of spirit which shall come to us from him, when we depart to be with Christ.

It is a rest of *perfect satisfaction* in the knowledge and enjoyment of God our Saviour; a state of entire peace, in regard to our view of Christ and his glorious gospel. Believers are here in the posture of the cherubim over the mercy-seat, desiring to look farther into the character, and work, and will of the Lord of all. There is vast mystery in the revelations of God—mystery which is inevitable from the nature of the things revealed, and of the beings to whom they are revealed. And the man who rejects from his faith in the Bible everything which he cannot now understand, shows an entire ignorance of the actual character and nature of the Being with whom he has to do. The gospel contains many mysteries of wisdom, which cannot be made intelligible to us now, from our total want of capacity to comprehend them. Many things which were obscure to the feeble mind of childhood, have become quite intelligible in matured age. Many things which are wholly obscure to the natural mind, are made clear and open, by the divine teaching, to the spiritual mind. And in the same way many things which we know not now, we shall know hereafter. There will be a fulness of knowledge of revealed truth, to the man with Christ, of which we can now form no conception. There is also vast mystery in the Providence of God—mystery which no human mind can unravel. And the attempt to detail the wise and perfect scheme upon which it is made to operate, is utterly vain. These mysteries fill the mind of an inquiring man with restlessness, and strong desire for the hour of explanation. The believer in Jesus looks beyond the present restless state, to a time when he shall for ever enjoy the calm and sure rest of perfect satisfaction and knowledge. We shall see face to face, what we now see through a clouded and often distorting glass. We shall know as perfectly as we are known, what we are now able to know only in part. We shall see the king in his beauty; the beauty of his person, the beauty of his character, the beauty of his government, the beauty of his redemption; beauty which all his now visible works vainly attempt to illustrate and display.

The sun, the lily, and the rose, but feebly betoken the perfect excellence of the Sun of Righteousness, the Lily of the valley, the Rose of Sharon. Then he will appear from Zion in perfect beauty. All that is now obscure will then be made plain. The veil which now covers the excelling glory shall then be rent asunder, and from it, what resplendent light shall shine back upon all the mysteries of Providence and revelation!—what penetrating beams illuminate the deepest recesses of redeeming love! What abundant glory shall gather from the whole, around the throne of God! As if new worlds of suns and planets clothed with meridian splendour were instantly called into being, to fill up that which was the dark void of midnight before! Are our minds here often clouded, sometimes almost unbelieving? Are our views often confused and unsatisfying? Let us remember the far better part has not yet been manifested to the struggling people of God. With faith in the truth and fidelity of God, let us commit secret things to him, and by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality; and wait, with desire and confidence, for the hour which he has appointed, for the glorious exhibition of things before concealed. Then, when we are glorified with Christ, shall we adore the greatness of his wisdom, and join with rapture in the song, “Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints.”

#### WHEN IS IT TIME TO THINK OF ETERNITY?

I WAS much shocked, on lifting the newspapers one morning, to see among the deaths—“At his mother’s residence, — street, on the 15th instant, Frank Elliot, aged 28 years”

I had first met Mr. Elliot at the country-house of his cousin, Mrs. Ellesmere, where I had accompanied a party of city friends to spend a holiday among the green fields and sweet spring flowers. He was the picture of health and manly beauty, open, generous, intelligent, and full of life and spirits. He seemed equally a favourite with young and old; for his arm was as ready to support the aged invalid as the youthful beauty. The very children claimed their full share of his regards, as he tossed them in the air, and helped them to deck their hats with wild flowers. On our way home in the evening every one was loud in his praises; but I could not help sighing deeply as I joined in them, for I felt he lacked that “better part” without which all earth’s gifts and graces are vain, and that the talents so richly bestowed

were only employed in the pursuit of worldly pleasures.

I had been standing in the piazza a short time before we left, vainly trying to reach a cluster of rosebuds that were twining round one of the columns, when he came to my assistance. The sun was setting, in more than its usual splendour, behind a heavy cloud of rich purple fringed with gold. I pointed to it, and said—“How very beautiful!” He gazed a moment, and then turning hastily away, exclaimed—“Yes, it is very fine; but somehow, such a sunset always reminds me of death, and I hate all dark and gloomy subjects.” I replied that I thought death was neither dark nor gloomy to those who looked beyond the grave, and saw with an eye of faith that land of rest and peace, too bright for human thought to image, and which our Saviour had promised would be the abode of those who loved him. “Oh, my dear madam,” was his response, “pray do not talk about anything so visionary. I find this world quite beautiful enough for me, and have no desire to change it for another; I am perfectly content. But do not look so reprovingly at me; I intend, one of these days, to become more serious; but there is plenty of time to think of these grave subjects yet.” I was about to say that none of us knew when we might be called to that unseen world, when the rest of the party joined us from the parlour, and prevented further conversation.

I met him several times after this, but it was always in company, where he made all around happy by his own kind, joyous disposition. Alas! to think that the love which he bestowed so freely on his fellow-beings, he denied to his Saviour and God. We shortly after left that neighbourhood, and I had heard nothing of him for many months, when I was startled by seeing his death in the papers. Our conversation on the piazza recurred to me, and I wondered if he had found time, before he was called away, to think of futurity, and prepare for his great change. I learned afterwards, from his cousin; that time had been given him, but the warning was unheeded, and he passed into eternity with his heart full of earth's hopes and wishes, refusing to believe that his sun was setting. I will give the account of his last illness in Mrs. Allegro's own words:—

“I had been from home for some time, and on my return found Frank very ill. He had been seized with haemorrhage from the lungs one very sultry day, after fatiguing himself with too violent exercise. Dr. Varney, an old family friend, was called in, and he said there was no danger if he would take care; but Frank scarcely knew the meaning of the word; he was determined, as he said, to enjoy life, and he no

sooner felt a little better than, in spite of his mother's and sister's prayers, he joined his young companions in their usual amusements. The consequence was, that the bleeding returned a second and a third time, and reduced him so much that when I saw him he was so much altered that I scarcely knew him, and he had been close confined to bed for some time. On leaving his room, I asked my aunt what the doctor thought, and she told me, between broken sobs, that he considered his case a very serious one—there was no saying how suddenly he might be cut off if the bleeding returned; and he had thought it his duty, as an old friend of the family, to warn Frank of his danger, and point out to him that he might already be trembling on the verge of eternity. Anything, however, that was said to him on this subject had only the effect of displeasing him, and my poor aunt begged me to try if I could say something to lead him to consider how uncertain his life was. I returned to his bedside, and, taking his hand, remarked that I thought he was looking very ill. He started, and looking coldly at me, said, in a tone of peevishness I had never heard him use before, ‘To be sure I am ill, or I would not be lying here; but you do not think I am dying, do you?’ I replied, that the doctor thought his case very serious. ‘Oh! my mother has been telling you what he says,’ he exclaimed; ‘you didn't say anything about thinking me so ill, when you were in before. It's too bad in Dr. Varney; he frightens my mother, and comes to my bed and shakes his head, and talks about eternity. I wonder he has not the sense to see that it's the worst thing he can do to talk so to a patient.’ I answered, ‘He does it because he is a *true* friend, my dear Frank, and does not wish to deceive you, as perhaps many doctors might do.’ ‘Well, I believe he means it kindly,’ he responded; ‘but I am just in the prime of life, and I believe a happier fellow did not exist than I was before I took this illness. All life's brightest prospects were opening up before me; and I will not believe that I am to be cut down thus suddenly. I do not think Varney understands my case; I will not see him again, but will call in Dr. Fillmore.’

“He kept his word; I was beside him when Dr. Fillmore came: on approaching his bed Frank exclaimed, ‘Now, doctor, they are all wishing to persuade me that I am dying, but it's all nonsense; see what you can do for me, my dear sir, and I will cheerfully pay whatever you charge, if you set me on my feet again.’ Dr. Fillmore gave no opinion, but I thought from the expression of his countenance that it was not a favourable one. But, however that might be, the new medicines he gave seemed to have a

beneficial effect on him, and he appeared to gain strength daily. Any attempt at serious conversation he always laughed off, and I almost began to hope that he might yet be spared. One forenoon (it was Sabbath), about a month after Dr. Fillmore's first visit, on entering his bedroom, I found him up, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and reclining in an easy chair, which was drawn close to the window. His mother and sister were beside him, and a vase of fresh-gathered and brilliant autumn flowers stood on a little table by his side, while the sun was pouring his glad beams through the room. But though all looked so bright, something chill seemed to strike upon my heart as I looked at him; for the hectic flush on his cheek was equally bright. He held out his hand as I entered, saying, 'Come, come, Fanny, no more long faces, I feel so much better to-day that I have been able to rise for the first time; you see I am going to cheat you all yet; it's not just time for me to die. I wonder what Dr. Varney will say when he hears I am better?' And he laughed gaily. But the joyous tone was stopped by a severe fit of coughing. He put his white cambric handkerchief to his mouth—in a few moments it dropped, stained with blood, and he fell back in his chair—dead!"

I need offer no remark on this sad scene. It is but one of a thousand warnings, that we know not the day nor the hour, and that the present is the *only* time God gives us to prepare for futurity.

My readers may perhaps think it is fictitious: the names are so, but *not* the facts; and though it occurred in a land far distant from this, man's heart is alike everywhere too ready to put death far from him, though he sees thousands falling by his side, cut down in youth as well as age. The angel of death passes on, laying low the young sapling as well as the withered oak.

#### JACQUES PINETON DE CHAMBRUN.

M. DE CHAMBRUN was a minister of the gospel during the dreadful persecutions which visited the Protestant churches of France under the reign of Louis XIV; he had a flock first at Orange, then at La Haye, and the record he himself left of the sufferings he had to endure, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, illustrates most strikingly the text, "He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." We have borrowed a few of the following details from M. de Chambrun's own narrative.\*

The city of Orange, in the department of Vaucluse, is the chief town of a principality which

was annexed to France towards the end of the seventeenth century. At that time a great number of Protestants, belonging to the neighbouring districts, thought they might find on neutral ground a safe refuge against the ferocity of the French king's dragoons. They flocked from all quarters within the walls of Orange, and claimed the protection of William of Nassau, its lawful sovereign. Such a step as this was not calculated to mitigate the fanaticism of the Roman Catholic clergy; under pretence of seizing the fugitive Huguenots, two regiments invaded the principality, and immediate measures were taken to convert the whole population. By his learning, his fortune, and his influence, M. Pineton de Chambrun was the most conspicuous amongst the ministers of the gospel in Orange; Louis XIV anxiously desired to see him apostatize, thinking that if so distinguished a man could be led to embrace Romanism, a large proportion at least of his flock would follow his example. M. de Chambrun's colleagues had been thrown into prison; he alone was allowed to remain at home on account of ill health.

During the first seventeen days of their occupation, the dragoons did not overstep the limits of common cruelty; but when the officers who led them saw that the Protestants manifested no symptoms of conversion, they began to think of the best scheme for bringing their work to a short conclusion.

"All the troops were quartered exclusively upon the Protestants, and the soldiers had no sooner taken up their new abode, than shrieks of agony were heard from all parts of the town. The poor sufferers were seen running about the streets, weeping. Now a woman cried aloud for help on behalf of her husband; the dragoons were beating him, or hanging him up in the chimney by his feet, or threatening to murder him. Elsewhere a husband claimed the same assistance for his wife. . . Children called out 'Help! help! they are killing my father! They are carrying my mother away! They are thrusting a spit through my brother's body!' Here I must stop; the mere remembrance of such barbarity overwhelms me with so much grief, that I cannot go on with the narrative of these tragic scenes."

Amidst the general affliction, M. de Chambrun never forgot the difficult and dangerous duties he had to perform; he composed his flock as much as he could; encouraged those whom he saw firm in the faith; strengthened the wavering, and faithfully warned all that they should flee from "the wrath which is to come," regardless of them "which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." The persecution it had pleased God to send to the evangelical churches of France was, he said, the just punishment of

\* "Les Carmes de Jacques Pineton de Chambrun," New edition, 1854

their lukewarmness. "How often," exclaims he in one of his sermons, "have we protested to Jesus Christ, that we would be steadfast even unto death! How often have we asserted that neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword could separate us from our blessed communion with him! Only once did Peter sit down to table with him, to eat of his flesh and to drink of his blood. But how often has he invited us to that heavenly feast, that we might be more closely united to himself, and that he might make us in all things more than conquerors? He has forgotten nothing to strengthen our faith, and we have forgotten to be faithful. We are without excuse; we cannot palliate our guilt; all our mercies rise up in judgment against us."

Through deeper afflictions still M. de Chambrun was soon about to pass. Being confined to his bed by severe illness, priests, Jesuits, bishops, officers became incessant in their visits, and tried every means they could think of to weary him into a promise of abjuration. The Count de Tessé, commander of the garrison, attempted a controversial discussion; but being himself defeated, he at last exclaimed, mad with rage, "It is no use arguing, sir; you shall obey the king, or else I must execute my orders." "You dare not," answered I. "How!" cried he, drawing near to my bed—"how! I dare not?" "No, sir," repeated I; "you dare not execute your orders upon me." Then, pulling aside the bed-clothes, and showing my wretched body, I said to him: "Look at this corpse, sir; your generosity and your compassion cannot allow you to torture it more." "Farewell, sir," answered he, "you have too much eloquence for me; I shall only repeat, this third time, that submission is your best course." Reflect and obey, or else you shall smart for it."

Two hours had not elapsed since M. de Tessé's threat, when forty-two dragoons and four drummers took possession of M. de Chambrun's house. They lost no time in displaying the sentiments which actuated them; and by smoking, swearing, drinking, in fact, committing every excess cruelty could suggest, they proved their seal for the conversion of heretics. Night and day the drummers employed themselves in preventing the invalid from taking any rest; whilst his wife uniformly evidenced the most complete trust in God, notwithstanding the brutality to which she was constantly exposed on the part of the soldiers. Never did any contrast show more forcibly that the Christian, under the pressure of the heaviest trials, can find, in close communion with his heavenly Father, a peace which all the efforts of Satan himself are unable to disturb.

The meekness which M. de Chambrun had learnt in the school of Christ is stamped on almost every line of the interesting narrative from which the above facts are taken. His body was well nigh shattered to pieces, but his soul had not been conquered; we find him constantly speaking of the king in terms of the greatest respect, thanking for their politeness those amongst his tormentors whom the sight of his pains had softened into something like compassion, and saying that sin alone is intolerable.

Daniel de Cosnac, bishop of Valence, was the prelate who had engaged to bring back M. de Chambrun to the communion of the Roman church. Promises of the highest ecclesiastical preferment were held out; Louvois was to obtain from the king a considerable pension: "if thou, therefore," Satan insinuated, "wilt fall down and worship me, all shall be thine." Is it likely that honourable men of any party would feel the slightest respect for him whom covetousness led to apostatize? No; one of the most notorious amongst the persecutors of the Huguenots had said himself, "They do not deserve much sympathy—those wretches, who have sacrificed their religion to their worldly interest." Suffering, alas! did what the temptations of riches could not accomplish. On one occasion, when racked by the most excruciating tortures, M. de Chambrun uttered the unfortunate words, "I shall recant." In a minute, the bishop was at his side with a written recantation, which the pastor was expected to sign. But M. de Cosnac's triumph proved of very short duration; at the moment of his fall, M. de Chambrun preserved all his advantages, and the heartfelt contrition with which he acknowledged it, raised him far above the unworthy prelate who wished to strike a bargain for his soul.

From prison to prison the half-dying minister bore along with him, now, not only all the agonies of a complication of bodily diseases, but the pangs of a restless conscience. His lips had denied his Saviour, and he felt as if he had lost the favour of God. "I confess," says he, "that I was forsaken by the spirit of consolation, being often able to exclaim with Job, 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, there is a man child conceived; let that day in which I have sinned be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it.' To this I added the remainder of the chapter, which I prefer now not to quote. In order to recall to my mind the consolations of my God, I often repeated the words of the 77th Psalm, 'Will the Lord cast off for ever? And will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore?' Alas! how often did I say, 'Have mercy upon me, O God,

according to thy lovingkindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. . . . Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit."

In the meanwhile the bishop of Valence, who had in some measure pledged himself for the conversion of M. de Chambrun, gave way to the most vehement fit of passion when he saw his plan defeated and his hopes of triumph at an end. His sole anxiety was now to get rid of the obstinate minister; he raged, gesticulated, and even blasphemed. This was enough; the Lord had determined upon rescuing his servant from Lyons where M. de Chambrun had been transferred for the purpose of undergoing a surgical operation. He managed to escape into Switzerland; there, with feelings of the deepest contrition, he gave before the assembled consistory at Geneva an account of the trials he had undergone, and was unanimously restored to his ministerial duties. Shortly afterwards, Madame de Chambrun having joined him, they both proceeded to the Netherlands, where they were received with the greatest kindness by the Prince and Princess of Orange.

"The wicked worketh a deceitful work." The best comment upon that text is to be read in the annals of history. If the Protestants suffered by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they were not its only victims.\* France which applauded, and especially the church which advised it, were likewise engulfed in its consequences. The cry of blood and the tears of the martyrs rose to the eternal seat of the Judge; and swelling the revenge which gathered over the throne and the altar, fell down upon them in that tempest of wrath which destroyed them both.

#### THE MUMMY WHEAT.

AMONG the marvels of the natural world, few things are more surprising than the fact that some seeds are capable of retaining the principle of vitality unimpaired for centuries. Of late years we have had abundant examples of grains of corn, whose living germs, after having lain dormant during the revolutions of kingdoms, the change of dynasties, the extinction of languages, and the transfer of the great seats of civilization, learning, and commerce, have germinated and sprouted, and given birth to abundant harvests, whose increase is now feeding the children of men in the present generation. Many of these wondrous seeds have been taken from the mud-lining of the mummy cases of Thebes, where they were interred at least two thousand years ago. One of our poetical contributors has thus celebrated the theme in sacred song:—

BETHOLD how pleasant to the eye  
    You waving corn appears;  
    The slender stalks swayed to and fro  
    Beneath the golden ears.

Strange is the story of the seed  
    That first was planted there;  
    How marvellous the wither'd grain,  
    "An hundred-fold" should bear!

Within a silent tomb it passed  
    A lapse of ages slow,  
    Bound in a dark Egyptian's hand  
    Three thousand years ago

Poor stayed upon the massive walls  
    Might all his deeds be viewed,  
    But none had ever yet disturbed  
    The awful solitude.

At length within the sculptured cell  
    A stranger dared to tread,  
    And lo! with a religious hands,  
    He stol the ancient dead

Far from the gorgeous sepulchre  
    He bore his prize away,  
    Till here on British ground he laid  
    His venerable prey

With careful fingers he removed  
    The swathings one by one  
    And gazed at last upon the form  
    Of Egypt's swifthy son

And straight arose the fragrant scent  
    Of spices, oils and balm,  
    And grains of corn went rolling down  
    From off the blackened palm,—

Grains that perchance were treasured up  
    In Canaan's time of dearth:  
    Dry as they were, we planted them,  
    In hope, beneath the earth.

The gentle rain of heaven came down,  
    And soft refreshing dew;  
    The mummy-wheat their influence felt,  
    Awoke to life, and grew.

And lo! the springing blades came forth,  
    As tender, fresh, and green,  
    As though the parent grain last year  
    Within the ear had been.

And now the tall and fragile stem  
    Its graceful head upears;  
    And see! within the bursting husk,  
    The yellow corn appears.

Come hither, ye whose patient hands  
    "Beside all waters" sow;  
    The lovely crop ye long to view  
    In God's good time will grow.

In faith and hope a mother taught  
    Her lisping babe to pray;  
    The seed she planted in his heart  
    Sprang when his head was gray.

Go forth with courage; still your bread  
    "Upon the waters" cast;  
    Tho' vainly sought for many days,  
    It shall be found at last.

JESSE BINE,

## Page for the Young.

### A PASSAGE IN THE ADVENTURES OF A MISSIONARY COLLECTING BOX.

"I was neatly wrapped in thin paper, and sent, with a number of other boxes, to a large missionary meeting; and as I was on the top of the pile, and there happened to be a crack in my paper-covering, I could easily see and hear all that was going on. I found myself suddenly seized, and my covering—torn off, by a young lady about ten years old, who, after a careful examination—during which she said I was a pretty box, and a nice large box, and exactly the kind she desired—took me in her hand, and went with me to her mamma.

"'Mamma,' she exclaimed, 'see! I have got a missionary-box.'

"'A missionary-box! Why, my dear child, what could possess you to take it? you will never fill it.'

"'O yes I shall, mamma! Do not fear that.'

"'But what put such an idea into your head, Isabella? I never heard you express yourself as being interested in missions.'

"'Perhaps not, mamma; but all my school-fellows have missionary-boxes, and I do not wish to be singular.'

"So saying, Isabella went to another part of the room, where several benches were filled with her school companions. Here I was handed about from one to another, sometimes praised and sometimes found fault with; but not one word did I hear of love to Christ, or compassion for the heathen.

"After a somewhat lengthy drive, we stopped before a large house situated at the entrance of the town, and taking me in her hand, Isabella hastened up-stairs to her bed-room, where I was placed upon a book-shelf.

"When Isabella came to bed, I could not help noticing that she was a very short time saying her prayers, and that, while she appeared to be reading the Bible, her eyes were wandering about as if she was not thinking of what she was doing. I thought this a bad sign. Not long after she was in bed, the door opened, and a maid appeared, who, after ascertaining that Isabella was asleep, removed the light, and was about leaving the room, when her eye fell upon me, and, as many others had done, she took me up in her hands and examined me. As she read the texts she sighed several times, and I felt more than one tear fall upon me, for it appeared that I awakened sad remembrances—perhaps of days when she had loved and served God better; but however, when she again placed me on the book-shelf, she slipped me dispense, and then left the room.

"The next morning Isabella carried me down-stairs to the breakfast-room, when I was placed upon the table in order that every one might see me, and thus be induced to give, and certainly I received a great many contributions in silver and peace: nor had I any reason to complain of Isabella's industry in collecting for me during many weeks. I was just beginning to hope that I had been mistaken in her character, and that she really felt more interest in the heathen, and more anxiety to do them good than I had been led to believe, when a conversation between her and one of her school friends again opened my eyes to the sad truth, that pride and envy alone were the motives by which she was actuated.

"It was then she confessed that her sole motive for taking me had been the desire of mortifying Emma Hatfield; and when told that the latter had given up having a missionary-box, she exclaimed, 'How tiresome! and just when I am sure of beating her; but, however, it will save me the trouble of collecting any more, for I shall not go on now.'

"Nor did she: for from that time I was entirely neglected, and seldom disturbed from my place on the book-shelf, except when the housemaid thought proper to dust me; and sometimes, after she had finished this operation, she would dive her hand down to the bottom of her large pocket, and bring up a penny or a halfpenny, which she quietly slipped in.

"At length, I found that I was consigned to a dark closet, in which I cannot at all tell how long I remained shut up, with broken playthings and bareheaded dolls for my companions. One day, however; my prison door was opened by Isabella, and I observed by her side a little pale-faced girl, with large blue eyes and fair curling hair. They were come for something which they wanted, and I was turned out, with a large heap of rubbish, upon the floor.

"'What a nice box!' said Isabella's little friend, whose name was Anna, 'and there is money in it too: is it yours?'

"'Yes,' said Isabella; 'it's my missionary box.'

"'But what a funny place to keep it in, amongst all this rubbish: how came it here?'

"'To tell the truth,' said Isabella, 'I grew tired of collecting for it: nothing is more disagreeable than teasing everybody for money.'

"'But why not pay in what is here?' asked Anna.

"'We have left off going to missionary meetings,' replied Isabella. 'Mamma says they are hot and disagreeable, and she is quite out of patience to think that so much yet remains to be done before the heathen are converted.'

"'I wonder if God ever grows *tired of us*?' observed little Anna, as if thinking aloud: 'but no, I am sure he does not. His love and tender mercy is over all, and he maketh his sun to shine on the evil and the good. Oh, Isabella, if God does not grow weary of us, surely we ought not to grow weary of trying to do good.'

"Isabella only replied by saying, 'I have found dolly's hat at last; so come, Anna, let us go down-stairs and continue our play.'

"But Anna still held me: and at last she timidly said, 'Isabella, as you do not seem to care about this box, might I have it? I have long wished for one, and Miss Evelyn has promised to get me one at the next missionary meeting.'

"'Oh, you are quite welcome to take that one,' said Isabella: 'indeed I shall be very glad for you to have it, money and all, and then you can pay it in with any more you may collect.'

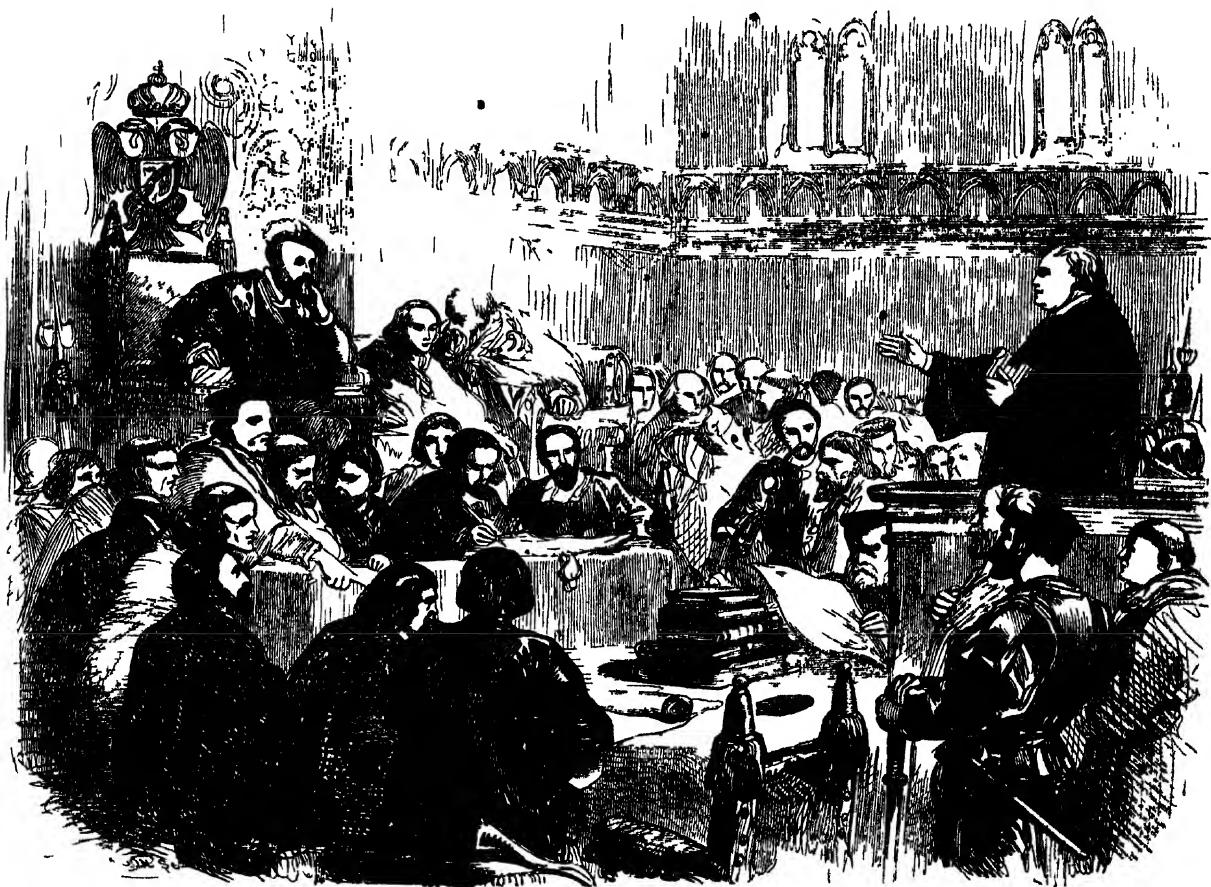
"Upon this Anna appeared very much pleased, and, placing me in nurse's lap, she begged her to wrap me up in paper, in order that I might be ready to go home with her in the evening.

"The kind old nurse mended and brightened me up so nicely that I appeared quite like new; but, notwithstanding my joy in the prospect of again becoming useful, I could not help grieving as I thought upon Isabella."

—*Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.*

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



LUTHER BEFORE THE DELL AT WORMS

THE STORY OF A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

PART V.

LUTHER AT WORMS.

LUTHER's next grand conflict was at the ancient city of Worms, where he was ordered to appear before an assembly of the enemies of the Reformation. Crowds pressed to see him on his entrance into the town. To some he was a prodigy of wisdom, while to others he was a monster of iniquity; but all were eager to behold the man who had kindled such a fire in Europe. On the morning following his arrival, the marshal commanded the reformer to appear

at four in the afternoon before the emperor, and the States of the empire. Four o'clock came, and Luther, conducted by the marshal, set out. First walked the herald, then the marshal, and Luther came last. The throng in the streets was now so great that it was impossible to advance, and they were compelled, in order to reach the town-hall, to lead Luther through some private houses and gardens. What a scene awaited the reformer in the antechamber! Germans, Italians, French, and Spaniards were collected together to hear his defence of the truth. An old general, whose head was blanched with age and many battles,

tapped Luther on the shoulder as he entered, saying, "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art going to make a nobler stand than ever I made in the bloodiest of battles."

At length the doors opened, and Luther stood before the emperor Charles V, and his brother, the archduke Ferdinand, six electors, twenty-four dukes, thirty archbishops, bishops, and abbots, seven ambassadors, amongst whom was one from the court of England, and Francis; in all 204 persons. The poor monk was a little agitated at the sight, so that cheering indeed was the whisper of a certain prince in his ears, "Fear not them that kill the body." After a moment's silence, the chancellor of the archbishop of Treves rose, and said in a low clear voice, first in Latin, then in German: "Martin Luther, you are commanded to answer two questions: Are those books"—pointing to twenty volumes—"written by you? and, Are you prepared to retract the opinions you have advanced in them?" Luther having respectfully acknowledged himself the author of the books, replied: "I should act imprudently were I to answer without reflection. For this reason I entreat your majesty to allow me time, that I may answer without offending the word of God."

Luther was then conducted to his hotel, and many believed that he would recant; but they little knew the man, or the source of his strength, who thought this. Luther went to his lodgings to pray. The struggle was a sharp one, for he was threatened with death, and the cause so dear to his heart with danger; well, therefore, might he pray.

Again Luther stood before rulers; but God was with him; his countenance was serene, and he was calm, free, and confident. His prayer for strength was answered. After a long and energetic speech, the question was again put to the reformer, would he retract? His reply was decided: "Unless I am convinced that what I have written is contrary to God's word, I cannot and I will not retract; for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience. Here I stand; I can do no other. May God help me. Amen."

This was a grand moment for the reformation, and Rome trembled. He had said, "No" to the church, and the empire had already asserted the right of God above the right of man.

The young emperor was puzzled. In his address to the assembly on the following day, he wrote: "A single monk, misled by his folly, rises against the faith of Christendom. I am about to dismiss the Augustine Luther, forbidding him to cause disorder among the people. I shall then proceed against him and his adherents as heretics, by excommunication, interdict, and by every means likely to destroy them."

This address did not please the diet. Several said that the Rhine should have received Luther's ashes, as it had already done those of Huss; and many years after Charles was heard to confess that he made a great mistake in letting Luther live.

After some days spent in discussion and consultation, however, Luther was ordered to leave Worms, and not to preach or to write henceforth. After a short stay at Eisenach, his childhood's home, Luther resolved to visit the village of Mora, in order to see once more his aged grandmother and his uncle Henry Luther. The next day he continued his journey, accompanied by his brother James; but as they skirted the woods of Thuringia, on their way to Waltershausen, near the deserted church of Glisbach, a noise was heard, and five horsemen, masked and armed, fell on the travellers. Luther was pulled from the wagon, a soldier's cloak was thrown round him, and he was placed on a horse. James escaped, and at Waltershausen, Wittemberg, and every town and village on the road, news soon spread that Luther had fallen into the hands of his enemies.

For some time Luther and his captors pursued the forest path, and as soon as it grew dark, the guards took a new road. An hour before midnight they reached the foot of a mountain, which the horses slowly ascended. On the summit was an old castle, surrounded on all sides but one by the Black Forest that covers the mountains of Thuringia. This was the fortress of Wartburg. On reaching it, the bolts were drawn back, iron bars fell, the gate opened, and the reformer was a prisoner. He was compelled to lay aside his monk's dress, and assume that of a knight; his hair and his beard were to grow, and he was to be called knight George.

Meantime, the grief of Luther's friends was great. Spring, summer, and autumn passed away, and still Luther lay hid. No one knew what had become of the champion of truth; but God took care of his own work, and not all the plots of men could bring it to nought.

Knight George lived solitary and unknown; he was allowed to wander freely through the fortress, but he might not leave the walls. In the dark forest of Thuringia he reposed from his life of struggle and agitation. Sometimes his soul was at peace, while at other seasons, anxiety for the reformation distracted him with fears. But next to his trust in God, Luther's hopes were placed on his faithful friend Melancthon. "If I perish," he wrote, "you will succeed me, as Elisha did Elijah, with a double portion of my spirit." But soon he fell sick.

He had suffered much at Worms, and his bodily strength was shaken. His friends at

Wittemberg were alarmed. They had indeed been the means of placing him in the Wartburg, to save him from the certain fate which the pope and the emperor had in store for him. His enemies rejoiced, and were fondly hoping that they should hear no more of the Wittemberg monk, when a multitude of writings, composed at the Wartburg, told them plainly that he was still to be feared.

Luther's health still continuing very feeble, he made several excursions in the neighbourhood, attended by one of the guards of the castle.

Once he even resolved to go out on a hunting expedition; but in the midst of the excitement and pleasure of the chase, the monk paused. "Is not this," he said, "like the devil setting on his dogs, that is, the bishops, in pursuit of souls?" A young hare was at this moment caught, and delighted at the prospect of liberating it, he hid it under his cloak, and set it down in a thicket; but scarcely had he done so before the dogs, having scented it, rushed forward and killed it. "Ah, pope," said Luther, "and thou Satan, thus is it ye would destroy men's souls who have been saved from death."

Luther's dearest employment during his repose, at this time, was the translation of the Bible. The same God who had led John to Patmos, there to write his Revelation, confined Luther in the Wartburg, there to translate his word.

But his sojourn there became at length insupportable; he felt indignant at the caution of his protectors, and one day, about the end of November, he secretly left the Wartburg, and set out for Wittemberg.

Luther was again in the world, and on the field of battle.

The bible was at last published in German, and the reformation, which the pope and emperor had flattered themselves was confined in the town hall at Worms, on the day that Luther stood there, broke forth with fresh strength in every part of the country. Priests as well as monks began to preach truth, and Luther's writings were read in cities, towns, and villages. The art of printing was advancing too; and whereas in the year 1513, only 35 publications had come from the press, principally at Wittemberg, in 1523, 183 of the reformer's writings appeared. Persecution, however, was not at an end.

At Brussels, three young Christians died for the sake of Christ; but from their blood a rich harvest sprang. "Wherever a pile is raised," said Erasmus, "there heretics are sown." Luther commemorated the death of the young monks in a beautiful hymn, and soon throughout Germany and the Netherlands these strains awoke an enthusiasm for the martyrs' faith.

"No, no, their ashes shall not die;  
But borne to every land,  
Where'er their sainted dust shall fall,  
Up springs a holy band."

On Sunday, the 19th of October, 1524, Luther laid aside his monk's frock, and in the following year he married Catharine Bora, who had been a nun, but who, with eight other young females, left a convent life, from the conviction that it was not according to God's will. Kether, as Luther called his wife, was a woman of strong affections, and made the reformer's a happy and peaceful home. Often, when weary and anxious, on account of the many weighty matters that pressed upon him, she would cheer the grave earnest man by reciting sweet and peaceful words from the Holy Scriptures, and talking hopefully and encouragingly to him. The marriage of Luther, which made a great stir (for you know marriage is forbidden to priests in the Roman Catholic church), was followed by good results. The marriage of the clergy put an end to many crimes; the reformers became models for their flocks as husbands and fathers, and the people rejoiced in the new relation of their ministers.

Thus grew the reformation; and not in Germany alone, but in other parts of the continent of Europe its principles were spreading.

You can read the particulars of the progress which this great work made in other books, and I must not now add much to the sketch of Luther. From the little which you have read of his character and life, you will perceive that he was a bold earnest man, and a lover of truth; but he was not perfect. His boldness sometimes ran into violence; his earnestness into roughness and coarseness. The graces of the Spirit were not, perhaps, so evident in him as in his friend Melanthon; the duty of meekness and gentleness, of forbearance in love, he too often forgot; but God, who no doubt chose the man for the work, blessed his zeal in no common manner.

At home, Luther's character appears to have been very lovely. He loved little children. His hymns for them in his native language of German, and to which no translation does justice, shows how he could enter into childish thoughts. And his letters to his own boys are very simple and tender. His last hours were full of consolation. In the midst of great pain, he took comfort in the thought of the great salvation wrought by Jesus: "I know," he said, "I shall be for ever with him; no man can pluck me out of his hand." "Beloved father!" said one to him, "do you still hold on to Jesus, the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?" "Oh yes!" he said, and that "Yes" was the last word of the dying reformer, for, turning on his side, and

meekly folding his hands, he fell asleep in the Lord Jesus.

He was buried at Wittemberg, and at his funeral the multitude began to sing the first hymn composed by Luther—

“From deep distress I call to thee,  
My God, regard my crying;”

but they could not proceed, their voices were choked with weeping. He, being dead, yet speaketh. To the grave of the poor miner's son—the humble monk of Wittemberg—crowned heads have gone to muse and to admire. Charles V, Frederick the Great, Peter of Russia, and Napoleon have stood beside it; and his best monument—his beautiful translation of the Bible—is now in many a poor German cottage to teach the way of salvation.

Dear young hearts, remember the reformation has left a responsibility on you. Better to have died when the Bible was chained to the pillar in an unknown tongue, than live in neglect of it now. “To whom much is given, of them will much be required.”

The unchaining of the Bible; the wresting the word of God from the priests' grasp, and giving it to the people, is, after all, the great work of the reformers. When once that was done, truth spread like a mighty river; and oh, may you close this little sketch of our great benefactor with a humble prayer to God, that you may receive the truth of his word, and may be made wise thereby unto salvation.

#### HOW TO HEAR A SERMON WITH PROFIT.

THE following admirable illustration of the mode in which the hearing the preached word of God should be followed by self-examination and application, is from the diary of one dear to the church of Christ—Joseph Williams of Kidderminster. Most rich and profitable is the example which it gives. He thus writes:—

“After hearing a discourse by Mr. Bradshaw, on the Psalmist's inquiry and determination, ‘Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee;’ inquire thou, O my soul, and inquire with the greatest strictness and impartiality. This is a matter on which depends my present comfort and everlasting happiness. To deceive myself in this important concern, is putting the worst cheat that is possible on myself. What a dreadful surprise must it be to the soul that hath deluded itself with vain hopes, even unto the hour of its departure hence, to meet a frowning God, and hear that stunning accent—‘I know you not whence you are; depart from me!’ Therefore, O my soul, search diligently:

examine well thy evidences. Let conscience speak freely. I hope it is rightly informed: bribe it not into silence, nor pervert it to give a false evidence, either by palliating thy sins and corruptions, or magnifying thy good works and dispositions.

“What is my heart set most upon—this world, or God? I must not dissemble or deny that a care for and delight in my wife and children—a care to make the best advantage of my trade, and to render my present life easy and pleasant—have most of my thoughts. Yet I humbly hope, yea, surely in this I may be confident, by the experience now of twenty-seven years, but more remarkably of the last twelve years, that the love and favour of God are what I prize above all things—that to ‘walk in the light of his countenance’ is the highest felicity I either enjoy or hope for, in the present state; and to dwell for ever in his glorious presence is the highest of my future hopes and expectations. Though my conscience blames me for many defects in my obedience, and care to please God; though it reproaches me for many omissions of secret duty, and many sad neglects in the performance of duties of every kind, all which may justly lead me to call in question the sincerity and predominance of my love to God; yet it also witnesseth that in general I am more solicitous to please God than any besides him, and that I never have such enjoyment of myself as when I do the things that please him, nor any joy like that which flows from a sense of his approbation and love. In all my wants, I fly to him for supply; in all my perplexities, I seek him for counsel; in every distress, he is my refuge and strength. Under all my pains and indispositions of body, my hope, my help is in the great Physician. I look unto him as the first cause; observe his hand in appointing, directing, and limiting them; and endeavour humbly to inquire into the meaning and design of them, and ‘wherefore God contendeth with me.’ In like manner would I be found eyeing the hand of God in every loss, whether in trade, or by the death of a child or other dear relation. When viewed in that light, I may truly say, it hath never been very difficult to submit, how severe soever afflictions have been, and whatsoever their kind. I have found my faith in him, a sense of his love, and a prevailing hope that he is my God, a full support under my greatest burdens. I have enjoyed a satisfying assurance, that if I were stripped of every worldly good, I might possess all in him alone. Conscience is my witness that now, in the fulness of worldly good things, and in the prospect of making some considerable provision for my family, I would be found referring my prosperity to his blessing on my endeavours. Frequently

my heart is lifted up in thankfulness to my bountiful benefactor. It is matter of grief to me, when I want the cheering tokens of his gracious presence, and the quickening influences of his good Spirit; but when 'his love is shed abroad in my heart' (and, blessed be his name, many such delicious repasts he hath indulged me with), the sense of it eclipses all the beauties and glories of the world in my esteem. I can say, with Dr. Watts—

"One gracious smile, my God, from thee,  
One kind, forgiving word,  
Is more than all the world to me,  
'Twill greater joy afford."

From all which I cannot, but hope my heart is set most upon God.

"What is the main design and business of my life? Any common spectator, who only sees and hears my general conversation, could not see reason to conclude that I minded anything so much as the profits and pleasures of this life. I must confess they have too much of my heart, they occupy too much of my time and thoughts; yet methinks I would be found living for and chiefly intending a nobler end than sensual gratifications. I cannot say that my active obedience and service, my exercise of self-denial and mortification on all proper occasions, do so clearly evince as I could wish that the glory of God is the main end of my life; but though the evidence be too obscure, I cannot but hope, nevertheless, that I have no other end which sways so much with me. It is the grief of my soul, when I reflect on anything I have done to displease God, or dishonour his holy religion. 'My sorrow is stirred' when I sometimes observe the ignorance and wickedness of others, and more especially if I see the Lord's day or hear the Lord's name profaned. It is a pleasure to me when I have an opportunity of doing good to others, and especially to those 'of the household of faith.' I think I have often found that I should be content to be poor, to be despised, to suffer the loss of all things, yea, to be as severely tried as Job was, if it were the will of God, and that I might have grace equal to my day, and a revenue of glory might arise to the great Author of my being. I find I can freely part with my money to feed the poor or to support the interest of the gospel, and bless God for enabling me 'to give willingly.' I have not for many years been solicitous for long life, but have kept my end much in view, and looked upon preparation for death as the great business of life; and, though very defective, I hope I have been sincere therein. Desirous of some competent provision for my family, in case I should be taken away from them, yet I am not conscious of any great solicitude about it, having experienced in myself, my brothers and sisters,

that God can and will provide for us, if we be found in the way of duty; but I would be chiefly solicitous to train up my children in the fear of God—to see Christ formed in them, and to leave a Divine blessing entailed upon them. From all which I would humbly hope that it is the main end and business of my life to please and glorify God.

"And now, which would I rather part with, God or the world? In this I think I can be more clear and certain. Indeed, how I should stand 'the fiery trial,' were I called to it, is hard to say. The thought of it is terrible: but God is all sufficient; and from the experience I have had of Divine consolations, I am well assured he is able to bear up the fainting spirit under the severest torments to which this flesh of mine can be exposed. As for giving up a good trade rather than a good conscience, or parting with riches, honours, pleasures, wife, children, and all my dearest earthly enjoyments, I humbly hope the case is more plain; yea, that 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' I desire to ascribe the glory and praise of all attainments to the free grace of God in Christ, acknowledging that 'by the grace of God I am what I am.'"

### THE BROKEN WHEEL.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

MANY a school-house is in the world, and may their number ever increase; but sometimes very important lessons are learned in houses not intended for a school, and God makes poor ignorant people teachers to the rich and wise, even at a time when they little expect it. It is about such a school-house that we would just now speak.

It is not long since a splendid carriage was seen rolling along a mountain road in the south of Germany. Two little boys in rags, and with bare feet, ran along by the side of the carriage, holding out their hands, and begging an alms, till at last the window opened, and a trifle was thrown to the children, which they gladly picked up out of the dust. They consulted whether to run home to their mother, or first to go and buy a pennyworth of bread, for they were very hungry. They seemed, however, quite agreed that the greatest happiness on earth consisted in driving in a carriage, and having plenty to eat.

Poor children! Little did they know of the deceitfulness of riches! In that carriage sate the proprietress of a large estate, accompanied by her head stewardess. She was going to the magistrate to complain of a servant who had been guilty of theft, and to have her arrested and punished. The window was scarcely shut,

when the lady resumed her conversation where she had left off.

"Yes, yes, from day to day it is becoming worse and worse with servants," she said, in a tone of bitterness, "and not only with us in the country, but also in the town; I have had a letter from my sister in town this morning, and she says good servants will soon be as scarce as flies in winter. And how much is done to make them comfortable! The wages are double what they used to be, and there is no end of presents; but the more they get, the more they claim. What will be the end of all this?"

The stewardess bowed—it might have been interpreted as a token of approbation—she intended it is an evidence that she had heard the sentiment, and was attending. She was herself, poor thing! a servant. She knew that wages and presents would never make servants love their work or their mistress, but she had not the courage to speak out her sentiments. Taking a favourable interpretation of the silence, the lady went on:—

"In every sense the servant-maids are becoming intolerable. Nothing but love in their head, and then they are no use in the house, and to please the young men they dress beyond their means, and have no other resource but to steal—the vain idle fools; and then so impudent. There is Eliza, to whom I had given so many presents, for indeed she was very useful to me; but the impudent girl gave me notice, and left the very next quarter after I had bought her a beautiful dress, and all because I had given her a sharp scolding for something. And there is Betty. It was only last Christmas——"

A crash and an upset put an end to the complaint. A wheel was broken, but luckily the fall was not severe, and the lady, with her stewardess got out unhurt. There was no chance of proceeding further for the present, and the coachman suggested to the ladies the propriety of their turning in to an adjoining village till the wheel should be repaired. Had the lady been angry at her maid before, she was doubly so now, for in her mind the poor girl was not only guilty of theft, but was also the cause of this accident.

On entering the village, they observed a cleanly dwelling. It was a small but attractive house, with its little garden in front, and the door and windows very clean. On opening the door, a tidy little peasant woman stood before them; she was neatly dressed, but evidently hard at work, and happy that she had something to do. With evident sympathy she heard the story of the accident, and then cheerily invited the strangers to take a seat in her best room, the only room she had besides the kitchen, while she went after some homely refreshment.

Left to themselves, the strangers had time to examine the room. Everything was in admirable order. Unlike most houses of the class, a fresh healthy atmosphere pervaded the apartment. The curtains were snowy white, and the bed tidily made up. A blithe little girl of about four years was playing in the corner, and at the same time watching the cradle of a little brother; but on the first invitation, she came and reached out her hand, answering all the questions which were put to her.

By the time they had finished their inspection, the woman had returned, and spreading a clean cloth on the table, laid out some bread and butter and milk, begging of them not to despise the little she had to offer, for they would no doubt be hungry before they reached the town. The strangers did not require a second invitation, and were delighted with the tact which their hostess displayed in trying to make them comfortable.

"You don't belong to this village?" inquired the lady, in a tone considerably milder than it had been at first.

"Oh yes," replied the hostess, "but I was long out at service."

"At service!" remarked the lady, somewhat astonished; and returning to her former train of thought, she added, "you must have been a servant of the old stamp, such as one sees no more now-a-days."

"Indeed, no," replied the hostess, taking a seat, modestly, at a distance, and playing with the curls of her little girl, "I was foolish and giddy enough, but God led me into a house where I learned what it is to be a servant; and to all eternity I shall have reason to thank my master and mistress for what they did for me."

The lady was a little surprised, and asked eagerly how her master and mistress had managed to earn such unbounded gratitude from her.

"You see," said the hostess, "I was a very poor girl. My father had met with an accident, and my mother was left a widow with five of us, whom she was obliged to support by her own exertions and a little aid from the parish. Many a time in winter we could not sleep from hunger and cold; but my heavenly Father supported us in all our wants."

"My mother is now living with her eldest son, and the rest have all houses of their own—except one, for whom God has made a dwelling in the churchyard. But I was speaking of myself. After school hours I helped my mother as well as I could; but when I had left the school for good, there was no more work for me among the country people. It was just at that time that a cousin of my mother's, who lives in

town, invited me to come to town, and promised that he would help me to seek for service. Good country girls, he said, were very much in demand. I had never been out of my own village before, and now I had to walk ten hours on foot to reach my mother's cousin. How I sat down and wept on the road when I had lost sight of everything that I knew! And when I looked about and saw none but strangers on the road, I thought my heart would break. Ah! that was a black day; but late in the evening, with bleeding feet, I reached my cousin's house. And she stopped to pass a finger over her eyes, for there was something there which required even a pocket handkerchief to remove, before she could see to go on with her story.

"The second day after my arrival I found a place. With the best of resolutions I entered on my work, and gave myself a deal of trouble but all would not do. At one time I broke a glass or a plate, at another time I did not understand my mistress, and did the opposite of what she wanted. It was natural enough, for I was just come from the country, and had never seen such work before. Many a hard word and bitter taunt I heard, and listened to with tears, while in my heart I thought my mistress unjust; for I knew that I had meant it all well, and had given myself trouble to do my best. When I began to understand my work better, still I could not love my mistress. She gave me food and wages and many a present, but treated me with such disdain that I could not feel as if I belonged to the family. A little daughter in the house, however, became attached to me. Oh how I loved that child for her kindness! I would have thought no toil too hard so as to have a few minutes to fix her doll and her playthings; but when the parents observed that the child sought my society, they forbade her to speak with me, for, they said, she would learn a vulgar pronunciation."

"Oh, that was hard!" said the lady, interrupting her in her story; "that was hard for a girl scarcely more than a child, who still required a mother's love, to be treated so coldly in a strange house, and to be regarded as a menial and as a thing without human feelings."

The stewardess sighed and looked to the ground, for she had, in her own experience, on the estate at M—, seen something very similar.

"I should, for all that, have been obedient," added the hostess, after a pause, "for it is written, '*Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward;*' but at that time I did not know the Bible, and thought it was either a school-book, or a book in which they might read who had

plenty of time on hand. I seldom went to church, for there was always great cooking to do on Sunday, and it was seldom that I got leave to see my cousin, who was the only one to speak kindly to me. A servant man, who came sometimes to the house, told me once that I was pretty. It was foolish of me to listen to him, but his words sounded like something friendly, and I had not for a long time heard such sounds. Ah, madam! servant girls listen to the foolish flatteries of young men many a time only because they can thus forget their degrading position for a moment. The servant man took me once or twice to a dance, and I was in a fair way of becoming a vain fool or something worse, when my mistress discovered what was going on, and dismissed me from her service. Had I not had my cousin's house to take shelter in, I should probably have been ruined. A hasty dismissal has often, you know, madam, had that effect.

When I went to my cousin, he listened to my story, and then scolded fearfully; and somehow he was able to set the words so that they went through and through me, and I could not answer him. 'To go to a dance behind your mistress's back! to go about with young men!' he said; 'it was most imprudent. If your mistress was hard, you should have been humble and patient.' And I don't know what all he said. The tears stood in my eye, and I had nothing to answer. When my cousin had done scolding, he set out in earnest to look for a new place, and the very next day he came to say, 'Now there is another place for you, the like of which is not in the town again; if you get turned off there, you need not come back to me.' I thanked him, and went with a beating heart to my new situation.

"My new master was teacher in a classical school, and had but a small salary; but the mistress knew how to make everything appear as clean and tidy and decent as if they had had thousands. Master and mistress met me when I entered the house, and giving me the hand, bade me welcome. I was seated before them, and the master then began to tell me that first of all I must bear in mind that his house was a Christian house, and that I must neither say nor do anything unworthy or unbecoming a person who fears God. He then told me that I should not think little of my station, but should remember that the Most High has appointed some to be masters and others to be servants. My position was that of servant; but I should bear in mind, that if faithful in my calling, I might be assured of the Divine approbation. 'It is true,' he added, 'the proud heart will not at all times bow to the duties of our station; but you must pray to God for wisdom.'

and for humility. You must also have confidence in me, and in my wife, for we wish to do the best for you and treat you kindly. As you are young,' he concluded, 'you may, when you want advice, always ask us, and we will treat you as our own child, if you will only fear God and do his will.' Thus saying, he gave me his hand once more, and the mistress did the same.

"I can't tell how I felt; nobody had ever spoken to me in that way before. It was just as if I was in church. The big tears stood in my eyes, and I promised everything, and begged they would only have a little patience with me, and I would do my best. The mistress brought me to my own room, and when alone I thought over all that had been said; particularly the words, that while serving my mistress faithfully I was serving the great God, and that I should pray diligently. I folded my hands and wept for joy, while I asked God to give me a new heart.

"Shall I tell you the order of that house? When the children were dressed in the morning, they all took their seat round the large table, and I sat down with them. The master read out of the Bible, and prayed, and we all folded our hands; even the little Clara, not two years old, sat as still as a mouse, though her eyes were sometimes turned with a longing look towards the milk bowl. When prayer was over, I went to my work brimful of happiness. In the evening there were prayers again, only that the younger children were already gone to bed. On Sunday the house was so quiet; nothing was done but what was absolutely necessary, and the mistress and I went alternately to church, while the other staid at home with the children. The master often asked me about the sermon when I came home, and explained what I did not understand. In the afternoon I might either go to my own room, or might sit with the children while the mistress read and talked with us. In the winter evenings, when the work was done, I might also go in with my sewing or knitting, and sit beside the mistress, while the master sometimes came in and read such beautiful books about good men and about strange countries.

"You may guess how happy I was. I had envied my former master's family because they did not need to work; but here master and mistress were always busy, and they knelt down too and prayed with me. I could not understand how such good people could speak so much about their sins. I felt my own, however; but soon I was led to know and love my Saviour, and trust in him as having died for me. Then I felt myself more happy than I can describe. I felt as if an angel was always at my side, re-

joicing over me when I did what was right. It was a foolish thought, but for all that there was some truth in it too."

The hostess paused. She had told her story with warmth, and evidently dwelt with pleasure on that time when she first learned to love Him who shed his blood that we might live; who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we by his poverty might be made rich.

The strangers, too, remained silent. What they had heard had evidently made a deep impression on their minds, and they were carefully reflecting over all that had been said.

"I was once asked," resumed the hostess, "to take a situation as cook in the house of a foreign ambassador. My wages were to be three times as much as I had in this house. I went to see the place, looked about me, and refused the situation. There were a host of servants, some of whom the master and mistress scarcely knew. They were left entirely to themselves, and everything was not as it ought to be. I thought, what difference would the wages make if I should be tempted to leave the good road in which I had begun to walk. There was nobody in the house to pray with me."

At these words the lady looked to the ground. She had never prayed with her domestics; she had never sought to improve their hearts; she knew no other means of securing the proper discharge of duty than by threats or by presents. An arrow had reached her heart.

"What need I tell more?" concluded the hostess. "Ten years I spent in that family, and when I at last left them to go with the man who had asked me to be his wife, I wept like a child that for the first time is leaving a father's house, to go out into a strange world."

As she concluded, the coachman entered to announce that the carriage was ready. To save the lady the walk, he had driven up to the village, and was waiting quite close by the house.

"Very well, John, I shall come immediately," said the lady, in a most unusually mild tone. She rose, and approaching the hostess, took her hand to bid farewell. "You do not know, my good woman," she said, "how thankful I am for your story. I hope to see you often, and to learn a great deal more from you." And the stewardess whispered, as she took leave—"If I am not far mistaken, the servants on the estate will have reason to thank you for this day."

When the lady had reached her carriage, she stood a little while, as if in doubt what to do; then turning to the coachman, said, "John, you may drive home; we will not go to the magistrate."



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### PROVIDENCE IN LITTLE THINGS.

ALL who regard the Bible as the word of God admit that he governs the affairs of the world by his providence. He has power thus to govern; he formed the world by his wisdom; he is a being of infinite knowledge and infinite kindness; he has made all creatures dependent upon him, and he intends to glorify himself in them; so that it seems likely that he should control their movements, and have them under his direction.

To this doctrine the Scripture yields abundant evidence. "The eyes of Jehovah are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. God doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number. He giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields; to set up on high those that are below, that those which mourn may be exalted to safety. He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong. He maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole. The Most High liveth for ever and ever; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation; and all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" "I form the light," says God, "and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I, Jehovah, do all these things."

Such are a few of the statements of Scripture on this subject. The Most High cannot be an indifferent spectator of what occurs in the world to which he has given being.

We are apt, however, to regard the providence of God chiefly in connection with the greater and more striking events of life. If we do not think it beneath God to direct the minutest affairs, we nevertheless often fail to recognise his hand in those affairs. The earthquake that buries a whole city with its inhabitants, and the storm which sweeps across a plain and destroys the husbandman's hopes of harvest, make us think of providence; but who thinks of

it as the silent and soft shower fertilises the earth, or the evening breeze diffuses fragrance through the atmosphere. Yet it is there. "God thundereth marvellously with his voice; great things doth he, which we cannot comprehend. He saith to the snow, be thou upon the earth; likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of his strength. Terrible things in righteousness are done by him. They that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at his tokens; he makes the out-goings of the morning and evening to rejoice. He visits the earth and waters it. He makes it soft with showers. He crowns the year with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness."

A few of the facts recorded in the sacred volume furnish illustrations of God's minute superintendence and government over human affairs. Pharaoh's daughter, in going to the Nile to bathe, did what she had often done before. It was a little thing, not adapted to awaken enquiry, or lead to anything remarkable. One morning as she approached the river she saw a basket half hid in the sedge; she sent her maid to fetch it. That basket contained an infant, whom this incident saved from destruction, and placed in the only court where, probably, he could have been educated for that work which God intended he should perform. The morning walk to bathe in the river issued in the providing of the individual who was to humble the pride of Egypt; to rescue God's own people from bondage and oppression; to lead them to their destined inheritance, and thus to fulfil the promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

It was a little thing, that in one of the many predatory incursions of the Syrians into the land of Israel, a girl should be made prisoner, whom the wife of the captain should fancy as a servant. The making of such captives was an ordinary occurrence; but an incident of this kind, in one instance, led to Naaman's being healed of a loathsome disease by Elisha, and to his acknowledging, though he had been an idolator, that there was "no God in all the earth but in Israel."

It is instructive to trace the history of the deliverance wrought for the Jews, as recorded in the book of Esther. One night the monarch under whom the Jews were captive could not sleep. No great matter. A ruler over a vast empire; containing 120 provinces—people who spoke almost every known language, and of very

different political and religious habits—might be expected sometimes to have a sleepless night. But during one of the restless nights of the monarch, as he tossed upon his uneasy bed, “he commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles; and they were read before the king.” A service performed for him by Mordecai, which had remained till that moment unrewarded, came thus before him. Early next morning, his chief vizier having come into the court, was called upon to advise what should be done to the man whom the king delighted to honour; and he, imagining that the honour was to be done to himself, gave counsel betokening his own pride, and falling little short of treason. “Make haste,” said the king, “and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai, who sitteth at the king’s gate.” What a terrible mortification! Haman had come at that early hour to speak to the king to hang Mordecai on the gallows that he had prepared for him; but instead of this, he himself must proclaim Mordecai the man whom the king delighted to honour. The sequel is well known. The sleepless night of Ahasuerus filled the city of Shushan with rejoicing. Instead of being cut off, the Jews had light and gladness, and joy and honour; and in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king’s commandment and his decree came, the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day. Did not God’s providence direct that sleepless night of Ahasuerus?

The New Testament furnishes illustrations equally pertinent. It was by no means a remarkable thing that a quarrel should arise between Augustus Cæsar and Herod the Great. One laid claim to the kingdom of the other. Augustus was just the man to urge this claim, and Herod to resent it. Hence the decree went forth that a census should be taken of Judea, and the people had to repair every one to the place where his ancestry belonged. In all this there is nothing extraordinary. But thus it came to pass that Joseph, “who was of the house and lineage of David, went up with Mary his espoused wife to Bethlehem,” near the time when she was to be delivered; and to the little thing of a jealousy and quarrel between rival kings we trace the fulfilment of predictions in him who was to be known as the son of David, and who must be born at Bethlehem of Judea, the city where David was.

It was a little thing again that Paul’s nephew, who, perhaps, was not himself a Christian, should be let into the secret of a conspiracy against his uncle’s life. But in this way God protected his servant and secured to him opportunities of making known the gospel to those that were in Rome also.

Every-day life furnishes illustrations quite as striking. A sudden shower in the streets of London drives a number of persons under a covered gateway for shelter. The thing is common; but on one occasion, among the persons taking shelter, were two men, one resolved by the grace of God to try to do good in every situation; the other, prepared by previous exercises of mind, to receive instruction on matters involving his everlasting interests. The two men were strangers to each other. The shelter which all will need “in the great and terrible day of the Lord,” but which many will seek in vain, presented a topic on which one might appropriately speak and the other listen. He did listen—was impressed—saw in the shelter spoken of exactly what he wanted—brought himself, from that time, to the Redeemer, and enjoyed a consciousness of safety and peace. Soon afterwards he was called to the ministry, and now very usefully preaches the truth which he had been brought in that covered gateway to receive. May not this usefulness be traced to the little unnoteworthy circumstance of a sudden shower on a summer’s day?

In like manner, Mr. Blood, in an account of the burning of the Amazon by night at sea, and of his own escape, mentions an impression on his mind which it were vain to attempt accounting for on any other principle than that the hand of God was in it, compelling him to retire to rest without undressing. A little thing it was; a thing which, but for subsequent circumstances, might not have been noticed; but a devout and thoughtful mind would see, as Mr. Blood does, that God’s providence was guiding in even this small affair.

So again, a valued minister of the gospel was returning from a missionary tour in the west of England, by the railway. During the first half of the journey he had occupied a seat among gentlemen whom he did not know, and who did not seem inclined to converse. When the train stopped for refreshment, he met a friend upon the platform who was travelling by the same train, and who had occupied a seat alone in another carriage. They joined each other for the remainder of the journey. All this involved nothing specially worthy of note. Within a few minutes of starting, however, an accident occurred to the train, dashing in pieces the carriage which the minister had left, and fatal to a gentleman who had taken his vacated seat. Surely it were blindness, as well as ingratitude, not to acknowledge the hand of God in this matter. Trivial as it may seem for friends to meet in such a manner, and henceforward travel together, in that small thing there was evidently that hand under whose direction the spheres roll and the sparrows fly.

[To be continued.]

## WHAT HAVE WE TO BE THANKFUL FOR?

For the food that nourishes our bodies; the clothing that keeps us warm and comfortable during winter's stormy blasts; the bright clean homes that are ours; the glad sunshine that sheds abroad its cheering influence on nature, both animate and inanimate; the rain that refreshes the thirsty ground, and bids the earth bring forth its riches; the strength that enables us to seek the green fields, and breathe the fine invigorating air of heaven; and, above all, for that blessed Book that nourishes the soul, spreads its benign influence over our faith through life, and prepares us for an eternal future: for *all* these we should lift our hearts in overflowing thankfulness to our heavenly Father.

"But these are *only* every-day blessings, common to thousands!"

So they are, dear reader; but because the bountiful Bestower of all things, in his infinite goodness and mercy, showers his benefits upon his creatures with a lavish, and not a niggard hand, is that a reason for us to esteem those gifts lightly? I think not. And as I am just going to visit a poor woman, if you have time to accompany me, I feel sure you will involuntarily thank God for one of those despised every-day blessings ere you have gone many steps from her door; and while we are on the way, I will just give you a short outline of her history.

Mary was brought up respectably, and was once in very comfortable circumstances; but a craving for strong drink—that scourge of society—took fast hold of her husband, and he dragged her into the depths of poverty, and at last deserted her. She has heard nothing of him for many years, and does not know whether he is alive or dead. After he left her she went to live with an unmarried sister, the only relative she had in the wide world; and as they were both honest and industrious, they managed to gain a livelihood, though a meagre one, and kept themselves decent. But at length Mary's health gave way, and for some years now she has been close confined to bed, and is dependent for her subsistence on the charity of a few benevolent ladies, and a miserable parish pittance. Her sister's health is also frail, but she still manages to keep herself, by going through the country with a little basket containing various articles, for which she finds a ready sale, as she is well known, and meets with general sympathy, from her unwearied efforts to support herself, as well as her meek, modest demeanour. You never hear either of them utter a complaint; the words of thanksgiving and praise are generally on their lips.

But here we are at their abode, and you must be cautious in ascending this dark rickety stair that leads to their garret; wait till I knock and open the door, and you will have a little more light. "Come in," says a feeble voice; and we enter. The room is clean and tidy, but very small; and the air is close and unwholesome, and makes us feel faint; and though it is a cold, bitter, frosty day, the feeble spark of fire that is smouldering in the grate might almost literally be taken in the hand and do little injury. But the sick inmate is lying with the same patient smile as usual on her thin, withered face, and motions us to a seat by her bed.

"How do you feel to-day, Mary?" we asked her.

"Wonderfully well, dear lady, and I'm very glad to see you."

"Are you able to take any more nourishment since I saw you last, Mary? What a nice basin of fresh soup you have got beside you! that should tempt you to eat a little."

"So it has, ma'am; I've just been taking a drop of it; Mrs. R. sent it to me; she is very kind to me, and so is every one; I often wonder at it; but I suppose it is God who puts it into their hearts."

"Yes, Mary, there is no doubt of that; every good impulse that we feel comes from him; we are but frail, unstable beings without his support."

"True, dear lady; and I often wonder when Aileen (her sister) comes home in the evening and tells me about the poor creatures she meets in her wanderings, that have scarcely a rag to cover them, and haven't had a bit to break their fast the whole livelong day; and yet *I*, who am no more, and perhaps less, deserving, have never yet wanted bread. It seems strange that God should give to me and not to them?"

"Ah! Mary, that same question of the inequality of man's state on earth has puzzled much wiser philosophers than either you or me, and it is one the most learned cannot solve. But even the little child who studies his Bible, knows as well as the 'great ones of the earth,' that in whatever manner God deals with us here, it will conduce to his glory and our eternal good, if we receive it in that meek and humble spirit inculcated by our blessed Saviour. And a day will dawn, Mary, when the veil that now overshadows our eyes will be withdrawn, and we shall see the wonderful goodness and infinite wisdom of our heavenly Father displayed in the most minute circumstances."

After a little more conversation with Mary, we take our departure. And I do not think we can have walked twenty steps from the door, and inhaled a breath of the pure atmosphere, so refreshing after the close room we have left,

before I hear the kind reader who has accompanied me exclaim:—

“Oh! how thankful I am to be in the fresh air again!”

Thankful! yes, I was sure it would be so; this cool breeze is one of the daily blessings we enjoy, and never think about it; while that poor being we have just left, and whose heart is hourly rising in adoring hymns to God for his mercies, knows not what it is, save when a passing breath fans her fevered brow from a broken chink in the window; and she can only dream of the blue skies and waving trees when a stray ray of sunshine steals into her dark room, and carries her spirit back with it to days when she too had strength of limb to tread the green fields. But now she lies close confined to a bed of pain and sickness, unable to move hand or foot; but her Bible is her sunshine.

One word more before I close this little sketch. It strikes me that our exclamations of thankfulness are, too often, mere expressions of animal enjoyment and comfort. They do not spring from hearts teeming with gratitude to the Supreme, or from a just and lively sense of his benevolence. To him only the incense of the heart is an acceptable offering. Words may pass with our fellow-beings, but it is not so with him, to whom thoughts almost unknown to ourselves are clearly visible.

### DISCOVERY OF VESTIGES OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

#### PART III.

THOSE who have read attentively that portion of Irby and Mangles’ “Travels” which relates especially to their Dead Sea observations, will perhaps remember that, when exploring the south-eastern coast of the lake, they fell in with what they deemed an ancient site. Descending from Kerak, where they had been exposed to imminent peril from the fierce hostility and sanguinary disposition of its inhabitants, they came upon a track not far from the border of the sea, which bore evident traces of former cultivation and teeming fertility. In the neighbourhood of this once fruitful region, the travellers discovered a large number of hewn and unhewn stones, strewed over a considerable extent of uneven ground, and which were evidently the fragments of fallen structures. Mingled with these relics of antiquity were bricks, broken pottery, and pieces of variegated glass. This ruin-covered spot, they remarked in their narrative, “may possibly be the site of the ancient Zoar.”

The conjecture thus loosely hazarded at once found currency and credit. The true locality of

Lot’s asylum during the storm of vengeance that devastated the Pentapolis, seems to have been regarded as fixed, as the maps of the last thirty years will generally show. Nearly all succeeding travellers and writers on the subject have blindly followed the uncertain leadership of Messrs. Irby and Mangles, not even excepting the intelligent and astute Dr. Robinson. Indeed, the latter traveller is the only one, in recent times, with whom we are acquainted, who has considered it necessary to adduce any proofs or arguments in support of an opinion so gratuitously formed and confidently proclaimed. These proofs we have examined, but they have been totally insufficient to carry conviction to our mind. That ruins of great antiquity are extant on the spot indicated, is clearly manifest; but that they are the remains of the Zoar of the Bible is by no means satisfactorily proven. Their great distance from the presumed position of the neighbour-city, Sodom, always seemed a fatal objection to the theory; and the recent discovery of ancient ruins on the opposite side of the lake, within an easy distance of the metropolitan city, from which it is separated by a beautiful plain, has given a finishing blow to the untenable hypothesis under notice.

As De Saulcy has been mainly instrumental in stripping these primitive relics, if not of a “local habitation,” yet certainly of a “name,” and of all the exciting associations with which for so many years they have been invested, we naturally look to him to fill the void in our knowledge thus suddenly created. If the traveller, in gazing upon these hoary memorials of past human history, may no longer gratify the curiosity, and indulge in the solemn reflections, inspired by the belief that he is contemplating the identical spot consecrated by the feet of the angels who hastened the fugitives to a refuge from the roaring storm of Divine displeasure, then he is entitled to ask for an identification in exchange for the one of which he has been deprived. This De Saulcy undertakes to give, and, in our opinion, with considerable show of reason. The description of the extensive ruins which he met with, as given in his itinerary, would possess but little interest for the general reader; but the following passage, in which he sums up the results of his important discoveries, and adduces arguments in support of his opinion that the ruins in question are the vestiges of Zeboim, is worthy of quotation:—

“I have mentioned, in my itinerary, the ruins, beginning at the Talâa-Sebâan, and extending over several consecutive ranges of high flat country, situated at the foot of the mountains of Moab, and from the mouth of the Quad-ed-Drâa, as far as the shores of the Dead Sea: I distinctly recognise in these stupendous ruins,

the remains of the Zeboim that perished in the common catastrophe of the Pentapolis. A town so considerable, and the existence of which is attested by the ruins in question, cannot possibly have existed, *unobserved*, through the centuries whose detailed history has been handed down to us. Several terrific craters—three, at least—surround the site which I lay down for Zeboim, and they must have accomplished, instantaneously, the destruction of this guilty city: the explosions proceeding from three directions at the same time must have reduced it to atoms at once.

"There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to prove that all the doomed cities were situated on the same western shore of the Dead Sea. There is, on the contrary, a strong presumptive evidence in favour of the opinion, which I think myself bound to set forth, that one, at least, of the cities of the Pentapolis must have been on the eastern shore. After the catastrophe was once accomplished, why should Lot have gone up into the mountain above Zoar, instead of taking refuge on the eastern shore, which ought to have appeared to him a much safer retreat, if the terrible chastisement had not spread over that shore likewise? Can it be argued, that it was not inhabited? This seems very unlikely, for there was no reason why the shore afterwards inhabited by the Moabitic people should not have been quite as fertile as the remainder of the plain. We also know, positively, that the Emims inhabited that country, and it is very probable that Zeboim was a city of the Emims.

"Neither Lot nor his daughters, who had long dwelt in Sodom, could be ignorant of the existence of a numerous population on the opposite shore, and the daughters of the patriarch would not have believed in the total destruction of the human species if the scourge, which had driven them from Sodom, had not likewise fallen, under their own eyes, upon the shore opposite to that where they had sought a refuge. Besides, the injunction of the angels, who summoned the patriarch to fly from Sodom, was most formal: "Look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." Such is their expression; consequently, the whole plain was threatened, and was about to be ruined. Nobody can possibly imagine that the eastern part of the plain should have escaped the general catastrophe.

"Everything duly considered, cities must and could have existed at the foot of the mountains of Moab; and there is nothing to hinder us from believing that one of the cities of the Pentapolis did exist in this place. Consequently, since I find in this very region a

stupendous town crushed into ruins by the craters of volcanic eruptions surrounding it, and part of which is, to this very day, called Sebāan, I cannot hesitate to recognise in it the Zeboim of the Scriptures, and I do so with still greater conviction from this circumstance, that these ruins, besides being similar to those of Sodom, cannot possibly be identified with any city of ancient times. Besides, were objections to be made as to admitting any one of the cities of the Pentapolis on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, it would be giving, at once, a death-blow to the presumptions upon which Irby and Mangles, in the first instance, then Robinson and other travellers after them, have tried to establish, that the ruins situated in the proximity of the peninsula of El-Mezrāath are those of Zoar. Let us repeat again, that Sodom could not be much more than half a league distant from Zoar, and, in that case, Sodom, according to these learned travellers, should have been necessarily situated likewise on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea; whether this sea existed before or not—a circumstance which cannot alter the case, as, at all events, the horizontal distances must have remained the same.

"In conclusion, I hope I may be allowed to make use of the same privilege as that exercised by these gentlemen, in fixing Zeboim on the site of the Kharbet-Sebāan, with a safer foundation than they had when they arbitrarily laid down Zoar at this point, without being able to produce a single text, or a single traditional report, to sanction their hypothesis."

Leaving this deeply interesting spot, let us pass on in quest of the remains of Gomorrah, of which the same indefatigable explorer was, we believe, the first to attempt the identification. In order to reach the locality assigned to this second city of the Pentapolis, we must sweep round the southern end of the lake, and pass along the entire western coast, until we reach a position at the northern end analogous to that occupied by Sodom at the southern extremity of the sea. In taking this journey, a distance of seventy or eighty miles has to be traversed, through one of the most desolate regions on the face of the earth—a land which God has obviously cursed. It was not until towards the close of M. de Saulcy's sojourn on the shores of the Dead Sea, that he succeeded in discovering what he believes to be the remains of Gomorrah. His attention was then more especially drawn to the subject by the circumstance of his casually falling in with some extensive and massive ruins, which bore the local designation of Goumran. The similarity of this name to Gomorrah at once struck him, and led to a careful exploration of the locality, which, it appears, was one seldom or ever visited by

travellers, being remote from the customary routes pursued by them. The ruins in question are scattered over an area of about four miles, forming, in De Saulcy's opinion, the skeleton of a large city and its suburbs, and, judging from the rude and ponderous character of the relics, obviously belonging to a very remote age. From the embrowned and time-crumbled *debris* abounding in this region, some memorials of the past stood forth with special prominence. Among these were a ditch of great extent, lined with stones; mounds, strewed with the rubbish of fallen habitations; avenues of upright stones; the foundations of numerous buildings, and the outlines of an immense structure, consisting of a large number of pavilions, the ground-plan of which could be distinctly made out, upon careful examination.

On the identity of these ruins with Gomorrah, their enterprising discoverer has the following remarks:—"From the head of Ouad-Goumran, the extensive ruins which we have found on our way bear the name of 'Kharbet-Goumran, or Oumran. Let us begin by pointing out the very strange, if merely fortuitous, analogy between this name and that of the Gomorrah destroyed by fire from heaven, along with Sodom and the other condemned cities. My own conviction is, without the slightest hesitation, that the ruins called by the Arabs Kharbet-el-Yahoud, Kharbet-Fechkhah, and Kharbet-Goumran, which form a continuous mass, extending, without interruption, over a space of more than six thousand yards, are in reality the ruins of the scriptural Gomorrah. If this point is disputed—a controversy, for which I am fully prepared, I beg my gainsayers will be so obliging as to tell me what city, unless it be one contemporaneous with Gomorrah, if not Gomorrah itself, can have existed on the shore of the Dead Sea, at a more recent period, without its being possible to find the slightest notice of it, in either the sacred or profane writings? Until they can give me better information respecting these ruins, which are unquestionably of some importance, since they cover a space of about four English miles, I must resolutely maintain my own opinion, and reply to my opponents: There are the ruins of Gomorrah; go and verify them on the spot, if you think it possible to maintain a different opinion from that which I now set forth."

The only remaining city of the Pentapolis to be accounted for is Admah. The site of this place has been fixed a little to the south-west of Sodom; but as no vestiges were discovered, and as the only authority pleaded by De Saulcy is the local tradition of the Arabs, we do not feel that much reliance can be placed upon this supposed identification.

### THE DANGER OF DELAY.

THE Bible says, "Behold *now* is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation," 2 Cor. vi. 2. It is, however, a painful fact, that although nothing is more uncertain than life, men are continually putting off the claims of the soul until "a more convenient season." The sad experience of many has been that the great work has been neglected, until there is no time for repentance, and they know the solemn import of the words of Jeremiah, viii. 20: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." But to show the reader the extreme folly of trifling with the claims of the gospel, and the awful danger of delay, his serious attention is requested to the following fact, taken from the life of Alexander Paterson, the missionary of Kilmany.

Among the persons visited by Mr. Paterson was a female, comfortable in circumstances, but with no time, as she thought, to spare for her soul. When visiting the district in which she lived, he always called, but never got admittance.

One day, after he had spoken to her very solemnly at the door, warning her of the danger of dying without Christ, he was going up-stairs to visit another family, when she came out and cried after him, "Oh! be sure and not be long in coming back again, for I do wish to see you." In a few days he called.

"I'm sorry," she said, the moment she opened the door, "I have no time to receive you to-day; I've a friend come from London, and I've to go out with him."

"Well, you will have time to die, whether you're prepared or not; so you've no time just now?"

"No, not to-day."

"Well, let me say this to you, in case you and I never meet again—'Behold, *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.' 'To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart.' 'Turn at my reproof, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and make known my words unto you;' but observe what follows: 'But because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my arms, and you would not regard me; you set at nought all my counsels, and would none of my reproofs; I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh.' Oh! think of these things, lest I never see you again." She thanked him, and he went away.

That night she and her brother went to the theatre; she "took ill" while she was in it—she came home—grew worse—and was in eternity by five o'clock next morning.

"The thing," said Mr. Paterson, "so impressed me, that I resolved, if God spared me, to labour, by his grace, more diligently than ever."



## Religious Intelligence.

IN laying before our readers an epitome of the religious intelligence of the month, it is not our intention to attempt a perfect chronicle of the movements of religious societies or individuals; as our limits will make it necessary to select those which seem most deserving of attention, and as we shall have to look beyond the range of these direct operations to those movements in the moral world which seem to bear some important relation to the emancipation of minds from the fetters of error and superstition, and to the coming of that day when all the earth shall see the glory of the Lord.

The month of July opened with the formation of a society for the purpose of aiding missions in Western Asia, the object of which is to sustain the devoted missionaries who are carrying forward their labours among the people of European Turkey, in Asia Minor, Syria and Mesopotamia, Armenia, and Kurdistan. This large field has been selected by our American brethren, and instead of sending the missionaries of any of our societies into the scenes which others have entered, it is the object of the new society to co-operate by assisting them with funds. At the interesting meeting to which we refer, it was stated that there are little bands of Protestants scattered throughout the Turkish empire, and that the small churches lately planted are calling for pastors and teachers. There is now full permission to circulate the Holy Scriptures and preach the gospel among the Christian sects in Turkey, and they enjoy religious liberty.

From the sketch given of the field of missionary effort among the Jews and nominal Christians, it appears that in European Turkey, in Egypt and Palestine, in Syria, Asia Minor, Armenia, Assyria, and Kurdistan, at Nazareth and Nablous, the evangelical movement is spreading rapidly under the agents of the Church Missionary Society and of Bishop Gobat. The Syrian Mission of the American Board occupies Sidon, Haslierya, on Mount Hermon, Abaih, and Bhandoon, in Lebanon, Tripoli, and Aleppo. The movement at Sidon is very marked, and has extended, not only to the neighbouring villages, but to Tyre, Akka, and Haipha. Much has been done by this mission through the translations and the press. The number of Americans connected with the Syrian mission is twelve, of whom two are physicians, besides a printer, four native preachers, and one native helper. The Armenian mission of the American Board has for its principal stations Aintab (on the frontier of the ancient Cilicia), Cesarea (in the ancient Cappadocia), Smyrna, Tocat, Marsovan, Arabkir, Erzeroom (the ancient capital of Armenia), Trebizond, and Constantinople. Among the out-stations is Kessab, on Mount Casius in North Syria, where three or four years ago there were no professed Protestants, but there are now some hundreds, entirely the fruit of native agency. Among other out-stations are Adrianople, Broosa, Thyatira, and Oorfa (Ur of the Chaldees). Twelve foreign missionaries, one of whom is a physician, six native preachers, and twenty-four native helpers are the only evangelical labourers in Asia Minor and Armenia. At Constantinople there are six missionaries, four native preachers and six assistants. The Assyrian mission of the Board has two stations, Mosul and Diarbekr, at both of which there are num-

rous inquirers even among the Moslems. Connected with these stations are five missionaries, one of whom is a physician, and three native helpers. The Nestorian mission has also two stations, Ooroomiah, in the valley so called, and Gawar, in the Koordish mountains. There are eight missionaries, one a physician, a printer, eleven native preachers, and twelve native helpers. The whole Bible is now translated into the spoken tongue of the people. The whole field occupied by the Western Asia Missions of the American Board extends from Constantinople to Mosul, and from the Caucasus and Ararat to Lebanon. The total number of missionary labourers in these countries, male and female, American and native, is 136, a number wholly inadequate to the necessities of the case. 200 places are known to contain Protestants, in 50 of which there are stated congregations and 100 bible classes. Bibles, books, and tracts have been circulated during 20 years by the American mission to the extent of 109 million pages. 450 books and tracts have issued from their presses, and 250 more from other missionary presses in the Levant, making in all 700, chiefly in Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Arabic, and Greek, also in Greco-Turkish, Hebrew-Spanish, Italian, Bulgarian, &c. The Turkish is the language spoken by most, but the written languages vary. The Bible is becoming the statute-book, and is eagerly read in what were once bible-lands. At Smyrna and Thyatira there are evangelical communities. Nineteen churches have been formed in connection with the missions of the American Board in Turkey. Native agency has been much prospered, hence the value of the training institution for young men at Bebek, near Constantinople. The theological students have shown much missionary zeal. The female seminary at Hasskerry near Constantinople, was never more prosperous; though in the stronghold of the Armenians, its numbers and influence are increasing.

While thus, so near the seat of war in the East, the Anglo-Saxon unites with the Anglo-American to diffuse the blessings of the gospel of peace, we have the pleasure of observing that the presence of the British fleet in the Baltic is the occasion for circulating the word of God among the inhabitants of the sea-coast. Captain Otter, of H.M.S. *Alban*, writing from on board his vessel, says:—

"I have great pleasure in telling you that the grant of Bibles your society was kind enough to make me has been very useful, more particularly those in the Swedish language, which is spoken in the greater part of the Baltic. The greater part of the inhabitants of the sea-coast of Finland speak it; and as every man and child I have met can read, the tracts and Bibles have been dispensed, I trust, with good hopes of much profit being derived from them. The Finns I have found to be a very interesting people, quite inoffensive and intelligent. I had nineteen of them on board several days, being the crew of two prizes I took in the Kategat. They could all read Swedish, and most of them write. Three or four spoke Finnish, and about the same number Russian. One man could speak four languages, and several of them three. Many of them were provided with psalm and hymn books, but very few with Testaments or Bibles. Their religion is Lutheran, and they have a service on board amongst themselves, which consists chiefly in singing or chanting, in a sweet but monotonous tone, several of their hymns. They appeared to appreciate very much the Bibles I gave them in the name of the society; but they could not understand how a number of people, in a distant land, should be so disinterested as to go to the expense and trouble of sending them books."

"At the islands of Aland, Swedish is also spoken, and as this will probably be one of the first places attacked, opportunities may occur of giving Bibles to them. Should the society, therefore, concur, I shall be glad to take charge of some more Swedish Bibles and Testaments, and"

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

tribute them myself, or make them over to other ships which may have the opportunity of doing so."

While speaking of the distribution of the sacred Scriptures, we must notice the interesting fact, that in the big prison in Faaer, Prussia, where eight hundred individuals are confined, three hundred of them have become possessed of the word of God, for which they have paid off a silver groschen, or 1s. 3d. each. This money they obtained by the produce of their labour, being at the rate of one penny for every ten ells of fustian they take; this being over-work after they have produced their ten ells as the task of each day.

The London Missionary Society has just published a most interesting statement respecting the island of Wotanga, the scene of the murder of their devoted missionary, the Rev. John Williams. We give the statement in the language of Captain Morgan, who commands the vessel which bears the name of the martyred missionary. He says:—

"Next day we made sail for Erromanga, anchored in Adams Bay, and found our teachers well. They had erected a small place of worship, besides dwelling-houses. Went on shore with our missionaries and teachers. And, with the chief and a few people, we held divine service. Thus we were permitted to worship Jehovah in perfect safety and peace on the spot where a few years back our beloved missionaries, Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris, fell under the clubs of the savages, and myself with others had to flee for our lives. We returned from the service to our boats, and found the chief who killed Mr. Williams on the beach. He asked permission to go on board, which we granted. On asking him why he killed our missionary, he said that white men had killed his relatives, and he did not know anything about him. After landing two teachers and their wives, we weighed anchor on the 28th, and sailed for Elizabeth Bay; cast anchor 1 P.M. The chief came off, and we went on shore with the teacher and his wife, whom we left. Went inland some distance, saw the native plantations, remained on board in the evening, and got under weigh."

At a recent meeting of the London Missionary Society in Manchester, the Rev. Dr. Tidman observed that more had been accomplished by a division of missionary labour than would have been accomplished by any single combination. He stated that when this society was formed, there were at most four missionary institutions, and England alone entertained the cause of Christian missions to the Heathen; but now there were fourteen such institutions, and there was not an evangelical Christian community throughout Europe which did not send out its missionaries, and the efforts of America were greater than the combined efforts of this country. In China alone there were 448 missionaries, 698 native teachers, and 30,000 catechumens. In many cases the corruption of Christianity had soon followed its promulgation, owing to the lack of the Scriptures in a cheap and intelligible form. There was not now a station where native students were not under training for the missionary work, and of these there were 150 in the South Sea Islands.

The conflicts of which Spain has been the arena during the month have a strong demand on our attention, and their bearing on the claims of common morality, which has been grossly set at defiance by the queen of that country. It has been most painful to hear the economists which have of late been given of the profligacy by which the female character has been dishonoured, and a most pernicious example held forth before all ranks of the community. But it is some satisfaction to find that the people of Spain, instead of contemplating the vices of their sovereign with indifference, have been loud in their cry for "morality" on the throne. This cry for "morality" is associated with the demand for constitutional freedom, and we must pray and hope that the land from which the word of God has been excluded may be accessible to the truth, and that we may not only find "the Bible in Spain," but the blessings it conveys enjoyed by all classes of its people.

We see in the conduct of the queen of Spain that great devotion to the Romish church and the observance of its ceremonies may consist with gross immorality of character. It was but the other day when this royal devotee presented to the church the most precious jewels and costly silks to bedeck the image of the Virgin, to whom she returned the thanks due to God alone for her merciful deliverance from the hand of the assassin.

The scourge of cholera, which was expected last year in this country, but which God in his great goodness mercifully withheld, has just made its appearance again in the metropolis, where numerous cases are reported, chiefly in the southern districts. It has been very properly observed, that "the investigations which have been conducted during the last twenty years into the causes of epidemic disease have resulted in the most satisfactory demonstration of the truth that whatever may be their moral causes, they are traceable to conditions which are subject to human control, and that they disappear on those conditions being removed." The writer to whom we refer says: "Leaving it to others to interpret the pestilential scourge on higher principles, he has endeavoured to prove that the mission of this destroying angel is to show the connection between physical impurity and deadly disease, and to summon individuals and governments to the work of sanitary reformation." All visitations of this kind, however, have their spiritual as well as natural aspect. While using, therefore, due precautions to avert this destroyer, its approach is a solemn warning to all to consider their ways, to humble themselves before God, and, by a living faith in the Saviour, to prepare for the hour of death, come when it may. We may rest assured that if we had no sin we should have no sorrow, and that "the curse causeless shall not come." It is a great evil, however, to neglect the comfort and the welfare of the poor, and to this neglect, as well as to their own sinful imprudence, we may trace very much of that epidemic visitation which has been, and is again, sent among us. We cannot, with impunity, violate any of the Divine laws by which their almighty Author is continually saying to man, "Do thyself no harm;" and in the observance of which we must obey the Divine will and rely on Divine providence. There are laws of health for the body and the mind, for the house and the town, for the individual and the community. Those for the soul are clearly revealed in the word of God, and those for the body are now too well understood to justify the plea of ignorance.

A very important meeting was held at the National Club, Whitehall, on the 27th instant, for the purpose of assisting the movement in favour of a Saturday half-holiday for the working classes. Lord Harrowby was in the chair, and the meeting was addressed by many gentlemen deeply interested in the comfort and improvement of the working classes. It was the conviction of all present that the industrious classes in this country are overworked, and that if business were terminated early on Saturday, there would be better domestic arrangements, more of health and happiness, and a better observance of the Lord's day. It was also thought at the meeting, as it is by all persons who have laboured in the cause of our overworked population, that there is no real philanthropy in asking them to devote to sight-seeing the day which God has set apart for his worship and for our spiritual improvement and sacred rest. A resolution was passed in favour of the Saturday half-holiday for the working classes, and it was also a recommendation of the meeting that the weekly pay day should be Friday evening or Saturday morning.

Active preparations are being made for again sending a number of ministers of the gospel into Ireland, to preach through the length and breadth of that land the unsearchable riches of Christ.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME :

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



## THE SWOLLEN RIVER;

OR, THE ESCAPE OF A HUGUENOT FAMILY.

### CHAPTER I.

In the history of the French nation, the reigns of Francis II and his successor Charles IX are mainly remarkable only for the persecutions which were actively and relentlessly carried on against the Huguenots, as the Protestants of that country were called; and which, while they entailed heavy sufferings on the persecuted, plunged the country itself into anarchy and strife, and, for a long series of years, impeded its prosperity.

During this long season of national and

domestic confusion, when, in a great number of instances, the words of the Lord Jesus Christ met with their literal accomplishment, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household; the father shall rise against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother"—were seen bright examples of endurance for righteousness' sake; of taking joyfully the spoiling of goods; of faithfulness to Christ and his gospel, even unto death; and remarkable instances, also, of divine interposition in the preservation of others who counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy. In filling up,

therefore, the minor details of events recorded in history, we seek to do justice to the brave hearts whose manifold temptations and trials prepared them, we trust, for exalted honour in that glorious kingdom, where those who have suffered for Christ shall reign with him; as well as to show that God has a providential care for his people—that he not only can, but does, watch over those who trust in him, protecting them from the fury of their enemies, and rescuing them when all hope of deliverance from man seems to have terminated. Still more is it our object to impress upon our readers the privileges which as Protestants they enjoy, and the wisdom of jealously guarding them.

In the deepening twilight of a summer's evening, a family group was assembled in a room of a chateau, a few leagues distant from the northern bank of the Loire. It was a handsome apartment, containing rich old furniture which showed that, whatever might be the present circumstances of the owners of the chateau, they had not been unused to the luxuries of life. There was a lamp on the table, fed with purest oil, which shed a cheerful light around, by which also might have been seen that the single casement of the room was strongly shuttered and barred—an evidence, this, of insecurity, if not of desired secrecy, or anticipated danger.

The occupants of the apartment were females, with the exception of two boys, the elder of whom had scarcely passed childhood. But the mirth of childhood was absent, and had given place to an aspect of gravity on the countenance of the elder, who, seated on the floor, sustained the head of his sleeping brother on his knee, watching over him, apparently with tender affection and jealous care. The slumbering child was restless, and, occasionally, the movement of his lips, had they been watched, might have betrayed the current of his dreaming thoughts: he dreamt of his mother.

The lady to whom this title belonged was the more matronly of four who, seated by the table, were variously occupied. She was of middle age, and, in spite of a pallid cheek and anxious eye, retained traces of exceeding loveliness. She was reading to her companions, in low and slightly tremulous tones, from a book before her. Let us listen to the words, as they softly fall from her lips:—

“ And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and of Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness

were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again—”

“ My father, my dear murdered father!” exclaimed a younger female, who was seated beside the reader, and whose voice, though soft and musical, was choked and broken by the sore distress which agitated her countenance, and filled her dark eyes with tears. She had been employed in needlework, but as the words escaped her lips involuntarily, she ceased from her occupation, and wept aloud.

“ Be comforted, my dear friend,” said the other, “ let us think of *him* as happily escaped from trial and sorrow, and now among those who ‘came out of great tribulation,’ and of whom it is said that ‘they are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; . . . they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’ ”

The words apparently struck a responsive chord in the mourner’s heart. She raised herself, and by a strong effort resumed the work which had been thus briefly interrupted. Her tears had not entirely been subdued; but they were accompanied by a rapturous smile. “ It is even so,” she said; “ and we should rather rejoice when those we love have escaped the malice of their enemies, who may torture and kill the poor body, but have nothing more that they can do. Pardon me, madam, this interruption; will you read on?”

“ Women received their dead raised to life again,” resumed the first speaker; “ and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented, (of whom the world was not worthy,) they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.”

The voice of the reader was once more interrupted by a faint cry, as of alarm, from the younger of two girls whom we have not yet introduced, and who had sat listening to their mother’s words.

“ Henrietta!” exclaimed the elder sister, almost impatiently, “ this is the seventh time within the last hour that you have started from your seat. What do you hear or dread?”

“ Nothing, dear sister, nothing just now. I am very weak and foolish. I thought I heard—

but it must have been only fancy. Oh! I wish we were anywhere else!" and the trembler found relief in tears.

" Anywhere else, Henrietta?" said the mother.

" Ah! no, no," replied Henrietta, speaking rapidly; " no, dear mother, I did not mean anywhere else. I was not thinking of the convents where they say we poor little Huguenots are to be shut up."

" When they can take us," interposed her sister, with a smile partly of scorn, it may be, and partly of indignation.

There was a striking difference between the two sisters. We fancy we must have seen their portraits; or, if not *theirs*, portraits which may pass for those of Louise and Henrietta, daughters of a noble family of French Huguenots of the sixteenth century. We have loved to gaze at them, and to think of their history.

Of one, the younger, whose age could scarcely have exceeded twelve years, the chief characteristics are gentleness and resignation, expressed by a timid downcast eye, and a pensive smile. The form is slight and fragile; the countenance eminently lovely. Not more lovely, however, than that of the sister, around whom her fair arm is folded, as though seeking support from her superior strength of body and firmness of mind. There may be a difference of two or three years between them; and the quick penetrating glance of the dark eye, shaded and softened by the long black eyelashes of the elder sister, together with the decision which lurk around her lips, tell of the will and power to dare and do.

" When they can take us," said Louise.

" And who can say that we are safe for an hour?" asked her sister. " Does not our mother say that we are all in great danger? And does not Catherine say they are hunting all through the land for such as we? And are we not obliged to hide ourselves, from day to day, if a stranger comes near the chateau? Oh! if our father were here!"

" You may escape the hiding and hunting, Henrietta, if you please," said Louisa, coldly: " you have only to go to the nearest priest you know—"

" Louisa!" exclaimed the younger girl, forgetful of the danger of which she had just spoken, and of her fears, while her cheek burned with momentary excitement—" do you think me so cowardly and despicable? Oh! how you must despise me if you fancy I could, to save myself from suffering, or even from death turn from —"

" Dear Henrietta," rejoined her sister, throwing her arm around her, " I am sure you would not. I only meant to put a little Huguenot spirit into you; and I have done it too," she added, fondly. " I fancy you would not mind,

at this moment, facing a whole army of soldiers, to say nothing of priests and monks."

" If the soldiers come," said the elder boy, raising himself proudly, " I will not let them touch Henrietta; they shall kill me first."

" Well said, Henry," replied Louisa; " with such a champion and protector, we will not be afraid of the soldiers; and I should be heartily glad," she continued, in a more natural tone, " if we were to think less about them. I hate this whispering under breath, and this creeping into holes and corners every day. I do not see why we should be afraid of our own voices and shadows: we seem like those who flee when no one pursues. Only say, dear Henrietta, that you forgive me, and then——"

The younger sister had disengaged herself from Louisa's embrace, and was bending over her brother. The colour had not left her brow, and her eyes still sparkled with animated brilliance. At that moment, it might have been hard to say which of the two would have been the stronger to bear and to suffer. The mother looked on in sadness. She knew more fully than they, how imminent were the perils by which they were surrounded. That day she had received intelligence of a brutal massacre of fellow Protestants, who had been lulled into false security by a deceitful and treacherous peace; and of the proscription and pursuit of the leaders of the Huguenot army. Among these was her own husband; and it might be that, at this very hour, he was, like those of whom she had just been reading, " wandering in deserts and mountains," or hiding " in dens and caves of the earth," if even he had until then escaped the hands of his persecutors and pursuers.

Nor was this the only cause for deep and wearing anxiety. Persecution was daily waxing more fierce, and the enemies of the hated Huguenots were putting into execution every means of harassment and distress: resistance had enraged them, and success had quickened their appetite for revenge. The houses and estates of the more wealthy among the Protestants held out strong temptations to plunder, to the more depraved of their fellow-countrymen; while conscientious Roman Catholics availed themselves of every facility which the laws afforded for the conversion, either by force, persuasion, or fraud, of those whom they believed to be wanderers from the true fold—the end, according to some, at least, justifying the means. And where these failed, bonds and imprisonment, fines and confiscations, often death itself, awaited those among the Huguenots who fell into the power of their opponents.

The family to which we have introduced our readers had already suffered much, on account of their firm adherence to what they believed

to be the truth of the gospel. Alienation from former friends and kindred, confiscation and worldly ruin, had pressed heavily upon them. Whether it be in any case justifiable for the followers of our Saviour to take up arms in defence of civil and religious liberty, and in self-defence against oppression and violent persecution, we need not discuss. The Huguenots had thus resisted; and the father of Louisa and Henrietta held, as we have said, a distinguished position in the Protestant army, which had among its leaders the Prince de Condé and Admiral Coligny. In his absence, his wife and children were exposed to perpetual danger, in the old chateau, where they remained secluded, and suffered much privation, in addition to frequent alarms. Of all their former servants, one only had constancy enough to remain to share their shattered fortunes; and to Catherine's constant activity they were indebted for the few daily comforts they still possessed, and, what was of more importance, for the earliest intelligence of surrounding movements.

Notwithstanding the dangers to which its inhabitants were exposed, and the uncertainty of the future, the chateau had become an asylum to one on whom the storm had still more severely fallen. Not long before the day of which we write, a Huguenot minister had been cruelly put to death; and his daughter, rescued from the same fate by the bravery of her murdered father's friend, had been received into his family.

It is not to be greatly wondered that, under such circumstances, the mother's eye glanced often anxiously around, and that her mind sought vainly for consolation, except in the promises of her God. She might even be pardoned the passionate and unconditional prayer which sometimes rose to her lips, that her children might rather be taken by death from the evil to come, than be called to endure the bitter experiences which were daily falling on others. But her piety rebuked the wish, and her faith substituted the fervent petition that the day of fiery trial, if it should come, might find them prepared by Divine grace and assisted by Divine power "to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

This time was nearer than even she, probably, had feared.

"Only say that you forgive me, Henrietta," said the elder sister; "and then, let the trial come when it will, we shall be better able to meet it."

The sisters clasped hands in token of reconciliation, if this were needed; but the spirit of the younger had been too effectually roused to sink down instantly into its former quiescence.

"Yes, let them come," she answered, in echo to her sister's words; "let them come, and—"

It seemed as though the defiance had invoked the peril most to be dreaded. A noise was heard in another apartment; and the hurried entrance of Catherine, imploring the aroused and agitated group to flee for their lives, was succeeded by that of an armed man, who slowly advanced towards the shrinking females.

"My brother! Louis!" exclaimed the mother; but her tones were faint and wavering. These were times when, as we have intimated, family ties were often effectually severed by religious differences; and in this instance, the Huguenot lady had more to dread than to hope from a brother whom she knew to be a relentless persecutor of her faith.

"Yes, madam, your brother," replied the intruder: "it is nothing wonderful, surely, that a brother should visit a sister: it is long since we met."

"Long, Louis, very long; would God the time were come when brother and sister could again meet in love!"

"Enough of this," said the brother, looking round on the small and defenceless party, who, gathering round her, cast doubtful glances at the unexpected visitor; "I trust you have a welcome to bestow upon me."

"Surely, Louis; a double welcome if it be in peace that you are here," replied the sister.

"Why not in peace, Margaret? Do you suppose I make war on women? And these are your children?" he added inquiringly, taking the younger boy in his arms; "a pity that so—"

"Brother," said the lady, "let us forget our differences in creed, while you share in such hospitalities as the exigencies of the times have left in my power to offer. Will it please you to remove your travelling dress, and—and your weapons," she added, after a momentary hesitation.

"It may not be," replied the brother. "Margaret, my mission has reference to that subject."

"Alas! I feared so," she said, mournfully; "speak it then, Louis."

"I am come to offer you pardon, Margaret; and restoration to your property; protection in its enjoyment; and advancement for your children."

"On what condition, Louis?"

"You need scarcely ask the question, my sister," he replied; "you must abandon your heresy, and enter—"

"Never!" exclaimed the sister, firmly. "Oh, Louis, let me rather entreat you to return to the faith of your earliest years. Remember our

sainted mother, and the lessons of her life and lips; think of the prayers she taught you, and the word on which she rested her hope of eternal salvation!" And as she spoke, tears gushed from her eyes, her timidity vanished, and she laid one hand on her brother's arm, while the other rested on the still opened volume on the table.

The visitor drew back from the touch, and placed the boy on the floor, who ran sobbing to his mother's side. "I expected as much," said the cavalier, calmly. "I am not here, Margaret, to argue with you, but to offer you terms of submission. If you refuse, the consequences will be of your own choosing."

"My Saviour will help me to bear them," said the sister, in her turn drawing back. But the transitory tinge left her cheek as she spoke, and her daughters pressed nearer, as though to interpose their feeble protection.

"Do not be too sure of that," resumed the visitor, sternly: "Margaret, are these your daughters?"

"Mine, Louis; yes, mine," said the mother; and then, probably, the threatened consequences of which her brother had spoken flashed on her mind, for she would have hurried her daughters from the room, but their uncle stepped between them and the door.

"It is right then that we should be better acquainted," he said. "Margaret, my nieces will accompany me this night. Prepare them for their journey; and bid them farewell."

For a moment, the fortitude of the mother gave way beneath the stroke. The thing was come upon her which she had for some time feared. She uttered a cry of agony and entreaty—"Anything but that, Louis! Anything but that!"

We pass over the scene of poignant distress which followed; the hopeless resistance of the victims; the oppressor's disregard of the mother's prayers, and of the offer of the orphan guest to deliver herself up to the rage of her murdered father's enemies and hers, as a substitute for the daughters of her protector; and his refusal to reveal his ultimate intentions with regard to them. He had attendants and horses without; and in one short hour from the time of his secret intrusion into the chateau, the sound of his horse's feet were vanishing in the distance, and within was heard—to use the expressive language of scripture—"lamentation and bitter weeping: the mother refusing to be comforted for her children, because they were not." Such were the scenes but too often witnessed in Protestant families. Oh! what tongue can tell the privileges which England enjoys in being freed from such sources of woe.

[To be continued.]

## PAUL AT ROME.

Not far from Aricia, which now bears the name of Laricia, the traveller along the Appian Way from Appii Forum, would get his first view of Rome. There was the broad Campagna girdling the city. For about fifteen miles it spread between the elevated spot whence the prospect was seen, and the gate of the great metropolis, which was the destination of the wayfarer. Beyond the Alban hills, which he was crossing, to the left ran the Sabine mountains, with the prominent Soracte in the far distance; lonely and sentinel-like houses and groups of houses lined the road, in its descent, and were seen scattered about on the neighbouring slopes, presenting abundant signs, in their architecture and their gardens, of Roman civilization and luxury. The Campagna itself, then as now, presented to the eye a vast surface of country, with only very gentle undulations, with no natural objects whatever to intercept the full view of the city from the last swell of the Alban ridge. Not then, as now, was it a lonely and uninhabited region, but a plain, intersected by enormous aqueducts, the crumbling relics of some of which still exist. It was enlivened by numerous villas and other buildings, the residences of the wealthier Romans, who, like the Londoners of our own day, were fond of suburban retreats, and sought in the fresh air and rural scenes of the country, the enjoyment of the gains which they had won by trade and toil in the pent-up city.

We can picture, then, the prospect which met the view of the apostle Paul as, with the officer Julian, and his Christian companion Luke, he approached the place which he had often thought of visiting, and where he was ready to preach the gospel. He would see a vast city covering the Campagna, and almost continuously connected, by its suburbs, with the villas on the hill where he stood, and with the bright towns which clustered on the sides of the mountains opposite.

As a few weeks since, in the early morning, under a bright spring sun, the sky Italian blue, the earth Italian green—we, on that very spot, mused upon the wonderful story of old Rome, it struck us with how much deeper thought and holier emotion did Paul look upon that sky and earth, and think over so much of that story as providence had then unfolded. We know that the moral had a far stronger hold on his mind than the artistic or even the natural; that the spiritual and eternal condition of mankind moved him infinitely more than any forms or colours, any associations of poetical sentiment or romantic history. We find from the Acts of the Apostles, that so it was with him at Athens,

and in the finest Greek cities of Asia Minor. So it was with him, doubtless, on his approaching and entering Rome. One grand purpose absorbed him. It was, by preaching the gospel, to liquidate the great debt which, as trustee of that gospel, he owed humanity at large. "I am a debtor," said he, "to the Greek and the barbarian, to the wise and the unwise; so, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you who are at Rome also."

We noticed the tombs which Paul saw as he left Puteoli; he would see more and grander ones as he came near Rome. The Appian Way was lined with them. The ruins of these may still be traced for about five miles at least—the most affecting, perhaps, of all the affecting mementoos of the wonderful city. The tomb of Cœcilia Metella—some Roman lady of the noble family whose name she bore (no more is known of her)—still stands, singularly perfect, bearing on its bas-relief under a figure of Victory, that of a captive bound, in a sitting posture. She has been a captive of the grave since the year 66 B.C. This tomb, then, was standing in Paul's time. He must have passed it, and looked upon it.

Nearer to Rome are found what they call Columbaria, from the rows of little niches like pigeon holes which they contain, columba being the Latin for dove or pigeon. In these, slaves and dependants of great families were buried. The columbarium of Augustus was by the Appian Way side, with its rows of undistinguished remains sleeping the sleep of death, as Paul was on his journey. There, in death, he saw what we often see so thoughtlessly, the rich and the poor meet together. At length he reached the Arch of Drusus, still entire, and the great Porta Capena, with the Marcian aqueduct running over it, the water dripping from the roof. Near was the sanctuary of Egeria, occupied by Jewish beggars. Were any standing there to ask alms of travellers, at that moment, when, among those crowds of soldiers and citizens, there entered this distinguished descendant of Abraham, in bonds indeed, so far as man could bind him, but an inheritor, through grace, of that richest liberty with which the Son of God makes all his people free?

Rome was not then what it became under the later emperors, the remains of whose buildings chiefly constitute the classic antiquities of the Forum and the city. The great fire of Nero, which took place after Paul's coming, swept away a large portion of the old structures. Very few relics of the early emperors, and of the time of the Commonwealth, now exist. There now is only here and there an object which stood within or near the walls in the time of the apostle. How we lingered over the pavement of the

Temple of Concord under the shadow of the Capitol, and near the colossal blocks of stone which formed the substructions of the Roman Citadel! How we gazed and gazed again upon the eight huge columns of the porch of Saturn's Temple just by, and the lonely three which belong to the Temple of Minerva Chaleidice! How we scrutinized the tomb of Bibulus, now built up into the wall of a narrow dirty street leading towards Trajan's Forum, and pored over the inscription which records that it was reared at the public expense to this plebeian edile as a testimony to his honour and his virtue! How we walked, many a time, to the magnificent Pantheon, the work of Agrippa, with its graceful dome, and its equally graceful porch, but consecrated, as its name imports, to the worship of gods many and lords many! How we looked at the temple of Fortuna Virilis, now turned into a church, just by the Tiber, near the Ponte Rotto; and at the theatre of Marcellus, and the portico of Octavia; and the mausoleum of Augustus, now in the midst of the crowded city, then conspicuous and lonely in the great Campus Martius! How carefully we identified them all as objects known to exist in Paul's day, and fancied how, in walking about the city with the soldier who kept him prisoner, his eye would light upon these very stones, now so old and time-stained, which from their high antiquity become now points of sacred association between him and us.

While we can undoubtedly trace him along the Appian Way, we lose him on his entering Rome, for we know not where was the hired house in which he lived, nor by what route he was conducted through the city by the centurion Julian to his first resting-place. We should like to stand upon the site of that dwelling where Paul wrestled and preached and prayed—where members of the church would visit him—where, perhaps, he would see again Priscilla and Aquila returned from their exile under Claudius, and the well-beloved Epenetus, with Mary who had laboured for him much, and Andronicus and Junia his kinsman and fellow prisoners, and Amplias his beloved in the Lord, and Urbane his helper in Christ, and Stachys his beloved, and Apelles approved in Christ, and those of Aristobulus' household, and Herodion his kinsman, and the rest whom he mentions with so much significance and affection in his Epistle to the Romans; the brief description of them showing how gifted and sanctified, how useful and honourable they were, and what a model church that was altogether for us in the nineteenth century.

The Jews had a separate quarter in Rome—the old Ghetto, the modern Trastevero, or district beyond the Tiber. Many a Jewish family

dwelt there on the banks of the river, and under the shadow of the Janiculum Hill. There they plied their trades, and sold their wares, and earned money of the wealthy Romans. They formed a distinct community, and had their "chiefs." There they would read the holy law and prophets, and worship the One God of their fathers. Over the bridge, some of them came to the "hired house," at the invitation of Paul, to hear him defend himself, and explain how he had been delivered a prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans: "And when they had appointed him a day, there came many to him into his lodging, to whom he explained and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets, from morning till evening. And some believed the things that were spoken, and some believed not. And when they agreed not among themselves, they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word: Well spake the Holy Ghost, by Esaias the prophet, unto our fathers, saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive: for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed, lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and should be converted, and I should heal them. Be it known, therefore, unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it. And when he had said these words, the Jews departed, and had great reasoning among themselves."

In writing to the Roman church before his visit, he had declared his readiness to preach the gospel at Rome also, giving as a reason the fact that it is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." And as we ponder those words, we feel how appropriate and forcible was the reason in relation to Rome, for if any place on the earth was ever the home and citadel of temporal power, it was that city.

The centre of an empire which God for wondrous purposes had allowed it to acquire—an empire that swept over the then known world—it was filled with the monuments and trophies, the symbols and instruments of power. "Here must have been expressions of astounding power. These columns and arches and theatres and palaces must in their perfection have startled every beholder as the very embodiment of power. If all things in Athens told of beauty, all things in Rome must have told of power."

So we thought as we rambled among the ruins of the Forum and elsewhere; shadows of power fell on us everywhere, echoes of power saluted us everywhere. Now Paul felt that

there was a power in the gospel far mightier than dwelt in Rome: another kind, indeed, of power, as dissimilar as it was greater—moral power, spiritual power; not the power of man, but the power of God; not power for destruction and aggrandisement, but power for salvation and blessing: an utterly new power, such as Roman minds had never dreamt of—the idea of which was enough to revolutionize the entire universe of ancient thought—the operation of which would prove a new and unrivalled element in civilization, while, in individual instances, it would bring to the soul of man pardon and renewal, salvation and eternal life. How, in that lodging of his, as the soldier stood by him with his chain—a representative of the martial and brave and triumphant spirit of the old commonwealth and the newly-established empire—would the apostle think and dilate upon that different and mightier spirit which the glorious gospel of the blessed God had been sent into the world to breathe. How he set in a new light those three ideas—*power—God—salvation*. How each singly, under the teaching of the gospel, streamed forth with new and nobler turns of thought. How perfectly different the Christian to the heathen conception of them; and how he also bound the three words into a sentiment full of life and consolation to all weary, worn, and broken hearts, whether Roman or otherwise. For a spiritual salvation is our one deep want, which underlies all other wants—the want of pardon and of holiness—the want of reconciliation with God, and renewal after his likeness: and that want is met thoroughly and perfectly in the gospel, which tells us of Him who atoned for our sins, and justifies us for ever, and of Him who came down on the day of Pentecost to baptize and purify human hearts with heavenly fire.

Paul came to Rome to be tried. The trial was deferred. He filled up his time to the utmost of his power with holy labours. He wrote his Epistles to Philemon, the Colossians, the Ephesians, and the Philippians; and deeply interesting is it to read these letters together, and to mark the similar trains of thought pervading them, and thus to discover what Paul was thinking of at Rome. And by his preaching he made converts to Christ's holy faith. He tells us that he begot many children in his chains. Even in Cæsar's household, in the courts and chambers of that proud imperial palace which covered the Palatine—that palace which, for its costly splendour, was called the Golden House of Nero—that home of luxury and vice, where the abandoned emperor revelled in pleasure with the infamous Poppaea, to marry whom he divorced and murdered, at her instigation, the young Octavia—even there, in that den of

licentiousness and pride, Paul had those who were the fruit of his labours—the living epistles confirmatory of his apostleship, and his joy and crown of rejoicing. In the palace, too, as he calls it—by which we are probably to understand the prætorium, or military guard-house, the place for the imperial garrison, the barracks in short—his chains were known; intimating respect and sympathy as well as knowledge, and that he had friends among the sturdy soldiers which kept watch and ward about the walls of the Palatine.

All these were a consolation to him, and other consolations he had in addition to those which sprung from his deep faith in Christ and the fellowship of the Spirit. Luke remained with him; Timotheus ministered to him; Tychicus carried his letters; Mark was once more a fellow-labourer; Aristarchus and Epaphras were fellow prisoners; and Onesimus, the poor runaway slave, who from amidst the many thousands of that degraded class in Rome, had been by some means brought to hear the apostle preach, and had become no longer a servant, but a brother beloved—he, says Paul, writing to Philemon, his old master, “he now is profitable both to thee and me. If thou count me, therefore, a partner, receive him as myself.”

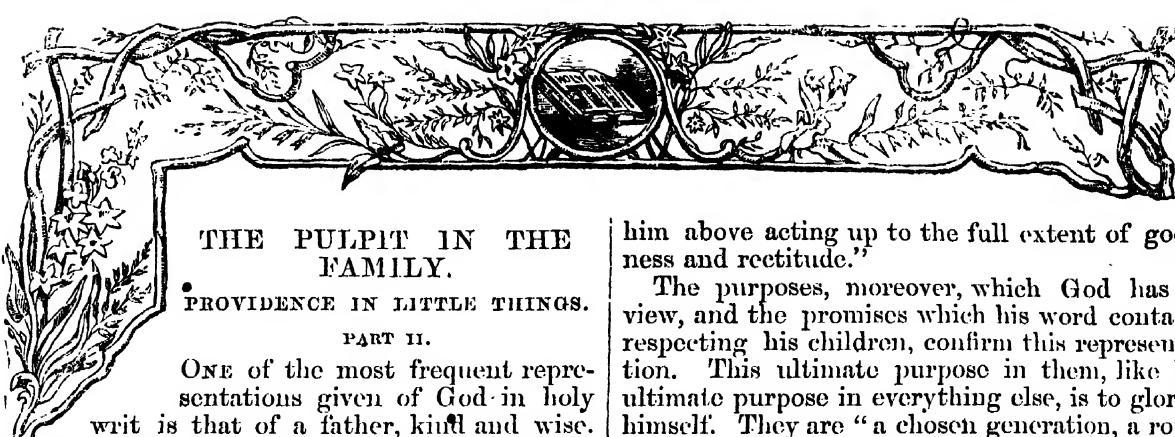
At length the trial came. After two years he had a hearing. He was not yet to die for the faith. His Lord had more work for him to do. He was acquitted, and left Rome. There are different opinions we know on this subject, but we perfectly agree with the writers of “the Life of St. Paul”—Conybeare and Howson—that “the evidence on the subject, though not copious, is yet conclusive, so far as it goes, and is all one way.” The apostle, in writing to the Romans, expressed an intention to visit Spain. Clement, bishop of the church in Rome, shortly after Paul’s death, speaks of his going to the extremity of the west before his martyrdom; and a writer in the latter half of the second century, and Chrysostom in the fourth, explicitly refer to the accomplishment of his intention. It is supposed, from allusions in his last epistles, that from Spain he went to Ephesus, thence to Macedonia, afterwards to Crete, and finally, that he returned to the imperial city, where he was a second time imprisoned. It was with much more strictness and severity than in the former instance. Violent persecution, even unto death, we know from Tacitus, broke out against the Christians in Rome before the death of Nero. It had begun or was beginning now. And further, in consequence of this, the apostle who before had many to see him and sympathise with him, was left alone. Pathetically does he allude to “the circumstance in his second epistle to Timothy: ‘At my first answer no man stood with me, but

all men forsook me. I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.’”

We are ignorant of the circumstances of Paul’s trial and condemnation. In some vast basilica, or judgment-hall, such as we find in ruins near the Roman Forum, surrounded by imperial officers, and examined according to well-known forms of legal proceedings in Roman courts, Paul was unrighteously adjudged to death. When he wrote his last epistle to Timothy, he saw that his end was nigh, and he was ready to be offered up. He felt that he “had fought a good fight and had finished his course, and kept the faith, and that there was laid up for him a crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give at that day; and not to him only, but to all them that love his appearing.”

Tradition points out the Mamertine prison, on the declivity of the Capitol, as the place of Paul’s confinement. A dark and dreary dungeon, into which you descend by two flights of steps—the dungeon being underneath an upper cell—is shown as the identical chamber. It is called the Tullianum, and is of semicircular form, built of large masses of pepirino. Here Jugurtha is said to have been starved to death; and here too the accomplices of Cataline are reported to have been strangled. But standing in the damp gloomy apartment, lighted only by the taper of the guide, one is chiefly occupied with the thought of its connection with the great apostle; and with no conclusive evidence against it, one is prone to believe that here his last hours on earth might have been spent, and that here he exulted in hope of the glory of God.

Outside the Ostian gate, which bears the name of Paul, the traveller visits the grand basilica of the apostle, now rebuilt, after the disastrous fire of 1824; and then the church of the three fountains, a little further on, in one of the most desolate and secluded spots in the neighbourhood of Rome. The former was reared to commemorate his martyrdom; the latter, it is pretended, covers the very spot on which the executioner performed his office; but the tradition is disfigured by the legend that the three fountains still seen within the building, miraculously sprung up where the head fell, when it rebounded three times. One turns away with mingled feelings on hearing this; but on walking back to Rome, who but must linger near the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius, close to the Pauline Gate, which is known to have stood there when the apostle was led out to execution along that road. It would be one of the last buildings he would behold—one of the last objects on which his eyes would rest, ere he reached “the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” We cannot describe our emotions as we looked on that pyramid.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### PROVIDENCE IN LITTLE THINGS.

#### PART II.

ONE of the most frequent representations given of God in holy writ is that of a father, kind and wise.

"Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear him." Under this relation we are directed to address him as "Our Father which art in heaven;" and in this relation, recognised and acted upon by him, we are to find the reward of obedience: "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." The redeemed have been bought into God's family at a vast expense to himself; they are the purchase of the blood of his incarnate Son. He has renewed and sanctified them by the Holy Ghost. The relation expresses not only wisdom and authority, but tenderness and unwearying care. An earthly father would fain watch over every step of his child. He would concern himself not only for the more important circumstances affecting that child's welfare; the less equally awaken his solicitude. He would warn and counsel and assist at momentous junctures of his child's history, and at those which involve much less of immediate anxiety. But with how much more of tenderness will our heavenly Father care for his children! He knows their frame. He knows how important to their interests are even the minutest circumstances which enter into their daily history. Small as individually they are, collectively they are of considerable moment. God takes care of the sum by taking care as to every particular.

It cannot be objected that this is to represent the Divine attention as too much given to frivolous matters, inasmuch as nothing in the condition of his children is really frivolous. It does not dishonour him to attend to what seems inconsiderable; it would dishonour him to leave these matters out of his account. "Nothing is absolutely trifling wherein the happiness of any individual, even the most insignificant, is at all concerned; nor is it beneath a wise and good Being to interpose in anything of this kind. To suppose the Deity above this, is to suppose

him above acting up to the full extent of goodness and rectitude."

The purposes, moreover, which God has in view, and the promises which his word contains respecting his children, confirm this representation. This ultimate purpose in them, like his ultimate purpose in everything else, is to glorify himself. They are "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people (a people for a possession), that they should show forth the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." But next to this purpose, and as essential to it, God intends to sanctify their character. They are to be conformed to the image of his Son. Hence they are placed within reach of influences and lessons of every kind that may instruct and purify them. The times that go over them, like the times that went over David, are charged with messages to stimulate affections corresponding with their high character and destiny. There is a lesson written on every gift, uttered in every disappointment, presented to them from day to day, and from hour to hour: would that it were never presented in vain. "Present yourselves living sacrifices, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

And what less than this constant attention to the minute as well as to important circumstances, can be implied in the promises which often cheer the hearts of the saints of God while pursuing their weary way? "I will instruct thee; I will teach thee; I will guide thee with mine eye." God is "a strength to the poor; a strength to the needy in his distress; a refuge from the storm; a shadow from the heat." "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." "We know," says Paul, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." He had specially suffering and tribulations in view. These do not happen by chance; they are a part of the divine economy in the great mystery of redemption. God brings his sons to glory through suffering, thus conforming them to the image of Christ the first-born, "first in suffering, then in glory." But the thought must not be restricted to tribulations. All things—the pleasing as well as the painful, the small as well as the great—"all things" shall work harmoniously in advancing their welfare; not, of course, that these things work of themselves, and without a

guiding mind. They are God's instruments, and he employs them to fulfil his sovereign pleasure; but in this it is involved that they are all framed, and regulated, and controlled by his hand. The great and the small are in this particular both alike to him.

As if to render this truth yet more clear, the Saviour enforces it by allusions and figures of the utmost significance. The verdant meadow teems with proofs of our Father's care. Every blade of grass is formed with the minutest skill; and how perfect and beautiful are the lilies of the field: but does God take care for the grass and the flower, and will he not care for those who hope in his mercy, nay, and care for them too in the most minute and apparently insignificant matters? Mungo Park, as he lay on the thirsty ground in Africa, parched and dying, made no improper use of this beautiful allusion of the Saviour, when he inferred from the presence of a single small flower, a few feet distant from him, that God was in that desert, and that therefore he ought not to despair. The falling sparrow! what an insignificant thing it is! Five of them are sold for a farthing. Yet even the sparrow does not fall to the ground without our Father's notice. The hairs of our head! What can be of less moment? Yet, says Christ, "even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." The argument in these allusions is an argument from the less to the greater. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows. If God so clothe the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" But still it implies the care of God in the least of the concerns that affect us, as well as in the greatest; or, in other words, it sustains what we are anxious here to establish—the Providence of God in little things.

There are declarations in the scripture on the same point, of a somewhat different character. The psalmist says, for instance, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." The appeal and prayer of the prophet, "O'Lord, I know the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," with many similar declarations, go to the same point. One step in a journey seems to be of little account. Why I proceed to my business by one path rather than by another, seems to be an accidental and inconsiderable affair; yet even that affair has not taken place without God. If I am what the psalmist describes, my steps are under Divine guidance. I see sometimes, afterwards, a reason why I have gone in one direction rather than in another, though when I set out, no such reason influenced me. I should see it oftener, were I more attentive to what God does.

All nature concurs to exhibit and confirm this truth. A very little acquaintance with natural history reveals a profusion of beauty and elegance in the minutest matters, adapted equally to astonish and instruct. Every leaf and spire of grass is formed with the nicest workmanship. Who does not admire the delicate colouring of even a common flower? The exquisite beauty and grace of insect life in its myriad forms—the adaptation of shape to modes and habits of existence—the thousand correspondences and aptitudes which meet us in every direction—betoken a wisdom exact in even the meanest objects. The argument is conclusive. "If in the organization of a flower, or herb, or insect, attention and care are bestowed, even on its outward figure, upon intelligent creatures, and upon every circumstance in their existence and history, the same care and attention may be all the more expected. "If unerring wisdom shows itself in the direction and government of corporeal nature, and all its parts are ordered in number, weight, and measure, so that the more we know of it the more we are forced to admire it; if its meanest works are furnished with complete accuracy, and the whole system appears harmonious and grand in the highest possible degree; what harmony, what wisdom and goodness may we well reckon upon in the government of the intellectual world! What care and accuracy in disposing of the lots of the individuals in it! How grand must be its plan, and how perfect its order!"

Such is the reasoning of even a heathen philosopher. "A superior nature of such excellence as the divine"—the language is Plato's—"which hears, and sees, and knows all things, cannot in any instance be subject to negligence or sloth. The meanest and greatest parts of the world are all equally his work and possession. Great things cannot be rightly taken care of without taking care of the small. In all cases, the more able and perfect any artist is (as a physician, an architect, or a ruler of the state), the more his skill and care appear in little as well as great things. Let us not then," Plato adds, "conceive of God as worse than even mortal artists."

"The philosopher who overlooks the traces of an all-governing Deity in nature," says an acute critic on Sir Isaac Newton and his discoveries, "contenting himself with the appearances of the material universe only, and the mechanical laws of motion, neglects what is most excellent, and prefers what is imperfect to what is supremely perfect, finitude to infinity, what is narrow and weak to what is unlimited and almighty, and what is perishing to what endures for ever."

## ERNEST I., DUKE OF SAXE-GOTHA,

AN ANCESTOR OF PRINCE ALBEET.

Of all the royal families on the continent, there is none so dear to a true English heart as the house of Gotha. The mother of our beloved sovereign is a member of that family, and to the same house are we indebted for Prince Albert, whose public and private character endears him to the whole nation. It is very true that piety and moral worth are not always hereditary. The wisest of all kings was succeeded by a foolish Rehoboam, and out of the family of Ahaz sprung a Hezekiah. Still there are certain families remarkable for the blessing attending on them, and in such cases it were well worth the trouble to inquire whether that blessing may not be the fruit of the prayers of some one in the third or fourth generation back; for if the iniquities of the fathers are visited on the children, how much more shall the blessing also descend.

It is with the founder of the present reigning family of Saxe Coburg Gotha that we have now to do. It was little more than a year before the death of Queen Elizabeth—on Christmas-day, 1601—that great rejoicings took place at the castle of Altenburg, for Duke John of Saxony had just been presented with his ninth son. At his baptism he received the name of Ernest, and it would seem as if his name was descriptive of his character, for on the approach of his sixth birthday, when he was permitted to name what he most desired as a birthday present, he wrote a short note to his mother, requesting that the gift might be a Bible. In those days there were no bible societies, and such a book was not usually in the hand even of the sons of princes.

While he was still a youth, he entered with his brothers on the joint government of his father's lands. He devoted all his time and influence to the schools and churches in the dukedom, and though his share of the family income amounted at that time only to 800*l.* a-year, yet we find him after some time with a capital equal to seven years income duly invested, the interest of which was devoted to increase the salary of clergy and schoolmasters who were inadequately supported, and also to procure the necessary books for schools.

In 1636, he married the Princess Elizabeth of Altenburg, a lady in every respect like himself; indeed it was her true piety which had won his heart. The disposition with which they entered on the married state may be best gathered from the medal which was struck to commemorate their union; on one side stood the inscription, "Lord, teach me to know thee and myself," and on the reverse, "The love of

Christ which passeth knowledge." In the year 1640, the paternal property was divided, when the dukedom of Gotha fell to his share, and as the founder of the Saxe-Gotha family, which reigned till 1826, he took the title of Duke Ernest the First. He was better known, however, by the epithet Ernest the Pious.

The Thirty Years War had wasted and ravaged his country; his great aim, therefore, as regent, was to improve the outward condition of his subjects. Knowing, however, that the principal cause of the distress lay in the decay of morals through the influence of the long war, he inferred that the best and easiest, or, indeed, the only plan to improve the outward circumstances of his people was, to aim at making them truly religious.

In the first year of his reign, in 1641, he directed a commission to proceed to visit all the churches and schools. Pastors, schoolmasters, children and grown people were examined, and a report was sent to the duke. The report was bad enough, for ignorance and vice were found to prevail among high and low; orders were, therefore, given by the duke that the clergy should regularly at stated times gather their whole congregation and instruct them, old and young, in the catechism. Old people, however, and indeed many young people too, do not like to be examined over their Bible and catechism, especially if the examination is public, and the good folks of Gotha were in this respect like their neighbours. They preferred making ballads and singing them in mockery of the new arrangements. Duke Ernest, however, was not a man to be terrified out of his schemes, and, what was far more, he would not be laughed out of them. With equal indifference he heard the scornful laugh and the bitter threat, and only paused to inquire once more whether his plan was agreeable to the Divine will. If a pastor could not bring a refractory congregation to submit to be examined, the presence of the duke on a given day wrought a wondrous change. From parish to parish he was found regularly proceeding, till the scheme had been fairly tried and was becoming popular. Many on their death-bed declared that it was to these examinations they owed their acquaintance with the saving truths of the gospel, and that in these meetings they had first learned to trust in Jesus. It soon became a common saying that the peasants in this dukedom knew more than the nobles elsewhere.

With mere knowledge, however, he was never satisfied, but strove to make it influence the life. When the people complained of the hardships which still pressed them, Duke Ernest used to reply, "God will not withdraw his hand, nor cease to punish, till we have heartily re-

pent of our sins and been thoroughly converted." He made stringent regulations for the observance of the Lord's day. In all towns and villages the shops were closed, and business suspended during the day of sacred rest. Immorality, too, was punished with great severity. There was no respect of persons. The higher the rank the severer was the penalty, because, as the duke said, the example of the transgressors was more injurious.

The improvements which he made on the schools and churches cost him enormous sums out of his own private purse, and it is interesting to see how he managed to meet these expenses. He had written in his pocketbook, "Riches come not from great income, but from small outlay." Exceedingly correct in all his accounts, he could not bear to see the smallest waste. His property was managed so as to produce the greatest amount of profit, not that he might hoard it or spend it on himself, but that he might be able to give to every one in need. Justice was dearer to him than great gain, and this was manifested in the anxious care with which he watched that not a penny of money taken as the fruit of oppression should ever enter his treasury. "I can't use any money but what God gives," he used to say, "and he hates oppression and injustice." When some complained of his parsimony in matters relating to his own person, he replied: "I am only steward, and dare not expend on myself more than is absolutely necessary, nor use what God has given me for the benefit of my people. I must one day give an account of every penny entrusted to my care." Happy man! thrice happy prince who can feel he is only steward and must render an account!

From 1643 to 1648 he built himself a beautiful palace, and when the building was completed he was not a single shilling in debt. As he proceeded he counted the cost, and reckoned before he began whether he would be able to finish it. His Christianity was of such a nature that it leavened his whole character; and in matters of this kind he sought advice from the word of God as religiously as in the weightier matters of the law; and having read in his Bible, "Owe no man anything," he did not hesitate, in so far as in him lay, to carry out the Divine injunction. The good state of his finances he always considered as the unmerited blessing of God; and once replied to some one who was astonished at the fact of his giving so much away and always having enough, "God gives," he said, "and the prince saves."

At the peace of Westphalia, by which the Thirty Years' War was brought to a conclusion in 1648, he expressed his gratitude to God for the boon by coining dollars in commemoration

of the event, with a motto calling on his people "to ascribe the honour of the peace to God, to whom alone it is due, and to seek his glory, otherwise the peace could not last long." He bestowed liberal presents on all his dependants, and gave 2000*l.* to build an orphan-house for the children of those who had fallen in the war. All this he was able to do after paying for every stone of his costly palace, which was just finished. God has said of the righteous, "He shall guide his affairs with discretion."

In the circle of his own family every day was begun and closed with the worship of God. The service consisted in singing a hymn, reading a portion of scripture, and prayer. All the courtiers and domestics used to observe the same custom, and among them the devotions were conducted by the court chaplain. Of Duke Ernest, indeed, it might be said as of Abraham, "He commanded his children and his household after him to keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." His own seat in the house of God, when he was at home, was never empty; and if any of his household were absent, he strictly inquired into the cause. The duke had once an unfaithful servant, but on discovering his misconduct he merely wrote out the 101st Psalm and sent it to him, without any other comment, and it was quite enough. From that time it became a saying in Gotha, if any office-bearer was neglecting his duty, "He may soon expect the royal psalm."

The duke made it his business to hear all the clergy in the dukedom preach at regular intervals, and kept up direct personal intercourse with them, urging personal holiness and official activity. Particularly dear to him were the catechisings of the grown people, to which we have already alluded, and the arrangement produced an unspeakable blessing. On visiting the schools, he examined the teachers, and praised, blamed, or rewarded them as they deserved. He had "catechism dollars" coined with different inscriptions; on one stood the divine attributes in rhyme, to assist the memory; and these he gave to the most deserving scholars.

At one of his visits of inspection, Ernest called on a pastor who seemed not to be particularly diligent in the study of his Bible, for it lay covered with dust. Without making any remark, the duke quietly slipped a gold ducat into the neglected volume, and took his leave, with an advice to the pastor to search the scriptures diligently. A considerable time had passed before the duke repeated his visit, but when he did return, his first act was to take down the dusty Bible, and finding his ducat still undisturbed, he put it carefully into his pocket, to the no small chagrin of the pastor.

Dropping unexpectedly into a school-house,

he found the teacher lying sick in bed, but at the same time instructing the children with all the strength he possessed. The scene made a deep impression on Ernest, and the result was that he established a fund for the benefit of superannuated teachers and their widows. Indeed, he never seemed to weary in establishing charitable foundations for schools, for schoolmasters, for the university, for students, for poor clergy, for the widows and orphans of pastors and schoolmasters; each of these classes had its own separate fund, established chiefly from his own private purse. How large these foundations may have been we cannot accurately tell; but we know that one of them amounted to considerably above three hundred pounds, a sum not to be measured according to its value in the present times, but by its estimate in a country just beginning to recover from a most disastrous war. Near the end of his life we find him endowing another fund with about fifteen thousand pounds, the interest of which was to be devoted to specified purposes, for relieving distress, and advancing the cause of religion.

Even the Roman Catholics acknowledged that there was far more true piety among the subjects of Ernest than in any place of their own persuasion, and above forty monks, priests, and bishops voluntarily embraced the Protestant faith in Gotha.

As his life drew near a close, a sweet peace rested on his soul. He disclaimed all confidence in what he had himself done, as a ground of acceptance with God, and publicly and repeatedly declared that, whatever he might have done in accordance with the Divine will, was not for the sake of meritizing the Divine approbation, but merely as a thankoffering for the mercies he had already so richly obtained. On his death-bed he repeatedly declared that he had now no other ground of hope and consolation in approaching his Redeemer than he had had in his infancy, when he first approached the cross as a poor helpless sinner, seeking grace and pardon in the blood of Christ. He fell asleep on the 26th of March, 1675, being about seventy-three years of age.

To enable us to form a still clearer notion of the state of his mind, we may here copy some of his ordinary maxims:—

1. A prince who disobeys his God is unfit to govern man.

2. A prince should not only remember that he is himself a man, but should also bear in mind that his subjects are men too.

3. A prince who would eradicate poverty, must begin with the mother of want, that is, waste.

4. Princes on earth are made of earth, and must return to earth.

5. A wise prince will not consider that to be

right which is safest, but will regard that course as safest which is right.

His life was a life of prayer and of faith. Especially for his children did the earnest petition ascend to the throne of grace. His next petition was for the pastors and schoolmasters; then for the youth of his dukedom, and for all his subjects, whom he regarded as his children, did his daily intercession ascend into the ears of the Lord of hosts. Happy is the land which has such princes, for even to children's children does their blessing extend.

## SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITS.

### DORCAS.

LET US see in what it was that Dorcas excelled. She "was full"—not full of pretences, and of words, and of hearing sermons, and of public assemblies, all of which are often the mere "form of godliness, without the power." Her religion was substantial and practical; it was the religion of the heart and life. She abounded in obedience; she "was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did."

Four things are mentioned to exemplify her practice:

The first regards the particular objects of her beneficence. They were "widows"—a class of claimants upon kindness and charity more often mentioned in the book of God than any other, unless it be "the fatherless," who are commonly noticed along with them.

It would seem that Dorcas peculiarly selected this class of character for her beneficence. And as the charity of an individual cannot be universal in its exercise and efforts, though it be so in its principle, cannot embrace every object, nor furnish every kind of relief, would it not be well for those who wish to do good to have some definite plan of usefulness to pursue, and not leave their benevolence to accidental applications, and to excitements which may or may not occur? Having a fixed and definite object of charity always before you, you will be constantly reminded of your obligation, and may devote to it a thousand little attentions and assistances which would otherwise be wasted and lost.

Only, here, two cautions are necessary. The one is, not to bind ourselves down so exclusively to any one class of beneficiaries as to be unable or unwilling to aid other claimants, however deserving or pressing, whom the providence of God may bring in our way. The other is, not to lay such stress upon our own objects of charity as to think slightly or meanly of those which may be preferred by others, or not to think worthily and well of those who, although truly benevolent, fall not with readiness and ardour into our views and projects. Their education, their con-

nections, their situations and conditions in life, their prejudices, and even their piety, may turn into a diversity of channels, the preference and efforts of those who are equally concerned to be useful. If men are endeavouring to do good, let them alone; yea, bid them God speed, though they walk not with us.

The second regards the nature or kind of her charity. It was furnishing the poor widows with clothing. And this is far from being an unimportant method of doing good. "When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him."

There are many cases in which it will be found much more useful to supply the poor with necessities and conveniences than to give them the value of these things in money; for they are sometimes tempted to apply money to other purposes; they are not often distinguished by prudence in their purchases; and they seldom can buy things at first hand. The poor in general can supply themselves with provisions better than with raiment, and old people commonly prefer warmth to food. Many poor persons have (I will not say a becoming pride, for all pride is an abomination to the Lord, but) a wish to appear decently clad, and upon this ground they frequently excuse themselves from appearing in the house of God. How desirable is it to meet their wants and wishes in this respect, and to give them a nail in God's holy place. Oh, I love to see the poor in the house of God; I love to see there, numbers of children dressed in the uniform of benevolence; it aids my devotion and excites my gratitude.

Let me beseech you not to waste anything that is convertible into clothing. And do not expend your money on useless ornaments; for how often would a small part of the price of vanity cover and comfort a fellow-creature for months or years.

The third regards the manner in which she supplied the relief. The benefits conferred were of her own manufacture. An emphasis is obviously laid on "the alms-deeds which she did;" and we read expressly of "the coats and garments which Dorcas made." She did not get them made, but she made them: her alms were not only her gifts, but her deeds. There are some who are ready enough to give in a way of charity, but they never do anything. They never "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" they never "speak a word in season to him that is weary;" they never move a foot, nor employ a hand, nor exercise the least self-denial in their works of mercy.

Others there are who can do nothing in a way of pecuniary assistance. But let not such conclude that they are doomed to unprofitableness. There are innumerable ways of being useful; and if you are compelled to say, "Silver and

gold have I none," it becomes you to add, "Such as I have I give—my prayers, my tears, my attentions, my exertions." A great deal of good may be done, and a great deal of charity may be exercised, where nothing is given. My fair readers, especially you who are in younger life, and you who have the command of leisure, not only purchase raw materials and cheap remnants, and preserve laid-aside articles, but refuse not, at least occasionally, to employ your own hands, when alone, or in company with one another; and observe the eulogium pronounced on the virtuous woman: "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

The fourth regards the promptitude of her beneficence. It was immediate, not deferred or delayed, but "while she was with them." She viewed life as "the time to serve the Lord," and her "own generation by the will of God." Some are future benefactors: they do not refuse, they only procrastinate. But, says Solomon, "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give;" for in the meanwhile he may be no more, and you may be no more.

Some are benevolent when they leave us, not while they are yet with us. But if it be well to bequeath, it is better to achieve. Dying alms are commonly suspicious; they arise from necessity rather than choice. There is little merit in distributing what you can hold no longer. Be, therefore, your own executors; thus you will be enabled to apply your bounty properly, and may enjoy the pleasure of seeing the fruits of it. But how many precious opportunities pass neglected! And how many will hereafter lament in vain that they did not more for the world, the church, the family, their children and servants, "while yet with them!"

\* \* \* \* \*

No sooner was Peter arrived, than he was conducted into the upper chamber, where the dead body was laid. There a scene was presented that was sufficient to melt a heart much less tender than Peter's. "All the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Here we may remark, that the value of persons is sometimes not known till they are gone. This is the case, indeed, with all our mercies; the want teaches the worth.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

The praise of this good woman was like her alms, real and sincere. There was no need of hired mourners. Here are no verses composed,

no eulogy pronounced: but garments, some suspended and some worn, which her own hands had made; and widows, indebted to her bounty, bedewing the room with their tears.

The best posthumous fame you can acquire is derived from the commendation of facts; from a child you instructed, a school you established, a penitentiary you visited, a sinner you reclaimed. The best proofs of your importance are to be found in the affections and benedictions of your fellow-creatures while you live, and in their regrets and lamentations when you die. "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

I hate dry-eyed funerals. Though it is distressing, it is also satisfactory, at the mouth of the grave, to see one wiping his streaming eyes; to hear another say, "I must have perished but for him;" while we all feel, in a measure, as Thomas did when he said to his fellow-disciples, "Let us also go that we may die with him."

Do all thus die? Do oppressive masters? Do unkind neighbours? Do the hard-hearted and the close-listed thus die? Solomon has said, "When the wicked perish, there is shouting." There is something in this more cruel than the grave. How intolerable the thought that we may go off and not be missed for a moment; that if we left the world, the door might be shut and bolted by all that are left behind; and that if it were possible to return again to earth, no individual would receive us. And are there not numbers now living, who, if they were buried to-morrow, would have no lamentation over them?

But it was otherwise with Dorcas: "all the widows stood by the apostle weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." Such were their feelings; what were his?

But, happily, he can do more than "weep with them that weep;" and he applies himself to his work. He "put them all forth." He dismissed the spectators for two reasons. First, from a principle of humility; he did not wish to be seen. And, secondly, from a principle of importunity; company might have hindered the intenseness of his devotion. Being thus alone, he "kneeled down and prayed;" and then, "turning himself to the body, he said, Tabitha, arise; and she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter, she sat up."

Next, we are told that Peter "gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive."

O, for the painter's pencil! O, to see him giving and them receiving this present! "There, take your benefactress, and dry up your tears."

This is very instructive. It shows us that kindness was the principle of the miracle; not self-applause; not vainglory. Then Peter would have claimed her as an attendant, and required her to follow him, as a standing proof of his supernatural powers; but he resigns her to those who stood in need of her services.

It teaches us not only the power of God, but his goodness. We see that "the Lord is gracious and full of compassion;" that "he will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."

And does not this show us the importance of beneficence? Were we left to judge, we, perhaps, should have thought it better for Stephen to have been raised up than Dorcas. But God revives the one and leaves the other in the grave, because "so it seemed good in his sight," and perhaps to teach us that our thoughts are not his thoughts; that we are improper judges of usefulness; that persons whose excellences are of sober, modest, and retiring character, may be more important in the eye of heaven than those who are more brilliant and marvellous; that moral qualities are far more regarded by him than intellectual ones; and that, in some cases, a good life may be as valuable as good preaching. Whom does he, by a miracle, bring back from the arrest of death? A hero?—a politician?—a philosopher? "Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed." No he brings back one who made garments for the poor!\*

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHERE was the tabernacle set up when the Israelites came into Canaan?
2. What instances do you find in the Old Testament of the dead being restored to life?
3. How many did Jesus raise from the dead?
4. Did the apostles ever perform this miracle?
5. What difference can you point out between the manner of our Lord's performing miracles, and that in which others wrought them?
6. What promise can you find in scripture encouraging intercessory prayer?
7. Give an example of its success from the Old and New Testaments?
8. What instances can you find of angels being entertained unawares? (See Heb. xiii. 2.)

\* This admirable practical paper is from Mr. Jay's "Lectures on Female Character," recently published by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.



## Page for the Young.

### LEARNING BY EXAMPLE.

DEAR young friends, you will all readily acknowledge the peculiar interest with which you take up any study that is connected with a story, and how easy it is to induce you to learn a lesson when it is presented to you in the shape of a narrative, whether real or fictitious. We do not blame you for this; we all, grown people as well as children, like to learn by example, and to discover how others acted in such circumstances as we ourselves are, or may be placed in.

But there is one thing, dear young friends, of which it is necessary to warn you, namely, that every character you meet with in the tales or histories that you read, is an imperfect character. However beautifully it may be imagined, or however true it may be of the hero or heroine, that they were very amiable, or very pious, it will not do for you to satisfy yourself with trying to be like him or to be like her. If that is all you aim at, you will come very far short of what God requires of you. Look at your Bible, Matt. v. 48, where you will find these words: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Now that is your example. Could you possibly have a better?

But you will perhaps say, "I never can be as perfect as God. True, you cannot, yet still it is your duty to strive to be like him rather than like any human being. Turn to 2 Cor. x. 12, and you will find Paul blaming some persons for measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves; in so doing, he says, they were 'not wise'; and their want of wisdom consisted in this, that they were measuring themselves by imperfect standards, and so would naturally be very well satisfied if they appeared by comparison as good as others, or perhaps a little better. Now this is a mistake which no one can fall into who measures his own character by that of God, and if he is always aiming to be like him, he will become better every day, yet never think that he is good enough.

Look at that little boy who is amusing himself with his bow and arrows: he is shooting them in every direction. He first aimed at a stone, a few yards distant; but the aim was too low, and the arrow buried its point in the earth at his feet. He then took yonder shrub for his object: the arrow turned aside and was lost among the thorns. The sun is shining brightly; he looks up at it, though dazzled with its splendour, and dissatisfied with his former efforts, resolves to take aim at THAT. It is a bold thought: he lets fly the arrow, it disappears, and for a moment he can almost fancy it has found some resting-place in the clouds, if it has not actually entered the golden orb toward which its course was directed. In another moment, it has fallen again at his feet. He is not disappointed; he never seriously thought it would reach the sun; but this he is sure of, that his arrow went farther than it could have done had he aimed at any of the objects around him.

May your hearts, dear young friends, be as that arrow; may their course be upward to the Sun of Righteousness; and though you will be every day reminded how far short you come of its brightness, you will feel that you have more of its glory reflected on your face than if your

attention had been directed to the loveliest and the most excellent of earthly objects.

But again, perhaps you say, "How can I be like God? he is very powerful, for he made the world; and he is very great, for he commands all things; and he is very wise, for the Bible is his word; while I am a weak, helpless, ignorant child. How, then, can I be like him?" God, dear young friends, has come down to you in the form of a child. Jesus, Emmanuel, "God with us," was born in Bethlehem of Judea, that he might be your example as well as your Saviour; that he might show you, in the person of a human being, what God is in his character, and enable you in some degree to strive after that perfection which belongs to the great king of heaven. Look at this pattern; examine every one of its beautiful features—its humility, its meekness and gentleness, its zeal for God's glory, its charity, its self-denial, its patience, its forgiving spirit; is there anything here you cannot understand? anything here which may not be written legibly upon your own heart? were it not that that heart has become so sullied by the pollution of sin, that God himself must cleanse it ere the divine and spotless image of Jesus can be traced upon it.

But it is while you are looking at Jesus, while you are admiring his goodness, and wondering at his condescension, and feeling how unlike him you are, and learning that if you are saved at all you must be saved by him, that God the Holy Spirit is cleansing your heart, and preparing it to bear the likeness of the dear Redeemer. Look, then, dear young friends, at Jesus; not now and then—only when wearying a while of earth's glittering baubles—but look at him without ceasing; set him before you every step you go, and see if there be not in him everything as an example, as a teacher, as well as a Saviour, that you can desire. We are but too prone to copy bad examples as well as good; which of us does not frequently meet with those who, having chosen the broad road of sin themselves, are desirous to lead others into the same destructive path. Now the surest way to obtain strength against temptation is, like David, to "set the Lord always before you." Looking habitually unto him, you will long and strive to be like him, you will learn to love him, and loving him you, will not turn away from him.

**THE POOR CRIPPLE BOY WHO PARTED WITH ALL HE HAD FOR THE BIBLE.**—George Howard lived in South Carolina. He was a cripple, and unable to do much for a living. Two shillings was all he had in the world, and he travelled four miles to the house of the agent of the Bible Society and offered it for a Bible. The agent gave him a Bible worth three shillings, and took the two shillings. The committee were so pleased with what this poor boy had done, that they told the agent to give him back the money, and make him a present of the Bible. The poor boy's heart was filled with joy: he prized the Bible, and loved to read it every day. One verse he was especially fond of, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It was the verse which by God's blessing led him to Jesus. To have learned it was worth all that he had. It directed him to more than all the gold in the world could buy—*fardon and peace through Jesus Christ.*

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME.

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE SWOLLEN RIVER;

OR, THE ESCAPE OF A HUGUENOT FAMILY.

CHAPTER II.

It is one of the blessed effects of adversity that it draws the children of God nearer to their heavenly Father, and causes them to have recourse, with more anxious solicitude and fervency, both to the *throne* and the *word* of grace; and it is equally true that seasons of fiery trial, while they test the sincerity of faith and hope, are remarkable for the courage and fortitude with which the naturally timid and weak have

been endued, to meet every otherwise overwhelming emergency.

It was thus with the nobly-born and delicately-nurtured Huguenot mother whom we have introduced to our readers. Persecution had, at length, touched her at the tenderest point. Her daughters had been violently and cruelly removed from her sight and protection—perhaps never to be restored. Her brother's object in their forcible abduction was avowedly to detach them from the influence of what he deemed to be a false, heretical religion; and she too well knew that no scruples of tenderness and affection would interpose between them and

any amount of suffering, so that that object was attained. They would be thrust probably into a convent; and recourse would be had, in turns, to blandishments and threats, indulgences and privations, to entice or compel them to renounce their Protestant faith. All this was terrible; but, on the other hand, the mother believed that her God, whom she served, was able to deliver, not only herself, but hers, from the malice of their enemies.

It may be, also, that she did not despair of some manifest interposition of Divine Providence on behalf of her children. She could call to mind instances in which extraordinary and unforeseen wants had, during the present calamities, baffled the schemes of the enemies of the persecuted; and turning to the Divine records for support and encouragement, she would at least be reminded of One who is "a very present help in trouble;" while there were promises which, though not engaging temporal protection and deliverance, might quicken her faith and enliven her hope that even this was not too hard for the Lord. Thus when she read, in immediate connection with the sublime and pathetic passage which represents, in prophetic language, the lamentation and bitter weeping of a bereaved mother, the inspiriting encouragement: "Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord: and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border"—the Huguenot mother might, without incurring the charge of presumption, venture to apply the language to her own case, and to the spiritual, if not the temporal condition of her captive daughters. "Or when, turning to the exalted and inspired strains of another of Israel's prophets, she again read: "Thus saith the Lord, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee: I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee"—she might justly believe that promises so exceedingly great and precious were the heritage of all believers; and if not literally fulfilled, would assuredly meet with a glorious accomplishment in the grace and strength imparted to all faithful servants of the great Master.

Leaving her, then, to such consolation as she might be permitted to draw from the Scriptures, which she loved, and from her knowledge of God, in whom she trusted, we turn to another scene.

In the depths of a forest, several miles from the chateau of which we have spoken, a feeble band of fugitives were snatching a short space at mid-day for rest and repose. Horses, not divested of their trappings, were grazing around, secured from straying, and their riders were at hand, ready at any moment of alarm to remount and continue their flight. Among the fugitives were many women and children, though now sharing in the fatigue of a forced march with the meanest and hardest soldier in their small escort. For some amongst them, the weakest and feeblest, litters had been provided, while the stronger had followed on foot.

Shaded by an overspreading tree, the more distinguished of the party were gathered, some standing, some seated in consultation, and messengers or scouts were frequently disappearing and returning with intelligence. In this group might have been seen a delicate female, whose evident weakness demanded the quiet and seclusion of home, and whose bearing indicated high rank and station. She was of noble birth; her husband, now by her side, was a prince of France; her children—sharers in her flight—were entitled to worldly distinction and royal favour. Standing over these, with a child in his arms—his youngest motherless one—was a man past middle age, of distinguished bearing, wise in council, brave in fight, steady in his adherence to the cause he had espoused, and to whom a peculiar interest has since attached, as one of the victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, a few years only after the date of our narrative. Seated near was a lady, the wife of a general in the Huguenot army, and her infant child, now endeavouring to escape from her husband's enemies and her own.

The intelligence brought to the leaders of the party was evidently perplexing. Their enemies were in full pursuit; the country around was already swarming with hostile troops; the bridges and fords of the Loire were guarded to intercept the passage of the fugitives; and a few hours would probably witness their capture. One circumstance only appeared to favour a hope of present escape: the party had been conducted by one of their number, who, well acquainted with the by-roads of the district, had hitherto succeeded in baffling pursuit, and who yet held out hope of crossing the Loire unseen and unsuspected. To render his plan of escape available, however, a halt of some hours was necessary; and leaving the leaders of the fugitive band to take such precautions against sudden surprise as the nature of their present concealment admitted, we return to the chateau.

Another evening had fallen, and the diminished family was once more assembled in the apartment which had so lately witnessed the

scene of violence we have described, when a faint tapping, repeated at intervals, aroused the watchful attention of Catherine, who joyfully declaring that it was her master's signal, sprang from the room to give him admittance.

"My husband!" exclaimed the Huguenot lady, hastily following her servant, and returning shortly afterwards leaning on the arm of the cavalier who had acted as guide to the fugitives.

"You are returned to a desolate home, dearest husband."

"I know it all, Margaret," he replied, in tones in which manly fortitude struggled with grief, and both with military sternness and decision. "I learned only this afternoon the unhappiness which has befallen us. May God give you patience to bear, dear wife, and me power to avenge."

"Dearest Henry, you forget who has said, 'Vengeance is mine.' But is there no means of rescue?"

"Not now; the time will come, never fear it; and till then your brother will not dare to harm the girls. But now, Margaret, you must leave the chateau; there is no safety here."

"Alas, Henry! and where is safety now?"

The husband shook his head sadly. "Comparative and temporary safety may be found elsewhere; here there is extreme danger. Listen, Margaret! our prince and Coligny have been compelled to seek safety in flight; the princess and her children—the ladies of her small court—Coligny's children—Andelot's wife and her children, one infant at the breast, you know—all accompany them; there is no security for one of our families on this side the Loire; should we succeed in passing over, we may reach Rochelle in safety; I have guided them thus far, and have undertaken to conduct them to the ford of Sancerre. I pray God we may reach it; but troops are in close pursuit, and every road is beset with danger. There is no time to lose; to-morrow will be too late."

"Why then, Henry, have you left our friends? It will be a happiness too dearly purchased to have bartered this short interview for their safety."

"They are now on the road, Margaret; I am to meet them a few miles hence. I have brought two spare horses, and wait only for you and ours to prepare for the journey. Our dear young friend, our poor boys, and Catherine; all must leave the chateau."

"Henry! and our daughters in the hands of our bitterest foes?"

"There is no remedy, Margaret," said the Huguenot soldier, "a few hours hence, and you also would be in their hands; you must flee."

"But, Henry, should our girls escape and return to the chateau? Dear husband, take the boys, and Catherine, and our friend, and permit me to remain. Our hiding-place in the forest may be undiscovered, and God may direct our children thither."

"It may not be, Margaret; I would not, for all France, leave you to the fearful risk of remaining behind. The king has sworn our ruin, and you well know what that implies; the calamity which has already befallen us is but a foretaste of what will follow if you fall into his power. Margaret, you must escape while you may."

"Dearest husband, I cannot; will not God protect his own? Surely he will help us."

"He will help us, Margaret. He helps us now, by pointing out a way of safety by human means. If we neglect this, why should we expect a miracle on our behalf?"

"Monsieur is right," interposed Catherine, coming forward. "Madame must go, but it needs not that Catherine should accompany her. Permit me to stay behind, dear madame; the storm that lays the forest tree low, may spare the weed which has sprung up beneath its shade. I shall be safer here than madame, and will remain in my father's cottage, and if God should send back our lost ones——"

"There is wisdom in your plan, Catherine, if you will dare venture. I had thought of this, but would not seem so selfish as to propose it," said the husband. "Margaret," he added, "time hastens, we should ere now have been mounted; our boys——"

Half an hour later, and the chateau was deserted; and in the gloom of approaching night, a slight female form might have been dimly discerned, stealing cautiously into a neighbouring forest, till she halted at the hut of a charcoal burner; and then might have been heard by a curious listener, first a hurried conversation, and then the low deep voice of a man in earnest supplication that God in his own good time would arise to scatter the enemies of his truth, and turn again the captivity of his people. Meanwhile, the hurried tramp of horses through the distant glades of the same forest, breaking through the stillness of night, announced that the fugitives had proceeded thus far unmolested.

The sun rose brightly, and the waters of the Loire glided peacefully along, shrunken and diminished in volume by a long continued summer drought. The scene was at once lovely and lonely. In some spots woods approached the banks of the river, on either side, casting deep shadows on the intervening waves; in others, a broad expanse of cultivated plains threw open the same waves, as they rolled

onwards, to the calm sunshine. On the southern side, the towers of Sancerre were visible.

Some time later a new feature was added to the scene. Emerging from a dark forest on the northern banks, a band of travellers were descried, hastening onwards. Men, women, and children were there, way-worn and travel-stained. At first sight of the gently flowing river, a glad shout of thankfulness was raised, which swelled at length into a hymn of praise; and then the weary fugitives, whom we have already described, increased in number by the family of the chateau, and others who during the night march had joined them, quickly passed over the intervening ground. But little time could be spared for deliberation. The ford was reached, and it might be that their enemies, deceived by the rapidity and secrecy of their flight, would, for a few hours, be thrown out in their pursuit. But safety was not yet attained.

Pressing forward, then, preceded by their guide, the devoted band entered the river—the princely leader bearing his infant child in his arms, and, with his compatriot, encouraging the faint and feeble to follow.

The ford was passed, and the fugitives had gained secure footing on the southern bank, when suddenly dark and threatening clouds obscured the sky, and a storm rapidly gathered, accompanied by rain so violent that the current of the river was almost instantaneously swollen from a gentle stream, which, at the ford, scarcely rose above the horse's knees, to a deep, impetuous, and impassable torrent; while, crouching beneath the fury of the storm, on a near eminence, the fugitives silently adored the good providence of God which had thus far preserved and guided them.

But a new cause for gratitude was manifest when, on casting their eyes across the river; at the ceasing of the storm, a large body of horsemen was seen galloping along the banks they had so recently quitted; and, after seeking in vain for a safe passage across the flood, retiring in mad rage that the intended captives, whom they had closely followed through the night, and whom they had looked upon as already delivered into their hands, were thus, by the marvellous interposition of a Divine and overruling power, assisted in escaping from their fury.

"This is wonderful!" exclaimed a voice from among the fugitives: "this is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes." And then, perchance, a solemn song of devout thanksgiving and praise might have been heard, as they slowly withdrew from the scene of their enemies' discomfiture:—

" If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,  
Now may Israel say;  
If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,

When men rose up against us;  
Then they had swallowed us up quick,  
When their wrath was kindled against us:  
Then the waters had overwhelmed us,  
The stream had gone over our soul;  
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

"Blessed be the Lord,  
Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.  
Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the  
fowlers;  
The snare is broken, and we are escaped.  
Our help is in the name of the Lord,  
Who made heaven and earth."

"Dear husband," said Margaret, as they pressed forward among their friends, "we shall yet see our children in peace. God will not desert them."

\* \* \* \* \*

The confidence of the Huguenot mother in the tender care of her heavenly Father, as expressed above, was not misplaced. The distressed parents, in company with the fugitive band so marvellously rescued from impending peril, after a series of dangers and escapes, reached the city of Rochelle, where they found themselves surrounded by friends. Here, after a time, they were rejoined by their missing daughters. From the relation which they gave of their adventures since their forcible separation, it appeared that they had been conveyed to a convent, where every effort was made to undermine their faith, and to detach them from their religious associations; but, happily, without success. Frustrated in these endeavours, resort was had to the terrors with which the Romish system arms its emissaries: these appliances, however, equally failed of their intended purpose. While suffering the rigours of persecution, an opportunity was providentially offered for their escape, of which they gladly availed themselves, and after a succession of alarms, privations, and hair-breadth escapes, they were enabled to reach the same asylum which had for some time sheltered their anxious parents. Here, once more restored to the bosom of their family, we leave them in possession of a joy which may be better imagined than described.

We may remark, in conclusion, that the striking incidents which we have endeavoured to illustrate in the present paper, are but a specimen of the domestic separations, the family anguish, and the individual suffering endured by thousands of faithful witnesses for God at the period of frightful persecutions under notice. But times of extraordinary trial are generally marked by unusual manifestations of the Divine care and lovingkindness; and interpositions like that of the sudden storm and the swollen river, by which God's friends were succoured and his enemies baffled, were not of infrequent occurrence; thus teaching his people that they shall not trust in him in vain.

## SUNDAY SCENES UNDER THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S.

IT is a calm summer sabbath morning, and we visit a district in the locality referred to. Our companion is a young man, whose heart is in his missionary labour, and whom a simple energetic Christian gentleman has set to work in excavating the heathen at his doors. If a few of our merchant princes only knew what good they could achieve, what human love they could evoke, how many blessings from the poor, the ignorant, and the dying would follow their path, by the expenditure of a comparatively trifling sum, we might have more labourers in this great and neglected field. The chime of the bells tolling the hours and quarters from the innumerable ancient city churches falls softly on the ear, bringing to remembrance the pleasant old-fashioned little churches far out in the breezy country, which will shortly be filled with their earnest worshippers. Some great author, De Quincey we believe, has remarked how inexpressibly melancholy is the sound of sabbath bells heard at a distance on a summer day. But in this mighty city, the feeling arises with tenfold bitterness. To think that while the spires of the buildings dedicated by our pious ancestors to the service of the Creator rise thickly around us, there lie huddled around them swarms of human beings for whom the sabbath bell has neither pleasure nor significance!

Plunging into a dingy, sloppy, narrow court, flanked on either side by a gin-shop and a pawnbroker, where the dense atmosphere is hotter and steamier than ever and fetid with the heavy effluvium of uncovered drains, we are upon the scene of part of our friend's labours. A tall grim policeman stalks through, and the few denizens of the spot who are to be seen, look round, some with a half-defiant air, others with a vacant half-questioning "look, wondering whether he "wants" anybody. The pack of squalid children in the corner, who have just been in fierce dispute over some point in pitch and toss, suddenly cease to jabber, when warned of the approach of the avenging official. Almost simultaneously they recognise their friend the missionary, and it is pleasant to note the genial change in their sharp, prematurely man-nish features. How easily won and how rich is the guerdon of the love of a human heart. He has been accustomed to talk in a kindly tone to them even when dissuading from their outbreaks of passion and mischief. Some of the group have been once or twice to the Sunday-school recently established, others have heard their parents talk in terms of respect (rare thing in any case) of this young man, and so they group round him, and listen to his admonition on the

evil of playing games on Sunday, with a downcast delinquent air. With a promise from some that they will not continue to do so, and from others that they will come to school tonight, we leave them.

Up three flights of a narrow rickety staircase, and our director taps at a door. No one opens, but a feeble shrill voice cries, "Come in!" Entering, a dismal sight is beheld. The room is very small, stifling, and destitute of every comfort. The light is scanty, for the glass in the upper half of the pinched looking window is covered with layers of battered dirt on the outside, and that in the under half has long ago been replaced by sundry bits of brown paper and old newspapers. There is a dirty little table, some plates of different patterns, two cups, a knife and a fork, besides a chair with a broken back, a stool with some miserable rags of clothing laid upon it, and over the empty fire-place hang one or two mugs. In a corner, upon a tattered dirty palliasse, from which bunches of straw have been riven, are stretched a woman and three children. They do not get up, they say, because they do not know where to get a breakfast. The woman, an honest, sober widow, binds shoes, when she can get work, at the rate of three farthings for a pair of children's, and three halfpence for a pair of adult size. Worn to a shadow, she has kept life in with this miserable pittance, and now on this sunny sabbath morning she lies there not only unable to clothe herself and children with raiment fit to enter a place of worship, but so reduced as to crouch under that miserable coverlet, trying with her little ones to smother the cravings of hunger! The missionary, surmising her condition, had called here first that he might afford that temporal assistance which he daily scatters with a sparing but judicious hand. He tells me that many of these poor creatures would absolutely perish from hunger, were it not that, in the good brotherhood of poverty, they share their last meal with each other. Breakfast, the first meal of the day, is the great obstacle, and it is only on the communist principle that they often manage to get over it.

Another tap, and we enter another room. Its occupants are a young man, a woman, and two young children. It is the old story. They were poorly off in their native place; the man thought he could do better in London. With a small sum of money they arrived in it. No work is to be found for the husband, and as for the poor wife, encumbered with a little child, it is not much she can do, making socks for shoes at the rate of twopence halfpenny the dozen pairs. The money went first, their good clothing went next; and here they sit in this squalid chamber, under the shadow of St. Paul's—the children crying, the poor mother despairing, and the father, help-

less, stolid, and sullen, sits wondering and repining at the justice of God, "who gives lots of wicked folks plenty, and keeps him starving."

Another staircase, and another room. This time it is a whole family, who live by making lucifer-match-boxes at one penny farthing per gross. They are hard at work. A mild remonstrance leads the father to declare that they must work Sunday and Saturday, early and late, to pay the rent and gain a scanty living. "There is no use in talking of church, master, to the likes of us."

Again we tap, and the door is opened by a young woman. The chamber is the most comfortable we have yet entered, if that word can be applied to such dismal arrangements. The occupant, too, is fully dressed, with a tidiness in her thin mean garments. She has once been pretty; she is still young; she is interesting in her appearance even now; but, alas! the light of the eye and the colour of the cheek, without the little dry cough, tell too surely to any one of common experience where death hath set his seal. She is the last of her family. Her father had been a tradesman and a bankrupt. Sensitive and friendless, he retired from the little circle where he was known, and struggled on aimlessly, broken in spirit and weak in body. He went to the grave, his wife quickly followed, and two girls were left to fight the battle of life. They betook themselves to the needle—woman's last resource. They got work—often uncertain enough, and always wretchedly paid. They made men's braces and striped shirts, getting for the former twopence halfpenny per dozen pairs, and for the latter twopence halfpenny apiece. The second spring saw Tina, the youngest, buried at the expense of the parish, and now poor Eliza stands alone. The fight, we fear, cannot last long. She does not work on Sunday because she knows it is wrong, but she does not like to go to church, since her clothes are so shabby. She reads her Bible, she says, and sometimes goes through the service in Tira's prayer book. "She never passes the Litany"—such are her words—"it is so grand, and misses nobody."

Other visits we paid, and the harrowing roll-call might be drawn out to a great length. A little later in the day, our conductor informed us the court would fill with the inhabitants; men lounging about smoking, talking about prize-fights, rats, bull-dogs, etc. etc., while those who could muster a few coppers invested them in the gin-shop. But experience had taught him, that in the midst of this tide of iniquity there were many whose poverty forced them into companionship which they loathed, or in whom the seed of Christian knowledge, sown in infancy, still flourished, although deeply buried, requiring only the skilful and kindly hand of

aid to be disentombed. And all, he said, even the most abandoned, while they might receive his visits suspiciously and sulkily at first, doubting apparently whether there was such a thing in the world as any one likely to care for them without a selfish motive, by-and-by received him cordially, spoke to him frankly and truthfully, and looked for his visits with interest. In three months the apartment he had taken as a chapel was crowded at every service, these being held twice a-week. Those children who were not employed, the parents sent to school, at first partially, on the ground that it took them off their hands, afterwards because they were proud of their improvement. One man, the bully of the place, and who was always drunk when he could manage it, threatened to kick the missionary out of doors when he visited him; but a quiet firm demeanour subdued him, and the neighbours hearing of the circumstance, he got soundly rated for his russianism. He was actually in the chapel on a recent sabbath evening. Only show an interest in them, and it is not long ere a response is elicited. The "law of kindness," seldom fails.

We want some means, some systematic means, of reaching these cases. What we have seen under the shadow of St. Paul's is to be seen throughout the metropolis, and the length and breadth of our country, festering, of course, most rankly in our large towns. Private Christian enterprise, the London City Mission, and kindred institutions, are doing much, but it is not sufficient. The church must arise and put on her strength. We mean not any particular sect, but the great brotherhood of Christians, who acknowledge one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Our cities swarm with beings who may be termed the "pariahs" of humanity. Statistics which we possess indicate the startling fact that about nine-tenths of the working classes in large towns do not attend any place of worship, and are living "without God and without hope in the world." And many of those who once availed themselves of the means of grace will not come to the sanctuary because, as they say, "they have not clothes fit to be seen." And can we wonder at this spark of feeling, much as we may regret this manifestation of it, when we remember the independent English sentiment which keeps these same people from appealing to the workhouse as paupers when they are at the point of starvation. Let us realize, too, the dreadful position indicated in these other bitter declarations. One says, "I cannot go to church for fear I am robbed; they will break the door." Another declares, "I cannot go because I have children, and my husband is out at the beer-shop, and will not take any care of them." A third asserts, "I

must work on Sunday or starve." A fourth says, "I cannot go because my husband will steal out and get drunk." Then others are plunged in a worse than Mohammedan fatality. They become either perfectly apathetic, sunk in a sort of stupor of poverty, or they become desperate, fit to break any law, from a morbid envious contrast of their own misery and other's comfort; while a third class become so inveterately careless and imbruted that they crush any qualms of conscience which their abandoned conduct may arouse by reasoning thus of their Maker: "Oh, it doesn't much matter what we do, God won't be hard on us poor wretches." Their belief is that God is all mercy, especially to poor people, who may do as they please because they are not rich and comfortable.

*These people will not come to the church; the church must go to them!* We want plain rooms and earnest workers to bring the poor and degraded masses together in places where their poverty may not be shamed by the contrast of a gorgeous temple and wealthy worshippers. There they must be taught in homely language, enforced by homely illustration, their duty to God, to their fellow-man, and *themselves*. They must be taught cleanliness, temperance, self-respect, and Christianity, in a plain way, which they can understand. This is no utopian scheme, which can be set aside and pooh-poohed! The experiment has been tried, not in any spasmodic or partial manner, but it has been carried out with marked success. This for our encouragement. Space cannot be afforded here to enter into all its curious and interesting details and statistics. Suffice it to say that it is now fully seven years since a few earnest gentlemen in Aberdeen took in hand one of the vilest quarters of that densely populated city. They were actuated by the right spirit, and they were patient and persevering. They commenced with a single room, and with difficulty got a few indifferent come-and-go hearers; now they have a church, which has been twice enlarged; they have a large anxious and constant audience; they have established temperance societies, schools, a savings' bank, and sundry other educational apparatus. According to the testimony of the highest civil authorities, they have *changed* the character of a vile and dangerous locality, and our noble queen, hearing of their endeavours, has twice strengthened their hands by a munificent donation.

Some readers may exclaim, "I have seen a thick little book called the 'Charities of London'—what becomes of them? How are there so many wretched people there, when so much money is lying to be spent for them every year?" True, London has the most magnificent collection of foundations and private charities that can be grouped together on any few square

miles under the sun. But it is a fact to which those who mix with the poor can testify, that they are profoundly ignorant where they can obtain relief. Not the least service which can be done by the missionary, is the leading them to obtain, assisted by his recommendation, that aid which may be temporarily necessary, when they are stricken to the ground by disease or misfortune.

One word as a colophon. We have seen how it stands with the poor—how stern necessity has ground them down, either to a callous indifference to all the means of grace, or really shuts them out from their use. Surely "Sunday at home" ought to be differently observed by the rich man, who is clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fires sumptuously every day. Experience of many rich men teaches us that here "extremes often meet." They are professedly religious; they subscribe readily and handsomely to a host of charities; but "Sunday at home," except perhaps the morning service, is a day devoted to dining, political discussion, and current scandal. Is it better with the *intellectual*? Not so; often worse. Those who know London literary society are aware of the melancholy fact, how largely "Sunday at home" is regarded as the great day of the week, but not for its legitimate purpose. Then are assembled parties in which the last new novel is discussed, the last new poem, and the last great picture analysed; the last slashing criticism read and enjoyed, or torn to pieces, amidst the flash of gay sallies, and the sparkle of wit, which if often sheer levity, is sometimes, and not seldom, the refined scoff at religion and morality. And yet many of these brilliant men and women are the leaders of the age, who, in plain Saxon phrase, "know better;" and whose example, if it were but a faint approximation to their written precept, would afford a noble spectacle.

Let every one who reposes under the shadow of a pious home prize it as one of the first of God's blessings. Let him who would teach, strive to adorn his practice; and let all lend a hand in advocating the establishment of **RAGGED CHURCHES**.

### A WORD IN SEASON.

#### A TRUE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD OFFICER.

"**Y**ES," said my father, as he lay down the Bible, which he had been attentively reading, "be instant in season and out of season;" and then, addressing himself to me, he added: "Be careful, my boy, to bear this apostolic command in your memory and your heart. You know not how much seed you may sow in good ground,

which shall bear fruit to our Father's glory ; you know not how many souls may crown your triumph in eternity. I speak from experience. My first impression—if impression I may call the dawning conviction of sin, which struggled many years ere it produced a change of heart—was received at a time when, perhaps, it might least have been looked for. It was a word in season, though some would have thought it strangely out of season. And now," added the dear old man, "I know you are curious to hear the history ; it may do you good, and so you shall have it.

"I had been ordered rather in haste to join my regiment at Chatham, and proceed with it to Copenhagen. The season was unusually cold ; and unaccustomed as I then was to a sailor's life, the prospect of a voyage brought with it but little comfort. Rejoiced indeed was I when, after what seemed to me a tedious time, we entered the bay of Copenhagen, and the signal was made to disembark. Soon the detachment under my command was all activity. The boats were lowered to convey us to the shore. My men were already in them, only waiting for the order to cast off. There was, however, a delay, in consequence of a corporal, in embarking the last of his light-guns, getting his gear entangled, and almost sending it over the side into the pinnace below. I was standing close to him at the moment, and saw the great danger to which those in the boat had been exposed through his carelessness. In haste I gave him a sharp reproof ; and, to my shame I must add, accompanied it with an oath. It was seldom that I thus forgot myself, for I felt it to be ungentlemanly ; but I was young, gay, and thoughtless, and swearing was one of the fashionable vices of the age.

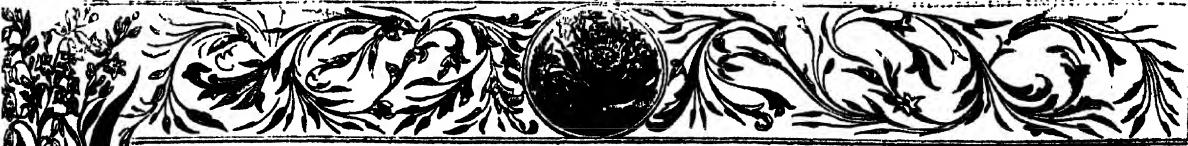
"The thing had, as I thought, passed over. The guns were safely deposited ; the men were embarked ; I, too, as the last, was about to go over the side, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder. It was that of the good old Admiral Gambier. 'My young friend,' said he, 'I am old, and claim the privilege of speaking to you freely. Remember you are going into action ; a few hours and you may be in the presence of your God. Bear this in mind, and restrain yourself whenever you are about to give expression to hasty and unbecoming words. For it is no fable which I speak when I tell you, that for all such and for every idle word you must give an account at the day of judgment.' I cannot tell you the impression which this made upon me at the moment. I tried to forget it, but I could not ; and although, to outward appearances, I was the same, yet the figure of the fine venerable old admiral was ever before me, and his words reproving me.

"Years passed on—years of toil and danger. But amidst much folly, much dissipation, and neglect of God, that one warning again and again would speak to my conscience, and remind me of the time when these follies should end. It was a word spoken to a young and thoughtless heart, but it laid hold of me with an iron grasp, and never relaxed. I fought and bled in many scenes and many lands. I followed Moore through his disastrous retreat, and was with him when he fell on the memorable field of Corunna. I was in the breach at Badajoz, and wounded under the walls of Salamanca, and finished my career at Waterloo. In my public capacity, I had nothing to regret, being always forward in danger, and the last to retreat. Many a forlorn hope I led. Many a successful contest I headed. Once I turned the fortunes of a lost field. Once I was promoted in the heat of a battle amidst the dying and the dead. England's greatest commander honoured me, and called me his friend.

"But all this did not quiet the accusing monitor within. The good old admiral's voice sounded in my ears by day and by night. I have heard that voice in the battle-field ; I have felt his hand upon my shoulder when I have been going astray ; sometimes so vivid has been the impression that I have turned aside. At length I could bear it no longer. I was, as it were, forced to reflect, to read, to pray ; and at length I became a Christian. Then I learned, but not until then, the full value of the admonition which almost in boyhood I had received ; and to rejoice that God had sp̄red me amidst so many perils, to bring me to the high and glorious state of a believer in Christ.

"And now, my boy, in your father's old age, you see him no longer the bold and thoughtless soldier, but a soldier of the Lord ; I trust humbled and earnest, looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith. Thus you perceive the warning of the good old admiral, whose memory I love, on the eve of the bombardment of Copenhagen, has tracked me through life, and brought me peace at last. You are a minister of the gospel, and I trust deeply imbued with the knowledge of saving truth : bear your father's history in mind, and make it a rule of your life to speak a gospel word to every passing friend, in season and out of season."

"The above," adds the gentleman who transmits us the above deeply interesting anecdote, "is a true episode in the life of an old officer now gone to his rest : many interesting records of him may follow, if they suit your pages." We shall be happy, from time to time, to receive communications of a similar character to the above.—**EDITOR.**



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### PROVIDENCE IN LITTLE THINGS.

#### PART III.

THE doctrine well established and believed, that God's providence guides and controls the small as well as the great events of our history, is fraught with practical teaching. It places us at all times and in all circumstances in direct contact with God. We shall feel him with us, and shall have comparatively little difficulty in obeying a precept like that which was given to the patriarch : "The Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect." God will be at our right hand ; we shall not be moved. We shall be weaned from self-confidence, and shall commit our works and ways unto the Lord. Difficulties and straits will not hinder our trust in him. We shall prosecute our duty in the various departments of life none the less vigorously because the result is with the Lord ; and in that duty we shall mingle much of earnest supplication. Diligence and forethought will be regarded as putting us in the way of God's blessing, without which nothing is strong and nothing good. Jacob, on the eve of his victorious wrestling with the angel, is an example of the truth we are now inculcating. Anxious when he heard the report of Esau, and his four hundred men, he betook himself to prayer ; but he also adopted the likeliest means of appeasing his brother's anger. In like manner, David goes against the enemy of Israel in the name of Jehovah, thus expecting a victory ; but his sling and stones were regarded as indispensable. "To use means without respect to God is proudly to contemn him ; to depend on God without the use of means is irreligiously to tempt him. In both we abuse his providence ; in the one we disobey him in not using the means he hath appointed ; in the other we presumptuously repose upon him for the encouragement of our laziness."

A great happiness it is thus to trust in the Lord in relation to the every-day engagements of life. It will lessen anxiety. It will stimulate to right action. It will induce contentment. It will encourage prayer. We shall feel that distance never puts us out of God's reach ; darkness never hides us from his sight. Nothing is

too great for him to control—nothing too small for him to guide. We shall have a friend near whom we can always consult—on whose wisdom and kindness we may place unlimited dependence ; and we shall be under a protection in all scenes of temptation, effectually shielding us from mischief. Some such trust is indicated in the resolve of the psalmist, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God ;" and to this trust the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews refers : "Be content with such things as ye have : for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." "If God take care of the hairs," says Mr. Charnock, "the ornamental superfluities, why should we doubt his care of our necessary supply ? If he be the guardian of our hairs, which fall off without our sense of their departure, shall he be careless of us when we are at a pinch for our all ? Will God reach out his care to beasts, and deny it to his children ? What would you judge of that father who should feed his servants and starve his sons ? He supplies his enemies, and hath he no bowels for his friends. The very unjust as well as the just are enlightened by his sun, and refreshed by his rain ; and shall he not have a providence for those who have a special interest in that Mediator whose interposition kept up those standing mercies after our forfeiture of them by sin ? If he bless with those blessings, those who are the objects of his curse, will he not bless those that are in his special favour with them, so far as they may prove blessings to them ? 'The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing : there is no want to them that fear him.' A good man shall have what he needs—not always what he thinks he needs. Providence intends the supply of our necessities, not of our desires ; he will satisfy our wants, but not our wantonness. When a thing is not needful, a man cannot properly be said to want it ; when it is needful, a good man shall not be without it. What is not bestowed upon us may not be so beautiful at that time wherein we desire it, for 'everything is beautiful in its season.' He that did not want God's kindness to renew him, shall never want God's kindness to supply him. His hand shall not be wanting to give, when his heart hath been so large in working. Others live that have an interest only in common providence, but good men have providence cabineted in a promise

and assurance to them by a deed of covenant conveyance. He was a provider before—he hath made himself now your debtor. You might pray for his providential care before, with a common faith, now with a more special expostulation; for in his promise he hath given a good man the key of the chest of his providence, because it is ‘the promise of this life and of that which is to come’—of this life, not to our desires but necessities—of the life to come, to both, wherein they shall have whatsoever they can want and whatsoever they can desire.”

And this realizing of God’s hand in little things will exert in another way a happy influence on our prayers. They will not only be frequent and trustful, but they will connect themselves with the circumstance of every day life. In everything we shall make known by prayer and supplication our requests unto God. Those little things will not be deemed too insignificant to be prayed about. Why should they? If they are not too insignificant for God to care for, they cannot be too insignificant for us to present before his throne.

Christians often complain of wandering thoughts in prayer; perhaps, however, this wandering is partly occasioned by the attempts they make to force away their minds from matters awakening solicitude, and throwing difficulties across their present path. They would think on what they deem of greater importance, and therefore more suitable for prayer. These are their spiritual interests—matters pertaining to the soul and eternity; the things which are deemed too small and unimportant to pray about, occasion distraction. To get rid of these, and set the spirit free for the prayer which is so much desired, it would be well, perhaps, sometimes to let these little things have their way. They demand attention—let them have it. Give them utterance. Find in them materials for supplication. Their urgency at the moment when we would pray to our Father in secret, would seem to point this out as the very thing which we should do with them. If God be our father, and if he concern himself as to the little matters of our life, may we not breathe into his bosom every care, and place before him every want? The heart and the understanding will thus go together in the most devout engagements of the Christian life. Prayer will embrace the things about which we think and feel: Little things and great things would find their appropriate places. The atmosphere of the soul would be cleared and settled. God would be known by us as a child knows its parent, by the supplies constantly vouchsafed, and sympathy constantly received. Every change, every sorrow, and every joy, from the least to the greatest, would endear him to us on

whom we depend, and whose aid in all things we are encouraged to seek. We shall “wait for the Lord, our soul will wait, and in his word shall we hope. Our soul will wait for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning; we shall hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy and plenteous redemption.”

Recognising the providence of God in little matters would, moreover, take out of our way many of the annoyances and troubles which we now feel. A history full of Divine providence would be too full of kindness and mercy to leave much to disquiet us. We have often noticed in both ourselves and others, that heavy trials are borne much more patiently than the lighter and more inconsiderable. “Many Christians,” says John Newton, “who bear the loss of a child, or the destruction of all their property, with the most heroic Christian fortitude, are entirely vanquished and overcome by the breaking of a dish, or the blunders of a servant, and show so unchristian a spirit that we cannot but wonder at them.” This is a homely way of putting the thought, but it is just, and indicates that knowledge of the ways of life among Christians for which Mr. Newton was so remarkable. In heavy troubles we see the hand of God, and our piety teaches us quiet submission; in lighter troubles we think almost exclusively of the immediate instrument affecting them, and our motive for quiet submission disappears, or is greatly weakened. Or we carry the heavier trial to the Lord. We spread it out before him as Hezekiah did the letter of the impious captain. We ask for grace to enable us to endure, so as to honour him. The lighter trouble seems too trivial to be thus dealt with. We meet it alone, and hence the friction, the disquietude and annoyance it occasions. Illustrations occur in our intercourse with Christian brethren. The grievance which we can mention to them, under which we can seek and obtain their sympathy, is borne much more easily than that which either from its insignificance, or from any other cause, we cannot pour into another’s ear. Let me keep my sorrow to myself, and my spirit will brood over it, till it seems almost as if no other sorrow were like mine; let me tell it to my friend, and the very act of doing so makes me wonder I could think so much about it. We may not, however, have a friend at hand, or our trouble seems so slight when we begin to detail it, that the smile which plays upon his countenance stops our progress, and disappoints our expectation of sympathy. The Christian, however, who really believes that little things as well as great things are directed by God—that therefore, with all their effects, they are known to him—will have present with him at all times a Friend, into whose ear he can

pour even the pettiest annoyances, and from whom he will be sure to obtain sympathy. He will obtain looks of love and words of kindness, sustaining and comforting him. He will thus trust and not be afraid, for God is his refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. He will realize in both his heavier and his lighter causes of anxiety what the prophet Isaiah so beautifully sets forth: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. He will trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

And this recognition of God's providence in little things will impress upon every part of our history a character and meaning contributing, when rightly understood, to our highest welfare. To the naturalist, who walks abroad with a devout mind, tracing the hand of God in the objects he contemplates,

#### Not a flower

But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes  
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.  
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds  
Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower,  
Of what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

In like manner he who recognises the hand of God as guiding even the meaner affairs of his life, will have his mind opened by those meaner affairs, to an instruction which he would not be without for any earthly consideration. Even the most thoughtful among Christians are too ready to associate God's teaching by providence exclusively with remarkable circumstances. A sudden stroke of affliction makes them feel; when God removes his stroke they read a lesson of thankfulness. This is right. God sends affliction to open our ears to discipline. He takes it away that we may praise him. But he does not restrict his teaching to these things. Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, in one of her beautiful tracts, has supposed a Christian on the evening of a birth-day, or some other anniversary, reviewing the way in which God has led him, and resolving in Divine strength with relation to his conduct in the opening year. In the midst of his musings he receives an unexpected messenger from heaven, directing his attention to the events of the coming year as fraught with most important instruction. He listens to the message, and watches as days roll over for the lessons to which it bespoke special attention. Nothing, however, very remarkable occurs. His days are uniform. Their circumstances are ordinary and common. At first he is somewhat disappointed, but at length it occurs to him that the message referred

to these ordinary and common things. What interest and importance do they assume from that moment! His cares and occupations, his fears and hopes, his associations and pursuits, albeit of an every-day character, become the medium through which God speaks to him, and are therefore regarded with an interest he never before felt.

Such, however, is the true character of the ordinary events of our life. They are all under God's direction. They are adapted to teach us lessons of dependence, gratitude, submission, and love. Life is thus fraught with significance; its cares, its hopes, its vexations, and its pleasures constitute an agency, silent, active, certain; most efficient in preparing us for a higher, happier sphere; and blessed is that Christian who, with this thought present to his mind, resolves with the psalmist: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people and to his saints; but let them not turn again unto folly." "Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name."

#### JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

##### PART I.

AMONG the mail-coated barons who followed the standard of William the Norman to the shores of England, was one named Gourney, whom the Conqueror rewarded for his prowess by the bestowment of large feudal estates, principally in the county of Norfolk. A line of country gentlemen, settled for centuries at Harpley and West Barsham, maintained the family name, and enjoyed a portion of the family inheritance, until the failure of male issue in the reign of Charles II. The possessions became divided among the female branches; but a descendant of one of the younger sons of an earlier generation lived at that time in the old city of Norwich, fulfilling life's toils, and battling with its troubles, after a different fashion from his kingly ancestor. This was John Gourney, or Gurney, a worthy quaker, who, amidst persecution and suffering, manfully adhered to the principles he had embraced. In the records of the Friends at Norwich, it is stated that on the 29th of 9th month, 1682, they, "being kept out of their meeting-house, met together in the street to wait upon the Lord," when John Gurney and another were violently dragged before a justice of the peace, "as if they had been malefactors." Imprisonment followed; but the good man remained staunch to his convictions; and, in spite of all the intolerance he endured, the Lord made him to prosper, so that he became the possessor of considerable wealth, and the founder of a family

who have flourished ever since, far more illustrious, through their intelligence, charity, and other virtues, than could their military progenitor ever have been for deeds of arms. Their name has for many a year been a household word in the lips of Norwich citizens; and well do we remember how, in our boyhood, we used to hear of a famous John Gurney of the last century, who defended the trade of the city before a committee of the House of Lords, and who preached with wonderful eloquence and power in the venerable place of worship occupied by the Friends in the Gildencroft. There was another of the same family, Edmund Gurney, of like distinguished abilities, who lived nearer to our own time, whose name we still better recollect; while Joseph Gurney of "the Grove," in his drab garb and broad-brimmed hat, remains in our memory among the leading magnates of our native city, whom we were taught to honour and regard with reverence and love. He had an elder brother, John, who resided at Earlham, and from him sprung the subject of the following brief sketch, drawn from the interesting volumes now before us,\* and aided by our own fondly cherished recollections.

Earlham is a quiet little village, with its church and a few houses, and its bridge and "the old hall." It is many years since we saw the place, but we can picture the avenue of limes in the park, and the unpretending look of the mansion we have named, where the Gurneys dwelt, and where Joseph John was born, in the year 1788. His mother was a woman of rare virtues, of deep piety, and of a very vigorous mind, as may be inferred from the circumstance of her taking with her "Butler's Analogy," as a favourite book, to read in her early morning walks upon the Earlham lawn. She was the mother of eleven children, and died when the youngest was not two years old. They were an extraordinary family, many of them in personal appearance, all of them as to ability and culture, refinement of taste, and the possession of accomplishments. The good father was cheered during his widowed years of life, by seeing his children grow up loved and admired; though it is proper to state, some of them at least evinced a taste for amusements and gay society, such as must have given their parent, who was a professed Friend, some degree of concern.

The family at Earlham were sought by the best society in Norwich and Norfolk, and many a distinguished visitor to the county, including the late duke of Gloucester, when as prince George he was with his regiment quartered in

the city, gladly accepted their friendship and hospitality. The eldest daughter, Catherine, who was seventeen when her mother died, was a person of remarkable judgment and decision, sympathy and kindness, and was therefore well fitted to preside in her mother's place, which she was enabled to do with almost the dignity of a matron, without losing the modesty of a sister.

The attractive qualities of the young people occasionally brought to their house those whose acquaintance could be of no religious benefit to them; and these again introduced "certain talented unbelievers," as Joseph John Gurney calls them, in his private journal. Alluding to the danger to which they were thus exposed, he observes: "But the God of all grace had better things in store for us. He did not permit us to be carried off into the cold regions of infidel speculation. Catherine, our eldest sister, was naturally of a sober mind, fond of reading which had some approach at least to subjects of a serious import, and she gradually became the decided Christian. Her influence was soon found to be invaluable with her younger brothers and sisters. By degrees she became to them a check on the vanities of the world, a faithful guardian against loose and dangerous views of religion, and a cherisher of all that is good and valuable, whether intellectual or spiritual."

Joseph John, when fifteen years old, was sent to Oxford to be educated under a private tutor named John Rogers, an eccentric man, but a good scholar, for whom the youthful pupil contracted a strong affection, while he did him honour by the large and rapid attainments which he made in classical and other branches of learning. His faithful sister, still more anxious about his soul than his education in temporal knowledge, would often write to him in the most judicious manner, earnestly entreating him not to fear being ridiculed for appearing religious. Beautifully did she say to him in quaker phrasology: "And when thou art reading the Scriptures, remember that there is much that thou must expect to find mysterious, and some passages perhaps to thee wholly unintelligible: but let not this shake thy confidence in their Divine authority, nor lead thee into reasonings above thy understanding."

Young Gurney worked very hard at his books, and in what his tutor oddly enough called "the rest week," reconstrued the whole of the Latin and Greek which he had been reading for months previously. Once he translated the whole of Longinus in a single day, and in addition to his close study of the classics, learned the Italian language, so as speedily to read Davila and Tasso.

On leaving his tutor, at the age of seventeen,

\* Life of Joseph John Gurney; edited by J. B. Braithwaite. 2 vols. Norwich: Fletcher and Alexander, 1854.

he was placed in his father's bank at Norwich, where he applied himself sedulously to the details of business, without suffering himself to neglect the improvement of his mind, for which he had laid so solid a foundation under the tutorship of Mr. Rogers. Indeed, it is astonishing to read the account of his literary diligence, after he had settled down in his father's bank. To the continued and careful perusal of the classical authors, he added an examination of the principal writings of the early church, and he was further spoken of by a friend as "an extraordinary young man—in the habit of devoting so much time to study, early in the morning, as to have read nearly the whole of the Old Testament in the original Hebrew." He adopted for himself as a motto, and afterwards impressed it on his son—a motto worthy of being acted upon by all—"Be a whole man to one thing at a time."

So great was his application to literary pursuits, that in his twenty-third year he was able to write a critique on Sir William Drummond's *Dissertations on the Herculanensia*, abounding in references to classical works little known to ordinary students, and indicative of a surprising acquaintance with those familiar to scholars in general: nor are there wanting in the production proofs of very considerable acquisitions in the knowledge of Hebrew and Arabic.

Looking at Mr. Gurney's wealth, position in life, powers of mind, acquirements in learning, one sees that now in the morning of his life the fairest prospects of fame were before him, and he might have chosen, with greater chances of success than most men, some one or other of the paths which lead to the great prizes of worldly ambition. The choice he made was of another kind. From his childhood he had felt the power of Divine truth. A renewal of his fallen nature, through the grace of God, he had experienced, ere reaching the maturity of his manhood. That wonderful change, called by him who is the light of the world "a new birth," took place at a period when he was strengthened against those earthly temptations which beset the youth of talent, ambition and enterprise. The spirit of God wrought upon his nature, like the gentle dew, and he yielded himself, and all that he possessed, to the service and honour of his Father in heaven. What in many cases is sudden, in his was gradual; and in this part of his history, it is far the best to leave him to speak for himself. "I was by no means insensible," he says, "in very early life to religious considerations; being no stranger from the first opening of my faculties, to those precious visitations of Divine love, which often draw the young mind to its Creator, and melt it into tenderness. If religion has indeed grown in me (as I humbly believe it

has, though amidst innumerable backslidings), it has pretty much kept pace with the growth of my natural faculties; for I cannot now recall any decided turning point in this matter, except that which afterwards brought me to plain Quakerism. Cases of this description are, in my opinion, in no degree at variance with the cardinal Christian doctrine of the necessity of conversion and of the new birth unto righteousness. The work which effects the vital change from a state of nature to a state of grace is doubtless often begun in very early childhood; nay, it may open on the soul with the earliest opening of its natural faculties; and that its progress may sometimes be so gradual as to preclude our perceiving any very distinct steps in it, we may learn from our blessed Lord's parable: 'So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how: for the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.' I have no doubt that some seed was sown in my heart when I was little more than an infant, through the agency of my watchful mother, and afterwards that seed was sedulously watched and cultivated by my dearest sister Catherine. Yet I believe that much of the feeling into which my young mind was at times brought on the subject of religion, was the simple result of those gracious visitations which are independent of all human agency, and like the wind which bloweth where it listeth." Here was the groundwork of his subsequent religious life; here was the power which renewed his mind and sanctified his affections, and threw over every gift with which God had enriched him, that hue of spiritual beauty which subdued and delighted all who witnessed his course. He chose "the better part:" had he yielded to the fascination of the world, or to the ambitious desires of nature, how different had been his history! He might have gained more of riches, more of power, more of fame, more of worldly honour, but how different would have been his end; and how greatly it depended on the choice which he made as a young man, what he should become afterwards—what *he is now*. Then he stood at the point where *the two ways met*—ways which lead infinitely apart. There was much in the broad way to attract; but he said of the narrow one, "This shall be mine."

Mr. Gurney's father died in 1809. He felt the blow acutely, for he had been a reverential and loving son, but the characteristics of his mind come out in his journal in immediate connection with the melancholy event. True to the proverb, that 'weeping must not hinder sowing,' the afflicted son now the head of his family,

records: "To begin to-morrow at an early hour, and recommence my studies, to attend carefully and with activity to the gloomy offices of an executor, and resolutely to apply to business." Probably the loss of his parent, and the additionally responsible position in which he was thereby placed, made him feel more than ever the importance of making a public profession of religion as a member of some portion of the visible church of Christ. At this time he felt his mind increasingly drawn towards the peculiarities of quakerism. Familiar to him from early association, he now closely investigated their nature and grounds, diligently searching the Scriptures for light, and availing himself of the writings of Barclay and Hooper, for such aid as they could supply in the settlement of his ecclesiastical opinions. All this careful and conscientious consideration ended in his becoming a decided Friend, which he remained to the end of life—having in the year 1817 become a public minister in that denomination; a year also remarkable in his history from his union at that time with his first wife—"a faithful partner," as he observes, "of his joys and sorrows, and in the ministry of the glorious gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Great charitable and religious institutions called forth the latent zeal and liberality of the pious young quaker, and his home became the centre of a large circle of acquaintance, distinguished for their philanthropy and other virtues. The Earlham parties, so well known by the friends of truth and goodness in the city of Norwich, will never be forgotten by those who shared in them. With an abounding hospitality was mingled the greatest simplicity. All was graceful and refined; nothing was ostentatious and extravagant. There was everything that might be looked for in the mansion of a gentleman, but the visitor felt it was the mansion of a Christian gentleman. Christian pity and love presided over all the arrangements. The forms of religion were not obtruded, but the spirit of it shed its fragrance over the whole atmosphere of the house. Very pleasant is it to read the reminiscences of his daughter, who tells us: "From the time that my dearest father put me as a little child on the table at dessert, to look at a party of ninety (the largest we ever had), until they were discontinued, I looked forward to them as a great treat. But they were, for better reasons, occasions of extreme interest, and I have no doubt were the means of great good in uniting many in Christian fellowship, who would otherwise have known each other only by name. Though my father steadily maintained his own views as a Friend, he was always ready to give a warm welcome to the individuals who came down to attend the meetings of the Missionaries' and

Jews' Societies, which were held in the same week with that of the Bible Society. He had a remarkable power of showing love and friendship towards his fellow-Christians, while he always openly acknowledged and maintained his own opinions on particular points. A more complete illustration of this part of his character there could not be, than in his mode of conducting the very large parties at Earlham, of which I am speaking. His brothers-in-law (my uncle Buxton, and my uncle Cunningham) were generally his helpers on such occasions, and invited whom they pleased, and generally the dining-room filled in those days was no common sight. There were persons of all denominations, among the rest many of the Norwich Friends—most of them, indeed, on one of the three days. It was so different from a party called together for mere amusement, so fine a feeling pervaded the whole, while he as master was wonderfully enabled to keep up the tone of conversation, that I should think it never sank to a mere chit-chat level. My impression is that, while he greatly felt the responsibility of these occasions, he most truly enjoyed them, having often around him those whose conversation was a feast to him, such as Wilberforce, Simeon, Legh Richmond, John Cunningham, and many others. I never saw my dearest father look more beautiful than he did at the bottom of those long tables."

We can fully enter into these remarks. There was a singular beauty in his countenance, as all who knew him must have felt. It was the image of his mind. As Gregory Nyssen said of Basil, "his face was attuned to harmony with the soul;" and as Howe said of a friend, "he was wrought 'luto meliore' of better or more accurately figured and finer turned clay;" so when Mr. Gurney was excited with holy pleasure, as he would be in the enjoyment of intercourse with choice friends, it is scarcely too much to say of him that "his face shone as it had been the face of an angel." Earlham Hall was ever the abode of Christian hospitality and catholic love, and still, in after years, many of the most distinguished men in the Christian church might be seen there, enjoying that happy fellowship which the Spirit of Christ purifies, and exalts, and renders preparatory to the perfect communion of heaven.

And there were other parties at Earlham worthy of notice—not of the great and mighty, but the mean and humble; for if one man more than another ever deserved the name of "the poor man's friend," it was Joseph John Gurney. He was a great promoter of education, and was the mainstay, we believe the founder, of the Lancasterian school in Norwich. An excursion to Earlham Park, in the summer, was a high pleasure and a rich reward to the three or four

hundred boys who formed the school. How their little hearts beat with joy as, in their best clothes, with osier wands in their hands, and their plates neatly folded up in napkins or handkerchiefs, they wended their way out of St. Giles's gates, along the country road, to the hall of the good man, whose smiling face they often saw at school, and by whose silvery voice they were often allured to listen to lessons of truth and wisdom. Sitting down under the elm-trees of the park, they were regaled with appropriate provisions and pleasant amusements; and a few words of kindness and love from the worthy host, crowned this bright day in the poor boy's calendar. In the year 1825, there was a great depression in trade occasioned by the panic. Workmen were out of employ; riotous meetings were held; threatening language was employed. Mr. Gurney largely contributed to the fund for their relief, and invited a deputation from the operatives to breakfast with him. About fifty came, with a notorious chartist leader, as we should now term him, at their head. There was the usual reading of the Scriptures, and a plentiful repast; and then words of advice were given on the subject of wages, and the duty of workmen to their employers. The effect was what might be expected, and the whole was a beautiful instance of sympathy on the one hand, and gratitude on the other, binding into union the extremes of society.

[To be continued.]

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### SATAN A PREACHER.

IN an American publication we find, under this quaint title, the following remarks:—

1. He is the oldest preacher in the world. We do not know what he did in the preaching line before he began on earth; but he began here as soon as there was anybody to preach to. We think a preacher who has been at it nearly six thousand years, may be called an old one, and yet,

2. People do not dislike to hear him because he is old. Peoples' tastes have got to be such that other preachers, on the wrong side of fifty, must consider they are about done with using the gospel trumpet. But nothing of this kind is true respecting this old preacher. No, though he is so old, yet,

3. He has large congregations. We have not seen any public edifices acknowledged as prepared for his use; but it matters not since he gets the use of them. And these temples are very large, some of them; and crowded they are, at times, to suffocation. And often no public edifice would hold the numbers present when he is chief actor, as a battlefield, riot scenes, etc. Hundreds

of thousands have been known to be in the audience at once. And yet,

4. He is a preacher who is not ashamed to preach to a very small congregation. At the first of his efforts in this world, he had but a single auditor. Some gospel preachers are quite sensitive on this point. They cannot preach unless you turn out a goodly number to them. Couldn't they take a hint of Satan on this subject? He is not particular about numbers. He'll preach to ten, to two, to one, to a child.

5. Indefatigable in his preaching; who can doubt that? He has had little rest since he began. And he preaches everywhere—in palace and cottage—parlour, attic, and cellar—cabin, forecastle, and at mast-head—morning, evening, midnight—to the few, to the many—in the house, and by the way. Vigilant, active, enterprising; what an example, in these respects, to all other preachers!

6. As to success—the whole history of his labours proclaims this. His first sermon was successful, and every country, every community, every family, every heart, in every age, can furnish proof of his not having laboured in vain.

Two more things only have we to say of this preacher.

1. Though so successful, he has lost great numbers of his converts. More than any man can number have already reached heaven in spite of him. And great numbers in our day break their bonds, and escape their pitiful bondage. And more still, in coming ages, will toss the doctrines of the Old Preacher to the winds, and he may "roar" after them, but they will escape.

2. And he will have to stop preaching himself by-and-by. Not because he is old, nor because he is tired of the work and wishes to retire, nor because he has nothing more to say; but because he, who is the Redeemer of his people, will suffer him no longer to injure his kingdom. There will be a great council, when an end will be put to his relation to this world, for all the redeemed of the Lord, and all the pure and good in the universe, will unite with the great Head of the church in his condemnation.

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**AFFLICTION.**—John Newton used to say—"If a man will make his nest below, God will put a thorn in it, and if that will not do, he will set it on fire."

**CONTENTMENT.**—We often lose the benefit of the blessings in our possession, by hunting after those which are out of our reach.

**VANITY.**—The desire of being thought wise is often a hindrance to becoming so, for such an one is more solicitous to let the world see what knowledge he hath, than to learn how much he wants.

**ADVICE.**—He that would employ his abilities, his influence, and his authority, in the reformation of others, must take care to reform himself, before he enters upon the work.

## Page for the Young.

### A CHILD'S LOVE OF THE SABBATH AND ITS SERVICE.

A LITTLE book was published several years since, entitled, "The History of Nelly Vanner;" a dear pious child, who died when she was only ten years of age. Her conduct was very lovely, particularly on the sabbath day, and is quite worthy of imitation by the youthful readers of "The Sunday at Home." The minister who wrote the particulars of her life and death, gives the following information.

"It would have been most pleasant for you to see her on sabbath days. If too unwell to go out, she was taught, from pictures, some Scripture story. Sometimes her mother, or one of her sisters, read to her from the Bible. I will tell you some of the Scripture stories she was most pleased to hear. There was first the beautiful history of Joseph, which you are all fond of. You will find it in Genesis xxxvii. to xlvi. Then came the stories—of Moses in the bulrushes—and the burning bush—and the plagues of Egypt—and Pharaoh's host drowned in the Red Sea—and Israel encamped in the wilderness—and the manna falling from heaven. Exod. ii. to xvi. Next, the wonderful account of Elijah the prophet, how he sat by the brook Cherith, and God commanded the ravens to feed him—how terribly he rebuked the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel—and the story of the poor widow with her "handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse," with that other of the little captive maid, greatly delighted her. They are all in the chapters from 1 Kings xvii. to 2 Kings v. Time would fail to tell how many questions she asked about these stories, and how often she would have them read to her. Never was Nelly seen on the sabbath day lounging about in idleness, or looking out of the window. When she was not told what to do, she found something to do for herself. Her bag of little favourite books, her hymns, and tracts, and Testament were always at hand—a never failing source of pleasure. The precious hours of the Saviour's day were not wearisome to her.

"When she was well enough to go to the house of God, it cannot be told how glad she was. Could you have watched her at chapel, you would have wondered to see how sweetly she joined in the hymn, how still and thoughtful she was at time of reading and prayer, and how fixed her attention when the sermon began. She did not look about. She did not sleep in the house of God. But you might have seen her countenance changing. Sometimes it was bright with joy. Sometimes the tears filled her eyes. Sometimes she looked down, as though there was something she did not understand, or else some choice thought which she was treasuring in her memory. When she came home, she used to help her dear mamma to remember the sermon, and to write down the "heads" of it. How much happier she must have been at chapel than children who behave badly there! When she was in London, about this time, she heard Mr. Tidman preach several times. On sabbath mornings he used to 'expound' or explain parts of Scripture history. Once he spoke of little Samuel, who was awoke by God who called to him as he lay asleep, one night in the Temple. And another time he told of that little Hebrew maid who was so useful to Naaman, the Syrian, the same story

which she was so fond of at home. These expositions greatly pleased her, and she would often come to her mamma, when they were alone, some day in the week after, to tell what she heard last sabbath, and to show how well she remembered it."

### THE DUTY OF A CHILD'S OBEDIENCE.

In the history of the same little girl we are told that she was a youthful follower of Jesus Christ. Her conduct was such as was becoming a dear Christian child. Many things might be mentioned about her, but her prompt and cheerful obedience to her parents only will now be noticed. Her obedience made her very happy. Read attentively the following lines:—

"A habit of obeying did much to make her a happy child. After her death we discovered the little Testament which she used to carry in her bag. Many of her favourite texts were marked with a pencil. She had put double pencil marks opposite that one that says, 'Children, obey your parents in all things.' When Nelly was told to do a thing, she did not stop to ask 'Why?' She arose and did it. She did not stop to think, 'I do not like to do what mamma tells me.' She knew that the Bible said she must obey her parents 'in all things.' It did not say 'in all things that you like.' Why do you obey your parents? Is it because you are afraid of them? or have you a better reason—because the Bible tells you to do so?

"Nelly did not wait to be told a thing the second time. She found out that it was easier to obey the first time. For while you are waiting to be told again, your disobedient temper is getting stronger, and more difficult to be mastered. If Nelly greatly wished for anything, sometimes she would ask her mamma for it. She did not ask for everything she wished. If her mamma answered, "No, my dear," Nelly did not ask a second time. That would have been disobedience. It would have shown an unwilling, selfish spirit, and that you can easily see is disobedience of heart. She gave herself no time for such unhappy feelings, but turned cheerfully away to some other employment. Remember that a disobedient thought is always an unhappy one. Save yourselves from such unhappiness, and try Nelly's plan of instant obedience. You will be surprised to find how pleasant it is.

"At one time, Nelly was so delicate, that she was not allowed to go out on the spring mornings, except when the sun shone; and then she was not permitted to stand still in the garden, lest she should take cold; nor to run and play about, lest she should become too heated. A very little thing would make her ill again. So she was obliged to keep walking and moving slowly about while her sisters were running, or playing, or gardening around her. Her heart leaped up to join them. It would have been to her a great delight, but it was a truer delight to obey."

Children, if you wish to be happy, be obedient. If you love your parents, be obedient; and if you love God, remember his words, which were marked by Nelly Vanner in her Testament: "Children, obey your parents in all things."

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

## BETHELHEM.

FROM earliest childhood we have listened with interest to the stories told us concerning Bethlehem, the city of David, and also the birthplace of our Lord and Saviour. It may not be quite uninteresting to hear from eye-witnesses something more about its present appearance,

and to recall the hallowed associations connected with this lovely spot.

On leaving Jerusalem, the traveller passes through the Jaffa gate, and rides a short way through the valley of Ben Hinnom. To the right is Birket es-Sultan, or the lower pool, which has long been dry. A little further on, to the left, the valley becomes very narrow, by

reason of rocks on each side approaching precipitously close; and as one looks at the fearful precipice, the remembrance of the awful image of Moloch rises involuntarily in the mind; for it was here that that idol, with the head of an ox and arms of brass, heated by a fire kindled below and within the figure, clasped the little children of idolatrous Jewish parents to its burning breast, and, with one fearful embrace, threw them down as mangled corpses. In later times, all the carrion of the city, and the bodies of condemned culprits, were thrown here to be burned, so that in the time of the Saviour it was regarded as the proper representation of the place of eternal misery.

A little further forward are monasteries built on spots intended to represent various incidents in Bible history; but whether these events actually took place on the spot or not is, we need hardly say, exceedingly questionable. The house of Caiaphas, the place where Elijah sat under the juniper tree, Rachel's grave, and many other spots, are shown by the monks to wondering travellers and pilgrims, and afford these men a means of subsistence, too often by the narration of untruthful legends.

We meet along the road camels bringing dry wood into the city; the fields, too, in spring, are covered with barley, and the hills with fruit-trees, among which one observes figs, dates, almonds, and grapes in great abundance. It was among these fields that David fed his sheep and composed some of his beautiful psalms. It was among them also that Ruth gleaned ears after the reapers, having forsaken her home and her kindred, and chosen Naomi's God to be her God. But, above all, it was here that the shepherds as they watched their flocks received the angelic notice of the Saviour's birth.

The town of Bethlehem lies on the top of a hill with two ridges. It was once a fortress, but is so no more. There are about three thousand inhabitants, who support themselves partly by agriculture, and partly by the construction of beautiful trinkets, made of shell, horn, bone, etc., which they sell to pilgrims visiting the "holy places," as the shrines are termed—an appellation well known to the public in connection with the origin of the present war.

On the east hill is a cave which is shown as the spot where the Saviour was born. There is no reason why such a place should not have been used as a stall, for similar stables in the mountain sides one observes to this day. The folly of the monks, and the credulity of pilgrims, however, necessarily inspire the greatest distrust of all such assumed localities. In defence of the genuineness of the locality, it is observed that we have the testimony of Justin, commonly called the Martyr, so early as the second century,

that our Lord was born in a cave. There is, it is maintained, earlier evidence still of the identity of the very spot, for that bitter foe of Christianity, the emperor Adrian, wishing, it is said, to exclude the Christians for ever from a place which they held in particular reverence, made a grove here to Adonis; and the worship of that supposed deity was conducted in this very cell. In the fourth century, the mother of the emperor Constantine, filled with a superstitious reverence for such places, erected a church over this cave, which is still preserved, after having undergone several alterations. It has long been a cause of quarrel between the Roman Catholic and the Greek churches, which should keep the keys of this place, and, indeed, the present war with Russia originated, as is well known, in these petty squabbles among the monks.

The church of the "holy birthplace" is one of the most beautiful in Palestine. The body or nave rests on forty-four pillars of white marble, between which hang costly lamps. This part is never used for Divine service, and is separated from the rest of the building by a wall, on the other side of which is the Latin cloister; to the north is the Armenian, and to the south the Greek cloister. Under the altar is the grotto, to which we descend by fifteen marble stairs. It is thirty-eight feet long, eleven broad, and nine feet high. In a niche on the east side of it, and about eight feet high, is the spot shown as the birth-place. The grotto is flagged and the walls are covered with marble, and hung round with costly red and yellow tapestry. Thirty-two gold and silver lamps—presents from various monarchs—are kept constantly burning.

We shall not pause to describe the altar indicating the spot where, according to tradition, the star rested; nor yet the grave of the innocents, where the monks say the bones of the children murdered by Herod were thrown; nor the image of the virgin Mary, with its blasphemous inscription; nor will we investigate the charges which the Greek and Latin monks make against each other, nor attempt to settle the question as to who has the best right to the place. Many a wondrous legend is told, and many a wondrous spot is shown, but one cave, and one alone, beyond what is already mentioned, has an interest for us, and that is the dwelling of St. Jerome.

This distinguished father is said to have lived thirty-four years here in a state of comparative inactivity, namely, from 386 to 420. The monks say he wrote his translation of the Bible, which the church of Rome, singularly enough, prefers to the original, in this cave; but we have evidence that this composition was finished before 386, under the direction of Damasus, bishop of

Rome. It is true, however, that Justin lived in this place, having, from mistaken views of the efficacy of a secluded life, fled from the world, and sought retirement in his cell. Alas! he found it harder to live near to God in the wilderness, with evil thoughts still recoiling on himself, than many have done in the bustle of society. "Vanity," he says, "finds its way very quickly into the cell of a recluse." "Every man who lives in idleness is a prey to a thousand desires." Such was his opinion of monastic life. And yet, in a sense, he was not idle, for he studied, read, corresponded, and took a deep interest in the state and affairs of the church. He spent also much time in prayer. As a specimen of his devotional exercises, we give the following extract from one of his works. It is in the form of a dialogue, as he sits beside the supposed birth-place of our Lord. It is somewhat tinctured with the monastic spirit. He thus writes:—

"As often as I look at the place where my Saviour was born, my spirit holds a sweet conversation with him. 'Ah! Lord Jesus!' I say, 'how hard was thy bed in this manger, and all that I might be saved! what recompence can I make for all this love?' And then I feel as if the babe of Bethlehem answered: 'I want nothing from you, save that you should sing, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men!' I then say: 'Ah, dearly beloved! fain would I give thee something. Accept all my money.' He answers: 'The heavens are mine, and the earth too; I stand in need of nothing. Give thy money to the poor, and I will accept it as if it had been given to me.' I reply: 'Gladly will I do as thou desirest, but I must besides give thee some offering; I die of grief.' Then the Saviour answers: 'If you would then be so liberal, give me all your sin, your evil conscience, your condemnation!' I ask: 'Lord, what wouldest thou do with these?' and he replies: 'I will take them away. As Isaiah prophesied of me, I shall bear your iniquity, and carry your sin away to be heard of no more.' I then begin to weep and say: 'Is that thy love, O thou unsearchable? How hast thou moved my heart! Take away all that is mine, and give me all that is thine, so shall I be free from sin, and certain of eternal life.'"

May we all in our daily life hold such sweet converse with our Lord; but instead of hiding in the wilderness, let us follow his example of going about doing good; and at the same time may we learn the happy lesson of making the return he craves for all his sorrows and sufferings from the cradle in Bethlehem to the grave at Golgotha, by giving him a present of all our sins and shortcomings, our

burdened conscience, and all our fears, that he may bear them away in triumph, and have the glory of setting us free from the dominion of sin, and bringing us pure and spotless into the presence of the Father with exceeding joy.

### JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

#### PART II.

In the important question of slave emancipation Mr. Gurney took the liveliest interest. He was the coadjutor of Wilberforce and Buxton in the noble and arduous enterprise which ended in the bursting asunder of the iron bonds of the captive. We well recollect a county meeting, held in the shire hall at Norwich, when Lords Calthorpe and Suffield, and other distinguished personages, addressed the crowded assemblage, and among the rest the Earlham Quaker, so conspicuous from his peculiar attire. He stands before us now, erect and manly, as he did then, with a firm clear voice, while denouncing the accursed system, till the hall rang again with his eloquence, and the sympathies of the whole audience were expressed in shouts of deep excitement. Many a speech did he deliver on the subject, many a journey did he undertake, many a conference did he hold, in this cause of humanity, moved by higher motives than mere benevolence; moved by the love of Christ—by the remembrance of that precious blood, shed alike for white and black, for bond and free. He felt the spirit of freedom which the gospel breathes; his zeal was sanctified; his work was done in the service of Jesus his Saviour and Master.

In addition to his public labours, in this and other departments of charity, including long journeys hereafter to be noticed, he continued to pursue his literary studies, chiefly with a theological reference; and, before his death, published twenty different works, some of them of considerable size and importance, and all indicative of large intelligence and careful thought. All this was accomplished without neglecting his business. How did he accomplish such an amount of work? the reader may inquire. In two ways: first, by constantly looking on time in the light of a talent given by God—a talent to be used for his glory—a talent to be accounted for at the last day—a talent most precious and useful; and secondly, by being a man of order. "Every day was well packed up, and hours and seasons were set apart for leisure and relaxation as well as employment and labour. By these means he could attend the bank, speak at a public meeting, write an essay, and take a long and laborious journey; and he could also be the companion of his beloved family, walk in his

fragrant gardens, admire with intelligent taste the varieties of nature, or go and describe to the children in a school the wonderful structure of the human eye.

We have met with a speculation to this effect, that as time is a succession of periods, and is perceived and measured by the succession of our sensations and thoughts, it is not improbable that some creatures, by the velocity of their experiences, may, in a short time, live as long as other creatures whose duration is lengthened, but whose states of feeling is slow and sluggish. Whether this speculation be as just as it is ingenious or not, we are quite certain that one man may live a much longer life than another in the same space of time; and Mr. Gurney was a noble example of this moral longevity. He so crowded his life with holy actions, that the perspective of it lengthened out immensely, through the variety and succession of objects that stood along the successive stages of his path. The wheels of his diligence never stood still. His cultivated and sanctified nature was ever in motion. There were no pauses in its play, no time for the parts to rest and rust. The revolutions were rapid and orderly; the results manifold and precious. How blessed they whose life's history will be found to have been of this class, when the grand review of all time will be made in the light of eternity, and every man shall be judged according to what he hath done! Oh the glory and the recompence of hearing then, from Him who giveth us all things, those approving words which he has taught us to anticipate, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

Making himself useful when travelling by public conveyances was a constant habit with Mr. Gurney; and an interesting instance of his thus "going about doing good," is related by a fellow-passenger. He was on his way to London, when, after some pleasant details of a recent visit to Ireland, he observed, "I always make it a rule to read a portion of Scripture every morning." Upon which he took out his Greek Testament, gave a literal translation of the original, and added a few practical and explanatory remarks, pausing at the close in silent prayer. Observing the friend who relates the incident in close conversation with a student who was with them on the coach, he said, "I see thou art interested in that young man; if thou wouldest like to give him a copy of my essays, thou mayest call at Arch's and get one." In the evening some drovers ascended the top of the vehicle. Mr. Gurney immediately adapted himself to his new companions, and remarked, "We commenced the day by reading a chapter of the Bible; perhaps you will not object to our closing it in the same manner."

His interest in individuals, and his desire for their spiritual welfare, was very great. A gentleman residing in Norwich, estimable alike for his talents, virtues, and intelligence, and at the time far advanced in years, had excited his deep concern from his want of that faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ which alone can give peace to the unquiet heart of man. Mr. Gurney resolved to visit him. They sat down together. Mr. Gurney says his own ministration was weak, and his friend was restless; but shortly after there occurred to the latter a serious accident, from which he was mercifully delivered, and this so wrought on his mind that he applied to the former for a selection of passages from Scripture on the subject of the atonement. He anxiously availed himself of the opportunity, and without delay sat down and wrote his "Letter to a Friend on the Authority, Importance, and Effects of Christianity." He awaited the result with much solicitude, and found, to his great joy, that it was well received. The old gentleman placed the letter under the cushion of his chair, and for weeks read it daily. He delighted now in hearing the Bible, and in a few weeks his mind was changed. In his deep affliction he learned patience. Calling on him one day, Mr. Gurney exhorted him to persevere in the truth. "I assure you I have not one sceptical feeling left," was the delightful confession. Standing by the bedside of the sufferer one day, he said, "What comfort it is that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." "Yes," rejoined the patient, "if it were not for that, I know not what would become of me." The letter was published, and several hundred thousand copies were circulated to the benefit of many.

The outcast excited his deep commiseration. We remember, in the year 1829, what excitement was produced in Norwich, by the case of John Stratford, an ingenious mechanic, who was tried and condemned for murder. An intimate friend of our own visited and conversed and prayed with the unhappy culprit, whose robust frame trembled with agony at the thought of his crime. He was humbled and penitent. The visits of Mr. Gurney were also of great service. He was with him in private shortly before his execution, noting down his confessions, and listening to his earnest petitions for mercy. His doubts respecting the truth of religion disappeared. He died, calling on the name of Jesus; and in the opinion of Mr. G., he was a deep and thorough penitent, who turned to Christ with much fervour of spirit. "After his execution," it is added, "I published a tract, containing an account of the case, and put out an advertisement offering it gratis to any of my fellow citizens who chose to apply for it. About

ten thousand copies were on these terms rapidly taken, and it has since been largely circulated by tract societies, and through other means."

Mr. Gurney was a considerable traveller, and in all his journeys was still mindful of his blessed Lord's example to go about doing good. Their express object was charitable or religious. They were like the tours of Howard. The visitation of prisons was one purpose. In this work of mercy he associated himself with his noble-minded sister, Elizabeth Fry. The promotion of the cause of emancipation was another. But the preaching of the everlasting gospel was a main and preeminent design, and to this end he took long journeys both in his own and other countries, always connecting with the ultimate intention some minor works of mercy, such as the distribution of tracts, the relief of the poor, the helping of schools, and the visitation of the sick. Of the last form of benevolence, as exhibited by Mr. Gurney, we shall ever cherish a lively recollection, for in a season of illness we were once privileged to receive one of his religious visits; when, with his accustomed sweetness of spirit and voice, this son of consolation so gently dropped truth and love into the soul, that it seemed, in the weary hours of sickness, like a new baptism of life and health.

We have not room to notice the journeys of our friend in England and Ireland, and can but briefly refer to those he performed in foreign lands. In the year 1837, he visited America, under a sense of religious duty, having earnestly looked and prayed for the guidance of the Lord; and on his way employed himself in writing an autobiography. He showed, during his journey, that he had an eye for the beauty and magnificence of nature—that he could describe it with his pen—that he could sketch it with his pencil—that he was an attentive observer of men and things—that he noted manners and customs—that he could penetrate into the spirit of a country's civilization—that he was alive to the interest of literature and science—that he could collect facts illustrative of natural history—that he delighted in the society of distinguished individuals; but above all, his great thoughts were about the interest of humanity at large, and especially was his heart set on the promulgation of that gospel which is the cure of all that is evil, and the root of all that is good.

The following notice he gives us of his preaching is full of interest. He was at Flushing, where still remained two venerable oaks under which George Fox, nearly two hundred years before, held a meeting with the inhabitants of Long Island. "Under these oaks," says Mr. Gurney, "I had long believed that it would be my duty to hold a meeting, there being no suit-

able place of worship in the village large enough to accommodate the people. It was now the middle of the sixth month. Notice had been given of the meeting to be held at five o'clock in the afternoon of first day, and seats had been provided in the open air for about one thousand people. The day was windy and lowering, and as one dark cloud after another moved rapidly across the sky, I could not but feel considerable anxiety. My power of voice also appeared almost gone. But just about five o'clock, the sky cleared, the wind abated, and a multitude of people were seen flocking to the spot: large numbers of the upper class, and many of the labouring inhabitants of the district, including the coloured people, and Irish Roman Catholics. The mixed assembly soon settled into silence, and I was enabled to speak to them for upwards of an hour, so as to be heard by all present. We were reminded that God is manifest in his Son, and great was the attention that prevailed on the occasion. After the offering of prayer we again fell into silence, and the meeting concluded in much order and quietness. It was, indeed, a good meeting. George Fox might, perhaps, have applied to it his epithet, 'glorious.' Immediately afterwards, a slight shower fell, which, had it occurred a few minutes sooner, would have robbed the meeting of its best and most solemn moments."

In connection with his American tour, he visited the West Indies, which, from his deep interest in the question of slave emancipation, he could not but wish to examine by personal inquiry. Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, Tortola, St. Christopher's, Antigua, Dominica, and especially Jamaica, were the islands to which he bent his way, and, in the last of these, he spent a month, where, besides attending to the various calls of religious duties, he was chiefly occupied in journeying through the principal districts, carefully investigating and noting the actual state of things around him.

Soon after his return to England, he started again for the continent, with his brother, Samuel Gurney, and other friends. His visit now was to Paris, principally with the view of promoting the cause of emancipation in the French West Indian colonies. He and his brother obtained interviews with the king, and distinguished members of the government, and the result was an impression on Mr. Gurney's mind, that he ought to extend his mission to other countries and courts of Europe, uniting with his endeavours to promote universal emancipation, the bearing of his ministerial testimony to the truths of spiritual religion. Accordingly, he embarked in July, 1841, for Holland; and while not unobservant of what is peculiar to the scenery of the country, and the manners of the

Dutch, still his mind was absorbed in what pertains to benevolence and religion. With Mrs. Fry, who fully sympathised in his spirit, he visited the king and queen, and held a long conversation with them on the subject of slavery. He adverted pointedly to the enlisting of negro soldiers for the Dutch regiments in Java and Surinam—a practice entailing horrors akin to those of the slave-trade; when the king conceded to him the point, although diplomacy had previously failed in relation to it, and declared his intention to put a stop to this sort of traffic in human life.

The party also went to Copenhagen, and paid a pleasant visit to his majesty of Denmark, with whom and his consort, he and Mrs. Fry had the honour to dine, the subject of conversation being prison discipline and Danish slavery. In Prussia they also ministered in the presence of royalty, and, as Quakers preaching before kings may not be generally understood, we will give a few details of this visit. A party of distinguished personages assembled to meet them in the saloon of a countess at Baekwald. The court, with the king and queen, arrived in due time, and after an exchange of cordial greetings, the king shaking hands with Mr. Gurney, the religious service began. About two hundred Tyrolese, in picturesque costume, occupied the lower part of the room; the court and nobility the upper. At the countess's wish, a hymn was sung, a practice not adopted among Quakers, but to which, on this occasion, Mr. Gurney did not object. A sweet tranquillity pervaded his mind, and he spoke on the spirituality of the gospel dispensation. Mrs. Fry followed, addressing the audience from her seat by desire of the monarch, who wished to save her fatigue. She first addressed the Tyrolese, and applied the words, "I was a stranger and ye took me in," to the late king's benevolent reception of those refugees when exiled from their own country. In her usual strain of simple gospel truth, she applied her discourse with much tenderness to the nobler portion of her audience, when Mr. Gurney followed, dwelling upon what was alike suited to prince and peasant, insisting upon a future judgment, our responsibility to God, and our Lord's striking parable of the talents. Interpreters were employed to translate the discourses, and the whole was a season of much solemnity and enjoyment. The king was affected, and shook hands with the preachers, manifesting a peculiar interest in Mrs. Fry. A second interview with the monarch was held next day, when he and Mr. Gurney were alone together for two hours.

Visits to other places, all in the same spirit, were made in succession; and, then, after returning to England, and remaining at home for

a year and a half, Mr. Gurney, accompanied by Mrs. Gurney and Mrs. Fry, undertook another religious mission to the continent, this time fulfilling his ministry in France and Switzerland. They saw Louis Philippe and his wife at Neuilly, just as they were suffering so much sorrow from the loss of their eldest son, the Duke of Orleans. The welfare of the slave was not forgotten; but Mrs. Gurney especially referred to the recent afflictions of the royal family, speaking words of comfort, which were succeeded by further expressions of sympathy from Mrs. Fry. Mr. Gurney told the king and queen that he had prayed for them publicly, that they might be permitted, in due season, to exchange their temporal crown for one eternal, unfading, and full of glory. "Ah," said the queen, "that is the only crown."

Another expedition was made to France in 1814, when, as on former occasions, the good of the mighty and noble was sought, without neglecting the poor and humble.

In all these journeys, it was his habit to assist out of his purse whoever stood in need of pecuniary help. He was in this respect abroad what he was at home. His liberality was proverbial. We have been informed that he never gave away less than he spent upon his own personal and household expenses. Donations of large sums were with him common acts, and once, during a season of much suffering among the Norwich poor, he said to his confidential clerk, "Draw a cheque for another £1,000." He was doubtless a man of wealth; but his generosity was still more princely than his means, and he was able to scatter abroad so bountifully because he acted on the principle he so wisely lays down in the following passage in his "Thoughts on Habit." "Economy dictates the laying by of such proportions of our revenue as our circumstances justly demand; it also requires such a care and prudence, such true and well principled order, in our personal and family expenditure, as will leave a generous surplus to meet the calls of benevolence, in the promotion of both the temporal and spiritual needs of our fellow-men. He is a good economist, in a pecuniary point of view, who saves sufficiently, spends prudently, and gives with judgment, generosity, and effect. It is, in fact, of the utmost importance to the moral welfare of our young people, whose worldly circumstances are prosperous, that they should be led to form the habit of giving easily, liberally, and yet wisely." There is no standard of judgment as to a man's wealth, more fallacious than his gifts. We have known men of money who might be thought poor if their donations to charitable purposes were the tests by which to estimate their means; and others, again, who,

though limited in resources, were supposed to be rich, because they were so liberal in the devices of their hearts. Mr. Gurney was a large-hearted man, and had he possessed only as many hundreds as he did thousands, still he would have given largely in proportion to his circumstances. A prince may bestow what is mean, and a peasant may be a princely benefactor. "As great art," says the incomparable John Hales, "may be expressed in the cutting of a flint as in the cutting of a diamond; and so the workman will do well to express his skill, no man will blame him for the baseness of the matter, or think the worse of his work. Beloved, some man hath a diamond, a fair and glittering fortune; some man hath a flint, a hard, harsh, and despicable fortune: let him bestow the same skill and care in polishing and cutting of the latter as he would or could have done on the former, and be confident it will be as highly valued (if not more highly rewarded) by God, who is no respecter of persons, but accepteth every man according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not."

Here we must terminate our illustration of Mr. Gurney's public life of beneficence, reserving some notices of his more private history and spiritual experience, with an account of his last days, for our next and closing paper.

### CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

#### THE SACRED DANCE.

"Oh, virgin of Israel, thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry."—Jer. x. xi. 4.

Our illustration\* presents a group of the ancient inhabitants, or mountaineers of China, at one of their favourite rites. In the spring of every year, the young men blow the *sung* or organ, and the maidens take the castanets and dance. Their garments are very prettily embroidered with metallic lace, and seem to agree very well with the habits of a people who are much given to merriment. In allusion to these garments they are called the *hua meao*, or flower natives.

This exercise, though it exhibits only the semblance of gaiety and mirth, is intended for a religious rite, an expression of thanks for the return of the gladsome and genial season of the year. These "flower" aborigines with the rest of their kindred tribes are the oldest people in existence, and hence every act or ceremony of religion discovered among them lays claims to the highest antiquity. Music and dancing may, therefore, rank with the primeval solemnities of worship, modes in which the early inhabitants of

the earth endeavoured to worship their Maker, or some other being whom their imaginations had put in his place.

David, who had an attachment for old customs, revived the practice of dancing in honour of God, and moved in cadence to the music, when the ark was conveyed from the house of Obed-Edom to the city of David. In Ps. cl. 4, the same royal personage says, "Praise him with the timbrel and dance," in accordance with his own conduct on that memorable occasion.

The dance of the Chinese is very different from that which modern fashion has authorized among us. It consists not merely in the motion of the feet, but in a variety of evolutions with the hands and the rest of the body, which are meant to indicate the sentiments of the individual who joins in the choral exercises. The attitudes are very graceful, and can be so modified as to express the gay and the solemn at the pleasure of the person or as the story delineated seems to require. In these dances an effect of some definite kind is aimed at; a meaning is sought to be given by certain movements of the body. But as this amusement is followed in this country no meaning whatever is thought of, beyond the gratification of a feeling of youthful levity. The youths and maidens of the original inhabitants of China labour, by their attitudes, to tell out the gladness of their hearts, and incorporate a numerous assortment of feelings and mental workings with the feats of rejoicing. Thus too when David danced before the ark, the movements of his body spoke forth the emotions of his heart, and exhibited a joy so well tempered with seriousness as to harmonize with the dignity of the occasion.

The castanets used by the people, represented in our picture, supply the place of the "tabret," and though unmelodious when heard by themselves, they have a pleasing effect when they are sounded so as to keep time with the motions of the dancer. The heads of the females are adorned with combs, and prove that the use of this embellishment is very ancient.

The writer of these remarks, while in China, saw an example of dancing, where one of the maidens was literally adorned with a tabret; for she had a very elegant drum slung by her side, which was ornamented with curious braces, and pendent tassels. This she struck with two sticks as an accompaniment to the movements of the dance, while her companion sounded the shrill-voiced gong, and intersected her footsteps in many a maze turn and winding. It was so unlike the dancing in this country that it seemed to be a misnomer to call it by that term; an observation that is true also of the

\* See next page.

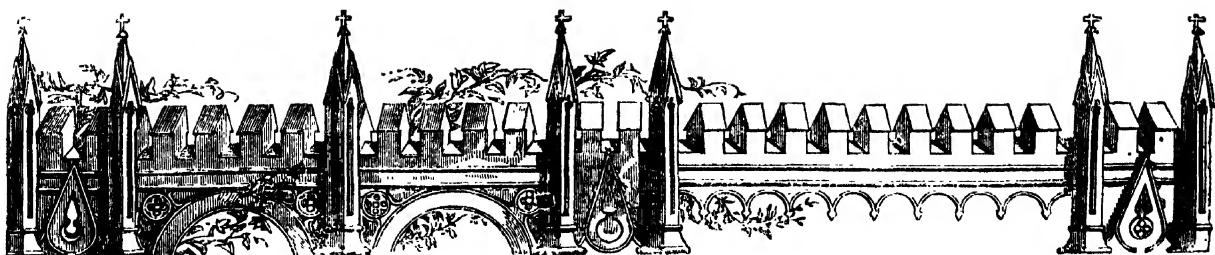


MOUNTAINEERS OF CHINA AT ONE OF THEIR FAVOURITE RITES.

dance once in use among the Jews, where the parties exercised their hands so as to endow them with a sort of speech, while grace, ease, and a natural turn characterised every change and flexure of the body. A Greek poet, who wrote a poem when the literature of Greece began to decline, commends the lovely execution of the dancing in his time, and adds that each inclination of the body had a speech in it; the arms seemed as if furnished with a mouth, and the fingers with a voice.

It may be observed here, that however graceful the representative or mimic dances of the Chinese may be, the educated never condescend to learn the art, but always hire professional dancers, to perform for their amusement. They regard the exercise as beneath them, but in this differ from the mountaineers of their own country. A feeling of this kind moved Michal to chide David perhaps for having joined so zealously in the festivities of the procession. But the polished Chinese, in the time of Con-

fucius, would scarcely have sympathised with Michal or with their descendants in modern times; for five or six married and six or seven unmarried men were sent by that philosopher to bathe, and after that to dance, in order that they might obtain a favourable supply of rain. Here it is evident that dancing was a religious rite. It appears then, both from Scripture and the customs of the Chinese, that the tabrets and the dances mentioned in our motto were not to be the accompaniments of giddy mirth, but the proper emblems of those who were uniting in the praises of God, the giver of all prosperity, or of him whom they ignorantly worshipped as such. It is unnecessary for us to close this paper by any exposition of the folly of the worldly amusements which bear the name of the dance among us. A taste for communion with God, in prayer and in the perusal of his word, will soon destroy all attachment to an indulgence so hollow and unsatisfying.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### GEHAZI; OR, MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

THE sin of Gehazi stands intimately associated with the faith and healing of Naaman. The account of Naaman, too, is most interesting as a historical fact, and very instructive as a figure or illustration of real conversion to God. We there see how providence ministers to grace; how, while the power is of God, he will make use of instruments and means; and most of all, how the simplicity of God's plan is to many a great stumbling-block and hindrance in the way of their being benefited by it.

Naaman hesitated at first, but his scruples were overcome; he adopted God's means; he obtained the coveted blessing; his wondering heart overflowed with gratitude, and he determined to devote his life to the God of his mercies. The prophet had sent him away in peace, and we see him with a glad heart returning to his country, his family, his monarch; and his duties. But an event occurs on the journey of a very saddening nature, and Gehazi comes forward by his duplicity and depravity to cast a shade over this lovely scene.

Thus we often find some fearful display of human wickedness follow upon some bright manifestation of Divine goodness and mercy. Satan will ever be tempting the witnesses of God's mighty acts, and if he have been defeated at one point, he will try to gain ground at another. He had lost Naaman, who was gone to carry the knowledge of the true God to Damascus; now he will try to overcome Gehazi, and make him subservient to his vile purposes.

Gehazi had attentively watched the whole proceedings; he had most probably carried the message to Naaman respecting the method of cure, and expected when it was performed that his master would be enriched by the gratitude of this great man, and that he should share in the gifts presented. If so, the conduct of Elisha disappointed him. He could not appreciate such disinterestedness; he thought such scruples foolish and unnecessary, and determined to adopt a different course. This determination

was formed without consulting any one. He "trusted to his own heart," and "leaned unto his own understanding." It was contrary to the precedent and example set him by his holy master, and by thus determining, he thought himself wiser than Elisha. Surely the prophet had good and substantial reasons for refusing the proffered gifts, and this should have sufficed. The actions of good people should weigh with us though we may not always be able to ascertain their motives. If a godly man refuse to do a thing which appears to us desirable and lawful, we should do well to think much and pray earnestly before we adopt a course which he has conscientiously renounced.

In forming his determination Gehazi introduced the name of the Lord in a very flippancy manner.

It is affecting to think how easily some can talk about God's glory being the end of their actions, when there is reason to fear no such motive influences them. This is practising a sad cheat upon themselves, and is profanity of the worst kind. In Gehazi's case the ruling motive was covetousness. He was in a situation where he wanted nothing. He had a master who could work miracles and who was under the special care of God, but Gehazi's conduct proved that he wished to be independent of God's providence. Ah! this is the real motive for thousands of bad actions. Persons who will not trust God, who do not like as they think to lay at the mercy of God's providence, will be sure to determine to adopt a different course from that which God's precepts and the example of his people point out.

This wrong determination of Gehazi, led him to practise *deception*. He would run where he ought not to go, and now he says what is not true. A wrong choice leads to wrong actions. Self-will is the fruitful parent of every evil word and work. In carrying out his deception, Gehazi displayed much ingenuity. Those who enter into temptation are frequently very ingenious, because Satan helps them. One lie makes another necessary, and thus the mind is set upon the stretch to find out many inventions. The prophet's servant soon concocted a story respecting two sons of the prophets, which passed current with Naaman, and succeeded, for the grateful man was well pleased to show kindness to one who had been the instrument of so much good to him.

Gehazi receives more than he desired, and returning with a joyous heart, deposits his ill-gotten wealth in what he thought was a secure place, and then he went in and stood before his master, his every look a lie, his every attitude an attempt to impose. What a contrast between the man running with breathless haste after Naaman's chariot, and the man standing so demurely before the prophet, in his humble room. Can it be the same person? One hour obtaining money by lies, and the next ministering to God's prophet. Alas! there are contrasts now as glaring and distressing.

If we were to contrast the conduct of many professors through the week and on Lord's days, we should be equally astonished. Are those who are hearing so attentively, and singing so harmoniously, the same persons who, during six days, were running a race with worldly people, who make no profession, as anxious, as frivolous, and as irritable as they? Are those "who sit as God's people sit, and who with their mouth show much love," the people who are hoarding much and giving little; who can spare no time for week-day worship, and very little for family prayer or private devotion—let all such, while they blame Gehazi, condemn themselves; and while they tremble for him, be awake to their own danger.

But deception is short-lived—detection must soon follow. "A lying tongue is but for a moment." The deceiver quailed before the searching eye of his master, and his dastard heart trembled at the inquiry, "Whence comest thou Gehazi?" He dared not speak the truth. We are in an evil case, when we dare not give an account of ourselves to God, and when the searching inquiries of his truth annoy us. What a question is this for us all, when we take our seats in God's house, and at God's ordinances. Whence do we come? Are we come from life's cares, trials, and sorrows, to cast our burden on the Lord? Are we come from the sphere of duty and temptation to seek strength for our impotence? Are we come from earth's joys and pleasures to give God thanks and to enjoy him as our chief good? Or are we come from an inconsistent and worldly course to perform a customary duty? The inquiry will be put another day, and must be answered truly, although for the present we may defer it, or deceive ourselves, or act the hypocrite or liar.

Gehazi chose the latter course. "Thy servant went no whither." How polite and respectful in word; how false and insulting in act! Hero is a lie, which had become necessary to conceal his fault, secure his treasure, and maintain his character. Pride and covetousness would not allow him to forego his good name and money, by telling the truth, and his former lies impera-

tively called for another to cover them. A lie—how dreadful! Think of its *nature*. It is an insult to God—a practical denial of his omniscience and holiness. Think of its *consequences*. It is a fountain of mischief and misery. It begets and nourishes the worm that never dieth.

But exposure was at hand. Fixing his penetrating gaze upon the unblushing man, the venerable prophet, in tones which thrilled his soul, said unto him, "Went not mine heart with thee when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee?" Thus, his guilt is proved, the crime is described, and the whole process clearly brought out. Now contemplate the detested liar. How base his conduct appears in his own eyes. How paltry his gains now look, compared with what he has lost! How sad are his forebodings as regards the future! Oh, that persons would "count the cost" before they commit themselves to a course of sin and inconsistency! Would that they considered that the time of scrutiny and exposure must come—the time when God will expose their wicked course to their conviction and confusion. How much better to institute inquiry and make confession now. If we think on our ways, and turn our feet unto God's testimonies, then, however far we have wandered, we shall prove that he will "take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously." If we lay our hearts bare before him, he will cleanse our secret faults and guide us in the way everlasting.

But let us now hearken to the *decision* of the prophet, first upon the *sin*, and then upon the *sinner*. "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and sheep and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants?" Here the prophet explains in some measure his reason for not accepting a present from Naaman. It would have been lawful for him to do so, but it was not expedient. The honour of God, and the dignity of his office as God's prophet, would have been compromised. He would do nothing that appeared mean and mercenary. He would not seem to sell or barter God's blessings, or make himself appear dependent on God's enemies. Further, the character of the *times* made such conduct inconsistent. All things were disquieted and unsettled; where then, thought Elisha, is the use of worldly treasure? "The ship is sinking, Gehazi, why so busy in painting thy little cabin? Besides, the eyes of the world are upon us to see how we act, and if we are as covetous as they, or appear to be so, our testimony will be neutralised." Thus we learn that our conduct must in some measure be directed by the circumstances around us, and the times in which we live. To how many professing Christians might it be said, "Is it a time to grasp at everything, while the grave is opening beneath your

feet? Is it a time to hoard, when God is calling for your wealth to be consecrated to his service? Is it a time for conformity to the world, when the world itself is passing away? Is it a time to live to ourselves, when the Lord is saying, 'Behold, I come quickly to give to every man according as his works shall be?' Let us listen to God's judgment on our actions, and now seek grace to act accordingly.'

And now the sentence is pronounced upon the sinner. "The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence, a leper, white as snow." This was terrible, but just. He had procured Naaman's gold by lying, and now he must take his leprosy with it. But there was mercy in the sentence. He was not cursed, but corrected. Poor Gehazi pierced himself through with many sorrows; but still these sorrows might become salutary, and his soul be cleansed, though his body was smitten. And then there is mercy in causing Gehazi thus to utter a perpetual protest against lying and covetousness. Alas! how few heed the testimony. How many are seeking wealth at any risk. The dying groans of Achaz; the wasting limbs of Gehazi; the despairing confession of Judas; "the sighs from hell" of the once rich man, deter them not! They run after the chariot of worldly pleasure and greatness; they delve in mammon's mine, and part with health, comfort, credit, consistency, and the luxury of doing good, for the miserable satisfaction of thinking themselves rich, and of being looked up to and envied. For this they forfeit the esteem of the good, brave the wrath of God, and secure the curses of those whom their evil example leads astray.

Let us, then, endeavour to enter into God's design in recording this solemn event. We are here shown our danger. The great truth taught is, *the sad consequences which must follow, when riches are acquired by any species of lying or deception.* Those engaged in business in times like the present, had need be heedful. There are many temptations to get rich by imposing upon or deceiving others. This may be done at first in very little things, and but very seldom. If once indulged in, it may become a habit: and no one can tell to what it may lead. Be truthful, conscientious, and straightforward. Do not make haste to be rich, or you will get "an evil eye," and this will mislead you into dark and crooked paths. You may obtain all that is necessary for you without any equivocation or dishonesty. God hath said, "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressors, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his

eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." Let this suffice. If it do not, and you are one of those who *will be rich*, then remember God's eye is upon all your goings, and his curse will be upon all your gains.

Believer, learn to prize your deliverance. God has called your heart away from earth, and fixed it upon things above. Still look at the things not seen. Still cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way." Like the noble-minded prophet, "be content to be a man of God;" holding sweet communion with him; and little caring for the treasures of earth. Like him, seek to do good without earthly reward; and so that you can be the instrument in his hand of directing leprous sinners where to obtain spiritual healing, be nobly indifferent to possessing treasures here. You have obtained the best riches, even durable riches and righteousness; without using the least deception. You followed the chariot of mercy, you sought "true riches," and "white raiment," you need not hide them, nor be afraid to confess what you have done. You may stand before your Master, meet his eye, answer his inquiry, receive his approbation, and then go forth to be cleansed and comforted, rejoicing in your privilege to minister for him on earth, and anticipating with joy the time when perfectly holy you shall "serve him day and night in his temple."

#### COMBE'S "CONSTITUTION OF MAN."

It will be recollectcd by our readers that, about two years ago, a prize of 100*l.* was offered by the Evangelical Alliance, for an essay upon the Infidelity of the Age. The result was a most masterly production, from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Pearson. The first edition of this able work having been much too costly to reach the classes for whom it was expressly designed, an issue has recently been made at an extraordinarily low price\*, which we hope will render it accessible to the thousands of intelligent working men in our land, who have unhappily given way to sceptical tendencies. The work is, perhaps, the best antidote that has appeared against the varied forms of error and delusion in which the unbelieving heart of man attempts, in the present day, to seek refuge from the solemn verities of Divine revelation, and the humbling doctrines of the gospel of Christ. Most of the modern works of any note that may have tended, more or less, to undermine the

\* An edition is published by the Religious Tract Society.

faith of the present generation, are keenly analyzed, and their fallacies clearly yet candidly exposed; and among these notices, the remarks upon Combe's "Constitution of Man"—a work, the dissemination of which while it has been instrumental in effecting much good as regards the physical and sanatory well-being of society, has tended to destroy or weaken the confidence of multitudes in the paternal providence of God, are especially entitled to attention. They are as follows:—

"Combe's 'Constitution of Man,' a work of vastly wider circulation, and more adapted to the masses of the people than any to which we have referred, is, notwithstanding much that is valuable in the book, notorious for its naturalism. Mr. Combe and his school are not satisfied with discarding ignorant and superstitious notions about Providence. But their philosophy explodes the very idea of a Providence who controls and orders all things, and without whose permission not even a sparrow can fall to the ground. 'We meet, in such writers, with much that is worthy of attention respecting the influence of natural laws both on physical health and mental and moral training, and the evil consequences of disregarding or violating these laws. And we are quite willing to admit with the author of the 'Vestiges,' that to Mr. Combe's Essay, among other publications, 'may be ascribed no small share of that public movement towards improved sanatory regulations which is one of the most cheering features of our age.' But the good in this respect is more than counterbalanced by the evil of erecting the natural laws into a sort of independent control, and holding out this principle as the true key to the government of the world. It is a good service to remove natural laws from the hands of ignorance and superstition, and to set forth their operations in a clear light. Mr. Combe has, in some measure, done this. But evil is done when these laws are taken, as it were, out of the hand of the superintending lawgiver, when either a studied silence about God as working in and by them is preserved, or intimations given that they are all in all, and that God does not interfere with their operations. And Mr. Combe and his school have done this."

"It is the extreme of superstition or fanaticism, to repose implicit faith in Divine providence while neglecting or going counter to the clearly-defined laws of the human constitution, or those which regulate the physical and moral worlds. The type of such fanaticism is to be seen in the man who expects, as it were, bread to drop from the clouds into his mouth, or treasures to fall into his pockets from the same source, while doggedly refusing to work. But it is rushing

to a godless extreme, the extreme of naturalism, to rest in more secondary agencies without rising upward to Him who touches all the springs of action, or to ignore his presence in, and superintendence over, the world. It is confessedly mysterious how human instrumentality and Divine agency blend in bringing about events. But the mystery of things is not a whit lessened in cutting the link that connects the two together, in virtually saying, let us loose our hold of the heavens above, and attach ourselves exclusively to the earth and things therein. Is the world's history, or is individual history, less mysterious, by shutting out from the sphere of human things the Divine providence, and leaving room for nothing but the operation of natural laws? Or rather is not all history, by such an exclusion, made much more mysterious than ever? In the one case, we have the human agency moving freely under the moral control of the Divine, we have in full play the elements of human action and piety, and yet mysterious relations. In the other case, we have only the human agent and the physical and moral laws, we have excluded the hand of God and taken away the elements of piety, and still the relations are mysterious. The choice then lies between a mysterious world in which God is ever present and ever felt, and a mysterious world that moves onward in its glorious evolutions without his continued agency. He is the better philosopher and the happier man who prefers the former, and holds a key to things inscrutable which can never be solved by the man who chooses the latter.

"Mr. Combe sets up for a reformer, the advocate of a philosophy which would turn the pulpits of our churches and the chairs of our schools upside down. Spiritual religion must be supplanted 'by teaching mankind the philosophy of their own nature and of the world in which they live.' Human depravity is a doctrine which he cannot away with, and it is set down to 'an age when there was no sound philosophy, and almost no knowledge of physical science.' That Christianity is 'a system of spiritual influences, of internal operations on the soul,' is the representation 'of men who knew extremely little of the science of either external nature or the human mind.' Prayer has no power with God, but is merely reflex in its influence, affecting only the mind of the petitioner. And death is not, as Moses and Paul have written, and Milton sung, the penal effect of man's first disobedience. Hence the necessity, as he asserts, of the religious instructors of mankind being taught over again, and of 'a new direction' being given to their pursuits. He means modestly to insinuate, that were it possible to summon such men as Butler and

Edwards, Howe and Charnock, Hall and Chalmers, ‘men who knew extremely little of the science of either external nature or the human mind,’ back again to this world, they would have to learn, in his own school, the philosophy of human nature and material things, in order to prove, in this age, effective instructors of mankind! Not to dwell, however, on the inconsistency of such statements with facts, we readily grant that there is much in them consistent with naturalism or the denial of Divine providence. It is with such a denial that we have now to do. If, as Mr. Combe asserts, ‘supernatural agency has long since ceased to interfere with human affairs,’ then it were time that spiritual Christianity should give place to a philosophy of nature, and that the worshippers of God were asking what profit should we have if we pray to him? But if, as seems to be admitted, such an agency once interposed in the concerns of the world, why may not that agency be there still, operating through the medium of those natural laws which the school of Combe would exalt into a sort of independent dominion?

“There is a double illusion into which writers of this class fall when speaking of natural phenomena. In the first place, they represent the laws of nature, not, as they really are, modes of the Divine procedure, but as if they were real and independent existences. And then they suppose that because things happen according to fixed laws, the Divine agency cannot be in them. This viewed merely as a philosophy, not to speak of its utter repugnance to Scripture, is extremely superficial. Men, by knowing, and adapting themselves to, fixed laws, can often work out their own will. But this does not warrant the conclusion that the Divine Lawgiver cannot or does not, in such cases, make them subservient to the accomplishment of his higher will. An army, at the will of a monarch bent on enlarged dominion, is marched into a foreign state; or a voyage of discovery is made for mere commercial ends. The designs of men in both instances are served. But the accomplishment of a much higher design, to which these inferior ones are rendered tributary, follows. The gospel of peace enters into the respective territories, civilisation comes in its train, and by the truth multitudes are made free. God’s will was thus paramount; and, under his moral control, the human will, acting by the fixed laws, was made the pliant minister of the Divine. Take one of Combe’s own examples. In the reign of Charles the Second, London was, in a great measure, depopulated by the plague. ‘Most people of that age,’ says he, ‘attributed the scourge to the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and some to the magnitude of the nation’s moral ini-

quities.’ But, according to his views, ‘there was nothing inscrutable in its causes or objects.—These appear to have had no direct reference to the moral condition of the people;’ and the calamity ‘must have arisen from infringement of the *organic laws*, and have been intended to enforce stricter obedience to them in future.’ Now we ask, can disease or suffering not be an infringement of organic laws, and also a dispensation of Providence? Mr. Combe assumes that it cannot; and because an individual or a community, neglectful of sanitary conditions, falls a victim to plague, we are to believe that the natural violation leaves no room for the Divine operation. This, however, is nothing less than an assumption, an assumption too, which fails to account for much of the afflictive both in the history of individuals and communities. The human, or secondary agencies do not exclude the Divine or first agency, the natural laws by no means supersede the presence and interposition of the Lawgiver. Mr. Morell, speaking of these ‘secondary agencies,’ justly remarks: ‘They are all under the *moral control* of Deity from first to last, so that the penalty, which seems at first to be simply the result of breaking a natural law, is really an effect of that providential power which governs the world.’ And what he says of the history of many a community and individual: ‘To the man who looks unbelievingly upon Divine Providence, the world’s history is a problem that can never be solved.’

“Combe’s view of prayer,—bolstered up though it be by such names as Lord Kames, Dr. Hugh Blair, and Professor Leechman, men of no high authority, verily in such matters,—stands condemned also as most unnatural, not to say most unscriptural. It is, indeed, quite of a piece with his philosophy, but it consists not with the deeper philosophy of the heart and the Bible. Men have never prayed under the persuasion that the sole efficacy of prayer is reflex, that it has an influence only upon the mind of the worshipper. The wisest and best of the Greeks and Romans, the unsophisticated children of the desert, as well as the most enlightened and devout Christians, have resorted to prayer under the conviction that it is effectual to secure blessings directly from above. The reflex influence of prayer is valuable, but the value is realised just in proportion as the heart goes out after the direct influence. A rational theory it truly is, which would thus make the value of men’s devotions to arise from men’s illusions! The reflex influence supposes the direct influence, and for men to enjoy the former without faith in the latter, resembles, as Isaac Taylor remarks, ‘the supposition that we might continue to enjoy the accommodation of moonlight,

even if the sun were blotted from the planetary system.' As to the stale objection, which is ever and anon brought forth that the direct influence of prayer supposes that we can alter the Divine determinations, it is sufficient to reply, that it is according to these determinations that men must ask in order to receive, and knock in order to the door being opened. God discloses unto us the treasures of his grace, and says, 'I will yet for these be inquired of.'

### A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF JOHN WESLEY.

THE myriads who people this busy metropolis, and pass day after day along its crowded thoroughfares, have but little knowledge of the objects of interest which are within their reach, and which perhaps if they were living in some scene of rural quiet would be regarded as worthy of a pilgrimage to see. How few among the thousands who are hourly passing along the City-road are aware that they are within a few paces of the tomb of one of the greatest men who ever appeared in this country, who was raised up in mercy to our land to do a work the greatness of which it is impossible adequately to describe, and whose blessed results are known in heaven as well as on earth, and will extend through all eternity as well as through all time. Exactly opposite Bunhill-fields burial-ground stands "The City-road Chapel," and at the rear of the chapel is the grave surmounted by the monument of "WESLEY." Easy access may be had at any time to the tomb of which we speak, and which it has afforded us a sacred satisfaction to look upon, with a desire to learn the lessons it is calculated to impart.

The monument of Wesley holds the most conspicuous place in this small burial-ground, and lifts up its head, not ostentatiously, in the midst of graves occupied by the elder members of that great family of which he was the father. Its inscription gives the second of March, 1791, as the day when to quote a favourite line—

"The weary wheels of life stood still at last."

On that day this venerable man was nearly eighty-eight years of age, and when the minister who read the funeral service at his grave—the Rev. Mr. Richardson, who now lies with him in the same vault—substituted for the expression "our dear brother" the epithet "father," the effect was so powerful that the congregation "seemed universally to burst into loud weeping." His funeral took place between five and six in the morning, and it was necessary to decide on that early hour to avoid a tumult; so great had been the crowds who went to see the corpse while it lay in the coffin in the adjoining house and afterwards in the chapel the

day before the funeral. More than sixty years have passed since that vast concourse of fellow-labourers and faithful followers thus "mourned with a great and very sore lamentation," as Joseph and his brethren mourned for their father, but those years have not effaced the inscription written in the hearts of all good men, and in the history of the church of Christ in memory of his honoured name. We need not the marble tablet to tell us that he was "in zeal, ministerial labours, and extensive usefulness, superior, perhaps, to all men, since the days of St. Paul;" or that, "regardless of fatigue, personal danger, and disgrace, he went into the highways and hedges calling sinners to repentance, and publishing the gospel of peace;" or that "he was the founder of the Methodist societies, and the chief promoter and patron of the plan of itinerant preaching, which he extended through Great Britain and Ireland, the West Indies and America, with unexampled success."

To estimate with correctness the value of those zealous services which Mr. Wesley and his fellow-labourers rendered to this country, it is necessary to notice the state of religion and morals at the time when their great work began. The historian gives no exaggerated picture when he says, "the manners of the upper classes were often unrefined and gross, while lamentable laxity marked public morals. Among the lower orders brutal sports were the favourite pastimes; and drunken orgies were more prevalent than at present, making allowance for the difference of the population. The intemperate habits of the people, with the consequent disease, vice, and crime, attracted the attention of the legislature, and such was the prevalence of intemperance that the Gin Bill was passed, imposing a heavy tax on the article in order to check the enormous consumption." At this time Hogarth drew his picture of the intemperance prevalent in London full of disgusting details, and showing the temptation offered to beastly intoxication. Those who ought to have taught the people the good and right way were not walking therein themselves. With some honourable exceptions "the body of the clergy neither knew nor cared about systems of any kind; in a great number of instances they were negligent and immoral, often grossly so." Presbyterianism in England was degenerating into Arianism, and the descendants of the Puritans were sinking into a spirit of worldly conformity, and of indifference or opposition to the truth.

It was when this spiritual deadness prevailed in the churches, and when iniquity abounded through the land, that John Wesley and George Whitfield were raised up to preach "the glorious gospel of Christ," "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." They preached in

churches, and then in the open air, and wherever they could gain access to the people. George Whitfield having preached with great success in the open air at Bristol, his fellow-labourer "overcame his scruples and preached abroad on an eminence near the city to more than two thousand persons;" and so went on preaching to "myriads of people who never troubled any church or were likely so to do, to hear that word which they found to be the power of God to salvation." From that time he "went everywhere preaching the word." "I walked," he says, "to Kennington Common and cried to multitudes upon multitudes, 'repent ye, and believe the gospel; and the Lord was my strength and my mouth and wisdom.' He preached in Moor-fields, as well as on Kennington Common, where it is computed that as many as ten thousand persons were collected, and "his word was attended with an overwhelming influence." The character of the people among whom these labours were conducted was frequently of the most hopeless kind. Kingswood was inhabited by colliers, who were a terror to the neighbourhood; "the men were proverbial for their wickedness, but many of them became eminent for their piety." When preaching at Bath, he was encountered by the celebrated Beau Nash, who was effectually silenced, not merely by the preacher, but by an old woman in the assembly, who, when the poor vain creature asked "what the people came for?" replied, "You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body, we take care of our souls, and for the good of our souls we come here." He "was in labours more abundant, in journeyings often; in perils by his own countrymen; in perils in the city; in perils amongst false brethren; in weariness and painfulness;" and he might add with the apostle, whose words are so applicable to him—"Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." The mob of Wednesbury and Walsall surrounded the house in which he was staying, and furiously cried, "Bring out the minister;" and they dragged him along the road and struck him with sticks and stones, with the full intent to murder him. But he continued faithful in his Master's service, and had the happiness of living to see his most bitter enemies subdued by the power of the gospel, and among his most devoted friends. In Cornwall, where the people had been eminent for brawling, fighting, drinking, and all manner of wickedness, the word became triumphant, and the people in great multitudes were subdued by its power. God mercifully raised up to him a large number of devoted fellow-labourers, so that he lived to see in this country "about 300 itinerant and 1000 local preachers, and eighty thousand persons in the societies under his care."

Apart from the amount of good which thus directly resulted from the labours of the founder of Methodism, we cannot omit to notice the stimulus which his zeal applied to others, for it "provoked many" to arise and do their Master's work, and thus agencies have been brought into operation among the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, by which the moral aspect of the whole country has experienced a revolution without a parallel in history since the times of the Reformation. While the Christian contemplates with devout gratitude the multitudes who have by such instrumentality been rescued from the dominion of Satan and "translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son," the patriot may perceive in the elevation which has been brought about in the moral character of our people one of the greatest safeguards of our country against those violent outbreaks of which modern history in other countries has furnished such dreadful examples, and which are the result not so much of political disorganization as of the full development of irreligion and depravity in the extremes of society, setting them in antagonism against each other, and dashing them together to their mutual destruction.

When God sent his servant Ezekiel to "the rebellious nation that rebelled against him," he promised, that whether they would hear or whether they would forbear, they should know that there had been a prophet among them. Multitudes of our countrymen, through the great grace of God, have heard the message delivered by the prophet he has sent to us; and while we pray to be kept from the hypocrisy and self-deception of those who "built the tombs of the prophets, and garnished the sepulchres of the righteous," we look with emotions of gratitude at the tomb which marks the resting-place of the mortal remains of this man of God, and cheerfully obey the counsel it affords:—

"READER, IF THOU ART CONSTRAINED TO ADMIRE THE INSTRUMENT, GIVE GOD THE GLORY."

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**FAITH.**—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, said Sir Humphrey Davy—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions—palms, and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed; the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation.



## Page for the Young.

### A PLEASANT PICTURE.

THE story of the early days of Samuel is like a beautiful picture. As we read the account of them in the book of God, we seem to see all. The house in which he was born — there it is among the pretty hills of Syria; probably surrounded by olives, and cedars, and grape vines, for all these grow there. There is his kind and loving mother, taking great pains to teach him the ways of God. There, too, is Samuel, sitting at her feet, and listening to her with attention, as she tells him what great things God had done for the people of Israel. How the waters of the Red Sea divided and stood up like crystal walls on each side, while the people passed through on dry land. How when they were hungry, and passed through the dreary wilderness, he sent them bread from heaven to eat, and when they were thirsty caused the stony rock to send forth streams of pure water for them to drink: and how the Almighty punished the people when they sinned. We seem to hear his mother as she tells him that the Almighty has promised to send the Messiah into the world to die for sinners; and that the sacrifices which they offer at the tabernacle are intended to direct their thoughts to the great sacrifice which he will offer once for all to take away sin; and that these sacrifices teach that we are very guilty and deserve death; that if we would have the favour of God we must be holy, or free from sin, and that we can only be saved from eternal ruin by the death of Christ.

There is Samuel kneeling down, while his mother teaches him to pray to the God of Israel, and tells him that God will hear and answer the prayers of those who pray to him aright. And, in order to impress the child's mind with his duty to God, she appeals to him, and tells him that before he was born, she promised the Almighty that she would train him up for his service.

Samuel is now old enough to live away from home; and so, according to her promise, his mother gets his things ready to take him to Shiloh, where is the Jewish house of prayer and sacrifice, to which his parents went every year to worship God. As they go, Hannah tells her son that she means to leave him there, with the high-priest, who will be very kind to him, and hopes that he will do all that the good man tells him. So Samuel is left at Shiloh, and his father and mother return home to Ramah, after thanking the Lord for his goodness to them and their child.

Samuel is now clothed in a linen ephod, like the priests, and engages in the service of God, and no doubt he often thinks of his father and mother, while good old Eli teaches him to pray for them.

Nor do they forget him; and year by year, as they come up to worship God, his mother brings a little coat, as a present, for her boy. Samuel is very pleased with it, although he is not proud of it. He tells her how happy he is; and Eli tells his mother how they all love him; and what is more the Lord loves him; for the Bible says, "The child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men." Oh what a delightful thing! May every reader obtain the favour of the Lord!

One night, as Samuel was sleeping upon his bed, a voice

called him three times. He sprang up and went to Eli each time, thinking that he called him. At length, Eli knew that God had called him, and he told him what to do if he heard the voice again. When, therefore, God called again, he answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Then the Lord told him that he was going to punish the wicked sons of Eli; and Samuel told Eli, who bore the sad intelligence with great submission, saying, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." Twenty years afterwards, the sons of Eli were slain in battle, and the ark of God was taken. When Eli heard this, he fell back and died. How dreadful are the judgments of God!

Samuel lived very many years after this, and the people were very much attached to him; and when he died, all the people mourned for him. But, if you would know more about him, which we dare say you will wish to do, you must read the books of Samuel.

No doubt you think that Samuel was highly favoured for God to speak to him. But God speaks to you by his word. Read some of the words he addresses to you in the following passages, and commit them to memory: Prov. ii. 1-5; xxx. 17; Eccl. xii. 1; Eph. vi. 1-3; Col. iii. 20; and if you will listen and be obedient to the words of God, as Samuel was, you will be happy now and for ever.

If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my friend,  
How happy should I be,  
Oh, how would I attend!  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If God Almighty was so near.

And does he never speak?  
Oh yes: for in his word  
He bids me come and seek  
The God that Samuel heard.  
In almost every page I see  
The God of Samuel calls to me.

Like Samuel let me say,  
When'er I read his word,  
Speak, Lord; I would obey  
The voice which Samuel heard.  
And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

9. When is a *book* first mentioned in the Bible?
10. By what titles exclusively applied to God is Jesus called in the Bible?
11. Did Jesus ever himself claim equality with the Father? Point out the passage in which it occurs.
11. Who was the first Christian convert made in Europe?
13. Prove from Scripture that hospitality is a Christian duty.
14. Give examples of hospitality from the Old and New Testaments.
15. Do you ever find Christ's followers *rejoicing* when men revile and persecute them?
16. Prove from Scripture that pride is a sin specially hateful to God.

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE WRECK OF THE PEGASUS.

## THE LAST NIGHT IN THIS WORLD.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that modern science has done to bring the remote near, and to render the invisible visible, there are still many nooks and corners in this land of ours which pass almost unheeded and unknown. The traveller to Scotland may have had pointed out to him, as he has approached the Border, the turrets of Bamborough castle, or the little tongue of land which bears the name of Holy Island; but few persons, unless they be inhabitants of the vicinity, ever visit the spot.

Yet many watering-places have risen into

celebrity with far less pretensions than this Bamborough. Nowhere is to be found a purer air; in no spot are the vegetation of the land and the waters of the sea in closer embrace; no sands are wider, harder, or more spotless; and few antiquities are more interesting than the castellated palace of the ancient kings of Northumberland, or the various memorials of past times associated with Holy Island.

When, some little time ago, I visited this secluded town, I was peculiarly impressed with the appearance of its churchyard. It was not however that the church presented any uncommon features; it was low, unornamented, and

very small. But the graveyard commanded an extensive view of the sea, in the direction of Holy Island, and one particular part of it was occupied by the bodies of those who had perished by shipwreck upon that dangerous coast. It was affecting to glance the eye from the spot where they had died to that where they were now lying (many of them without epitaph or even grave-stone) in the dust of death. Among those most easily distinguished are the remains of the Rev. John Robb, of Dulkeld, who perished in the wreck of the *Forsarshire* steamer, off the Fearn islands, in 1838, and here also are deposited the relics of one whose name is closely associated with that tragical event—Grace Darling.

Among the few stones which characterise this spot is one which peculiarly challenges the notice of the visitant as extremely different from the others. It represents a shattered column of beautiful proportions, and is strikingly emblematical of the memory it is intended to recall—that of the late Rev. J. Morell Mackenzie of Glasgow. An experienced eye can, from the place where his remains are deposited, discern the minute spot in the midst of the sea which marks the existence of the Goldstone rock—the scene of the shipwreck in which he perished.

The whole coast is extremely dangerous. The vicinity is volcanic; and masses of basaltic rock, hard and as sharp as iron, rise up in all directions, sometimes into islands, such as the Fearn islands and others, sometimes into reefs which underlie the waves, and sometimes into single projections, as the rock which I have mentioned. Unhappily the direct way of entrance into the Firth-of-Forth—the Fairway as it is called—lies by this rock; and in fine weather vessels usually take the shorter course. The Goldstone rock is marked out by a buoy; but inattention on the part of the steersman, or a dark night, may lead to the most calamitous consequences, as was proved on this occasion.

It is now somewhat more than eleven years since Mr. Mackenzie, who occupied a prominent place among the Christian body of Glasgow, took leave of his wife at their temporary residence at Portobello, near Edinburgh, with the view of paying a visit to several beloved friends in England. With characteristic kindness of heart he had largely equipped himself for the journey with presents for those whose memories were so dear, and from whom he had been separated for a considerable time. His first destination was Hull; to which port he had taken a passage in the steamer *Pegasus*. A friend had warned him that this vessel was not considered perfectly seaworthy; but he had deliberately preferred it for his voyage because it did not sail upon the Lord's day. The parting

between the husband and wife was unusually affecting; much more so than the occasion seemed to warrant. A presentiment of danger hung over both minds, and turned the separation into a calamity. At length, Mr. M. violently tore himself away from the embraces of his beloved companion. She was never to see him more!

Seldom has earth witnessed a combination of more talents and graces than were conjoined in this extraordinary man. All who knew him predicted for him a distinguished career, of which the promise had been already given in the highest university honours, and to the fulfilment of which he was rapidly rising. His muscular frame truly represented his masculine and noble nature. His capacious brow spoke of the stores of thought and learning and wit which were enthroned within. His dark eye flashed with the fire of genius. In the variety of his accomplishments physical, social, and mental, he afforded some notion of those which are said to have clustered in "The admirable Crichton." He had attempted many things, and his attempts were always triumphs. His extraordinary attainments were associated with a most loving and generous nature, and were sanctified by a piety as profound as ever prostrated a sinner at the footstool of his Creator.

The evening on which the *Pegasus* set sail was a summer one (July 19, 1843), and was peculiarly serene and beautiful. As the vessel steamed down the Forth and passed the many objects of interest with which that locality abounds, Mr. Mackenzie remained on deck; for the scenes of nature were peculiarly congenial to his mind: and where is nature more lovely? One of the passengers was a gentleman of imbecile mind, and the principal account of the catastrophe is derived from the testimony of his surviving attendant. Mr. Mackenzie is represented to have paid considerable attention to this invalid, and to have paced the deck watching the setting sun and whistling tunes. As the night, which was fair, though somewhat hazy at sea, darkened, he, when the vessel had reached St. Abbs, had retired to his cabin; where he appears to have occupied himself during some time, in writing for the press, and then it is probable composed himself, half undressed, to rest. As his pocket Bible was found detached and not with the other books he had been consulting, it is inferred that his last calm thoughts had been devoted to its contents. Thus, in serenity he closed his eyes; when next they opened it was at the summons—"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him!"

The circumstances of that night have never been satisfactorily elucidated. Whether the

captain were sober and daring, or whether he were under influences which abated his vigilance, has never been perfectly ascertained. It is enough to say that, just after midnight, whilst the master was preparing to turn in for the night, and when the vessel was proceeding at the rate of about seven knots an hour, she struck with great violence upon the Goldstone—a rock which, as it was clearly marked out, should never have been approached. The bows of the vessel were shattered by the collision, and the sea poured in apace. Baillie (the servant of the infirm gentleman, to whom we have already referred) related, how, immediately after the vessel had struck, he ran upon deck to ascertain the cause, and immediately returned to seek his invalid master, telling the passengers, as he came back to the aft cabin what had happened; though his sailor-phrase (for he had been a seaman) was not at first understood. When he came upon deck again, he found the crew in the act of lowering the boats, though with the usual want of success on such emergencies. One had just touched the water, and been rapidly loaded, when the captain gave the order to reverse the engines; the boat was consequently upset, and some of the passengers perished. The other boat, through unskillful handling, underwent a similar fate. In the meantime the vessel was rapidly filling with water, and after having proceeded about two hundred or three hundred yards, the water had covered the cylinder and stopped all further progress. Little more than a quarter of an hour elapsed between the time when the first alarm was given and—eternity!

Who can describe the fearful consternation of the numerous passengers at this awful crisis? The shrieks which arose as the vessel yielded to the weight of the waters which poured into her, are described as terrific. Signals of distress were hastily made, but in so hurried and imperfect a manner as not to be visible by those who were watching on the shore. Though within sight of the land—the lights of which were plainly visible—escape was felt to be impossible. “Good God!” said the captain, “we are all going to the bottom!”

Many speculations have been formed as to what it might have been possible to do in so portentous an emergency. Some have imagined that the vessel would have been safe had it never been backed from off the rock, on which, it is supposed, it would have rested. But it does not clearly appear that it ever was on the rock at all! Others have deplored that no one, acting as a leader at such a crisis, had proposed the construction of a raft as a means of safety. Such fancies are easily indulged at leisure, though a thousand contingencies might at the

moment have prevented their operation; and scarcely could the mind have awakened from the sudden terror before all was too late. A few had presence of mind enough to provide for their own safety; but these were exceptions. Some were agonizingly inquiring of the master what was to be done, and driven to despair by the hopelessness of his replies. Others, as the vessel sank, climbed the mast, in the delusive expectation that they should surmount the waves. A lady was seen on the companion ladder with two children; she calmly resigning herself into the hands of God, whilst the little ones, suspecting no danger, were unconcernedly Prattling about some indifferent subject. One of the passengers, however, was conspicuous above the rest for his unshaking fortitude in the period of imminent peril. That person was Mr. Mackenzie.

Roused from his sleep by the alarm which had struck terror into so many hearts, that servant of God had reached the deck and had learned by a question of the captain, the imminence of the danger. In the crisis, no thought of his own safety was present to his mind. His muscular strength, which had often been proved in the art of swimming, might have suggested to him, as to others, efforts to escape. But such efforts he does not appear to have even attempted. He was a Christian of no mean order; and as such, felt himself through Christ's mercy prepared to die. He was a minister of salvation; and in this character felt the instinct which might have prompted him to regard his own safety overborne by a compassionate concern for those who, like himself, were about to be hurried, without warning, into the presence of God. His self-possession and dignity at this moment were heroic—sublime! Having ascertained from the captain the position in which they all stood, he was heard to call to those who remained on the quarter deck—(the ship was now fast sinking at the head)—that “as there was no hope of safety they should engage in prayer.” “He then,” continued Baillie, “began to pray; the rest of the passengers kneeling around him.” “He was as cool and collected,” pursued the narrator, “as I am now, and the others were praying, but his voice was heard above the rest. At this time there was no shrieking or screaming.” What burning ejaculations were uttered by the servant of God in that moment of anguish must be left to the imagination of the Christian heart to conceive; the detail will never be known till “the sea shall give up the dead that are in her.” Whether, after this, the human intercessor made any attempt for his own safety is not known, though all appearances indicate the contrary. So died the Christian minister—a

hallowed and memorable death. Nor is it inconceivable that as he entered heaven he might bear with him thither some one, rescued at that last hour from spiritual destruction, a trophy of the Divine grace which had saved him, yet who had never been won, but for the noble agency of the instrument which pointed him to the cross. Certain it is that, even upon the hard hearts of the surviving sailors, this affecting incident left an impression in favour of the reality of religion never to be removed.

This was the last scene of the shipwreck. Immediately after it the vessel went down head foremost till she was half under water, then suddenly righted herself and sank. The suction of the disappearing ship drew down with it many who never rose again. Others floated once more. For a moment the space was crowded with the bodies of the passengers—shrieks mingling with prayers—till one by one all disappeared except two or three survivors who were found in the morning and who told the tale. The vessel sank in such deep water that even those who had sought safety in the rigging, with two exceptions, were submerged and perished. What became of Mr. Mackenzie none, for a long time, knew. During several days some of his relatives resolutely clung to the hope that he had escaped the catastrophe and would again appear. For a considerable time the most anxious investigation was made respecting those who had suffered in the wreck, and each day afforded some new evidence of the extent of the catastrophe. No fewer than sixty-four persons perished in this shipwreck. Among them were the captain, stewardess, and greater part of the crew, and several privates of the fifty-sixth regiment. One young man who was drowned was about to undertake a new situation to which he had been just appointed at Leeds; another was a player of some popularity; another was on his way to become acquainted with the world before settling down into business for life. The body of a young lady was found embracing in her arms, a beautiful boy, in whom she had become interested on board the vessel. There were discovered near the wreck the books in which Mr. Mackenzie had read on his last evening as well as the pocket Bible he had carried. Among other articles recovered belonging to the same minister were a pocket-handkerchief (the coincidence was singular) which had belonged to a relative—an officer—and which had been taken from his dead body at the battle of Waterloo, and a morning-gown which had been given to Mr. Mackenzie by Mr. McCleod—the giver having himself perished in the wreck of the *Forfarshire* not far from the spot. The writer saw at Bamborough castle some affecting remnants of the catas-

trophe—part of Mr. Mackenzie's personal apparel; some of the theatrical appurtenances belonging to the player, the rouge he used and the haresfoot by which it was applied; together with the watch which had been the property of the captain, and which had stopped at the hour at which the awful casualty had occurred. After long delay Mr. Mackenzie's body was at length discovered, and it now rests in Bamborough churchyard, awaiting there “the resurrection of the just,” and the crown which shall be assigned to the faithful servant at that day.

It is not probably allotted to many of my readers to meet death in the same sudden and fearful form as was exhibited in this incident. And it is not unlikely that some of them, calculating upon the small proportion in which such events stand to the mass of mortality, may be tempted to exaggerate the improbability in a manner too favourable to themselves. Surely, however, in these days of constant and rapid locomotion when he who has not stirred far from his own fireside is both a curiosity and an object of ridicule, it cannot be performing the part of an unnecessary alarmist to remind our travelling friends that whilst precautions against accident are daily and wisely increasing, it may occur to them, in their frequent peregrinations to be summoned to overleap, at almost a moment's notice “the isthmus which separates the two eternities.” At any rate, who can be a loser by having permitted the thought of such a possibility to cross his or her mind? In what position are we secure? In the railway carriage, on the steamer, abroad or at home, who is safe except as he is “garrisoned” by the protecting power of God? Even the sleep which we nightly desire is, as an old writer well says, “so like to death that I dare not trust it without my prayers.” To think of what *must be*, to think of what *may be*, is surely not the worst preparation for that *which is*.

Most strikingly does this incident—more worthy of note than many others of a similar kind—exhibit the value of Christian piety and self-possession in moments of imminent danger. It is not often given to the believer to “play the man” amidst such scenes of fearful distraction. But when it is, happy is he who can enact the part assigned him! Happy he whose last words come out with unsalting effect! Yet, let us not forget that this can only be expected from those whose Christian character has been genuine, simple and uniform. It is the habit of piety which can best stand the test of startling and unexpected emergencies. He who would start up ready clad at the sound of the great Captain's voice must have accustomed himself to sleep in his armour!

But by whatever process, and at whatever time, the reader may be called—and he must be called—to his great account, it is well that he should profit by the improvement made of the event by the late Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, in his funeral sermon.

"Had you been of the number of those who were on the wreck, with death and eternity just before them, what would have been your state of mind? In this form of the question, possibly, you may be at a loss to answer it. The suddenness and fearfulness of the circumstances—you may reasonably allege—might have shocked and shaken many a mind, and thrown it for a time off its balance, respecting which it would be very harsh and unjust to conclude, on that account, that it was destitute of faith and piety, and in a state of unpreparedness for eternity. I shall put the question, therefore, in another form. What is *now* the ground of your hope? What is *now* your state of preparation for eternity? You have not now the plea of sudden and distracting agitation. What then, I repeat, is your hope and what your preparedness *now*? Whatever they are now, they would have been then, whatever they are here they would have been there \* \* \* Examine—examine well—the foundation on which you are building for eternity. Linger not in a thoughtless indecision. Say not, By and by. Trust not to moments yet to come. Come they will, but you may be gone before them. \* \* \* Believe in Christ. Trust in Christ. Love Christ. Live to Christ. Renounce self and sin and the world, and make Christ your all. Then let death come to you how and when and where it may—slowly or suddenly—by accident or disease—on land or on sea—all is safe—safe for judgment, safe for eternity. To you to live having been Christ—to you to die shall be gain!" \*

#### THY WILL BE DONE.

ONE sabbath evening some months ago I was accosted on leaving the pulpit by an elderly woman who, with tearful earnestness, entreated me to visit a dying person. Finding that the case was one which admitted of no delay, I at once accompanied her. On the way I learned that she was a widow, and that the young man I was about to see was her only child—her only earthly friend. I endeavoured to comfort her by the assurance that God might even yet hear prayer for his recovery. With strange and intense emotion, which at the time I could not understand, she replied, "Sir, I dare not again pray for his life—God's will be done." Her feelings were too much excited to allow me to ask an explanation, and before she grew calm, we had reached the house. During the walk I

had been struck with a contrast between the meanness of her dress, and a certain air of refinement in her manner which indicated that she had not always been so poor as now; on entering the room the same contrast again impressed me; there was a neatness and order which one rarely sees in the dwellings of the very poor, and some pieces of furniture, once costly, but now old and far-worn, seemed out of place there. I at once went up stairs, and there, on a pallet bed, lay stretched the object of my visit—a young man of about two-and-twenty. His sepulchral cough, lustrous eye, hectic cheek, and attenuated frame, left no doubt that he was in the last stage of consumption, and within a few days, perhaps a few hours, of death.

There is no part of a pastor's duty so anxious, so perplexing, as when he is thus called to visit a stranger at the point of death. Ignorant of the real character and history of the dying man, he knows not what special aspect of Divine truth needs to be presented to meet his case. He can only elicit vague and confused answers from one whose mind is enfeebled by physical suffering and weakness, or racked by remorse and terror. If he speaks of the threatenings of the Divine law, the inflexible claims of justice, and the fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the impenitent sinner, he may sink the dying man into despair. If he speaks to him of boundless mercy, forgiveness for all, "not through works of righteousness which we have done but through grace," he runs the risk of exciting false and delusive hopes. And the time is so fearfully short that there is no opportunity of correcting any such mistakes. Oh, the madness of postponing religion to a dying hour! It was with such feelings that I took my seat by the death-bed of this youth, oppressed by the thought that I might never see him more till we met at the judgment. I sat, therefore for a moment or two in silent prayer to God for guidance in this distressing emergency. The dying youth seemed to understand my feelings, for when I looked up again I found him gazing at me with intense anxiety. Weakness, mental agitation, and an incessant cough, rendered it impossible for him to converse. I read and expounded some verses in the third chapter of John, prayed, and having promised to see him next morning, left the house.

As he lingered some days longer I was able to learn enough of their previous history to explain what had perplexed me in the language and appearance of the mother.

Twenty years before, she had been left a widow, in the possession of a moderate competence, with an only child. To this child she clung with a devotion which bordered on idolatry. She determined, as she said, that he should be a

gentleman, and she had, with this view, practised the most rigid parsimony in her personal expenditure, that she might the more liberally provide for him, and at the same time add something annually to his inheritance. Love made her blind to his faults as he grew up to youth, and in her fondness she neglected that discipline which is the truest kindness. She had already begun to reap the bitter fruits of this folly when he was seized with a severe illness, which brought him to the point of death. At first she refused to believe that there was danger, but when the terrible truth burst upon her, in a paroxysm of grief she fell upon her knees, almost upbraided God with unkindness in taking away her son, and with passionate earnestness implored his life. To the surprise of the physicians he recovered, *but recovered only to break his mother's heart.* He fell into habits of dissipation and vicious indulgence. She in her foolish fondness, unable to deny him anything, supplied him with money without stint or limit, happy herself to make sacrifices for his sake. At length his extravagances became so great, and his demands for money so urgent, that she was compelled to encroach upon the savings of former years. At this she remonstrated, and was answered only with unkind reproaches. She yielded again and again until the hoarded treasure was almost exhausted. There is nothing which so hardens and petrifies the heart as sin. A vicious man is almost always a selfish man, for vice, whatever disguise it may wear, is essentially selfishness. Thus it proved with this unhappy youth. Unmoved by his mother's tears he continued his evil practices. He saw her droop and sicken, and knew it was love for him which preyed at her heart, yet he relented not, or if he did, it produced no permanent amendment. At length when she could no longer supply him with money he committed forgery. Detection and retribution were speedy. He was arrested. In an agony of grief his mother flew to the prosecutor and by her entreaties prevailed upon him to withdraw the charge on condition of receiving the amount with costs. To effect this she had to surrender the whole of her remaining property, and was reduced to destitution. For herself she cared little, but her son's ingratitude and crime broke her heart. She felt that this great grief had come upon her as a punishment for presumptuous simplicity in resisting the will of God when he was about to take her child, and she confessed that the judgment was deserved. But as, when darkness veils the earth, the stars of heaven shine forth, so in the gloom and sorrow of her earthly lot, heavenly light began to dawn—her only earthly friend had failed, but the Divine and heavenly Friend drew near to cheer her by his almighty love. With eyes

suffused with tears, and with a bleeding heart, she yet learned meekly to bow her head and say, "Not my will but thine be done." She now felt a peace to which she had long been a stranger—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding" kept her heart and mind. Her unhappy son was released from confinement only to sicken and die. Dissipation had given a fatal blow to a constitution always feeble. Consumption, fearfully rapid in its progress, in a few weeks reduced him to the state in which I found him. He had continued to flatter himself that he should recover, and promised, with restored health, to reform his life. But though penitent to his mother, he had not humbled himself before God, and refused to receive a visit from a minister. But at length the conviction burst upon him like a thunder-clap that he was in danger, and in reply to his question the medical man told him he must die. Remorse and terror now seized him, and he desired his mother to implore a visit from me without a moment's delay. Hence the urgent summons I received.

For about a week I saw him daily. He seemed to repent and to believe the gospel, and died with expressions of faith in Christ. There was as much hope in his end as there can be when religion has been neglected till the last hour of life. But how terrible the uncertainty which must always attend a death-bed repentance! We venture to hope the best, but it can never be "a sure and certain hope." His mother caught at his dying words and cherished the belief that she should meet him in a happier world. It would have been cruel to suggest a doubt to her, but we can only have confidence when the dying testimony seals the evidence of a devout and holy life. In every other case we must leave the decision to the merciful Judge who will do right.

It was evident to all that the widowed mother, now doubly bereaved, could not long survive. Meekly and without a murmur she bore her heavy load. To those who expressed sympathy with her she was accustomed to reply that though God's ways were mysterious they were always wise and kind, and that therefore gratitude and confidence ought to be felt in sorrow as well as in joy. Though naturally reluctant to speak much of her own sad story, yet those who knew it always felt that she had by it been taught the folly as well as the sin of opposing God or murmuring against him. Her faith was not tried very long. About three months after her son's death, I visited her for the last time. She was dying, but she "feared no evil." She was not merely cheerful but joyful. I read at her request, Cowper's hymn beginning "God moves in a mysterious way," and the 12th

chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Without a struggle or groan she passed away from the sorrows of earth to that eternal home where “the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.”

## PLANTS OF SCRIPTURE.

### THE FIG TREE.

The common fig-tree was in all probability a native of Asia, though it was introduced into Europe at a very early period. In the east it grows in great luxuriance, and travellers speak gratefully of its shelter and shade.

“It was,” says Burekhardt, speaking of the neighbourhood of Tiberias, “mid-day, and the sun was intensely hot; we therefore looked out for a shady spot, and reposed under a very large fig-tree, at the foot of which a rivulet of sweet water gushed out from beneath the rocks, and fell into the lake at one hundred paces distant.” In a similar manner Haselquist observes, “We refreshed ourselves under the shade of a fig-tree, under which was a well, where a shepherd and his herd had their rendezvous, but without either house or hut.”

This “sitting every man under his fig-tree” might thus well become an almost proverbial expression to denote domestic peace and security, and accordingly we find it often made use of in Scripture: for instance, 1 Kings iv. 25, where the prosperity of Solomon’s reign is described, and 2 Kings xviii. 31, where the same idea occurs in Rabshakel’s specious address to the Jewish people.

Solomon protected every man in the possession and enjoyment of his own property. They sat under the shadow and ate the fruit of their own fig-trees; peace and plenty were the universal characteristics of his wise government. But this happy state of things was doubtless symbolical of a far happier one—that kingdom of “righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost” which Christ’s subjects shall enjoy when they shall sit down under his shadow with great delight. This coming of Christ to establish his church was the secret support of his people in all times, and illumined the holy prospects of prophetic vision; as that future day which was to bring the Immanuel upon the scene of his wonderful achievements, was glanced at with more or less distinctness by all the gifted teachers of the people, who saw the promises afar off. Thus we see in Canticles ii. the happiness of His spouse, the church, in looking forward to the glorious consummation of her espousals with the great Bridegroom, when, in allusion to the long period of conflict which was to precede it, he thus addresses her—“Rise up, my dove, my fair one, and come away. For

lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.”

The wintry storms have pass’d away,  
And welcome spring again is nigh;  
The sun, with bright and cheering ray,  
Begins his cloudless course on high.  
  
The waking flowers forth issue, glad  
The renovating call to meet;  
And in their goodliest garments clad,  
Salute him with their incense sweet.  
  
The vine puts on her best array,  
To woo us to an earthly bound;  
The figs their verdant vest display,  
The turtle gives her plaintive sound.  
  
But rise, my soul, and haste away,  
For thee there waits a scene more bright;  
Let nothing earthly force thy stay,  
Or interrupt thy upward flight.  
  
Oh, waken from thy carnal trance,  
In dull oblivion no more lie;  
See, see a fairer spring advance,  
The daughter of a purer sky.

Pliny tells us that “the fruit of the fig-tree is the best food that can be taken by those who have been brought low by long sickness and are on the recovery,” which accounts for the fact narrated in 1 Samuel xxx. 11, 12, that when an Egyptian was found fainting in the field, “a piece of a cake of figs” was added to the bread and water which David commanded to be given him. We are also told by the same authority that the fig is often employed in external applications as plasters; and in 2 Kings xx. 7, we read that the prophet Isaiah was commanded to take a lump of figs and to lay it upon Hezekiah’s boil, with a gracious promise of recovery to the sufferer. A word, indeed, from the Great Physician might have carried as much healing power as the fig: but in most instances of God’s gracious aid afforded to man, it seems to have been his purpose to direct his attention and activity to the use of means, and to forbid that waiting for supernatural succour which might have furnished an excuse for idleness and ease.

Pliny celebrates the African fig; and that there were, as some travellers tell us, “divers sorts known in Africa,” seems confirmed by an anecdote recorded in Roman history. It is said, that when Cato wished to excite the Roman senators to declare war against Carthage, he took an *early* African fig in his hand, and thus addressed them:—“I would ask you how long is it since this fig was gathered from the tree?” And when they replied it was fresh gathered—“Yes,” said he, “it is not yet three days since this was gathered at Carthage, and by it we see how near the walls of the city we have a mortal enemy.” From the story of

Cleopatra, again, we may infer that there was a kind growing in Egypt fit for the table of that luxurious queen, as the fatal asp was conveyed to her in a basket of figs.

That the sycamore yielded the commoner fruit, which grew by the wayside both in Palestine and Egypt, seems peculiarly worthy of remark, as throwing light upon a passage in the gospel history which has puzzled commentators. In Matthew xxi. 19, 20, our blessed Lord is described as looking for fruit on a fig-tree at a time which St. Mark admits was not seasonable. "The time for figs," he says, "was not yet" (about the latter end of March, according to chronologists). Our Lord then proceeded to denounce a curse upon this barren fig-tree, which speedily withered away, typifying the doom passed on the Jewish church, which, though adorned with the green leaf of profession, was not enriched with the fruit of the Spirit. Now, if we suppose the figs sought for by our Lord to be that inferior sort produced by the sycamore, the description given of it by travellers seems to account for the Saviour's expectation. Dr. Norden observes that the tree grows commonly by the road-side, and in that case cannot be considered private property; that it is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year without observing any certain seasons. "For I have seen," says this traveller, "some sycamores which had fruit two months after others. The fruit has the figure and smell of real figs, but is inferior to them in taste, having an unpleasant sweetness. Its colour is yellow, inclining to flesh-colour; in the inside it resembles the common fig. The common people of Egypt live on its fruit. The tree being always green, persons at a distance cannot readily determine whether it has fruit on it or not." Whether we accept this explanation or not, the spiritual meaning of the parable is obvious. All professing members of Christ's church are fig-trees in the vineyard; all are leafy; few are fruitful. By leaves may be aptly represented mere words, sterile desires, formal outward performances; whereas fruits are the graces of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance," shown forth in a holy and consistent life. May we, by the goodness of God, abound in the latter, and so escape the denunciation which is addressed against the former.

"Ah! where is that green leafy show  
That promised such fruit to bestow?  
It is gone—and the tree, too, is dried up and gone;  
And how was the work so decisively done  
That forbade it for ever to grow?"

It was not the tempest; when wide  
It scatters the dark forest pride,  
At the bidding of Him whom the tempests obey;  
But it was that swift word which had only to say,  
Die, profitless tree!—and it died.

And so will fresh piety shoot,  
With the leafy precursors of fruit;  
But I've seen the leaves fall, and the branches decay  
And the fair-budding promises wither away  
From the failure of life at the root.

I have seen the ambitious house fall,  
Though the cedar had built up its wall;  
Prosperity blasted, and beauty decay,  
And the pageants of this world all passing away  
To their graves I have followed them all.

I have seen, too, the humble man fall  
His station unnoticed and still,  
While fixed was his lot in this turmoil of dust,  
But his branches were moisten'd with dew, as his trust  
Shot upwards to God's holy hill.

And a sweet emanation around,  
To the root an unseen passage found;  
And it seem'd as if sometimes a secret supply  
Dropp'd invisibly down from the cloudless blue sky,  
And solaced the plant underground."

#### RULES FOR VISITORS AND TRAVELLERS, *Prepared by the late Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, for his own Congregation.*

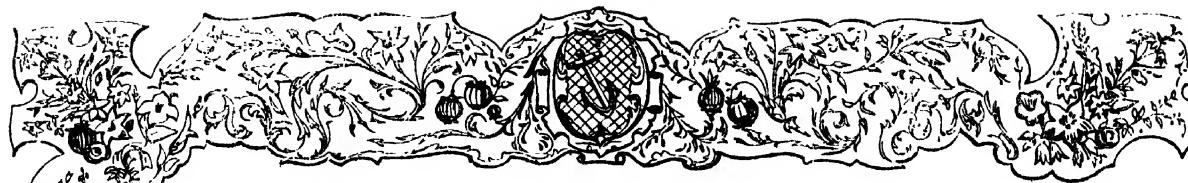
##### IF RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY—

1. NEVER neglect your accustomed private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.
2. Never fail to attend some place of worship on the Lord's day, unless prevented by such circumstances as you are sure will excuse you in the eye of God.
3. Never entertain invited company on the Lord's day, and pay no visits, unless to the sick and needy, as acts of benevolence.
4. Never engage in anything, either on the Lord's or on any secular day, which will compromise your Christian consistency.
5. Seek to do good to the souls of your family and all others within your reach.
6. Always remember that you are, to "stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

##### IF TRAVELLING—

1. Never, on any plea whatever, travel on the Lord's day.
2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.
3. If at a hotel or watering-place on the Lord's day, do not mingle with indiscriminate company; keep your own room as much as possible, and be engaged in such a way as may make the day profitable to your soul, and honourable to your God.
4. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination and prayer.
5. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute, or lend, according to circumstances.
6. Seek for opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.
7. Never, by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.
8. Remember you are to "stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

Let me entreat you to read these items of advice over and over again, and recur to them in every time of temptation. They are the affectionate warning of one who knows the danger of your situation, and whose heart's desire and prayer to God it is, that you may maintain your Christian integrity, honour God, live in obedience to his will, and enjoy the peace which can alone spring from a "conscience void of offence, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart."



## LESSONS BY THE SEASIDE.

"Human life is often compared to the ocean; and the sons of men are voyagers to eternity. Their successive generations, like the mountain billows, are driven onward by the same agency, and dashed upon the same shore; and the various characters and circumstances of men may find some striking illustration in the changing states and aspects of the mighty deep."

THERE is, perhaps, no object in creation more calculated to inspire the fallen children of the dust with an overwhelming feeling of their own insignificance than is a view of the wide expanse of waters. It inspires the thoughtful with exalted ideas of the power and majesty of the Creator of the universe, and suggests humiliating views of themselves. On a recent visit to the sea-coast, the writer, as he beheld the sea under various aspects, indulged in a serious reverie.

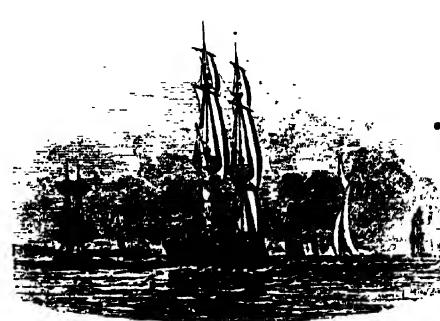
The surges were dashing upon the beach, and the rude breakers practising their wild gambols as they rolled in upon the shore. The surf reared its head as a last effort, and piled up its dark waters, lifting above them its white crest, glittering in the sunbeams, then died upon the shore.

*I looked, and I thought of Him who gave to the sea its bounds, and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed;"—of Him who commanded the winds and the waves, "Be still; and there was a great calm."* I thought—in the sea of life the storm rageth; the tempests riot wildly. The wicked world, like the troubled sea, is continually casting up mire and dirt, jealousy and anger, hatred and falsehood, all impurity;—"There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." But God, who can control the raging waves of the deep, can by his grace subdue the passions

of men, and say to the troubled soul, "Peace; be still." "Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" and there is no rest for any out of Christ.

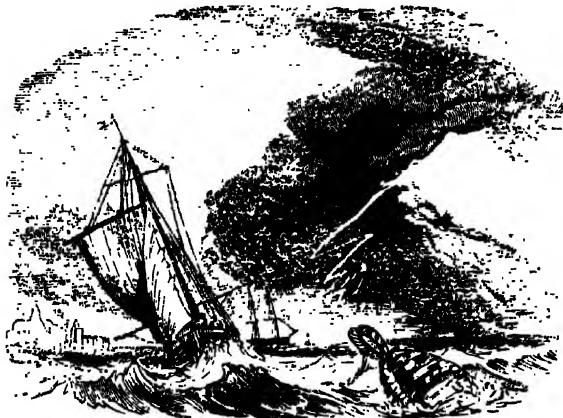
"They shall find rest that learn of me,  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind."

How long has this ocean rolled on in its might! The storm has, times without number, deeply agitated and swept over its surface. How many have stood on its shores, and listened to the 'deep bass of nature's anthem,' as the winds and waves mingled their voices together! Here once stood the proud Roman, and heard in its ceaseless roar the thunders of the "God of the sea;" here once stood a tower of defence, but the waves have levelled it with the shore; and ancient cities lie upon its coast in ruins; yet the ocean bears no traces of age or decay. Buried beneath the beach are the dwellings, the coins, and implements of our ancestors. But the fathers, where are they? The place which knew them knows them no more; and soon those happy groups, now rambling on the beach, full of life and activity, and buoyant with hope and joy, will pass away; others will take their places, gaze on this glorious scene, and die; but onward these waters will swell and flow, and these wild billows sing their requiem over the dead, till the period shall arrive when there will be no more sea. Here, thought I, is an apt illustration of the fleeting nature of all things earthly. The sea shall be dried up; the earth, with all its troubles and commotions will then have passed away; true Christians will be entirely free from conflicting passions, temptations, troubles, changes and alarms, and from whatever can divide or interrupt the communion of saints. "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." Reader, when there is no more sea, where wilt thou be?



"See that your peace with God be made,  
Ere you are summoned to the dead  
Who warn you—' Yesterday was ours;  
To-day is yours :  
Be steadfast: this your all secures."

"There go the ships." Far out upon the deep I saw the lessening sails of many a gallant ship, soon to vanish from my sight. How many anxious thoughts accompany them, and probably not a few prayers ascend to heaven for their safe conduct over the watery element. *I looked and I thought*—wives and mothers will watch with eagerness the gathering cloud, and as they



hear the howling tempest, will tremble and fear for those they love tossed on the bosom of the deep, and will anxiously long for the hour when they shall be restored to their kindred and their home. There may be one reading these pages who has recently left his home to do business on the great waters of life. How many thoughts follow thee, young friend! how many eyes are fixed on thee! how many prayers ascend for a prosperous voyage! Thou hast left, perhaps, a quiet village, for the turmoil and bustle of city life. It may be that the prayers of pious parents and friends ascend on thy behalf, for thy preservation from the temptations by which you may be surrounded, and the assaults of the adversary to which you may be exposed. Young friend, pray for thyself, "My Father, be thou the Guide of my youth; lead me in a plain path, and teach me, because of mine enemies." Cry unto the Lord, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe—guide me, and I shall not err."

"In every changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give me a meek and humble mind,  
A mind at peace with thee."

At some distance from the shore lay a wreck imbedded in the sand; the waves were breaking around and over it, and on its huge timbers was hanging a mantle of weeds. *I looked, and I thought*—Had that desolate wreck a tongue, what an eventful story would it relate. We should be

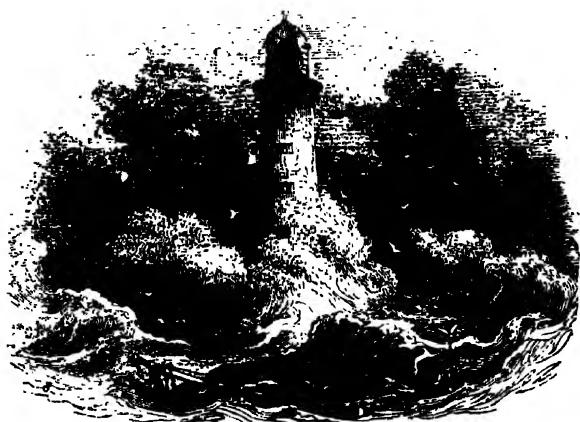
told of the care and expense attending its construction—how nobly she first glided into her destined element amidst the cheers of spectators. She was fitted, and, laden with a rich freight, set sail, and for a while resisted the storm and the tempest. \* \* \* \* The landsman

reposed peacefully upon his pillow, and as the voice of the storm howled around his casement, felt only a pleasing sense of his own security. But that noble vessel felt its power and succumbed to its fury. A fearful crash announced her fate, and cast forth those who had trusted to her to battle with raging billows, either to find a watery grave, or bruised and breathless to reach the shore.

Is there not a counterpart to this in the moral world? In the circle of fashion and dissipation, how many whose lives commenced with the fairest prospects, and on whom the fondest hopes centred, have made shipwreck of character, and, like this broken vessel, have left a ragged broken wreck to tell a sad and impressive story.

Oh that men were wise that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

The shadows of evening fell upon those waters, and the quiet stars peeped from their hiding-places. The breakers, lighted up with phosphorescent flashes, rolled in fire-waves upon the rocks. High above those troubled waters, shone the bright light of that "faithful sentinel which, amidst storms and darkness, stands to keep watch for the sailor." *I looked, and I thought*—



So shines the lamp of God's word over the troubled sea of life, and he who fixes his eye upon it, and is guided by it, shall be safely conducted to the haven of peace. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." "Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel."

Night let fall her sable mantle, spangled with stars. *I looked, and my thoughts went upwards* to Him who rolls the stars in their courses. Tell me thou in whose heart is written the dreadful

words, "No God," by what power do these waters roll?—who gave to the sea its bounds? Gaze upon that splendid canopy above your head, the glorious throne of the Invisible, and say, Is not the hand of Omnipotence in all this? "Learnest thou no lesson of thine own insignificance, and of his wisdom and power? Is no desire awakened in thy bosom to acquaint thyself with him and be at peace? That mighty ocean, whose surges are breaking at thy feet, is his workmanship, and obeys his voice. Its magnitude and unchanging character is but a faint image of his infinitude and immutability." Canst thou doubt, when every voice that meets thine ear proclaims the power and glory, the wisdom and love of thy Creator—thy God? Wilt thou not join in the chorus which the heavens, and the earth, and sea are singing? Look, we implore you, upon the works of God, and think, and may thy thoughts be toward thy God; "acquaint thyself with him; look to him in faith and love, who, though, infinite in might and majesty, will dwell in the heart of the humble and contrite. He alone can say, "Peace, be still" to a troubled conscience—in his favour is life. If thou wilt despise his love, and think light of his power, and doubt his existence—the day shall declare it; for, at his bidding, the heavens and the earth shall flee away, and there shall be no more sea, but thou canst not be annihilated; thy soul shall never die, but, unsaved, shall be cast into depths of eternal agitation, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. "Flee from the wrath to come." "In me," says a compassionate Saviour, "ye shall have peace." Christ Jesus died to save sinners—Repent, believe, and live.

### JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

#### PART III.

THE green leaves and purple fruit of the autumn vine are signs of the inward life flowing through the branches, and the fountain of that life is in the root. And the fair profession, and the ripe virtues of the Christian, are proofs of the inward life circulating through his soul, and the fountain of that life is Christ. No man ever felt this more deeply than Mr. Gurney:

His religion was not a form, not a creed, not mere external morality, but a spiritual life through faith in Christ, and the supplies of the Holy Spirit. In reading his Memoirs, one is continually struck with indications of an earnest experience of the power of divine things, lying beneath all the outward acts of virtue, beneficence, and devotion. He kept a journal for his own use, and on its pages are to be traced the faith and hope, the fear and love, the conflicts

and triumphs, the lights and shades, that make up the true history of a man on pilgrimage to heaven. Now we see him toiling up the hill Difficulty, then in the house Beautiful; at one time he is in Vanity Fair, perplexed with its noise and bustle, and another time in the land Beulah; here we see him amidst the gloom of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and there on the Delectable Mountains: but we are always sure that he has come in through the strait gate, and that he is in the right way to the holy city. He had a firm hold upon the doctrines of the gospel. He felt that salvation was simply through the grace of God. He knew that man's only hope is in the redeeming love of Christ, and, at the same time, he watchfully strove to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. He longed to have his soul more alive to the infinite peril of doing wrong. "The natural and infallible consequence of sin," as he remarks, "is death." "There is but one means of escape—justification through the blessed Saviour. And in this justification we have no part if we are not sanctified by his Holy Spirit, and do not always walk in obedience to his will." His essays on Christianity indicate the soundness of his views in general, and prove, very beautifully, how what he advances on the infinitely momentous subject of religion, was not the mere opinion of the head, but the sentiment of the heart. A cold intellectual treatment of gospel truth was alien to his habits of mind. A calm glow of holy emotion pervaded the utterance of his thoughts, whether by pen or speech; and his preaching, conversation, and writing, all looked like "a sea of glass mingled with fire." Inward religion made him happy. The predominance of peace characterised his spiritual history. "Ups and downs in feeling," he characteristically remarks, "I must expect, but, on the whole, substantial happiness is my portion." His pleasure was not of the rapturous cast, but tranquil, having on it a touch of seriousness, heightening its beauty by showing its depth. We are much struck with the following passage in a letter to his sister Catharine, written at Amherst, New Hampshire, America, 1838:—"One sometimes arrives at a deep pause in life, as if its pulse stood still, and this is my experience this afternoon, at a neat country village, where I am staying in my course for a few hours in order to hold a public meeting. It is an afternoon of bright sunshine without (and sunshine in this country is doubly bright from the transparency of the atmosphere), and of solemn gravity within; not without a touch of happiness on the accomplishment, this day, of half a century spent in this vale of tears." He shed his own feeling over his home. The air of Earlham, as he observed, was "cheerful, but serious."

We have seen Mr. Gurney abroad, and in the society of friends noble and illustrious. Let us see him for a moment in his domestic privacy, exhibiting the soft and gentle charities of family life. Beautifully does his daughter say : "On our part we were excessively fond of our father, at the same time his word was law ; it never entered our minds, I believe, openly to disobey him, and I am reported to have been in the habit of informing visitors, that papa required implicit obedience. We were very little children when he began occasionally to take us into his study, for times of religious retirement and prayer. After sitting for a short time in silence, he would often kneel down and pour forth his prayers in the most simple words he could use. I think I never shall forget the very great solemnity, the holy, and to me as a little child, the most awful feeling of some of these occasions." "I have no doubt his married life was a very happy one, though our mother's delicate health often brought him much anxiety. They particularly enjoyed their Greek Testament readings after breakfast in the sitting-room. This was a time they were never to be interrupted, after that my father went into his study, and was closely engaged in writing, only walking for a few minutes in the garden 'thinking out a sentence,' as we children used to say. At twelve his horse came round, and as I sat at my lessons, I used to hear him run upstairs to take leave of my mother, and then ride off to the bank. He often came back at three or four, and called directly for her to take a walk with him. We dined on those days at five, and I have since thought how good it was for us, that we were early transferred from the nursery to the dining-room, and had all our meals with the family. This gave us the opportunity of being with them more than we otherwise could ; but we always went to lessons again after dinner. The only exception to this was sometimes in the summer, when we all took delightful walks together in the beautiful evenings. Most happy are the remembrances of some of those rambles in the park and meadows." He loved his children with equal tenderness and wisdom. Bitterly did he suffer when he saw them doing wrong, and earnestly did he say to his daughter—"Keep near to that which will keep thee ;" and to his son, "Exercise for the body, learning for the intellect, religion for the soul." His love to his relations was very strong ; his attachment to his brothers and sisters truly devoted ; towards his domestics he was most kind and considerate. His daughter tells how, when the old housekeeper came into the dining-room, on the day of the Bible meeting, and was about to retreat, seeing no place for her, he caught sight of her, called her most kindly, and placed her, as she expressed it, "between

himself and lady Jane, in the very first seat in the room." And when his poor old nurse, who lived in a cottage in the park, was ill, how he would call on her, and talk to her, and pray with her ; and when she died, he visited her remains, and dwelt upon the sight of her countenance, serene in death, remarking, "Poor old nurse, she appears to have passed away most peacefully ; oh ! what a favour ; may it be so with me when my turn comes."

We alluded at the beginning of this paper to the life of the vine. He who has made that symbol so sacred, tells us "every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." The Divine Husbandman used the pruning knife with our friend, and the vine bled. Free from pecuniary troubles through life, yet he suffered much in other ways. God has different modes of chastising his people. Mr. Gurney's chief trials were in the way of bereavement. Hero he suffered breach upon breach. We remember hearing more than thirty years ago, much of Priscilla Gurney, his sister, a lady of singular endowments, virtue, and piety, a preacher among the Friends, and a pattern of active benevolence. She was taken away, to the inexpressible grief of her loving brother, in the thirty-sixth year of her age. Yet, with this grief, there was mingled wonderful consolation, and he speaks of a great and delightful flow of peace which after much distress ensued to his mind. His union with his first wife, so happy, was but short. After five years they were separated. Here again resignation sublimely triumphed over natural sorrow. We scarcely know anything more touching than the record of Mrs. Gurney's death, as given by her husband. He was agitated, fearful, and nervous, but after some time was strengthened to kneel down by her side, when a song of prayer and praise broke forth from him spontaneously in the following words—"And now, O Lord, cut short the work in righteousness. Thou hast washed her in the blood of the Lamb ; thou hast regenerated her by thy Holy Spirit ; thou hast clothed her with thy salvation. Thou art about to receive her into thy kingdom, where her sun shall no more go down, neither her moon withdraw itself ; for thou, O Lord, shall be her everlasting light—her God—her glory." As the last breath trembled on her lips (and gentle was that breath), the power of the Lord, he tells us, came over him, and he cried out with a spirit not his own, "The work, the glorious work, is finished, to his praise, to her eternal happiness, and to my peace." Much affliction of soul followed, but withal there was much thankfulness.

In 1827, he married a second time. Again the union was broken, after eight years of domestic happiness. A more adapted companion,

he remarked, it was impossible for any man to have found ; and, therefore, the blank and loss were in proportion. But still, here, as before, undue sorrow was precluded by the living sense of the fulness that is in Christ. She died full of ecstatic pleasure, declaring that " Christ is all in all ;" and he resigned her to the Author of all his mercies, with a reverent thankfulness : and when from a state of bright effulgence, she sank into a gentle calm, and in a few minutes, without a struggle, breathed her last, he knelt down and returned heartfelt thanksgiving for her deliverance in Christ from every trouble.

The death of his brother-in-law, Sir T. F. Buxton, and his sister, Mrs. Fry, in the same year, 1845, were heavy blows. They were both most extraordinary characters, and singularly endeared to each other, and to him, by their common sympathies and pursuits. After describing the death of the former, full of Christian faith and peace, he finely remarks—" So fell the forest oak, but truly without a crash, never to be replaced in this world ; for men in general are but saplings in comparison. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." He was not with Mrs. Fry at the time of her death, and her infirmities tended to soften the coming bereavement ; yet he acutely felt her approaching end, but characteristically observed respecting it—" What a favour it is that peace is the mantle of my spirit, on the hearing of this intelligence, in the delightful assurance that whether she be in life or in death, peace is everlastingly hers, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

In addition to these family trials, he had personal sorrows arising from misrepresentation, controversy, and the strife of tongues. His religious views were not understood by some of his fellow Friends, which brought him much severe conflict, and painful experience ; still, however, in patience he possessed his soul. And, besides all this, what some will not comprehend, the sorrows of others he made his own ; a great heart like his spread over the whole of humanity, often sorely throbbed with the anguish of sympathy. And what is remarkable, he expresses more difficulty in reference to the duty of resignation on account of public calamities, than on account of private trials. " I believe it is far from being shallow work, to get down to a thorough sense and inward acknowledgement that in his chastening, God 'doeth things well,' not only righteously, but as a father, full of loving kindness ; perhaps nothing is so trying to our faith as affliction on a large scale (such as sweeping starvation in Ireland), unless it be vice and cruelty in a still larger, as in the case of the slave trade ; but there is a point of reposing faith and quiet resignation, to which

the mind may be brought, and in which it may be anchored, wherein the heartfelt feeling and blessed assurance is given that God doeth all things rightly—that his tender mercies are over all his works ; that " though clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

The last days of Mr. Gurney's life were peculiarly happy. His peace flowed as a river. As he walked over his gardens, and lawns, and park, he would say, " I never saw this dear old place look so lovely before, my cup is full of blessings. Can it be ?

From paradise to paradise my upward course extends ;  
My paradise of flowers on earth, in heaven's elysium ends."

But in all this there was no clinging to the world—no proud self-elation. " Time is short, we must work while it is called to-day." " *I trust through pardoning mercy.*" " Of myself I am the very poorest and most infirm of human creatures." " Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption ; and he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities." —

• " And every door is shut but one,  
And that is mercy's door."

These were the characteristic sentiments of his mind for some time before his death.

Engaged on a work of mercy—returning from a meeting of the district society in Norwich, in which he felt much interest—he met with an accident. His horse fell as he was descending Orford Hill, and threw him. He did not think himself much hurt, though the following day he complained a little of his back. Still he continued to attend to his duties, but he felt a heavenly solemnity, and an awful sense of a great change being at hand. He seemed to feel his work was almost done. At the close of the afternoon meeting of the 27th December, 1846, he bowed the knee in very solemn prayer, adverting to the great uncertainty of all things temporal, and fervently petitioning that every hindering and obstructing thing might be done away ; and we prepared through the abounding riches of redeeming love, to join the countless company who now surround the throne, ascribing glory and honour, salvation and strength to the Lord God omnipotent, and to the Lamb. On the 28th he attended another committee, and then suffered from a bilious attack. He had a constitutional fear of death ; and on its being remarked that the near approach of death was often veiled in mercy, or we so shielded as not to be sensible of its gloom, he replied, " Yes, we are very tenderly dealt with, and I have sometimes thought, through sparing mercy, that it may be so with me!" —and then added :—

" One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,  
We scarce can say they're gone,  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Its mansion near the throne."

On the 31st he was low and sorrowful, but revived at the thought of the merciful High Priest. Next day he became weaker; but in the afternoon a light came over his countenance, and he said, "I think I feel a little joyful." Then he dropped into tranquil slumber—and slept in Jesus.

He died on the 4th of January, 1847, in his fifty-ninth year. "Him that honoureth me I will honour," were words strikingly illustrated throughout the life of Mr. Gurney, in the influence he acquired. They received additional illustration from what followed his death. The sensation produced was extraordinary. The whole city mourned: all shops and houses, between his departure and interment, were perfectly closed. The day of the funeral was such, perhaps, as had never been seen before. All business was suspended. The streets were thronged. Every dwelling, church-tower and roof, and every church-yard wall was crowded with spectators, and the whole multitude were bound by one spell of sorrow, as the long procession advanced through the city to the Gildeneroft meeting-house. With all the simplicity of Quakerism, there was associated more than the honour done to kingly obsequies. Civic authorities, together with all classes of ministers, including the bishop, vied with one another in showing respect to his memory. The latter, indeed, preached a funeral sermon for him in the cathedral on the following Sunday.

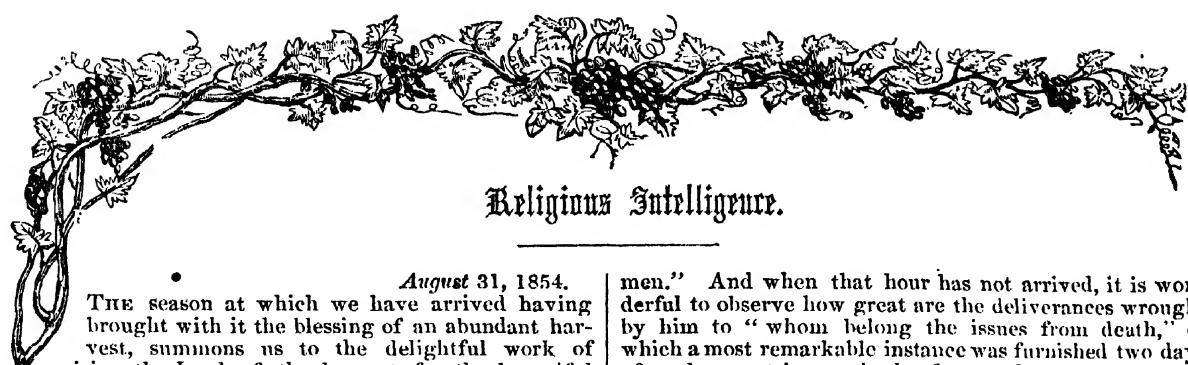
Contrast such honour with that which is merely paid to wealth and rank—compare it with funeral pomp, with the trappings of affected woe, with palls and escutcheons, coronets and military parade; compare it with the cold procession which follows the miserably rich man to his last home; compare the name which the subject of this paper has left written on a million hearts, with that which only heralds proclaim, or flattery writes upon a monument. How infinitely does the spontaneous, unbought heart-paid tribute, in the one case, surpass the frigid, forced, and mercenary formalities of the other?

Strange that the great, generally, have not a nobler ambition; that they do not desire to have it said, as the hearse moves along, "How good he was!" rather than, "How rich he was!" that they do not sacrifice the miserable idea of dying great in wealth and rank, to the noble idea of dying great, as Joseph John Gurney did, in the love of men, and the honour that cometh from God!

### THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

NOR is it only what Scripture says, but its very silence, which is instructive for us. It was said by one wise man of another, that more might be learned from his questions than from another man's answers. With yet higher truth might it be said that the silence of Scripture is often-times more instructive than the speech of other books; so that it has been likened to "a dial in which the shadow as well as the light informs us." For example of this, how full of meaning to us that we have nothing told us of the life of our blessed Lord between the twelfth and thirtieth years!—how significant the absolute silence which the gospel maintains concerning all that period; that those years in facts have no history—nothing for the sacred writers to record. How much is implied herein!—the calm ripening of his human powers, the contentedness of his wait, the long preparation in secret, before he began his open ministry. What a testimony is here, if we will note it aright, against all our striving and snatching at hasty results, our impatience, our desire to glitter before the world: against all which tempts so many to pluck the unripe fruits of their minds, and to turn that into the season of a stunted and premature harvest, which should have been the season of patient sowing, of an earnest culture, and a silent ripening of their powers.

How pregnant with meaning may that be which appears at first sight only, an accidental omission! Such an omission it might at first appear, that the prodigal, who, while yet in a far country, had determined, among other things which he would say to his father, to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," when he reaches his father's feet, when he hangs on his father's neck, says all the rest which he had determined, but says not this. We might take this, at first, for a fortuitous omission; but indeed what deep things are taught us here! This desire to be made as a hired servant, this wish to be kept at a certain distance, this refusal to reclaim the fulness of a child's privileges, was the one turbid and troubled element in his repentance. How instructive then its omission that, saying all else which he had meditated, he says not this. What a lesson for every penitent—in other words, for every man. We may learn from this, wherein the true growth of faith and humility consists; how he that has growth in these can endure to be fully and freely blest—to accept all, even when he most strongly feels that he has forfeited all; that only pride and surviving workings of self-righteousness and evil stand in the way of reclaiming of every blessing which the sinner had lost, but which God is waiting and willing to restore.—*Trench.*



## Religious Intelligence.

August 31, 1854.

THE season at which we have arrived having brought with it the blessing of an abundant harvest, summons us to the delightful work of praising the Lord of the harvest for the bountiful supply which is now being gathered in from the fields of our own country and from other lands. The paths of the Lord "drop fatness; they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing." When we meditate on the many evils which would necessarily have resulted from a deficient harvest, to our personal, domestic, and national interests; to the poor, to the middle and the commercial classes, and to the prosperity of the nation at large; we have peculiar reasons for acknowledging this merciful interposition in our behalf, which seems to have been sent for the purpose of mitigating the evils to which we have become so suddenly exposed by our conflict with Russia.

We have occasion for gratitude to God for the merciful manner in which the waste of human life has been prevented during the attack on Bomarsund, where the early surrender of that fortress was the means of averting an awful amount of carnage, which appeared inevitable on both sides. The accounts which have reached us from day to day from the scene of conflict in the East, have been such as should deeply humble us all before God. There great armies of men, collected together to fight against each other, have on either side had their numbers reduced by a power unseen, but omnipotent, to which both have had to submit, and by whose mysterious and resistless force myriads of mighty men of valour have been laid low.

The "pestilence that walketh in darkness" is still among us, and the number of its victims in the metropolis during the week previous to that in which we write, amounted to more than twelve hundred. We ought at the same time to notice that the epidemic has not reached the high rate of mortality which it attained in the last visitation in 1849. It may be that the sanitary measures which have been employed, and the increased attention paid to the premonitory symptoms, have been instrumental in thus mitigating the severity of the present outbreak, which, in whatever form it comes, has its warning voice. We are called upon to hear. That voice has been heard among the high as well as the low, one of the victims of the scourge being Viscount Jocelyn, the son of the earl of Roden, and son-in-law of Viscount Palmerston. He was carried off after four hours' suffering, leaving a mourning circle of noble friends to learn the affecting lesson which his removal was intended to teach.

This month has had its solemn lessons for crowned monarchs as well as for the noble. The king of Saxony, who was distinguished for his zealous cultivation of science, for which he had a much stronger taste than for the duties of state, was suddenly summoned into the presence of the King of kings on the 9th inst., and the occasion of his death, the kick of a horse, shows how impotent are all the means and appliances of wealth to avert the shafts of death, when that hour has arrived in which God says to one and another of us, "Return ye children of

men." And when that hour has not arrived, it is wonderful to observe how great are the deliverances wrought by him to "whom belong the issues from death," of which a most remarkable instance was furnished two days after the event just noticed; for on the 11th instant, as S. M. Peto, Esq., was engaged in laying the foundation-stone of a new chapel near the Commercial Road, and had just risen up from depositing in the appointed recess the documents of the church intended to be kept beneath the stone, the rope by which it was suspended gave way, and the huge mass of granite descended with a heavy crash on to the spot over which Mr. Peto had been inclining to do his work a moment before.

During the month of August, Cardinal Wiseman has twice appeared before a London audience, at the Educational Exhibition in Long Acre, as a lecturer on the subject of "Home Education." It was thought remarkable that the head of the Roman Catholic movement in England should come forward to give his views on this subject before a general audience, and people flocked in crowds to hear him. The object of the lecturer was to draw attention to the deficient supply of good books for the use of the working and especially the agricultural classes, and to bring the power of law and government to the aid of those who are anxious to supply the place now occupied by works of an injurious tendency. The policy adopted in France was quoted and held up to admiration. That policy is to employ the authority of the state in the suppression of all the literature which is deemed unfavourable to morals and religion—in France that religion being of course that of the church of Rome. The judgment of the people of England has been already distinctly uttered on this subject, and it is everywhere against the principle which this Romish missionary wishes to introduce, and in favour of the opposite principle that we should overcome evil with good, and that the best way to banish bad books is to furnish an adequate supply of good and interesting publications at the cheapest possible rate.

We refer to his lecture principally for the purpose of noticing two statements which he made in reference to religious tracts, which, to adopt the most favourable explanation, show a very imperfect acquaintance with the subject of his censure. The lecturer told his audience that these tracts were not sufficient for the purpose of carrying forward the minds of the agricultural population after they had left school. The subject of his lectures was general education, and the impression he sought to convey was that religious tract distributors assumed that their publications imparted all the general knowledge which it was necessary to furnish after leaving school. The religious tracts, the cardinal should have remembered, are intended only to supply the religious wants of the people to whom they are given, and were never supposed to supply any other want. Religious tracts also were incorrectly described as consisting chiefly of works of fiction. Every one acquainted with such publications is well aware that they ought not to be so characterised, and it would have been gratifying if the quality attributed to the tracts had been carefully excluded from the discourse of the eminent person who so unjustly condemned them. Happily, through the Divine blessing, there are multitudes on earth and in heaven who have experienced through their instrumentality that essential

change of heart and character which is requisite for all who would see the kingdom of God.

Much more like fiction is the tale which was told at the opening of the new Roman Catholic chapel, near Preston, in the early part of this month; on which occasion the priest informed his audience of a servant girl in Preston, who, when lying dangerously ill, and apparently past all hope of recovery, had been miraculously restored to her accustomed health, on being anointed by a priest who visited her with the oil of the blessed St. Walburge. The priest, struck with this miracle, determined on the erection of a church to St. Walburge, which was reared accordingly, and dedicated to the saint to whom the miracle is attributed.

Among the "good books" which Romish priests would place in the hands of the people, "lying wonders" of this kind hold a conspicuous place, but from among their number the Bible is carefully excluded. It was mentioned last month that the Scriptures had been well received from the hands of some zealous distributors in the Baltic: we have much pleasure this month in observing that Bibles and Testaments have been distributed among the French as well as the English soldiers at Constantinople, and that they have been eagerly sought after. The French soldiers promised to lead their copies to their comrades, and not to surrender them at the bidding of the priests.

The Turkish mission is being prosecuted with increased energy, our American friends being greatly encouraged by the co-operation of England. Two very eminent ministers from the United States have just passed through London on their way to the east, where they are directed to visit the various missionary stations. It is very gratifying to hear from them that there are in the United States about one hundred devoted students and missionaries who have determined to labour in the mission field.

Apart from the direct benefits of missionary labour, we sometimes hear of the diffusion beyond the church, in the wilderness, of some great truths which claim the regard of the heathens before they become the disciples of Christ. Of this a very remarkable instance has just appeared in one of the daily journals, in which the writer says:—

"On Sunday, July 16th, a day of humiliation and prayer was observed in Bombay, for the success of the British arms. It was set apart by the Hindoos and Parsees as generally as by the English. They dread the advance of the Russians to India. Their cessation from work was far more extensive than on their own religious high days. It is remarkable that 'the Lord of the universe' was invoked instead of the gods of the pantheon. The form of prayer as prepared by a Brahmin begins:—

"Innumerable evils are accruing from war;  
Except the Lord of the universe, there is no peace-maker;  
Let the drum proclaim Him the true Saviour;  
Let it sound for Thee, the great protector of the world-binders;  
The name Protector of the universe is suitable to Thee."

"After describing the calamities which they were suffering, it concludes thus:—

"Wherefore, O Lord, be Thou the saviour from this ocean of calamity;  
Be thou the pointer of the good path."

It is most gratifying to observe that the Christian people in Pittsburgh and Moscow have this month sent their usual contributions to London in aid of the cause of Christian missions, thus showing how strong are the bonds by which the people of God throughout the world, and in all circumstances, are bound to each other.

An interesting letter has been received from the persecuted remnant of believers in Madagascar. We present an extract from it, commanding these suffering Christians to the prayers of our readers.

"The queen's heart seems to get more hardened, for Raininjohary, commander-in-chief, of the 14th Honour, and Prince Rainoasalama [the queen's nephew], officer of the palace, of the 13th Honour, are united to stir up the queen's wrath against us; and they also delight in this, and seek means of oppressing the Christians, and are also very active in destroying people, in order by this meaning to enrich themselves. But Raharo, commander-in-chief, of the 13th Honour, and Prince Rakoton-D'Radama [the queen's son], officer of the palace, of the 13th Honour, do all that lies in their power to protect the Christians. Thanks be to Jehovah! God, for he has power over all things by which to protect his own! There was a person named Andriamanahatia, that lately sought to inform of the Christians, enticing many people to join him to accuse them, saying to those whom he induced to follow him, 'There are many people still praying; let us go and tell the queen.' But the people refused, and said, 'We do not see them; *that is thine affair.*' This young man was one of the aides-de-camp of Raharo, commander-in-chief, of the 14th Honour. He came and accused the Christians to him and to Rakoton-D'Radama, [the queen's son], of the 13th Honour. They both, being devoted friends of the Christians, considered the matter, and kept back the words of his accusation from the queen's hearing them. They then managed to send him away far to the south to reside at Vohibe, and to remain at a military post there, so that he cannot come up to the capital. Thanks be to God, for his is the power, and not man's!"

"We have just heard that a few books are brought up to the capital, but they have not come to our hands as yet, namely, the Holy Scriptures, tracts, and spelling-books in Malagasy. There are a great many people here, and they are far from being supplied. Think of us, and, if possible, send us some more in a secret manner; you will thereby send food to feed the hungry. The Christians are still increasing in number, though the increase is like water gliding along quietly and steadily. 'This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.'

"The state of our country is increasing in wretchedness, misery, and oppression; many murders are committed, and many have become thieves and robbers, stealing people and cattle, breaking into people's houses, and digging up graves, to take away the things placed with the dead in their graves. Every sort of robbery is committed in every part of the country. Three months ago, 320 persons were put to death for theft, besides others, whom we have not seen, died by the *tangena* [the ordeal] administered to them. These were put in a large hole, and boiling water poured on them.

"Seven of the brethren and sisters have been imprisoned, and four others, two men and two women, have been condemned to work in chains. The two women were chain'd to one another, and also the men were chain'd together, along with many criminals. These four were banished into the Sakalava country, far to the west. Two, one man and one woman, have died there; but the other two are alive still in chains. Three of the men were taken out of prison, but they are still kept in chains, in their own houses. Five men that have been accused, hide themselves; but they are able to come and see us and their friends.

"As we are now advanced in years, our eyes become dazzled, and we can hardly see, when we read any book or writing; we beg of you to send us some spectacles, that would suit men of forty years old and upwards; and some writing-paper, ink-powders, and penknives; and also the ink for writing secretly, so that when washed with potash or sulphate of iron, the writing will appear to be legible. This would be very useful to carry on secret correspondence.

"So say your children, David, Peter, John, Noah, Joseph, Simeon, and Lot."

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



ROBINSON'S PARTING CHARGE TO THE EMIGRANTS AT DEPT HAVEN.

GLIMPSES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

PART I.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith & pure shrine.

THE scene is a dreary common between the towns of Hull and Grimsby in Yorkshire; the time, 251 years ago. The actors, a band of English Christians about to exile themselves from their fatherland. Old men were there, reverend grey-haired followers of the Saviour, who had witnessed much suffering, and had endured some sorrow and hardness as soldiers of Christ in the struggle for freedom of thought

and conscience; permission, in fact, to worship God according to their views of truth. Confiscations, imprisonment, mutilations, and death itself, had their fathers suffered; and many a youth, with all the zeal and life of early manhood burning brightly within his breast, resolved to adopt the alternative of emigration, and to count neither fortune nor country so dear as the exercise of his faith and religion.

Elizabeth, the Tudor queen, who "gathered to her fathers and names, the first of the Stuarts set, upon the English throne, clinging with violent pertinacity to the prejudices and superstitions of her people," the author

one of his subjects who claimed liberty of conscience to the penalty of rebels.

Barrow and Greenwood, with a rope round their necks, had been, at the close of the late reign, hung at Tyburn. Perry, that true-hearted young Welshman, leaving a widow and young children, laid his martyr-head on the scaffold; and in his dying address to his distressed brethren, he seems to have anticipated the fact that, since England afforded the band of worshippers no asylum, they must leave England, and seek in foreign lands that privilege which their own country denied.

This is but a hasty glance at the causes which drew together the pilgrims on the solitary common on that memorable day in 1603. Secrecy was indispensable to their design. The men, according to agreement, made their way first in small companies to the place of rendezvous by land; the women and children were to be conveyed to that point of the coast in a barque. A ship had been engaged, and every arrangement made with a Dutch captain for their flight, and Holland was to be the land of their adoption; but alas! for human foresight! The barque reached the spot before the ship. The swell of the sea was so great that the poor women suffered terribly, and the sailors, out of compassion, put the vessel into a small creek. The next day the ship arrived. In the meantime the negligent seamen had unhappily run the smaller vessel aground which contained the household and domestic treasures of the pilgrims. Husbands, fathers, and brothers stood in agony on the shore. The captain of the ship put off a boat for the purpose of taking them on board; but alas! the news of the intended flight had been already carried to the authorities of the place, and, as the boat which had taken the greater part of the men was returning for the rest, the captain saw a large company, armed with swords and muskets, and consisting of horse and foot, approach the barque, which, still unable to get afloat, was surrounded by the few remaining men who grouped around their beloved ones. Terrified for the consequence, the captain at once returned to the ship, hoisted sail, and was soon out at sea. Robinson, the leader and general of the little company, who had resolved to be the last to embark, has left a touching record of the scene that ensued.

The outburst of grief was not to be restrained; wives, brothers, and daughters, wept aloud; a few stood in speechless bewilderment—whilst children, too young to comprehend their loss, but perceiving that sorrow was impending, mingled their sobs and cries with the murmur of the waves, and the noise of the favouring wind which was bearing the exiles far from them, and leaving them worse than exiles on their native shores.

Persecution, however, had of late become less popular, and as the magistrates of the place had no intention of visiting the innocent children and women with the severity of the law, they gave the remnant of the band permission to go or stay as they thought fit. After a little further trial of patience, therefore, Robinson accomplished the desire of his heart, and conducted the long-expected, much-loved relatives to the new settlers in Holland.

And for eleven years did these English exiles dwell at Leyden in peace and harmony. Robinson, their leader, a devout man and one of singular judgment and some learning, was greatly respected by the clergy of the town, and his church, which by this time numbered three hundred members, grew and prospered.

But they were exiles still; they never forgot this fact. Many waters cannot quench the love of country, and oftentimes the pilgrims sighed for home scenes dear from many a fond association. The very language of their adopted land grated on their ears; the habit and manners of the Dutch, so entirely un-English, were not congenial to the emigrants. They saw no prospect for their children but that of the life of mechanics; while a still stronger objection existed to the locality, in the example of the many dissolute and disbanded mariners who frequented the place, and who had learned lessons in the late wars which the conscientious parents dreaded to see given to their children.

America was already a land of promise, and Virginia owned the same king as England; and to the new world, therefore, they turned their pilgrim feet. Their property was sold and converted into a common stock—not, as some historians have asserted, under any “wild idea of imitating the primitive Christians,” but as an arrangement into which they were forced by the nature of their negotiations with the English company of merchants.

A small vessel of 60 tons was bought accordingly, and in this, the *Speedwell*, the deputation who had been to England to make arrangements for the new colony, returned when their business was completed. A patent had been obtained, securing to the emigrants civil rights, and liberty of worship, and in addition to the *Speedwell*, the *Mayflower*, a vessel of 180 tons, was also purchased.

But only a minority of the Leyden congregation could find accommodation in the limited space, and Robinson, among others, remained behind. It was a solemn hour when the departing band received their leader’s farewell blessing. Nearly the whole of the English exiles—old men, women, and little children—met together at Delft Haven to see the ship sail, and beautifully instructive was Robinson’s last charge.

"Brethren," he said, "we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may live to see your faces on earth again, the God of heaven only knows; but I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ."

And thus they parted; a small and feeble company were committed to the great ocean, and to the untried world beyond, not for fame, not for wealth, not for discovery, but for the free exercise of their religion, they went forth, and many a soul wished them God speed. As the vessel left the shore, the venerable Robinson knelt down by the water's edge, and with folded hands and heart lifted up to heaven, prayed for a blessing upon his scattered flock. A prosperous gale soon wasted them to Southampton, and in a fortnight more the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* left the shores of England for America. But when already on the Atlantic, the smaller vessel was found to need repairs, and the captain of the *Speedwell*, alarmed and discouraged at the outset, abandoned the enterprise, and they were compelled once more to put back to Plymouth. The timid and the hesitating, accordingly, left the expedition, and soon the little *Mayflower* with its decreased band of emigrants, one hundred in number, was seen ploughing its solitary path over the mighty waters, whilst He whose eye is on the deep as well as on the dry land guided and blessed them by the way; and on the sixty-third day after their embarkation from Plymouth, the anxious watchers on deck caught a glimpse of land—the shore of the new world.

A CHRISTIAN ROMANCE;  
OR, A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF AN AFRICAN  
MISSIONARY.

It is but forty-two years ago, since a poor workman labouring in Whitechapel, "having nothing to eat, and being almost naked," was restlessly ruminating upon his troubles as he lay in bed, when that passage of Scripture came into his mind, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." It is the life of this poor workman that we are now about to sketch.

William Augustine Bernard Johnson was a Hanoverian, and we are unable to give the reasons which induced him to come to this country. Nor can we give any particulars of his early life, save that when he was about eight years of age, his schoolmaster was accustomed to expect every child to repeat on Monday something of the sermon preached on Sunday morning. A reproof which he received for

giving only the verse of Scripture which we have just quoted, seems to have fixed it firmly in his memory. In 1812, when the price of provisions was very high, he was, as we have stated, a famished workman in London. And in this year, to borrow his own expression, it pleased the Lord to make him willing to accept the salvation of Jesus. He now felt a great desire to communicate to others the blessings which he had himself received, and he appears to have commenced with his wife; but he says, "I was disappointed, and soon found that it belonged to the Lord to bring men out of darkness into light." He tried the same experiment with his fellow workmen, who laughed at him, called him a hypocrite, and persecuted him. He left this situation, and obtained another as warehouseman in a sugar-house.

About November, 1813, he was present when some missionaries were publicly addressed, and a very deep impression was then made upon his mind. He felt a yearning to engage in missionary work, but the difficulties in his path caused him to strive to quench this desire, and apparently with success; however, to pass quickly over this part of his life, interesting as it is to trace the progress of missionary aspirations, on the 11th of March, 1815, he embarked as a schoolmaster for Sierra Leone. His wife had become a true helpmeet, and she was also to share in the work which he had undertaken.

One Sunday evening during the voyage he ventured tremblingly to speak a few words to the sailors, as the captain had desired that prayers only should be read without a sermon, since the seamen had not had much rest the night previous. On the Wednesday following we read; "A seaman came to me on deck, and said that he must ask me a question, if I would not be offended. I replied I would not. He then asked if I had not spoken to him in particular on Sunday evening? If the captain had not been present, he would have spoken to me at that time. I replied that I had not spoken to him in particular, but to all that were present." How searching is the gospel! On arriving at Sierra Leone, he was placed first at Yongroo, to introduce the national system of education there. But he very soon went to Regent's Town, the scene of his future labours, and under date of June 14, we read: "Oh, how have I been cast down this day; if I ever have seen wretchedness, it has been to-day! I was told that six or seven died in one day. These poor people may, indeed, be called the offscouring of Africa. . . . There are a very few of them who can speak broken English; the greater part have lately arrived from slave-vessels, and are in the most deplorable condition, chiefly afflicted with the dropsical complaint. To describe the

misery of Regent's Town would, indeed, be impossible." A few days afterwards he took up his abode at this place. A stone church was building, and God had sent a pastor to occupy it. The seed which he sowed soon showed itself above ground. His devotion to the cause carried him beyond the sphere of a schoolmaster's labours, and it was deemed fitting that he should be ordained. His success was most cheering, and time proved it to be genuine. The feelings of the arcused gushed forth in cries and tears. "On Sunday," he writes, "some are so eager to hear the word, that they will come an hour before service to secure a seat;" and in May, 1817, his communicants exceeded fifty in number. Under date November 23, we read:

Captain Welsh, of the brig Pyrenes, came to visit us, having been an old acquaintance in London. The church was so full when the bell rang the first time, that we could not get in at the two side-doors. Some were sitting outside on boards. With difficulty we entered through the tower." In December, this infant church formed a missionary society, when one hundred and seven subscribers were put down. Then "several of the school-boys and girls came forward, and gave their pence and halfpence. I asked one boy, who requested me to take a penny, where he got money. He replied, 'Me got three coppers (three halfpence) long time. Me beg you, massa, take two, and me keep one.' I told him he had better keep his coppers which he had kept so long; but he refused, and urged me to take the two coppers." On the following day, Mr. Johnson went to Leicester Mountain, where all the missionaries purposed to meet to pray for the spread of the gospel. Three hundred and twenty-one persons accompanied him in a long line—the women and girls in front, the men and boys behind. They marched back in a reverse order, and sang as they marched home through the mountains. Mr. Johnson came behind on horseback, and the sight must have been both picturesque and delightful.

Here is a valuable hint from the journal of this successful labourer:—"I have learned by experience that when I have studied a passage, divided and subdivided it, and am thus well prepared by my own imagination, I feel no power to explain it; but when I entirely lean upon God the Holy Spirit's influence, and thus begin, divisions and sub-divisions come flowing apace." We do not understand Mr. Johnson here to condemn the preparation of sermons, but to express his own experience of the necessity of looking to God as our chief trust in ministerial duty.

As an illustration of the ignorance which existed, we may mention that one of his flock

went out on a brief excursion, to speak to his country-people, and inquired why they did not go to Wilberforce to hear the gospel. Some replied that they could not understand English, and could therefore not pray to God. He explained, that God knew their hearts, their thoughts, and their language; that he heard their prayers in their own tongue. They said that they never had heard that before: they thought they must pray in English to God.

In conjunction with his ministerial labours, Mr. Johnson had to attend to brickmakers, masons, carpenters, store-keeping, land-surveying, agriculture, and other things, besides his schools, which now contained more than four hundred scholars. In addition to his extra-ministerial cares, he had repeated attacks of fever, which appears to come and go in a few hours in this terrible climate. Under date Sep. 16, 1818, he writes: "The prayer-meeting of the school-boys and girls is still carried on with eagerness. I went last night and sat under a staircase, where I was not perceived, and overheard with great delight the simple and sweet expressions the boys made use of in prayer. Nothing but Divine grace could teach them thus to pray. The last who prayed fell into a flood of tears, so that he could scarcely utter a word. The whole assembly repeated the Lord's Prayer in a most solemn manner, while he wept aloud." In a report sent home to the British government by the authorities at Sierra Leone we read: "Who can contrast the simple and sincere Christian worship which precedes and follows their daily labours, with the grovelling and malignant superstitions of their original state—their greegres, their red-water, their witchcraft, and their devil's houses—with-out feeling and acknowledging a miracle of good, which the immediate interposition of the Almighty alone could have wrought?" This is said of the people of Regent's Town, of whom we read in the same report, that not more than three or four years before, the greater number had been taken out of the holds of slave-ships.

In January, 1819, Mr. Johnson made an excursion completely round the colony. "For my part," he wrote in the preceding November, "I feel just like a bird in a cage." In the spirit of a true evangelist, he wished to push the conquests of the gospel into the interior of that vast continent, on whose outskirts he had so successfully laboured. But he was suddenly checked in his course by the illness of his wife, who was advised to return to England as soon as possible. To leave his flock was a formidable difficulty to so true-hearted a pastor; but, on the other hand, his duty to his wife, and other reasons, pleaded for a visit to England, and accordingly he went. The church at Regent's

Town numbered 263 communicants in the month of his departure. Hundreds accompanied him to Freetown, and took leave of him on the shore with many tears. "Massa, suppose no water live here," pointing to the sea, "we go with you all the way, till no feet more!" was one of the expressions uttered by his weeping flock. In consequence of the incessant shaking of hands with his friends, one or more of his nails came off.

On the 28th of June, 1819, Mr. Johnson landed at Portsmouth; and in July he made a rapid visit to Hanover. His mother could not believe that he was her son. His sister returned with him to England, and, after due examination, was received as a schoolmistress for West Africa. On the 27th December, he re-embarked for Sierra Leone, and, indeed, we may say that his heart had never left it. On the evening of his landing, a man saw him coming on shore, and started at once for Regent's Town. The daily evening service had just concluded at the church, when he entered and cried out that "Mr. Johnson had come!" The whole congregation rose immediately, and those who could not get out at the doors jumped out of the windows. A melancholy picture of misgovernment met him on his return. "The tower of the church," says Mr. Johnson, "the school-house, which the carpenters were covering when I left, were levelled to the ground; the hospital, just in the same state as I left it; the other school-house, which was intended for the boys, being built without arches, was pulled down as far as the windows, and is now begun again with arches." "These occurrences," say the home secretaries of the mission, "painfully force upon our notice, how essential prudence, temper, and deep humility are to a right discharge of the arduous duties of a missionary." Blame appears to have rested somewhere, but who was the guilty person or persons it is now needless to inquire.

In October, 1820, Mr. Johnson made another missionary excursion to the Banana Islands. The following extract carries its own explanation along with it: "As soon as we came in sight, all the people came out of their houses to meet us, with loud acclamations. When they beheld the new people weak and faint, they carried and led them up towards my house. After they had lain on the ground, being quite exhausted, many of our people recognised their friends and relatives, and there was a general cry, "Oh, massa, my sister!" "My brother!" "My sister!" "My countryman!" "My countrywoman!" etc. The poor creatures being faint, just taken out of the hold of a slave-vessel, and unconscious of what had befallen them, did not know whether they should laugh or cry when they beheld the countenances of those

whom they had supposed long dead, but now saw clothed and clean, and perhaps with healthy children in their arms." The number of these liberated captives assigned to Mr. Johnson was 217; the rest, being sick, were carried elsewhere. One girl, when she saw the people as she was being taken to church, ran back crying. She said she had been sold "too much," and did not want to be sold again. Many of these poor creatures appear to have died, being too much weakened to endure the rainy season.

In May, 1822, his wife was again advised to return immediately to England. "It appears," says her husband, "that an ulcer is forming in her head, which, as the doctor says, will in this climate spread so rapidly, that medical assistance which they will offer may be of no use. I asked the doctor to tell me candidly if he thought there was any prospect of her recovery, and he replied that there was none, and that she would at last fall a sacrifice to the disease; but he would still advise her to return to Europe, as she would have better assistance there than she could receive in this country." She accordingly went, and the sorrow of parting must have been rendered more painful by the thought that she would "have to spend the remainder of her days in the greatest misery." Shortly after he writes: "It is certainly the worst climate in the world; yet there is not a spot in the world I like better: I could not live elsewhere." When he wrote these lines, he was himself suffering from ophthalmia, and he mentions it as a happy circumstance, that he "can see with both eyes," although two days before he was nearly blind. Can we wonder at the success of such a missionary? Such a spirit as this, accompanied and nourished by fervent and unremitting prayer, is what every evangelist should strive for.

A report arose that his wife had died at sea, and this afflicting intelligence reached him, so that he tells us his work and his trials had caused him to have nothing but restless nights; but he still laboured on, and with cheering success. But his work was now almost finished, and God was about to take his faithful servant home. His labours had told upon him, and his eyes were seriously affected with ophthalmia. In his last short note to the secretaries of the mission, he says: "I cannot see a letter with my left eye, but write this with my inflamed right eye." This was in March, 1823, and in the following month he embarked for England for a respite of a few months, or rather as we ought to say for a change of labour. On the third day of sailing, symptoms of fever made their appearance, and after an illness of a few days he expired on the fourth of May. His last intelligible words were: "I cannot live; God calls me, and this night I shall be with Him."

"Isolate for a moment," says his biographer, "the case of Regent's Town, and let it be regarded with close attention. Here is a single man, but just escaped from a London workshop, employed in organizing, civilizing, and humanizing a large body of rescued slaves, of a different race, and of various other tongues. In a wonderfully short space of time, he so gains the affections of these poor savages, that a large Christian village arises, almost as if by magic. Streets and gardens, a church and schools, fields and farm-yards are occupied, and cultivated by hundreds of willing hearts and hands. At once, without any delay, a congregation of redeemed and saved men and women is seen. The church is filled to overflowing; the schools are crowded with eager learners; hundreds press forward to beg for the benefit of the Christian sacraments; meanwhile, industry and its fruits abound on every side, and purity of morals, such as no English village knows, universally prevails."

The church which he founded, though for years doomed to disappointing reverses with its pastors, is a living and prosperous church to this day. What a career is his when contrasted with that of even those who are deemed useful members of society. No selfish aims occupied the mind of this man. He lived for the good of his race, and he was loved and honoured by the subjects of his philanthropic toils. How few of the noble, the powerful, the rich, and the great, will bear a comparison with him. And what is he now in the standard of rank laid down in heaven? Is he not one of the nobles of paradise—a Gabriel among the saints—"great in the sight of the Lord?" And oh, reader, if you would attain to the highest honour which it is given to man to reach, follow this humble mechanic as he followed Christ. Forget yourself, and live for the good of mankind. Let your life be a life of communion with God; in his word, in his works, in the closet, in the field; and of earnest, persevering, prayerful efforts to take others along with you to heaven.

Let us just take a retrospective gaze ere we part with the reader. In June, 1816, this missionary proceeded to Regent's Town. Here were huddled together natives of more than twenty different countries, a considerable number of whom had but lately been brought from the holds of slave-vessels. They lived in constant hostility, with a little broken English as their medium of intercourse. The clothing given to them it was difficult to get them to wear, and marriage and chastity appeared to be unknown or uncared for. In some huts ten were crowded together, in others fifteen and twenty; six or eight sometimes died in a day, and but six infants were born in one year. Devils' houses sprang up, and greegrees or charms were implicitly

trusted in. Some lived in the woods; others subsisted by theft and plunder; others preferred any kind of refuse meat to the government rations. Nine people, almost naked, formed the first Sunday's congregation of our missionary. Hearers came to be paid for attending, or to be rewarded on some other account. Now let us look at, what we may term without injustice, the effects of missionary effort. The town was regularly laid out; nineteen streets were made, with good roads round the village; a large stone church, a government-house, a parsonage-house, school-houses, store-houses, an hospital, a bridge of several arches, some native dwellings, and other buildings, all of stone, were erected. Four thousand and fifty bushels of cocoa, and nearly ten thousand bushels of cassada, were sold to government in one year. The church was enlarged three or four times, and was regularly attended by fifteen hundred hearers, and there were above a thousand scholars receiving instruction. And to crown all, numbers were not only civilized, but christianized also; and, doubtless, a goodly band is now in paradise, who will be perchance for ever a "crown of rejoicing" to the once poor half-naked mechanic, whose career may justly be termed a Christian romance.

### CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

#### THE MORTAR.

"Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."—Prov. xxvii. 22.

An ordinary reader understands that by this simile the sacred writer intended to convey a strong impression as to the stubborn and intractable nature of foolishness; but an acquaintance with the method referred to, can alone invest the allusion with a natural charm and propriety. Now, if we contemplate the man who is busily employed in the foreground of our picture, and inquire a little into the nature of the work he is performing, we shall gather a very interesting fact or two to illustrate and explain the text. The man has placed a quantity of rice in a conical tub, and is in the act of beating it with a pestle loaded at the upper end with a piece of granite shaped like a wheel. His object is to cleanse the grain, not only from its husk, but from any impurities it may have contracted from insects or from any other cause. In warm climates the damp, combined with the stimulus of heat, soon occasions the vegetation of mould and other fungus kinds of growth; and the vermin are so prolific in their multiplication, that the choicest grain is soon covered with dirt, and then seems to the sight

and smell unfit for food. The sturdy hind, however, takes it in hand, pours a quantity thereof into a mortar, and by a strenuous application of the loaded pestle, raises a pillar of dust about him, till, by dint of perseverance, he has given not only a cleanliness, but even a charming polish to the kernels. Among the Malays, three men address themselves to the work, and by a ternary succession of strokes, produce a rhythmical effect, very much like that which results from three hammers, when evenly struck upon the blacksmith's anvil. The music is not sonorous, nor agreeable; and it always suggests the idea of great effort and intense labour. The writer has often gazed on three Malays thus occupied, and wondered how men naturally indolent could maintain such a high tone of exertion for so long a time, without stopping to breathe. The Japanese, too, employ a mortar and three pestles, which have a close resemblance to those in use among the Malays. There seem to be reasons for supposing that the Japanese once extended their influence, at least of a commercial kind, over the islands of the Indian archipelago; and perhaps during the existence of this moral sway, they suggested the use of the pestle and mortar for the purpose of cleansing grain from its impurities.

By this time we are in possession of hints sufficient to enable us to offer a lucid explanation of the passage at the head of our article. The rice is pounded with a view of clearing away those extraneous matters which would by their presence render the grain unwholesome and distasteful as an article of food. It is pounded with great violence, as the workman exerts every sinew to the utmost in wielding the heavy pestle. It is pounded with great success, since by this operation the dirtiest grain is rendered white and pure. Thus much for the mechanical process of dressing soiled grain.

In contrast to this process stands the fool. To dissipate his folly, to drive it far from him, the kindest intentions may be cherished, the most powerful measures resorted to, but without effect; for folly cleaves to him still, like his garment, and proves by its tenacity that it is interwoven with his very nature. Such examples are not unfrequent; since, if the sphere of our experience is a little extended, we shall find persons on whom the kindest encouragement, or the most hearty counsel, can work no changes for the better. Often repeated and systematic reproofs, joined to the nurture of the most wisely concerted plan of education, accomplish with such little or nothing. A braying in the mortar of adversity, reiterated again and again, leaves their folly and wickedness just where it found them: In youth it is, not difficult; or, at least, not impossible, to divert the mind from the ways

of folly, by the exercise of wholesome discipline blended with instructive wisdom. But when an adult is seasoned with folly through length of time, and habitual addiction to it, it is very hard to draw him from it; nay, if we are to take the words absolutely, and as liable to no exception, altogether impossible. But even in such a character, God can effect the necessary cleansing, for with him all things are possible. It is our duty to warn, exhort, and instruct individuals of that sort, when they fall in our way; but it rests with the Most High alone to give efficiency to our reproofs, warnings, and instructions.

The sentiment conveyed to us with so much emphasis and graphic feeling by the wise man, may serve as a salutary caution against the indulgence in foolish talking, vain cogitations, and absurd practices. "A little leaven leaveth the whole lump," (Gal. v. 9,) as St. Paul tells the Galatian converts, when he would warn them against the contagion of Pharisaic and formal religion. Many indulge in folly, lay the reins upon the neck of their imaginations, their speeches and their actions, vainly deeming that it will be easy for them to become all on a sudden wise and sober, whenever occasion shall demand the exercise of these qualities. But they are mistaken; for folly, which is but another name for sin, is of too poisonous a nature to leave the mind at once pure and resplendent, like the wheat or the rice after it has undergone the process we have been describing.

The back part of our picture requires a little explanation, which will furnish a hint as to the manner in which rice is ground to meal in China. A hole is made in the ground, for the reception of the mortar made of stone or some very hard material. Its form is conical, and corresponds with the pestle, or beater of granite, which is mortised in one end of a flat wooden lever. This lever rests upon a fulcrum, which consists of two small posts, and a cross-beam. In working this lever, a man places his hands upon a rest of the necessary height, and presses down the unloaded end of the lever with his foot. In this way the stone pestle is raised, and is again allowed to fall by the sudden withdrawal of the foot. The details of this process are set forth in the engraving with great truth and fidelity. The cleansing course to which the grain had been subjected was only preparatory to the grinding. On the right, two persons are seen bringing in a basket, or, as it is called in Suffolk, a skep, full of grain, to replenish the wooden mortar as soon as it shall have been emptied. Two vessels of a similar kind appear on the left, not far from the man at the lever. One of these contains the grain which is in



readiness to be pounded; and the other, the meal to which it has been reduced. It is proper to mention here, that by filling the stone mortar, and thus preventing the pestle from coming in contact with the bottom, the rice is merely cleansed, and not bruised. Between the eye and the mortar lies a fan, which, on account of its small size, answers the purpose of a shovel. Two sieves lie upon the foreground, for the grain to be passed through before it is put into the wooden mortar. The little pan that stands in one of them seems to contain water for sprinkling the grain, in order to loosen the hold of the dirt. But we do not remember to have seen water used for this purpose.

The foregoing remarks introduce us appropriately to a figure used in Zeph. i. 10, 11, where Jerusalem is called the mortar, or maktesh. In this prophecy the purification of that city and its inhabitants is threatened in the most heart-stirring and fearful terms. The prophet, therefore, calls it a mortar, wherein God had determined to beat the Jews, that their idolatry and perverseness might be beaten out of them. We know the result: that though this process did not cleanse all of them from their bad practices, it was successful in driving out idolatry. There

may be, also, an allusion to the second process, namely, that of reducing the grain to powder; for the mortar among the Jews coincided in form with the Chinese implement; and the pestle was adapted to its hollow, just like that which is represented in the background of our picture. In the awful visitations described in the books of Kings and Chronicles, and in the prophecy of Jeremiah, the people of Israel were ground to powder, and thus felt the fierce displeasure of the Almighty in the mortar or maktesh of his wrath.

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**THE BIBLE.**—It is the light of my understanding, the joy of my heart, the fulness of my hope, the clarifier of my affections, the mirror of my thoughts, the consoler of my sorrows, the guide of my soul through this gloomy labyrinth of time, the telescope sent from heaven to reveal to the eye of man the amazing glories of the far distant world. Every promise in it invites me to heaven—every precept commands, every exhortation urges thither—every warning alarms against the danger of its eternal loss.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### THE HARVEST PAST.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—*Jeremiah viii. 20.*

MAN is placed upon the earth that he may prepare for eternity. His errand in this world is not to gain its wealth, to secure its honours, or to taste its pleasures. He has time enough to prepare well for a boundless existence, but he has none to lose; he may make each hour send an influence onward into the interminable duration before him, but if it is suffered to pass by unimproved it cannot be recalled; he may make the whole of life a probation, but he can convert no part of eternity into a preparation for what is beyond. As a season of preparation for eternity, life may be regarded as sustaining the same relation which spring and summer do to the harvest. There is a time to plough and sow, and there is an appropriate time for the harvest, and if these are neglected, a gloomy winter sets in when there can be no sowing, and when it will be too late to secure a harvest. There are favourable seasons in life to secure salvation. They are, one after another, fast passing away. When gone they cannot be recalled, and the favourable influence which might have been secured to bear on our future being is gone for ever. We can no more recall it than the farmer can command the sun of spring time to rise again, or the showers and dews of summer to come down in dreary winter. The opportunity of salvation will have passed away for ever.

The whole of our probation for the future often depends on some single action that shall determine the character, and that shall send an influence ever onward. Everything seems to be concentrated on a single point. A right or a wrong decision then settles everything. The moment when, in the battle at Waterloo, the duke of Wellington could say, "This will do," decided the fate of the battle, and of kingdoms. A wrong movement just at that point might have changed the condition of the world for centuries. In every man's life there are such periods; and probably in the lives of most men their future course is more certainly determined by one such far-reaching and central decision than by many actions in other circumstances.

They are those moments when honour, wealth, usefulness, health, and salvation seem all to depend on a single resolution. It seems to be a small matter for a young man to deliberate whether he shall or shall not partake of a social glass of intoxicating drink with a friend, and yet on the result of such a deliberation has depended the whole career of many a man. So it may seem a small matter for him to visit a gambling-room or a theatre once, or to form a friendship with some well-introduced and genteel-looking stranger: and yet the whole of his future destiny may depend on the decision of that moment. The reason is this: it is the crisis of life. It settles a principle. It determines whether he will listen to the voice of reason and conscience, to parental counsel and to God, or whether he is to be under the control of passion and appetite. Everything is concentrated on that point, like one of Napoleon's movements at the bridge of Lodi or at Austerlitz. If that one point is carried, the whole field may soon be won. In the decision which a young man often makes at that point there is such a breach made on his virtuous principles, there is such an array of temptation pouring into the breach—like an army pouring into a city when a breach is made in a wall—that henceforward there is almost no resistance, and the citadel is taken. Of all those who have become the victims of intemperance it would be found, probably, that the mischief was done at some such decisive moment in their lives; and of those who have lived honoured and useful lives, it might also be found that their whole career was determined by some single act of decided resistance to temptation.

There are periods which God has appointed as favourable seasons for salvation; times when there are peculiar advantages for securing religion, and which will not occur again. There are advantages in regard to salvation at those periods of life which can be found at no other periods; seasons of favourable influence which may be called the "summer" and the "harvest-time," for becoming Christian, which can be secured at no other period of life. If the advantages of such seasons be suffered to pass away unimproved they cannot be recalled, nor can they be secured at any other period, any more than the youth who has been idle while he should have been preparing for future life can

ever find the same advantages again. Let us at this stage of our remarks look at some of those seasons.

Foremost among them is YOUTH—the most favourable time always for becoming a Christian. Then the heart is tender, and the conscience is easily impressed, and the mind is more free from cares than at a future period, and there is less difficulty in breaking away from the world, and usually less dread of the ridicule of others. Then numerous promises in the Bible meet us, assuring us that God loves those that love him, and that they who seek him early shall find him. No peculiar promise is made to man in middle life or in old age. The time of youth compared with old age has about the same relation to salvation which spring-time and summer compared with winter have with reference to a harvest. The chills and frosts of age are about as unfavourable to conversion to God as the frosts and snows of December are to the cultivation of the earth. He who suffers the time of youth to

by intending to become a Christian when he is old, is acting in about the same way in which he would act who should suffer the genial suns of April, and May, and June to pass by, and should intend to strike his plough in the soil when stern winter throws his icy chains over streams and fields, and when the whole earth has become like a hard rock. The great mass of those who are saved are converted in early life; and when that season passes away it is like the passing away of spring and summer in reference to the harvest. At no future period of life can you find the same advantages for becoming a Christian. You may live many years, and in future life I do not deny that you may find some advantages for becoming religious, and I do not deny that you may then become a Christian. But whatever there was in that season that was peculiarly favourable will return no more, and can be found nowhere else. And when you have stepped over the limits of youth unconverted, you have gone beyond the most favourable time you can ever have for preparing for heaven. But suppose that youth is to be all of your life, and you were to die before you reached middle life, what then will be your doom?

A season when your mind is awakened to the subject of religion is such a favourable time for salvation. All persons experience such seasons; times when there is an unusual impression of the vanity of the world, of the evil of sin, of the need of a Saviour, and of the importance of being prepared for heaven. These are times of mercy, when God is speaking to the soul. All men, I say, experience them. They do not occur, indeed, often in political excitements; in the pressure of business; in the struggles of

ambition, or amidst the dense throng that is crowding on for gain or honour; but they occur when those stormy scenes are lulled to repose, or in the intervals when the mind is turned away from them: in the evening, when weary and sad, you come home to the quiet of the family; in the stillness of the sabbath, when the thoughts are turned to the world of rest; in the sanctuary, when the words of the gospel drop like rain, and distil like the dew; in the moments of calm retrospection, when a man sits down to think over the past, and when he cannot but think of the life to come; on the bed of sickness, when he is shut out from the world, and in those moments when he thinks, he scarcely knows why, of the grave, of judgment, of eternity. Those are "summer" suns in regard to salvation. Compared with the agitations and strifes of public life, they are, with reference to salvation, what gentle summer suns are to the husbandman, compared with the storm and tempest when the lightnings flash, and the hail beats down the harvest which he had hoped to reap. And the farmer may as well expect to till his soil, and sow and reap his harvest when the black cloud rolls up the sky and the pelting storm drives on, as a man expect to prepare for heaven in the din of business, in political conflicts, and in struggles of gain and ambition. But all that is favourable for salvation, in such serious moments, will soon pass away, and when gone they cannot be recalled. They are favourable moments, sent by a merciful God to recall you from the world, and to prepare you for heaven. Improved, they are like the summer sun in reference to the harvest. Lost or neglected, they are like the passing away of spring when not a furrow has been turned or a seed sown.

A revival of religion, in like manner, is a favourable time for securing salvation. There are influences on your heart when others are pressing into the kingdom, which exists at no other period of your life. It is a time when there is all the power of the appeal from sympathy; all the force of the fact that your companions and friends are leaving you for heaven; when the strong ties of love for them draw your mind towards religion; when all the confidence which you had in them becomes an argument for religion; and when, most of all, the Holy Spirit makes your heart tender, and speaks with an unusual power to the soul. But such a time, with all its advantages, usually soon passes away; and those advantages for salvation you cannot again create, or recall—any more than you can call up the bloom of spring in the snows of December.

I might, were there time, go on to say, that there are advantages for becoming a Christian

when on a bed of sickness; or when in a pious family; or when you fall in with a pious stranger; or when you are sitting in the sanctuary; or when some truth powerfully arrests your attention. All these, and all kindred seasons, are the "summer" and the "harvest" of salvation; and all constitute a part of our probation with reference to the world to come. What advantages a youth has for becoming a Christian who has a pious father and mother; for whom prayer is daily offered at the family altar, and for whom a parent feels the deepest solicitude that he should be saved! What advantage a young person has in the sabbath-school for becoming a Christian, whose teacher seeks to guide him in the paths of salvation! They are "summer" suns in regard to eternal life, and they furnish advantages which can nowhere else be found.

But all these will soon, oh, how soon, be gone. Life will soon be all travelled over. Not one of these advantages can be recalled. Gone will be every sabbath; gone every season of instruction in the family and the sabbath school. You will soon have listened to the last sermon, and the last admonition of a friend. You will soon have passed through the season of youth, and then of middle life, and then of decrepit age. You will soon have felt the last strivings of the Spirit, and witnessed the last revival of religion. You will soon have seen the communion administered for the last time, and heard your pastor offer the last prayer for your salvation. Every favourable circumstance for preparing for heaven in youth, in the sabbath-school, in the sanctuary, in your own feelings, and in the efforts of your friends, will soon have passed away; and not all the gold of Ophir could buy their return, even for a moment. The "harvest will have passed, and the summer ended"—whether you are, or are not saved.

Could man retrace his steps, and repair his follies, life would be a different thing. But the journey of life is like that of a man who is passing through a land full of diamonds and gold, to be traversed but once—and where they diminish in beauty, in number, and in value, every step he takes. What if he should pass all over that journey and not have gathered a diamond or a particle of gold—amused by the warbling of birds, or led by some "Jack-o'-lantern" that danced along his path? Thus travels man over the journey of life, charmed by some trifles that turns off the mind from its great object, until life is ended, the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and the soul is not saved. The harp, the song, and the dance allured the youth; business and ambition controlled the man; the love of honour and gain drove away every serious thought; the sabbath

came and went; years rolled on, and he has come to the end of the busy, the gay, the unsatisfactory journey, and it is now *too late*, and he dies without hope. Every favourable influence for salvation has been neglected or abused; and he goes up the untrodden way to God, saying, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

The unpardoned sinner dies. Let us look a moment at the various classes who will utter this unavailing lamentation, and the reflections of the soul, as it goes unforgiven up to God.

Such words will be uttered by the aged man who has suffered his long life to pass away without preparation to meet his Judge. He has seen many days. He has spent a long, and perhaps a pleasant "summer" of life. He may have risen high in wealth and honour. He may have been intrusted with important offices, and have been eminent for talent. He may have gained all that he hoped when he began life, and all that this world can furnish to its votaries. He may have been favoured with all the means of grace; nay, he may have been not an inattentive hearer of the gospel. But his long life is closing. His summer is ended, and he is not saved. With all that he has gained, he has failed to acquire the one thing which alone now would be useful to him. He has lived to slight the offers of mercy from year to year, and now as he goes to eternity he can only take up the lamentation, "The harvest is past, and I am not saved."

The language of the text will be uttered at last by the man who often resolved to attend to the subject of religion, but who deferred it until it was too late. He was a professed believer in the truth of religion, and he intended to be a Christian. He read much, and thought much, and often resolved to defer it but little longer. At twenty, at thirty, at forty, at fifty years of life, he resolved that if he lived a little longer he would become a Christian. When a youth he resolved that he would attend to it, should he become settled in life. He became settled, but was burdened with unexpected cares, and resolved then to seek religion at some future period. At one time he resolved that he would be a Christian should he be afflicted. God laid him on a bed of pain, and he found then, what he had often been told in vain, that a sick bed was a poor place to prepare to die; and then he promised in solemn covenant with God that if he were spared he would lead a different life. He was restored, and as before forgot his promise. Life with him has been but little else than a series of unfulfilled resolutions to be a Christian. Every resolution has failed; and at the end of life, it remains only for him to say, "The summer is ended, and I am not saved."

These words will be uttered by the thoughtless and the gay. Life to them has been a summer scene in more senses than one. It has been—or they have tried to make it so—just what a summer day is to the gaudy insect that you see playing in the rays of the setting sun. It has been just as volatile, as frivolous, as useless. In regard to the great purpose for which God made them immortal, and placed them in the world, when his Son died for sin, they have accomplished just as much as the insect does that spends its little day in playing in the sunbeams. At no time could they be persuaded that the gay summer of fashion would pass away; or that the chill November of retribution would come at last; or that these glittering scenes of life must ever be left; or that they had any more important business in living than could be found in dress and amusement. But the time has come at last when all this gaiety and vanity is to be left. The beautiful summer, that seemed so full of flowers and sweet odours, passes away. The sun of life hastens to its setting. The circle of fashion has been visited for the last time; the theatre has been entered for the last time; the pleasures of the ball-room have been enjoyed for the last time; music has poured its last notes on the ear, and the last silvery tones of flattery are dying away, and now has come the serious hour to die. The gay summer is ended, and as the soul leaves the body, these disregarded words will come to remembrance, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved.”

Thus, too, it will be with him whose mind was often serious; with him who not seldom witnessed a revival of religion; with him who was trained in a pious family, and who always meant to be a Christian; with him who was half convinced, and who began to break off his sins; with him who was admonished by a dying parent to be prepared to meet him in heaven, and who meant to be thus prepared; with all that vast throng of all ages and characters who are placed on earth to prepare for heaven, who miss the great errand of their being, and who come to the close of life having really done nothing for their salvation. Those opportunities will all soon be gone to return no more. That dying father will speak to you no more; that departing mother will entreat you no more to be prepared for heaven; and at the end of all, the lamentation will be, “The summer is ended, and I am not saved.”

With not a few readers, it is not improbable life will close in this manner. When too late, you will remember the interesting invitations of the gospel, and your solemn resolutions. You will remember the sanctuary, the sabbath,

the sabbath-school teacher, the pastor. You will remember the times when you were serious, and when you were half resolved to be a Christian. You will remember your life of gaiety, or vice; your days when you sought pleasure, and when for the baubles of this life you jeopardized your soul's salvation.

At the close of all you will say, “It is ended, and I am not saved. I have trod life's flowery way, and the journey is over and I am not saved. I have visited the house of God, and been entreated to attend to my soul; but I am now to go there no more, and I am not saved. I have climbed the steeps of ambition, and I have sought for honour, and all that struggling is over, and I am not saved. I have mingled in the gay circles of life, and all that is ended, and I am not saved. I have ranged the fields of pleasure, and trod along the flowery streams of life, and my rambles are ended, and I am not saved. I have resolved, and re-resolved to be a Christian, and all is now over, and I am not saved. I have crossed oceans, and visited other lands, and now am about to embark on the ocean of eternity, and visit an undiscovered country from which I am not to return, but I am not saved. Closed is the summer of life; ceased is the voice of friendly admonition; gone are my opportunities of salvation; youth, strength, conviction for sin, the sabbath, the privileges of the sanctuary, all are passed away, and I am not saved.”

Oh, on how many beds of death is this language heard! Oh, how many an unpardoned spirit goes up to God, saying, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!” What are the sighings of despair but the lamentation, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved?” Sinner, the “summer” is passing away; youth is hastening to manhood; and manhood is hastening to the grave. Sabbaths are hastening away, and privileges are hastening away, and soon, oh how soon, may your lips on a dying bed take up the lamentation, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved.”\*

#### AN EVENING IN 17.—

“BRAVO! BRAVO! better and better still! give us that once more!”

Such exclamations as these, accompanied by loud laughter, the rapid movement of feet, and the faint jingling of wine-glasses, were heard from the open window of a room in a retired

\* This impressive discourse is abridged from a volume of sermons by the Rev. Albert Barnes, recently printed in this country (Routledge), to which we have already drawn our readers' attention. The volume is a precious contribution to the literature of the church.

London street. The time was afternoon : the day was SUNDAY !

Of the few passers-by, some looked up with simple surprise and curiosity ; some, we fear, sympathisingly with the unhallowed mirth ; and others with disapprobation of the revellers, who, whatever they might be, might at least—so, probably, the dissentients thought—have veiled their mirth under a decent show of respect for the day they were desecrating.

The party from whom the shouts of revelry and approbation proceeded consisted of several young men of what would be termed a superior class of society. No common vulgar brawlers were they, but men of education and taste. It was at a time when costume indicated rank and station more certainly than in the present day ; and that of the young men of whom we speak, if negligently worn and disorderly, was costly.

The uproar presently subsided, and then, from one of the party, upon whom all eyes were fixed, proceeded tones of stern and solemn rebuke in the courtly language and with the commanding bearing of a high dignitary of the law. The scene was extemporized into a court of justice, and the boon companions of the speaker listened with simulated reverence and inward delight to the mellifluous tones of his successful ministrations.

Another round of applause followed and rewarded his exertions ; and then, casting off the graceful dignity of the judge, the volatile performer, springing upon the table, appeared as a mountebank physician, and, in voluble terms, vaunted the success of his pretended medicines, and boasted his miraculous cures. A pedantic schoolmaster succeeded the mountebank, and he, in his turn, was superseded by a vain and empty parliamentary orator, who afterwards gave place to other characters in rapid succession, and with equal effect. At length, fatigued by his efforts, and sated, it may be for the time, with the empty applause he had elicited, the clever imitator threw himself into a vacant chair and subsided into his natural character, that of a polished and well-informed, but a careless, profane, and dissipated man of the world.

Meanwhile the shades of evening were gathering, and from a neighbouring belfry were heard the deep sound of church bells. The street beneath, too, began to fill with many passengers, soberly and quietly passing in one direction. The sound and sight might have brought to the remembrance of the roysterers the judgments denounced against the profaners of God's day and the contemners of his grace. It might have reminded them of words such as these—“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the

sight of thine eyes ; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.” But, apparently, no such thought intruded. The conversation was as loud, and the mirth as fast and furious as before ; more outrageous it may be, for a new topic was introduced highly provocative of their unhallowed ridicule and contempt.

It was a time of religious awakening. From a long and deathlike slumber the Spirit of God was arousing multitudes to inquire in deep earnestness and agony of soul, “What must we do to be saved ?” Thousands, who had hitherto treated religion with scorn, or rested satisfied with a nominal Christianity, were seen in church, or barn, or field, crowding around a few faithful preachers whom God had raised up and qualified for a mighty work, and who, themselves first impressed with the momentous concerns of eternity, and melted by the manifestation of Divine love in the atonement of Christ, and filled with compassion for the perishing and lost, determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified, declaring, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear, the simple message of the gospel...

It was to these men, who had “turned the world upside down,” and the excitement they were then producing, that the conversation of the party turned.

“There go the silly fools,” exclaimed one, pointing to the now thronged street ; “I wonder, now, what it is draws such a parcel of geese after that puritanical Methodist fellow.”

“Fools are sure to follow where there is a knave to lead,” another remarked.

“I question if that Wesley be so much knave as madman,” observed a third.

“Oh, a knave ! a knave ! by all means,” said another. “If I had my will—”

“More mad than knavish,” returned one of the former speakers. “The fellow was well enough and honest enough when he was at Oxford, they say, till he joined the Holy Club, and had his brain turned. Rare sport that Holy Club made there, I am told ; but it was before my time.”

“He is worse than ever he was, now,” chimed in another. “I am told 'tis the finest fun in the world to witness these fellows holding forth, and the solemn countenances of the poor dupes round them, while they

“Loud bluster, and consign to hell  
All who dare doubt one syllable  
Of what they call their faith.”

“Aye, but it is a hazardous experiment, it seems,” added another, laughing. “It appears to be an infectious sort of madness—a kind of religious small-pox.”

"M——," said one of the speakers, turning to the mimic, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, "you want finishing up with something now; suppose you come out and hear what the fellow has to say, and add the Methodist parson to your stock of celebrities."

The proposal was hailed with acclamation by the entire party, except, perhaps, by the individual more immediately concerned, who appeared either to disbelieve the experiment or to hang back for mere flattery.

"I do not know," said he, "why I should put myself to the trouble—"

"M—— is afraid," interposed another of his companions, "of being bitten with the same madness himself;" and the whole party joined in loud laughter at the thought of the supposed catastrophe. He, M——, the witty, the refined, the philosophical, the deistical, the gay, and the daring libertine—he bitten with Methodism!

"Come, M——," urged they, when the laughter had once more subsided, "it will be most excellent sport; just go and look in, and take the parson off, and then come back." Thus prompted, the young man at length yielded to the wishes of his fellow-sinners, assumed his hat, stepped into the now deserted street, and strolled negligently onward.

The church bells had long ceased their chimes, and every seat was filled with an expectant, if not an anxious hearer. Prayers were read; and when the preacher ascended the pulpit stairs, scarcely a standing-place in the broad aisles of the city church was vacant.

The preacher was comparatively young, of middle stature, and slender almost to attenuation; deep seriousness was impressed on his countenance; and when he glanced around on the congregation, his quick eye kindled, and the lines of his countenance were slightly and nervously convulsed with some overpowering emotion. Not with fear or hesitation:—never, perhaps, lived a man more free from the fear of man than he. But one ever-present conviction rested on his mind, and was wrought into every public religious act of his life:—"We watch for souls, as they who must give account."

He rose and opened the Bible; and the clear enunciation of the text he had chosen reached every corner of the spacious building, and fell on every ear:—"Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!"

Elbowing his way through the crowded aisle, to obtain, probably, a better view of the preacher, was a young man of aristocratic appearance, whose countenance, disfigured by a sneer of contempt and evident careless unconcern, strongly contrasted with the serious attention of those around him. He had obtained a favourable standing-place as the voice of the speaker broke

the solemn stillness of the assembly; and, as the text was repeated, he fixed himself in the attitude of watchful attention. Had his countenance been watched then, a slight quivering of the lip might have been perceived—the struggle of the sneer, perhaps, to maintain its seat.

"Prepare to meet thy God!" The tones of the preacher's voice were inexpressibly solemn. He used but few active arts of oratory; he needed them not. The quiet statue-like figure comported well with the calm persuasive accents of a musical voice and classical enunciation. With one hand resting on the book, and a steady gaze at the dense mass beneath, save when he raised his eyes, for a moment, towards heaven in earnest appeals to Divine compassion and love; and with a voice trembling now with anxiety for the souls of the perishing, then rising with energy in words of emphatic warning, then softening into gentle expostulation; the preacher found his way to the heart of his hearers; or rather, it might have been said of him, "His speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

We may follow, in imagination, the preacher, as he enlarged on the subject opened before him in his text;—how he declared that man, by nature debased, and darkened by ignorance and sin, must be unprepared to meet a God of spotless purity;—how he depicted the unconverted sinner, hardened in rebellion, and glorying in his shame, defying his Maker's power, and trampling on the Saviour's love; then suddenly and peremptorily summoned to "meet his God;"—his agony then, and his unavailing remorse; his eternal banishment and his hopeless doom;—how he reminded his hearers that each one for himself must meet his God at death, and at the judgment-day;—how he showed the way of preparation, by faith in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; whom God had set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood; and how thus God might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus: and how, as an ambassador for Christ, he besought his hearers, as they valued their eternal well-being, and adjured them by all that was inviting in Divine goodness and love, and awful in the contemplation of Divine wrath, to be reconciled to God—now! now!

An hour passed away, and the seat of the mimic was still vacant; at length, his step was heard on the stairs, and, opening the door, he slowly and silently entered the room, and was welcomed with shouts of anticipated merriment.

"Have you taken him off?" asked one of the revellers.

M—— rose to his feet and looked around him. His countenance was pale and agitated, and his lips, for a time, refused to move. His companions looked on with expectation and surprise, as his eyes wandered from one to another of the group. This was part of the promised entertainment, perhaps, and he was performing the part well. They began to applaud.

"Silence!" he exclaimed, in a low tremulous voice; "you wish to know if I have taken the preacher off. No, I have not. It is he who has taken *me* off. Listen," he continued, in a more assured tone, as his companions started in astonishment; "I have heard that this night, which I shall never forget. We have called these preachers madmen and knaves, and their followers fools; it is we who are the fools and madmen, not they: but, for my part, I play the fool no longer."

Loud mirth from some of his companions followed this announcement; they yet believed, it may be, that he was mimicking the preacher, and they urged him to proceed.

"Go on, M——; go on."

"I will go on," he continued, after a short interval; "this is the last time I shall meet you here; and—yes, I will go on." And gathering strength and energy as he proceeded, the conscience-smitten mimic—no mimic now—urged his guilty companions to flee from the wrath to come; to prepare to meet their God in death and judgment; then, sitting down, he covered his face and wept aloud.

No mimickry this. Merriment for that evening was at an end. The company broke up in confusion and dismay; some cut to the heart, others concealing their perturbation of mind under the mask of contemptuous derision.

"Bitten! bitten! If we are not off, we shall be bitten too."

M—— went home, and hastened to his chamber. The word of God had been "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart." In agony of soul, the convinced sinner sought for mercy of the God he had despised, and whom he was so unprepared to meet.

More than a century has passed away since the evening of whose transactions we have ventured an imperfect sketch. Of M——, the applauded mimic, it is known that he thenceforth and for ever abandoned the society in which he had shone, and devoted life, wealth, and talents to the cause of Christ, as a zealous, faithful, and disinterested preacher of the gospel. Of his companions in sin, probably no record remains,

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Prepared, or unprepared, they have long since had "to meet their God;" and to the same tribunal you, reader, are now hastening. And lest any, emboldened by the instance of Divine mercy here recorded, in arresting a sinner in his mad career of sin and folly, should feel inclined to "bless himself in his heart," saying, "I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of my heart," and to go on in sin that grace towards him may hereafter abound, we invite him to contemplate, with us, a similar company of sabbath breakers and revilers of the gospel who, in more modern times, squandered in dissipation and vile excesses the youth, and health, and time, and property, and talents, which had been entrusted to them for nobler purposes. By God's grace, to one of that number the gospel of Christ was made the power of God unto salvation. He confessed and forsook his sins, and obtained mercy. Many years later, as a minister of that gospel which he had laboured to destroy, he returned to the scene of his youthful guilty follies, and looked around for his former companions.

Where were they? They had gone on in mad rebellion, till, one by one, they had been stricken down; not one was left; nor was one hopeful trace to be discovered, that the mercy they had all so long despised had been embraced at last by one.

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

17. Who wrote the Bible?
18. Give a text to prove that its writers were inspired.
19. Is the Bible alone sufficient to guide men to heaven?
20. Prove that it is the duty of all to read the Bible.
21. Should the ignorant read the Bible? can they profit by it? See Psalms xix. and cxix.
22. How are we to understand the Bible?
23. Give an example of prayer for Divine teaching.
24. In what spirit should the truths of the Bible be received?
25. Prove that it is possible to have much scriptural knowledge and yet gain no real good.
26. Can you give an example of one who knew his Lord's will but did it not?
27. What effect then should the reading of the Bible have on us?
28. In the Book of Joshua, and again in the Epistle to the Colossians, are texts showing that we should not only read the Bible, but treasure it up in our hearts for use; can you find the verses?
29. To what is the Bible compared to show its preciousness?
30. To what is the Bible compared to show its power over men's hearts?
31. To what is the Bible compared to show its use for the Christian's guidance through the world?
32. To what is the Bible compared to show the need the Christian has of it for the support of his spiritual life?
33. To what is the Bible compared to show its use to the Christian in fighting with his spiritual enemies?
34. Give an instance of its use in spiritual conflict.

## Page for the Young.

### THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"MARY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary-bird. It died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see that we can love any thing. Dear little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh! I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds that they had been gathering, the remembrance of the tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John. I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should like then to have a garden. I wonder, mother, if there ever was such a garden."

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

"I cannot say how real? but in the middle of it, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That garden is *heaven*. There you may love, and love for ever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear, and without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."

### ONLY THIS ONCE.

"ONLY this once, mother. I should like to go once, just to see what it is like," said a youth about fifteen to his mother.

"No, my love," she replied. "You know that I do not approve of the theatre; you are not old enough to understand all the evils connected with it; but take my word for it, Reginald, that it is the last place where, as a Christian child, you should ask to go; and while you are under my roof, I cannot let you go."

"Oh, you should let him go once," said a friend who was present. "I have made a rule of letting my children go once to every thing of this kind, and then they see what it is like, and can understand much better the reason for keeping them away."

"Well, that is what I say," cried Reginald, eagerly: "if mother would only let me go this once, I would not ask to go again."

Alas! the specious argument worked upon the too yielding parent; the permission to go that once was given, and what was the consequence? The romantic, imaginative, excitable mind of the youth was so charmed, so riveted with the attraction of the stage, that his whole soul was engrossed with the tempting scene. His first acquaintance with the fascinations of theatrical representations only made him long to return again and again; and finding his mother firmly resisted his wishes, he took opportunities of going unknown to her; he became enamoured of the exciting scenes there enacted, and his mind could no longer settle down to his studies or enter into the sober realities of life. As he grew up he became a gay, dissipated young man; his time was spent at the theatre and the opera; he no longer enjoyed returning to the bosom of that happy family, where brothers and sisters were in the sunshine of domestic joy—where a mother's tender look of love still seemed to woo him to leave the paths of dissipation and vice, and once more gladden her heart by returning to that Saviofir whom he had forsaken, to that home which he had rendered desolate. No; the fatal plunge had been made, the fatal die had been cast; he had chosen the world, with its sinful allurements and pleasures; and the poor sorrow-stricken parent was left to mourn in secret over the moment when she had been persuaded to yield to the pressing solicitation to let him go "but this once" to the theatre.

### ONLY ONE BRICK ON ANOTHER.

EDWIN was one day looking at a large building which they were putting up, just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "Edwin, you seemed to be very much taken up with the bricklayers, pray what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling, "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so is it in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little step after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of that great building is only one brick upon another."

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS MOTHER.—"What would I give," said this talented writer, "to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain." Remember this, children, and be kind to your mothers.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE PILGRIM FATHERS KEEPING THEIR SABBATH IN THE PINE FOREST.

## GLIMPSES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

### PART II.

#### EARLY TRIALS.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amid that pilgrim band;  
Why had they come to wither there  
Away from their childhood's land?  
There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep-loved truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.  
What sought they thus afar?

THE first glimpse of the green land of America cheered the sinking hearts of the pilgrims. The waving woods, which belted even the ocean's brink, caused them to rejoice together, and

praise God for his mercies. What a sight it must have been for man (we feel assured that angels rejoiced) when the poor exiles' first act on reaching the shore was to kneel down and thank God for his mercies. But they were not yet arrived at their journey's end. It was in the south, even at the mouth of the Hudson river, that they had resolved to settle; and, whether by accident or treachery, the captain frustrated their intention in the first instance, and set them on shore on a far less civilized and inviting spot. After again putting out to sea, the ship was so entangled amidst shoals and breakers that they were compelled, on the second day, to put back

to Cape Cod; and impatient of delay, it being by this time the middle of November, the captain declared his intention of returning, so that the emigrants had no alternative but to remain at the Cape.

There was little bright or hopeful in the prospect. The old world had cast them forth; the new world, in its winter's dress, smiled no loving welcome. Thickets and dense woods frowned upon them. No friends were there: no homes, however homely; no hearth, however rude. None, did we say? Ah! had they thought thus, they would have fainted. God was there! and his love and his favour can make sunshine even in winter, and homes amongst the leafless forest trees. And, accordingly, with hearts raised to him, they stepped reverently ashore, again remembering his own words: "He that loveth father, or mother, or friends more than me, is not worthy of me." Before leaving the vessel finally, however, they judiciously appointed a governor, and bound themselves to submission and obedience to just and equal laws, signing their names, and swearing allegiance to king James of England.

Soon the *Mayflower* was to set sail and to leave the pilgrims on the strand. On the one side was the great Atlantic, on the other the unknown wilderness; but above, and around, and in their hearts, love to God and one another. Elements of paradise these!

The calculations and plans of man are often-times, in mercy and wisdom, frustrated by the great Deviser of all things. Had the weak and suffering handful of exiles been permitted to carry out their original design of settling near the Hudson, they would, in all probability, defenceless as they were, have fallen by the hands of the Red Indian tribes who populated the vast savannahs of the river. But from this danger they were rescued on the bleak coast of New England. The first of the natives with whom the pilgrims held any intelligible intercourse was Samoset, an Indian of the Wampanoags, who had picked up a few English words from the fishermen who came to that shore for cod; and from him they learned that the land was indeed desolate, a great pestilence having nearly depopulated the district, and that free scope was open to the projects of the white men. It now only remained to take possession. Exploring parties, following the Indian trail, tracked the wild woods, and one of their journalists at length notes: "After a long and devious ramble, about ten o'clock we came into a deepe valley full of brush, wood gaile, and long grasse, through which we found little paths or tracks, and there we saw a deere and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us downe and drunke our first

New England water as heartily as ever we drunke drinke in all our lives."

On one of these occasions the new settlers found a little path leading to heaps of sand, into which they dug, and found but the decaying bow and arrows of an Indian warrior, one of the last of his race; and they digged in various others to find, alas! nothing else but graves.

The first of December dawned. Many a one in that band remembered the yule logs of the old world, and as yet they were only among graves; no home, no shelter, was provided against the chilling blast of an American winter. One treasure, however, they found in one of these Indian sepulchres, even "a little old basket, full of faire Indian corn," which was, they said, a goodly sight; a treasure, indeed, of greater worth than a mine of gold dust in their position.

The poor shallop which was left them had been so injured by her voyage between the decks of the vessel, that she had to be repaired, and when this was accomplished, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish set out to explore the shores of the New World, and fix on the spot of their final settlement.

But the season was far advanced. Rude gusts of wind dashed the spray about the voyagers; whilst those on shore, one morning during their absence, were greeted on awaking by the wild war-whoop of the Indians, and a flight of arrows at the same moment gave notice of an attack. A wandering tribe, cherishing bitter hatred to the English, had stolen upon them; but they stood to arms, and no harm ensued. In the meantime, the exploring party were driven on a small island late one Saturday, and keing the last day of the week, they dried their stuff, fired their pieces, returned thanks for deliverance, and resolved here to keep the first Christian sabbath.

Time was pressing; it was the 9th of December; the cold was piercing, and they were yet homeless; but, all honour to the religion of the omnipresent God, they knew that He whom they served could hear the hymn of praise and the voice of prayer among the pines of the forest, as well as in the aisle of the cathedral; and thus they kept the sabbath.

Reader! is there no voice from those pine-woods to you and to me? If the poor houseless wanderers could find time, and place, and opportunity to keep holy the sabbath-day, what shall be thought by Him who accepted their sacrifice, of our apathy, when, may be, within sound of the sabbath bells, we deem it impossible to walk to God's house, and to offer up to him the tribute of thanksgiving which is his due?

On Monday they sounded the harbour, and, after being satisfied with its safety, and finding

corn-fields and little running brooks, they returned to the expectant people they had left behind, and gladdened their anxious hearts by their re-appearance.

The day on which the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth is yet marked by religious services in New England, and is called by the simple appellation of "Forefathers' day." Plymouth was the name given to the new settlement by the exiled Englishmen.

### LAST DAYS OF REV. DR. PAYSON.

THE Rev. Edward Payson, D.D., was the son of an estimable minister in Rindge, and, for the last twenty years of his life, pastor of a church in Portland, Maine, North America, where he died, October 22, 1827, aged 44. A memoir of him is published by the Religious Tract Society.

During much of the last year of his life, he suffered the most severe bodily anguish. His right arm and left side lost all power of motion, and the flesh became insensible to external applications, while internally he experienced a sensation of burning which he compared to a stream of liquid fire poured through his bones; yet, on the 19th of September, 1827, he dictated the following letter to his sister:—

"MY DEAR SISTER—Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

"But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these

I can tell you but very little. O, my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian; could you only know so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles would be nothing: you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God's praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith and elevate your hope.

"And now, my dear, dear sister, farewell. Hold on your Christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet, in heaven,

"Your happy and affectionate brother,

"EDWARD PAYSON."

September 21, he exclaimed, "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished.

"It sounds so flat, when people tell me that it is just for God to afflict me, as if justice did not require infinitely more."

He was asked, "Do you feel yourself reconciled?"—"Oh! that is too cold. I rejoice, I triumph! and this happiness will endure as long as God himself, for it consists in admiring and adoring him.

"I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain."

Sabbath morning, Sept. 23, he said: "Last night I had a full, clear view of death, as the king of terrors; how he comes and crowds the poor sinner to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then pushes him down headlong! But I felt that I had nothing to do with this; and I loved to sit like an infant at the feet of Christ, who saved me from this fate. I felt that death was disarmed of all its terrors; all he could do would be to touch me, and let my soul loose to go to my Saviour.

"I am more and more convinced that the happiness of heaven is a benevolent happiness. In proportion as my joy has increased, I have been filled with intense love to all creatures. I long to measure out a full cup of happiness to everybody, but Christ wisely keeps that prerogative in his own hands."

Fearing that his strength would not allow him to converse individually with all the members of his congregation, he directed invitations to be given to them from the pulpit, to visit him in classes. To the heads of families he spoke thus:—

"It has often been remarked that people who have been into the other world, cannot come back to tell us what they have seen; but I am so near the eternal world, that I can see almost as clearly as if I were there; and I see enough to satisfy myself, at least, of the truth of the doctrines which I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer, had I been really there.

"It is always interesting to see others in a situation in which we know that we must shortly be placed ourselves; and we all know that we must die. And how melancholy is it to see a poor creature, when, after an alternation of hopes and fears, he finds that his disease is mortal, and death comes to tear him away from everything he loves, and drives him to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then thrusts him down headlong; there he is, cast into an unknown world; no friend, no Saviour to receive him. Oh, how different is this from the state of a man who is prepared to die! He is not obliged to move reluctantly along; but the other world comes like a great magnet, to draw him away from this; and he knows that he is going to enjoy (and not only knows, but begins to taste it) perfect happiness; for ever and ever; for ever and ever!

"And now God is in this room; I see him, (by faith,) and oh, how unspeakably lovely and glorious does he appear, worthy of ten thousand thousand hearts, if we had them! He is here, and hears me pleading with the creatures that he has made, whom he preserves and loads with blessings, to love him. And oh, how terrible does it appear to me, to sin against this God! to set up our wills in opposition to his! and when we awake in the morning, instead of thinking, 'What shall I do to please my God to-day?' to inquire, 'What shall I do to please myself to-day?'"

After a short pause he continued: "It makes my blood run cold to think how inexpressibly miserable I should now be without religion. To lie here, and see myself tottering on the verge of destruction! Oh, I should be distracted! And when I see my fellow-creatures liable every moment to be reduced to this situation, I am in an agony for them, that they may escape their danger before it be too late."

As the young men of his congregation assembled in his chamber, he thus addressed them:—

"**MY YOUNG FRIENDS,**—You will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage on which I am just embarking; and as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious pilot he is, that you may be induced to choose

him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth; a family to whom I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well: but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night and stands by my bed-side in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful, more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I know, that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last for ever. And now is this all a delusion? Is it a delusion that can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than any reality. But no: it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I shall enjoy all this: I enjoy it now.

"My young friends, were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this? Were all its wealth at my feet, and all its inhabitants striving to make me happy, what could they do for me? Nothing! nothing! Now all this happiness I trace back to the religion which I have preached, and to the time when that great change took place in my heart which I have often told you is necessary to salvation; and I now tell you again, that without this change, you cannot, no, you cannot see the kingdom of God.

"And now, standing as I do on the ridge which separates the two worlds; feeling what intense happiness or misery the soul is capable of sustaining; judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness for ever; can it be wondered at, that my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life and not death? Is it to be wondered at, that I long to present every one of you with a full cup of happiness, and see you drink it; and that I long to have you make the same choice which I made, and from which springs all my happiness?"

To Mrs. Payson, who, while ministering to him, had observed, "Your head feels hot, and seems to be distended," he replied, "It seems as

if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through with an angel's energy, and I trust with no small portion of an angel's feeling, until it mounts on high."

Again: "It seems as if my soul had found a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them, that, in her fluttering, she would rend the fine net-work of the body to pieces."

On sabbath, October 21, his last agony commenced. This holy man, who had habitually said of his racking pains, "These are God's arrows, but they are all sharpened with love"—and who, in the extremity of suffering, had been accustomed to repeat, as a favourite expression, "I will bless the Lord at all times"—had yet the "dying strife" to encounter.

Even now, he greeted those who approached his bedside with a sweet smile. Once he exclaimed, "Peace! peace! Victory! victory!" He looked on his wife and children, and said, almost in the words of dying Joseph to his brethren, words which he had before spoken of as having a peculiar sweetness, and which he now wished to recall to her mind, "I am going, but God will surely be with you." A little before he died, in reply to an inquiry from Mrs. Payson, he was enabled, with extreme difficulty, to articulate the words, "Faith and patience hold out."

His ruling passion was strong in death. Dr. Payson directed a label to be attached to his breast, on which should be written—"Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you;" that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spake.\*

#### THE MONASTERY OF EINSIEDELN.

SWITZERLAND, which comprehends scenes of such exquisite beauty and stupendous sublimity as to attract thousands annually to its cantons, not only presents external aspects adapted to lift the intelligent and loving heart of the Christian traveller to the Great Father of wonders himself, but offers in its social and religious character many points worthy of special attention. It may correct some imperfect notions formed by the reader of the relation of Roman Catholics to the whole Swiss population, to be told that out of the 2,400,000 inhabitants which constitute that nation, nearly a million are Romanists. Contrary to the dogma of Catherine of Medicis, who said that level countries were always Catholic, and hilly ones as invariably Protestant, Romanism in Switzerland nestles in the most mountainous dis-

tricts, and it is only when the traveller descends from the magnificent elevations into the plains below, where manufactures and the arts of life more extensively prevail, that he recognises the traces of the Reformation.

During a stay of some days, last year, in the neighbourhood of Zurich, the writer and a friend resolved to visit Einsiedeln, one of the Roman Catholic stations on the mountainous side of the lake. One Sunday had been spent in the city of Zurich in a state of quiet peace, which, however, had derived little aliment of a devotional kind from any external circumstances. I had found my way at an early hour into one of the Protestant churches, where a numerous congregation was assembled. The order and decorum of the worshippers were striking; the singing was unusually good; but there was little in the service which bespoke a heart-religion; a dull and unedifying formality seemed to have frozen the minds of the considerable congregation into a prescribed pattern, without life or impulse. We had expected that this early service would be succeeded, as in England, by others at a later hour; but except a peculiarly dead and ill-attended afternoon worship, we had been unable to discover an open house of God. This, however, I believe, arose rather from misdirection than from the non-existence of an evangelical assembly. But it was eminently painful that in a city where the Protestant refugees of the reign of the bloody Mary had gathered during their seasons of persecution, where the first English version of the Bible (that of Coverdale) had been produced, and which had been second only to Frankfort as the asylum of piety, so little remained worthy of the past; and that in a district which had been a kind of garrison-town of the reformation, the uniform alone remained of the warriors who had "fought for truth against a world in arms." When we thought of the bold and vigorous preaching of Zwinglius, within the Norman walls of the cathedral, it was sad to recall the startling though instructive contrast between the lusty spiritual "life" of the past and the ominous and death-like quiet which has succeeded. We could not forbear to think of words spoken in another connection, but mournfully applicable to the present scene—"They are gone, and have left nothing in the world to resemble them." Historical memories have their pains as well as their pleasures. Next to the image of the backslider himself, no gloomier picture can be presented than the altar from which the fragrant incense of devotion once plenteously ascended, but which is now ruined, overgrown, and desolate.

It was upon a delicious morning, succeeding to this unsatisfactory sabbath, that the writer,

\* This impressive and most useful narrative has been prepared in a separate form for circulation.

with a companion, set off to visit the celebrated monastery of Einsiedeln, which lies in the canton of Schwitz. Nothing could be more enchanting than the waters of the beautiful lake we had now to cross; their hue translucent emerald, the very emblem of profundity and sincerity, surrounded on all hands by considerable eminences, rising gradually from the water's brink, garnished below with foliage, and presenting above a succession of green vineyards, which at this season of the year appeared as if they had been raked or combed over into the most regular patterns. These were relieved by white houses continually dotting the shore, and ornamented by bright green *jalousies*; and some of these buildings, if very near to the edge of the water, threw a bright reflection nearly half across the lake. The ruffles of a few transient zephyrs formed occasional lines of ripple which deliciously varied the calm sleeping waters, whilst the snow-clad tops of giant mountains in the distance appeared like winter frowning over the head of spring. Everywhere as we passed were symptoms of industry and cultivation; and the practised eye could infallibly mark that these scenes were inhabited by Protestants, and that Protestantism, even in its most declining forms, is the parent of order, civilization, and plenty. Well may we thank God that the reformation, which, however incomplete, has alone made Switzerland what it now is, has thrown the light of gospel glory over our own shores; and we may thank God still more, if, as yet, that reformation has not become overgrown by a nominal religion, exhausting its sap, and destroying its fruitfulness. May that day never come; and that it may not come, let each, whose heart God has touched, be solicitous to maintain the sublime doctrine of atonement as the ground of our hope, and to cultivate the heaven-born purity and power of a religion which holds the influences of the Holy Spirit as of priceless value.

We passed by Horgen, a beautiful village, the vane of whose red spire shone like a meteor as it reflected heaven's light upon it, and constituted an apt emblem of those who, living above this dim and murky world, catch the glories of a brighter radiance from on high; and moving along by wooded promontories stretching themselves out into the lake, we landed at length at Richterswyl, and were instantly struck by the appearance of this, the first Swiss Catholic canton we had seen. The unpainted chalets, dingy with age and dirt, the broken windows, the manifest poverty of the inhabitants, and the general air of desolation and disorder pervading the whole of this little town (which may be regarded as the fresh-water port of the abbey of Einsiedeln) reminded us of Ireland, and pre-

sented a strange and painful contrast to the well-ordered scenes on which our eyes had so recently rested. But after we had passed through the village, and risen above these memorials of decay, the whole scene was magnificent; and it was especially so, when, as we reached the top of a very steep hill, the whole expanse of wood and water, of hill and dale, opened itself before us. From this eminence we looked down upon a marvellous profusion of beauties. Near to us were fruit trees, laden with the promise of their coming harvest; a little beyond were vine-clad eminences, stretching in every variety of graceful undulations. On a bold headland in the foreground was a mulberry-coloured church, on which we looked almost vertically down, and which constituted a remarkable and peculiar feature of the scene; and beyond was a lovely bay of the lake, studded with little islands, the water variegated by patches of transparent green, whilst in the distance was the prolonged bridge of Rapperswyl, once the largest in Europe; and beyond all, the gigantic peaks of the Glarus! Marvellous! sublime! It was a sun portrait of the Great Being himself who had produced it!

"And oh ! ye everlasting hills,  
Buildings of God not made with hands ;  
Whose word performs whate'er he wills,  
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands.  
Can there be eyes that look on you  
Till tears of rapture make them dim,  
Nor in his works the Maker view,  
Then love his works in him?"

MONTGOMERY.

We need not stop to describe inch by inch the way which led us to the monastery we sought. In passing along we encountered several pilgrims on their road to or from the celebrated place of devotion—many of them bare-legged—most of them carrying the marks of extreme destitution and poverty—and all of them well armed with capacious umbrellas of flaming colours, which are a part of the stock in trade of the peasantry of these mountainous vicinities. Many of these poor persons come from almost incredible distances, sometimes to perform acts of penance—sometimes to seek for special grace—sometimes to derive benefit from the miraculous powers for which the shrine of Einsiedeln is so boastingly reputed. How many sinners, who feel themselves far from salvation, journey hither to get near to the kingdom of heaven! Vain hope! that a pilgrimage will save a soul! The disease is within—in the powers of the mind perverted, abused, disordered, turned away from the God whose divine image ought to have a home there; and how mistaken and pernicious is the belief that bleeding feet, an exhausted body, the legends of miracle, or any external appliances whatever, can restore to the longing soul the peace of God which has departed from it! It is

as "when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he cateth, and awaketh and his soul hath appetite!" The remedy is nearer to them—is nearer to us all! "I wound and I heal; I kill and I make alive." "My people knew not that I healed them." Yet on these deluded creatures go, insensible to the charms of the external scenery, and alas! equally insensible to the only true remedy for broken hearts; and as they go, mutter aves and paternosters which cannot charm nor heal them of their disease.

At length, after having threaded a mountain pass, along which a furious river was rushing with impetuous force in a gorge below the road—and after having changed our vehicles and abandoned beautiful sunshine for storms and torrents of rain—we reached an eminence from which we discerned the monastery we sought in the wide valley below. The history of the place is a singular but instructive illustration of gross superstition, and full of a melancholy interest to a Christian mind, but serving by contrast to endear to him the simplicity and spirituality of his Bible faith.

Einsiedeln is one of the largest monastic establishments in Switzerland. The building is modern, having been erected in 1719, but it is only a renovation of many preceding ones. The following is the tradition it commemorates.

In the dark ages, when the spirituality of the religion of Him who came to give light to the world was hidden from view by ignorance and superstition, a hermit, who bore about with him, as an object of his adoration, a black image of the Virgin Mary, took up his residence on the spot on which the monastery now stands, and was murdered there by robbers. In commemoration of his death in "the odour of sanctity," a church was subsequently erected, and on its completion the bishop of Constance was sent for to consecrate it for religious purposes. When this ecclesiastic had arrived at Einsiedeln, and was preparing to execute his commission, a most extraordinary vision, we are told, appeared to him. The following account is so painfully absurd, that we should hesitate to derive the narrative from any other sources than those authorized by the Roman Catholics themselves. We quote now from a pamphlet bought last year upon the spot, entitled, "Ancien Cantique sur la dédicace de la Sainte Chapelle de notre Dame des Ermites, consacrée," etc. etc. "An ancient poem on the dedication of the holy chapel of our Lady of Hermits, which was consecrated visibly by our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of his most holy mother, the 14th Sept., 948." The principal legend is thus recognised as a veritable fact.

The pamphlet—quoting the poem—represents that St. Conrad, when preparing to consecrate the church, was engaged in devotional exercises,

and beheld in a vision "Jesus himself descending from the skies, accompanied by angels and archangels and also by all his saints." It then relates how the Saviour, "clothed with a most costly alb and amict, sang the mass before the altar, the whole court of heaven being present"—and how he was accompanied by the four evangelists, each holding a mitre in his hands—whilst the archangel Michael, St. Peter, St. Stephen, St. Lawrence, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and St. Ambrose assisted at the ceremonial; and beneath the altar was the Virgin Mary herself, before whom, says the narrative, the Agnus Dei was chanted, Christ being himself present. When the service was ended, the celestial host left behind them an image of the Virgin for the adoration of the faithful. On the following morning, when all was set in order for the commencement of the service, and when the prayers were about to begin, St. Conrad interrupted the preparations by declaring what he had witnessed during the night, and asserting that they needed not to proceed, for that the consecration had already taken place, and that farther devotions were useless, seeing the service had been performed by our Lord and the heavenly host. Such is the fable devoutly believed by the numerous pilgrims to the shrine, and approved by Pius VIII., who, authenticating the miracle, promised a plenary indulgence to all who should offer prayers on the spot. Is it any uncharitableness, after reading this, to accuse Romanism of foully dishonouring the truth of God?

[To be continued.]

#### GIVE HIM A BOOK.

WE are told that whilst a college tutor, Mr. Wesley numbered among his pupils, along with George Whitefield, James Hervey. To his kind and intelligent teacher he owed superior scholarship, and, along with a knowledge of Hebrew, a taste for natural science; but at Oxford he did not learn theology. Pure in his conduct, and correct in his clerical deportment, his piety was cold and formal, and lacked a quickening spirit. Talking to a ploughman who attended Dr. Doddridge, he asked, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?" "Sir," said the ploughman, "I am a poor man, and you are a minister; will you allow me to return the question?" "Well," said Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny *sinful self*;" and enlarged at some length on the difficulties of self-mortification. At last the ploughman interposed: "But, Mr. Hervey, you have forgotten the most difficult part of self-denial, the denial of *righteous self*." Though conscious of some defect in his own religion, the young clergyman looked with disdain at the old fool,

and wondered what he meant. Soon afterwards, however, a little book on "Submission to the righteousness of God" was given to him, and it put meaning into the ploughman's words; and Mr. Hervey wondered how he could have read the Bible so often and overlooked its revelation of righteousness. When he saw it, he rejoiced with exceeding joy. It solved every problem, and filled every void. It lit up the Bible, and it kindled Christianity. It gave emancipation to his spirit, and motion to his ministry; and whilst it filled his own soul with happiness, it made him eager to transmit the benefit. But his frame was feeble. It was all that he could do to get through one sermon every sabbath in his little church of Weston-Favell; and the more his spirit glowed within, the more shadowy grew his tall and wasted form. He could not, like his old tutor and college friend, itinerate; and so he was constrained to write. In Indian phrase, he pressed his soul on paper. With a pen dipped in the rainbow, and with aspirations after a celestial vocabulary, he proceeded to descant on the glories of his Redeemer's person, and the riches of his great salvation. He published his "Meditations," and then the Dialogues between "Theron and Aspasio;" and then he grew too weak even for this fire-side work. Still the spirit burned, and the body sank. "You have only a few minutes to live," said the doctor, "spare yourself." "No, doctor, no; you tell me that I have but a few minutes—oh, let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer." And then he began to expatiate on the "all bliss" which God has given to those to whom he has given Christ, till, with the words "precious salvation," utterance ceased. He leaned his head against the side of the easy chair, and shut his eyes, and died, on the Christmas afternoon. Taught by the poor, and then their teacher, he wished his body to be covered with the pauper's pall; and it lies beneath the communion table of his beloved sanctuary, till he and his parishioners rise to meet again. So much was done by the grace of God on a single gift-book.

"It requires nothing more than one such case as this," says a writer in the Christian Spectator, "to sustain the recommendation 'Give him a book,' in reference to *any* object of interest;" but assuredly a most powerful motive is presented by these facts—and they are only a few from a multitude—for the distribution of books throughout the country and the world at large. The golden ears that fall first into the bosom of the reaper, are a sample of the rich and precious produce which awaits the thrusting of the sickle into the harvest of the earth.

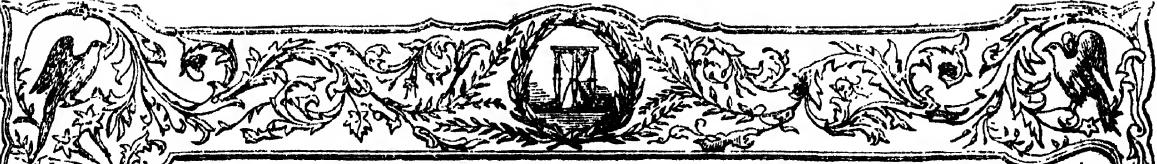
In the gift, however, there should be a due regard to the *quality* of the book. At least it

should have a scriptural basis, and "a decidedly Christian tone;" and well will it be if it tells, in a touching and impressive manner, of man's ruin by sin, and the grace and glory of the Almighty Redeemer. Books are numerous, more so than at any previous time; but only those which teem with these truths will be the means of leading those who are "straying like lost sheep" to "the Shepherd and Bishop of souls." With them the Spirit of God works—the Spirit of holiness, and truth, and love!

#### THE BEE.

The field and forest are at rest,  
The solemn woods are still,  
And wearied nature sinks opprest,  
Upon the glowing hill;  
The bee is only at his work,  
Where flowers with fragrant nectar lurk.  
He hums, the while, in surly tone,  
That other insects play,  
While he is left to toil alone,  
Beneath the scorching ray;—  
More angry still his murmur grows,  
While all, besides himself, repose.  
How early is his work begun!  
Among the first-born flowers;  
How late before his labour's done,  
At evening's closing hours:  
From morning bright till twilight grey,  
He shames each idler on its way.  
Within the flow'r's inviting bell  
He finds a still retreat;  
And rifles its ambrosial cell  
To find the nectar sweet;  
Then out again, with murmur'ring sound,  
Because no richer stores are found.  
Directed by an unseen power,  
He roves from mead to mead,  
But never mixes flower with flower,  
Nor injures where he feeds;  
Then on his loaded thigl: and wings,  
The gather'd, dust and honey brings.  
The same wise instinct guides his way,  
However far he roam;  
Though over moor and heath he stray,  
He never misses home;  
But laden with his luscious spoil,  
There yields the fruits of all his toil.  
How pleasant in the forest dim  
His solitary hum!  
It seems a low and grateful hymn,  
When other notes are done;  
As though he would an anthem raise,  
To fill the pause in Nature's praise!  
A heav'ly hive our entrance waits,  
With richer treasures stor'd;  
Admitted through its golden gates,  
We banquet on its hoard.  
O moment longed for! this at last  
Shall well repay all labours past.  
A few more wand'rings ere we rest,  
A few more leagues we roam,  
Ere we resign ourselves, opprest,  
To all the bliss of home;  
O blessed day, when we shall cease  
From all our cares, and find release!

ELLEN ROBERTS.



### THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

#### GOD PUTTING HONOUR ON PRAYER.

THERE is a fact clearly revealed in God's word, and one that affords much instruction and encouragement, which perhaps has not received the degree of attention that it deserves. It is that *some of the most glorious and gracious manifestations ever made by God to man have stood connected with prayer.* It is true that the first promise was made, and the first revelation of mercy unfolded to man, when our first parents sullenly hid themselves from their offended Maker, and when angels ventured not to intercede for such guilty rebels. It is true that God gave his dear Son to die, out of his own heart's spontaneous love, and persevered in his gift, though suicidal man cried out, "Away with him; not this man, but Barabbas." It is true that to the nation who thus acted God first gave the gospel, and among them the Holy Spirit was revealed, and the dispensation of the Spirit set up. It is true that, with regard to the calling of the Gentiles, "God was found of them that sought him not;" and it is still true, that of his great love wherewith he loveth sinners, while dead in sin, he quickens them, and that in every case now wherein it can be said, "Behold he prayeth," it is as true now as in the case of Paul, that the Lord hath first spoken to that soul. But while allowing all this, rejoicing in it, and giving God the glory of his uninvited, unmerited grace, still it is equally true that there is a connection between prayer and blessing, between desire and manifestation, between the lifting up of the soul to God and the stretching forth of the Almighty's arm.

*We appeal to facts.* The history of the patriarchs affords some striking instances; and if we were to visit the tents, or stand by the altars which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob reared, we should find that marvellous manifestations were made in answer to prayer, and large blessings given to the cry of necessity.

We begin with Moses. There was made to him at Sinai a most glorious discovery of God. We do not allude to that "terrible sight," which made the people draw afar off, and caused Moses exceedingly to quake and tremble. It was after the fiery law had been given, though still while the glory of God beamed on the

awful mount. It was something more glorious than what God's own finger had written on the tables of stone, more excellent than all the typical institutions of Aaronical priesthood, services, and sacrifices, although these were glorious and gracious. The revelation we refer to is found in that wondrous declaration in Exodus xxxiv. 19. Hark! the voice of God is heard: be still and hushed into silence, for the Eternal passeth by and proclaims, "Jehovah, Jehovah! merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." Concerning this proclamation God says, "I will make my goodness pass before you." He calls this revelation "His voice" and "His glory." Now mark, all this was done in answer to prayer. Moses drew near to God on behalf of offending Israel, and prevailed. God gave him all that he asked on their behalf; and now Moses, emboldened by success, encouraged by condescension, enraptured by what he had seen of God's grace, prefers a large request for himself: "I beseech thee show me thy glory." In answer to this bold yet holy and humble request, God proclaimed his name and revealed his goodness. He showed Moses as much of himself as he could bear—as much as it was for his glory to reveal; and from the same mount whence the fiery law went forth, with its thunder-tones of wrath, the still small voice was heard proclaiming mercy. The latter was the glory that ex celleth.

We pass over many ages, and pass by many proofs which might be cited, and we alight on another mountain, not like Sinai, standing in the midst of a sandy desert, but one whose base was washed by the blue ocean wave, and whose side in happier days was clothed with living verdure. Now all is arid and parched, like a wilderness, still we find ourselves among a vast and anxious multitude. The eyes of every individual are gazing toward heaven, and lo! from its cloudless depths fires leap forth; they dart upon a sacrifice lying on an altar reared upon the top of Carmel: all is soon in a blaze; sacrifice, stones, and the water which filled a deep trench that surrounded the whole, all, all are gone. And what a shout! The whole multitude fall on their faces and exclaim, "The Lord he is the God, the Lord he is the God." What has been done to bring all this about? Saw you not that venerable form bending adoringly in prayer? did you not notice how beautifully awful his countenance appeared in the light of

those descending fires? That man hath power with God; his prayer is preserved for an encouragement; listen to its close. "Hear me, oh God, hear me, that this people may know that thou art God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." "THEN the fire of the Lord fell," 1 Kings xviii. 38. Nor was this all. Fire demonstrated who was God; but now water is wanted to prove that he who is God is gracious and pitiful. Again see Elijah on the top of Carmel. He prays once, twice, thrice, six times; still no sign of an answer appears; his messenger reports "no success." Undaunted the man of God perseveres, and now the little cloud appears; the heavens gather blackness; the showers of blessings descend; the thirsty ground rejoices; the emerald carpet is outspread again; the music of the rill is heard; the deep broad river once more glistens in the rejoicing sunbeams; and all creation, so long silent, bursts out into a chorus of praise to him "whose tender mercies are over all his works." Let us turn aside from the lovely scene and read from another book as follows: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." And still is it true, that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Again, we pass over some seven or eight centuries, and find ourselves upon another mountain height; not part of a frowning rocky range like Sinai, nor the end of another mountain chain as was Carmel, but a solitary mount shooting up like a giant pyramid from the midst of a feeble valley. We rest on Tabor, and "it is good to be there." Moses and Elias are there before us; but oh, how changed! "They appeared in glory." But there is a third with them, to whom they evidently defer, and own him as greater than themselves. Their glory is derived from his; they are there to hear words of wonder from his lips, and to lay their honours at his feet who was come to magnify the law and fulfil the prophets. And hark! the same voice speaks that we heard on Sinai, the same glory cloud is there, and the voice speaketh to us as well as to the disciples, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him," Matt. xvii. 5. All this was done in connection with prayer. "Jesus went up into the mountain to pray, and as he prayed" he was transfigured; his countenance shone as the sun. Then Moses and Elias came, the glory of God came, a fore-showing of the everlasting kingdom came. 2 Peter i. 16. Nor was this a singular instance in the life of Jesus. Thus it was at his baptism;

he prayed, the heavens opened, and the Holy Spirit descended. It was also thus just before his passion, when in answer to his prayer, "Father, glorify thy name," a voice was heard saying, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." In Gethsemane and on Calvary he prayed, and was "heard in that he feared." Hebrews v. 7, 8.

His support on the cross, his resurrection from the dead, were sought by prayer, and given in answer to prayer. Lord Jesus! teach us how to pray, and help us, like thyself, to pray the more earnestly when the cloud of sorrow lowers, or when signs around us are portentous of coming evil.

The cross has been reared and redemption accomplished; the tomb, for a short time so wondrously tenanted, is empty again; the earth no longer can boast that sinless feet tread on its green surface. The Lord is gone up on high, and all heaven has welcomed him.

\* But what meaneth this? All creation is moved. The lame are healed, the sick are restored, thousands of hearts are bleeding with penitence, or burning with rapture as they listen to some mean-looking men, who pour out torrents of burning words concerning wondrous and coming glories. What mighty cause hath produced these effects? Enter by faith that high and holy place not made with hands, where by his own blood the petitioner of Tabor, Gethsemane and Calvary lately entered. He is there fulfilling his promise, "I will pray the Father, and he will send you another Comforter."

Enter also that large upper room where the witnesses and lovers of Christ "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." There is a connection between what was done in that upper room, and what is doing in the heaven of heavens. The people are praying without, and it is the time of offering incense: within those prayers are presented with the much incense, and in answer to both the Comforter is given; the gospel is preached at Jerusalem, and achieves glorious triumphs in the city of blood.

For a few years Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria monopolized the blessings of salvation, but now the great commission is understood in its fulness, prejudice is conquered, the middle wall of partition is broken down, the river of salvation has burst through all barriers, and is rolling its shining waves over the Gentile wilderness, which rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

Peter is preaching to a Gentile audience; Paul is traversing Europe and Asia, crying everywhere, "Repent, be ye reconciled to God;" God is giving repentance unto life to thousands and filling them with joy and the Holy Ghost; Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi are yielding

up their trophies to victorious grace, and furnishing proof that nothing is too hard for the Lord. Is the wheel of prayer behind all this machinery? has God been appealed to on behalf of these perishing ones? Yes, not only Jesus on high, fulfilling his own declaration concerning "his other sheep whom he must bring," (John x. 16;) but Cornelius in his retired closet, which an angel loved to visit, bearing words of mercy; and Peter on the house-top, praying that God would glorify his name, and carry on his work; must be regarded as helping to bring about these glorious results.

These instances and many more might be cited, "for the time would fail to tell" of David, Solomon, Hezekiah, Daniel, and of Paul and many others, who, through the prayer of faith, obtained promises, received blessings, overcame boasting enemies, brought angels down from heaven, and found God's strength made perfect in weakness. But those introduced may serve to show us the intimate connection between prayer and manifestation. God waiteth to be gracious, but he will have us wait on him for grace to help. He will do as he hath said, but he will be enquired of. Then let us call upon his name, and stir up ourselves to take hold on God. We have not because we ask not. His arm is not shortened, nor his ear heavy, but our faith is feeble and our cry is not importunate. Take with you words and turn unto him. God, who knows what you need, hath provided them. "Revive thy work in the midst of the years. Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

### REVIRESKO:

OR, THE TREE CUT DOWN WILL SPROUT AGAIN.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

"YE canna price the green barley" is a saying common in the north; and its meaning is, that nobody can foretell the future character or course of those who are but in the beginning of their days, in the period of childhood or of youth. And this is very true; for how many promising and happy boys have turned out but worthless and miserable men! And, on the other hand, there have been not a few who, in their early days, occasioned many an hour of sorrow to their parents, who, by good conduct and an exemplary life in their latter years, have gladdened their hearts before they died.

There is another saying of far higher authority, being that of a divinely-inspired prophet, which

declares that, "it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;"—that it is often well for a man to meet with trouble, to encounter difficulties, and undergo trials at the beginning of his career—not only outward hardships, but mental suffering and inward conflicts also, which are sometimes overruled and blessed for his ultimate good, and not unfrequently pave the way for an after-time of prosperity and peace.

There is yet another saying, or maxim, which was uttered by one who had a large and diversified acquaintance with both the evil and the good of human life, even the wise and experienced Job, who says, "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again," which, in one sense of it, may be thus rendered: "If an evil change come over the spirit and the history of a man—if his principles have been injured and have withered—if in his own opinions and state of mind he has become like a decayed and sapless tree—then, by some stroke in Providence, cutting deep into his heart and bringing him low—by a reverse in his outward condition, brought about, perhaps, by his own waywardness, folly, and guilt—in these very circumstances, the instruments of his restoration and revival may be found." It may not be that, in the connection in which it is introduced, Job employed his metaphor to illustrate or shadow forth this fact. But in the application which we have made of it, it is nevertheless true, as was exemplified in a very remarkable manner and degree in his own case, and as it has also been in that of a multitude of individuals in every period of the world.

R. F. was born in the village of S., in the county of M., on the 11th of May, 1795, of poor but honest parents, who gave him an education suited to their circumstances in life, and from whom, as well as at a sabbath-school in the place, he received a goodly portion of sound religious instruction. At the age of sixteen, he was apprenticed to his father's trade, which was that of a stone-mason, before, and at which time, his mind seems to have been seriously alive to religious impressions, the perception of which gave his mother the most sacred delight. In his father's absence, he was accustomed to conduct the devotional exercises of the family, and for some time all was fair, promising, and happy. He was fond of reading, and anxious to acquire knowledge; and in order to promote his gratification and improvement, a kind and Christian elder brother of the family purchased for him a share in a subscription library that had lately been established in the neighbourhood. Some of his fellow-workmen, however, had become deeply tinged with sceptical opinions, and in the course of time insensibly instilled into the mind of this young man certain of their

dangerous and insidious sentiments. To counteract this influence, his brother took out for him from the library "Paley's Natural Theology," and that part of Sir David Brewster's Encyclopedia which contained Dr. Chalmers' article on "Christianity," the study of which he earnestly pressed on his attention. He gave him also Dick's "Essay on Inspiration," Soame Jenyns' "Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion," and other books; urging upon him, above all, a constant adherence to the reading of his Bible, besides occasionally entering into discussion with him on subjects of religion, and upon those infidel views which he now seemed to regard with an alarming degree of favour.

At the period alluded to, and for a considerable time previously, the principles of the atheists, deists, and scoffers had set in like a tide upon certain districts of our country, and with a vehemence that had been greatly heightened by the circumstances attendant upon the French revolution, and the writings of those mischievous men who made Paris, towards the end of the last century, the fountain-head from which a stream of the grossest infidelity spread over the continent of Europe, and which, it cannot be denied, penetrated far into our own country also. Nobody can look back to the age of the encyclopedists of France without a shudder, and there are many still living who can recall the impression made upon them at the time, that it was not more the fearful catastrophes of the political drama then enacting, than the bold front which infidelity assumed, accompanied with the deepest immorality, which chiefly constituted what was then known by the designation of "the reign of terror." Even at this day, the names of Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Helvetius, and others, are associated with ideas of all others the most terrible. And there were not wanting men in our own country, calling themselves and being reckoned by others great philosophers, forsooth! whose writings became the instruments of a widespread evil, the poison of which pervaded a very considerable section of the community, both among its higher and lower classes. Who can calculate the consequences, had they not, in the wonderful providence of God, been to a considerable extent arrested, which must inevitably have flowed from the progress of the principles of Gibbon, Godwin, and David Hume, and of others of lesser repute, whose dark and deadly disquisitions obtained currency in so many quarters, insinuated themselves into such a number of minds, and invaded, there is too much reason to fear, even the sanctuary of the church?

Our men of handicraft were not unaffected by this contagion, which found its way, at first

stealthily, and afterwards more openly, into the workshops of our mechanics and artizans, our weavers, our shoemakers, and our stonemasons, from which, indeed, it has not only not been as yet expelled, but is prevalent to a degree which to many may almost seem incredible.

Among others of this class, the subject of our present narrative seems to have imbibed the most dangerous and fatal opinions, and to all appearance, about the year 1816, had settled down into a state of scepticism; if not of confirmed infidelity. No means that were employed to dissipate the delusions of which he had become the victim were of any avail, and the remonstrances of his friends seemed only to fret and to irritate his mind the more. And, as has been generally found in such cases, he became discontented with his condition and his country. Although he had a sufficiency of employment to afford him a respectable livelihood, and to render him independent of everything but a reasonable share of honest labour, yet he thought everything in the land was going to wreck and ruin, and that it was better for him to forsake it, and leave it to its fate. The ties that bound him to home were snapped asunder by the subtle fluid of that fierce lightning to which, in an evil hour, he had bared his breast, and which had dissolved the mechanism of his mind; or rather, these ties had insensibly yielded to the corroding power which had seized upon his moral faculties, and made them its prey. "Who knows the power of the Divine wrath?" asks the psalmist. "Who knows the power," may we say, "of the devil's guile?"

Along with a dozen or two of other young men, he accordingly made a sudden change in his plan of life, and engaged with a person who had advertised for a number of mechanics to go to the Cape of Good Hope, where he undertook to provide them with regular and remunerative employment; and, setting sail on the 9th of May, 1817, he arrived at the Cape on the 25th of August following. A day or two before his departure, he paid a short visit at the house of his elder brother, who had always taken such an interest in his welfare, and who was so much affected by the mournful change that had taken place, and the state of mind in which his brother was about to leave his native land, that he could scarcely say anything to him, or, at least, did not know in what terms to address him upon the subject of his present circumstances and prospects. Walking with him to a short distance from his dwelling, and coming to a corner of the road, he parted from him with an affectionate farewell; adding, as if appealing to some sense of the existence of a supreme and Divine Being that might still linger in his mind, "Never—I entreat you—never forget your God."

The passage to the Cape appears to have been rough and dangerous, or, at least, it was thought so by our young and inexperienced voyager. But the feelings which were excited in the course of it, seem to have aroused and awakened his perverted or stupefied mind to some right sense of his real condition, and to a feeling of regret for his past conduct. The circumstance of his being separated from all his family and real friends, left as it were alone, and thrown upon his own grave and sombre reflections, amidst the perils of the sea, appears to have produced an effect which all the reasonings or counsels of his friends, and every other means that had been employed, had been unable to accomplish.

How wondrous is God's procedure, when he takes a case into his own hands! His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts like our thoughts. Sometimes He "maketh the day dark with night," and afterwards "turneth the shadow of death into the morning." This young man, with his mind soured and chagrined from no real cause, sought to escape from the irksomeness of home, and the evils which he had been made to apprehend as coming upon his native land, but he found hardships elsewhere awaiting him of which he had little dreamt. And yet, by almighty power, and through sovereign mercy, these were all overruled for his future and final good.

Writing to his brother a considerable time after his arrival on the coast of Africa, he says: "It is now a long time since we parted at S., close by the road at the end of the buildings, and I shall never forget it; God was there. No length of time, no distance from the spot, and no varied scenes of a foreign country, can ever totally efface the impression which your admonition made on my heart—*Never forget your God.* Your words conveyed a lesson to my mind which I had despised, and the sincerity with which you gave me the advice convinced me of the true love which you had for my soul. In short, these four words had somehow a stronger effect in giving a wound to the false principles I had imbibed than all our arguments before; and the hand of God seemed to level with the ground all the fabrications of Volney, Voltaire, Helvetius, and 'the Investigation of Christ,' which last book, I suppose, you never knew I read. But they are all fallen now, thanks to God, to rise no more. When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace, but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. Luke xi. 21, 22. Dear brother, never turn that corner without offering up thanks in your heart for me. My old com-

panions would think my present thoughts foolish, but they little know that God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise!

"The day after I left you," he says, in another part of the letter, "I also parted from my other brothers and my sister at the pier of L., and bade farewell to friends and my native soil. A gentle breeze soon wafted me beyond their cries; yet, unwilling to drop our mutual correspondence, we waved our handkerchiefs in token of love so long as the eye could distinguish anything, and then I went below to seek repose. But the night was spent, not in sleep, but in ruminating upon past events, and in painting future prospects. Many of my companions indulged in drink, sought forgetfulness, and were regardless of danger. Uncouth songs issued from every corner of the hold, and even the seamen's necessary cries on deck were lost in the sound of awful imprecations from below. Next day a heavy wind blew, and I remarked that those that had been the most merry, or rather mad, were the most solitary and the most terrified during the squall. I observed a land bird, which had probably been pursued by a hawk, alight upon the ship as if for refuge, and willingly suffer itself to be caught, rather than expose its life to the merciless talons of its devouring enemy. This little creature, thus flying for safety, seemed to tell me that I was haunted by a destroying foe, who could only be repelled or foiled by my escaping into some bark of safety and rest. In the Bay of Biscay we experienced another rough gale, and I had the opportunity of beholding the awful scene of an agitated ocean. About five o'clock in the morning we were sailing at a rapid rate; several small birds following the vessel was deemed by the seamen to be a bad omen; and by seven o'clock, the wind blowing very hard, orders were given to take down a great part of our canvass. The storm increasing, every opening on the deck was closed, the gangway was barred down, and all the passengers were confined to darkness, while we felt the ocean rolling and heard it roaring around us in the wildest confusion. We mounted up to the heaven—we went down into the depths—our soul melted because of trouble—we reeled and staggered like a drunken man, and were at our wits' end. Then even the most regardless cried to the Lord in their trouble, who was pleased to calm the storm, to still the waves, and, at length, to bring us out of darkness.

"Yet no sooner," this letter continues, "was the storm over, than the profligate returned to his wickedness, and the fool to his folly. On one very warm evening, a flying fish (an animal about seven inches in length, somewhat resem-

bling a Gala-water trout, with wings like those of a bat) struck the main boom of the vessel, and fell dead on the deck. Its untimely end seemed to me to predict the fall of some, and to warn others of the dangers that lay before them at the Cape—where many of my companions, during the rest of the voyage, were rejoicing in the prospect of attaining great things, and of leading a life of pleasure and of unrestrained indulgence.

"On landing, many of them accordingly entirely forsook the homely way of living in which, during the earlier years of their life, they had been brought up. To begin work in the morning without some stimulating draught (a habit which they had latterly acquired at home) was bringing in new customs!—to drink only water during work in the shop was mean!—to dine without wine on the table, was beneath the dignity of a slave!—to go to sleep on Saturday night without visiting the billiard-table, and forming a riding party for a Sunday's excursion, was not living up to the rank of a mechanic! Alas, like the flying-fish, many soon struck on the fatal rock of adversity, and others had, ere long, to leave the colony in disgrace, and, in their circumstances, far below the rank of tradesmen."

After remaining for a short time at the Cape of Good Hope, the subject of our narrative purposed to proceed to the place where he had been appointed, to commence the work for which he was engaged, and to travel thither by land, along with some of the comrades who had accompanied him from home. But in this he changed his mind, and went alone by sea, doubling a dangerous point on the African coast, and encountering again a severe storm, taking twenty-one days to accomplish a voyage which is generally made in three. "On the 12th and 13th of September," he writes, "I never expected to breathe any more on land. The mighty southern ocean was rolling its waves mountains high, while we were tossing near the shattered shore in a naked boat, with its masts taken down. I seemed on the threshold of eternity, and expected every moment the final lurch. But of the Lord's mercy I am here to day. On the 23rd I landed at the mouth of the Breedi river, and was brought thence in a wagon to Groot Vader Bosch."

In this place he did not continue above six months, having experienced much disappointment and sorrow; and quitted it in a dejected state, not knowing whither he went. "I left G.," he says in one of his letters, "in a poor condition, and without a penny in my pocket. I travelled for days right north, sometimes across the top of high mountains, beholding around me a weary waste of uncultivated

land, and at another time, under a burning sun, wading through parched fields, and thirsting for water. Sometimes I was benighted, and alarmed with the howling of tigers, wolves, and jackalls, and came fainting to a house in the morning after travelling through a summer day and half the night. Yet God has been gracious to me. At the very time when I was rapidly going to destruction, he brought me away from my own land, and has still been my protector in this."\*

After long wandering, he at last found rest. "Last year," he relates in a letter dated in 1819, "I came very poor, to a family named Du P., who showed particular kindness to the stranger. They gave me work and clothes, and the head of the family much instruction in the way of salvation. He himself was brought to conversion through the labours of the pious Pacalt, and I am now one of the family, being married to the eldest daughter. We have settled in Z., where we intend to remain, the landrost having appointed me overseer of the colonial buildings with a good salary. I have bought a house for 600*l.* It is one of the largest and best in the place, containing a hall and five large rooms, three of which are finely painted in oil, and deal floored. It has three outer doors and fifteen windows, five of which contain thirty panes of glass each. It is situated at the head of the village, opposite the minister's house, and a quince hedge divides my garden from the landrost's. The soil is fruitful, and a small river runs through and waters it. I have above two hundred fruit trees, and though most of them are young, yet many of them will bear fruit this year, such as the apple, pear, peach, apricot, fig, banana, and I only wish I could share them with all my dear friends at home."

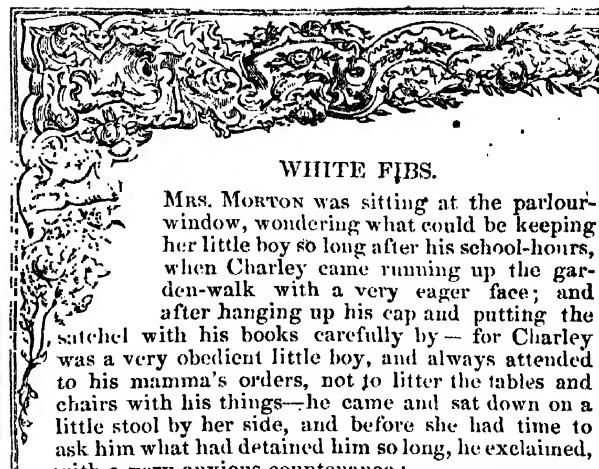
We have given these extracts from some of the letters of this young man, that we might present, if possible, a life-like picture of his experience, and an illustration likewise of the title which we have given to this paper. In several others of his letters there are manifest

\* "Lad! times are altered. I don't suppose there ever was a quiet fair-spoken man nearer the edge of the pit of destruction than I was a few years ago. Just as I was trifling on the brink, a child's voice called me back. Ned, 'twas thine. I had known for months and years what it was to lie down with a heart ill at ease with God. He that is very glad to get into a good and safe covert will not waste his time in dallying with too curious subtleties. Since I have gone the way I should, years have seemed like days, and I have tasted the life of life."—*The Speech of Tomkins, in the Colloquies of Edward Osborne*, one of those quaint books published of late years, some of its predecessors and successors being "Cherry and Violet," "The History of Mary Powell," and "Claude the Colporteur."—They are fictions, but pleasant and not unprofitable reading. They run along the stream of real history, and are cleverly written in the style of the times to which they refer.

proofs of his having regained all his early religious convictions, and of his being established in them—of his interest in the progress of the gospel, and the success of the missionary work in Africa—of his extreme anxiety that those who were growing up at home, the members of the different branches of his father's family, should avoid the rocks on which he had well nigh been wholly shipwrecked and undone throughout eternity—and of his affection to his parents and his friends, which evidently had never been lost, but which the events of his history had tended to deepen and revive. "I read with pleasure," he says at one time, "my dear sister's letter from M. house, and was happy to hear that the Lord had so provided for her in settling her in a place where she may do well, if she depend on him. He will bountifully provide for her, and this world will be soon over, and the true Christian will at death be crowned with a never fading joy."

In one of his letters he mentions that his mother had communicated to him her kindest love, and advised him to read his Bible, which he says, "has been a great comfort to me in a strange land," and thanks her for this best of advices. In another, referring to a brother's son again, he says: "Teach him well, but give him no books to read which are hostile to religion. They are most baneful to youth. Sorry I am that I ever read a page of them, but the remembrance of them fades and decays in me, and I see a reality in the simple truth that never can be found in fables. And once more tell all my friends that I am happy, and that I think it was well that I left home. God has taught me in a strange country to seek him, and, in my frequent solitude, I have learned most of the wondrous plan of our salvation, and felt the need of a Redeemer."

Many are the reflections suggested by our narrative, which is that of a real case. It contains a solemn warning to young men against the insidious influence of sceptical and infidel opinions, so certain, if Divine grace prevent not, to sap the foundation of their principles and their peace, and to gnaw and corrode the heart, until having been separated from its anchor, it sinks in the whirlpool of despair and death. It furnishes an encouragement to parents in training up their children in the fear of the Lord and the faith of the gospel, for though the tree may be cut down, yet we see that it may sprout again. Let fathers or mothers, mourning, perhaps, the decay of early piety in those who once gave promise of better things, take courage and pour out persevering prayer for the object of their solicitude. In due season, and in his own way, God will be the answerer of such prayer.



### WHITE FIBS.

MRS. MORTON was sitting at the parlour-window, wondering what could be keeping her little boy so long after his school-hours, when Charley came running up the garden-walk with a very eager face; and after hanging up his cap and putting the satchel with his books carefully by—for Charley was a very obedient little boy, and always attended to his mamma's orders, not to litter the tables and chairs with his things—he came and sat down on a little stool by her side, and before she had time to ask him what had detained him so long, he exclaimed, with a very anxious countenance:

"Dear mamma, what is the difference between 'white fibs' and common ones?"

"Tell me first, Charley," said Mrs. Morton, "why you ask; I hope my little son has not been telling any fibs, either white or common?"

"Oh! no, mamma, but—" and there was a long pause. "Why do you hesitate, my dear?" asked his mamma; "you must have been doing something wrong, I think, when you are so late from school, and seem afraid to reply to my question."

"Indeed, indeed, mamma, I haven't; but you have often told me I should not be a tale-bearer, and I cannot tell you why I ask, without speaking against one of my companions."

"You are quite right, my dear boy; I have often told you so, because little boys and girls—and, I am sorry to say, big boys and girls also—often do so from a bad spirit, and a desire to bring disgrace on their companions; but in the present instance, I do not think this is the case with you; and as I fear some one has been imposing on you that 'white fibs' are of no consequence, I should like to know the circumstances, as I would not wish you to make a companion of any one who tries to mislead you."

"Well, mamma," said Charley, reluctantly, "I must tell you, since you desire it; but do not think too hardly of poor George; he has no good mamma, like me, to tell him what is right and wrong." Ah! I wish all little boys would speak as kindly of their companions as Charley did.

"It was George Grahame, was it?"

"Yes, mamma; and I was just coming away home, after school was over, as usual, when I found that some one had taken away my cap. I asked all the boys, and they said they thought George had done it for a trick; but when I spoke to him, he pretended to be angry, and said he had never seen it, and did not know what it was like; so I searched everywhere again, looked below the tables and forms, and everywhere I could think, and went to enquire of the boys again, but they told me not to tease them, for they were sure George had it. He denied it, however, over and over again, 'quite black,' as the boys say, and I was on my way home without it, when he ran after me and put it on my head, and I said—'Oh! George, how could you tell so many fibs?' but he just laughed, and said it was all a bit of fun, and there was no harm in telling 'white fibs.' Now, mamma, I don't understand this, for I think denying anything you have really done is surely a fib; and I cannot see the difference between a 'white fib' and a common one; and I never heard you say there were different kinds of them."

"There is really no difference, my dear child," replied

Mrs. Morton ; "but a great many think there is no harm in saying what is false, if they do it 'in fun,' and not with any bad intention. This is a too common idea, even with grown-up people, and it is a habit that gains upon us. Little boys and girls who indulge themselves in telling 'white fibs' in fun, often continue to do so when they become men and women, and by-and-by their acquaintances learn to know this, and when anything is repeated that such persons have said that is thought unlikely ; they just reply, 'Oh ! you cannot believe a word they say !' I trust my little son will never grow up to be so contemptuously spoken of. And often though such persons imagine it is all 'in fun,' they create a great deal of mischief in society, making friends enemies, and causing both sorrow and annoyance by their amusement. Now, my dear boy, this does not only hurt them in a worldly point of view, but it is both wicked and displeasing in the sight of God, who is a lover of truth even in the smallest matters, and has told us that He will require us to give an account, on the great day of judgment, of every foolish and idle word that we utter."

"Do 'white fibs' told by little boys and girls ever cause any harm to them in this world, mamma?" asked Charley.

"Yes, my dear, sometimes they do. I once knew a little boy, who was in the habit of amusing himself in this way, and he very nearly caused the death of his good and kind mamma by telling one."

"Oh, mamma, how dreadful ! Will you tell me about it?"

Yes, my love, and if ever you feel tempted to tell one, I hope you will remember little Willie. Mrs. Marshall was a very dear friend of mine, and was just recovering from a severe illness. She had come into the parlour for the first time for a long while, and was lying on the sofa, where she had fallen asleep. Her two children, Willie and his little sister, were quietly playing on the rug, and little Louy during their play had unconsciously turned her back to the fire. Now Willie was very kind to his little sister, but rather fond of teasing her, and when he saw her in this position, he thought to himself, 'What a famous opportunity to give Louy a fright, she is so alarmed for fire ever since she got herself burned.' So he put on a face of great terror, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Louy, Louy, your hair is all on a blaze at the back !' Little Louy, believing it to be quite true, started up, and ran violently round the room, screaming wildly, 'What shall I do ? I'm burning ! I'm burning !'

Her mamma woke in a dreadful fright, thinking her little girl had fallen into the fire; and being so weak, the agitation quite overcame her, and she fell back, to all appearance, dead on the sofa. So that when their good papa came home from his office, hoping to find his dear wife so much better, he was shocked to find her pale and lifeless, his children sobbing convulsively, and the servants in great alarm."

"And was his wife dead, mamma?"

"No, my love, she had only fainted ; but Mr. Marshall had to send for the doctor, and for many days they were afraid she would not live. They were obliged to have the knocker muffled, and the road in front of the house covered with bark, to prevent the carts and carriages making a noise, and it was many long, long weeks before Willie's mamma was able to come into the parlour again."

"Was Willie very sorry, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, he wept very bitterly ; but his papa, who was a very good man, and whom it had often deeply grieved to hear his little boy telling these 'white fibs,' told him that his crying would do no good, unless he tried to amend, and become a better boy, and that whenever he felt tempted to indulge in telling fibs for fun, he should pray to God for grace to resist the temptation."

"And did he do what his papa told him, mamma?"

"He did, my dear boy, and it was sometimes a very touching sight to see little Willie when he felt tempted, suddenly fall down on his knees in the parlour or nursery, and clasping his little hands, pray, 'Please, my Father in heaven, to keep little Willie from telling lies.'"

"And did God help little Willie, mamma?"

"Yes, my love, God did help him ; for we never go to our Heavenly Father in a meek and humble spirit, and ask earnestly for his assistance to overcome a temptation, that he refuses to help us ; it is only when we ask what He sees is not good for us—though we may think it is—that he refuses to grant our requests." Willie became a very truthful little boy, and set an example to all his companions, and I hope if ever my little boy feels tempted to tell fibs of any kind, that he will pray, like little Willie, "for grace to resist temptation."

Charley sat very thoughtful for some time, and then looking up to his mamma, said, "Oh ! dear mamma, I wish George had heard you tell that story, I am sure it would have done him good ; for I think he just wants some one to tell him what is right and wrong."

"Well, my love, I am glad to see that you take an interest in your little companions ; it is a spirit that is pleasing to our Saviour in heaven, for he tells us to love one another ; so you may take your cap and run over to George's, and ask his papa to let him come and take tea with you, and I shall tell you both some more instances of the mischief and sorrow that kind of falsehood called 'white fibs' have worked : and I trust George will follow little Willie's example also, when tempted to indulge in his darling sin."

Charley thanked and kissed his mamma, and ran away with his little heart full of happiness at the thought of being able to do some good, and also full of thankfulness to his Heavenly Father that he had given him a kind mamma to instruct him.

I wonder if all my little readers who have good papas and mammas, remember to thank God for them ! I hope so. Ah, what a blessing to a parent is a truthful child !

### JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

AND was my Saviour once a child,  
A little child like me ?  
And was he humble, meek, and mild,  
As little ones should be ?

Oh ! why did not the Son of God  
Come as an angel bright ?  
And why not leave his fair abode  
To come with power and might ?

Because he came not here to reign,  
As sovereign here below ;  
He came to save our souls from sin,  
Whence all our sorrows flow.

And did the Son of God most high  
Consent a man to be ?  
And did that blessed Saviour die  
Upon the cross for me ?

And did my Saviour freely give  
His life for sinful men ?  
What ! did he die that we might live ?  
Oh, how he loved us then !

Accept, O ever-blessed Lord !  
An infant's humble praise ;  
Teach me to love thy holy word,  
And serve thee all my days.

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE COLONISTS WELCOMED BY THE INDIANS.

## GLIMPSES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

PART III.

### THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUD.

THE month of December was over. The emigrants suffered terribly from coughs, and it became imperative to provide efficient shelter for the weaker and more afflicted of the band. Wood was cut down accordingly, in the intervals between the storms. A rising ground was chosen as the site of the new city, an eminence commanding a magnificent view both of sea and land.

The company was divided into families, the

unmarried being required to choose a family into which they might be adopted, in order that fewer houses might be needed. Thus the colonists were divided, by this judicious plan, into but nineteen families, and on the 9th of January, 1621, the first operation for building the infant city commenced. The plot of ground was divided by lot, and the houses built in two rows. At the present day, the traveller to Plymsooth may still be shown, not the log huts of the pilgrim fathers, indeed, but the locality in which they stood, which yet bears the name of Leyden-street, and is reverenced as the first pathway through the primeval forest.

But comparatively easy as it is to read about building log houses, and tilling new soil, remember that the end was not gained without bitter privation. Consumption was wasting more than one member of the colony. Sometimes, for days together, nothing could be done for the blinding snow-storm, or the sweeping gale; wolves howled in the forest; the house in which the sick and dying were sheltered took fire; violent rains stripped the half-built houses of the clay and mortar; and now and then the discovery of an Indian trail, or the smoke of a distant fire, chilled the anxious, fearful hearts of all.

But wives, mothers, and sisters were there, and something like family joy might have been felt through that dreary winter, had not death entered, and made a sad blank in loving hearts and beside the rude hearths. Carver, the governor of the republic, first lost his son, and soon afterwards he was himself laid in the same grave, the first dug in the wilderness. Then followed the widow; and, in March, Governor Bradford records: "Thirteen of our number died; and, in three months more, out of one hundred, but fifty remained—the living scarce able to bury the dead." The sailors, too, of the *Mayflower*, which had still lingered in the haven, were attacked, and half the company died before sailing; but they yet trusted in God, and he delivered them.

How different was the spirit manifest in their simple uncomplaining journals, from that of the band of needy adventurers and covetous gold-seekers, who, fourteen years before, had set out to Virginia. Smith describes the first colonists as composed of forty-eight needy gentlemen and four carpenters, whose jealousies, divisions, and excesses sorely tried their leader, who was a man of ability and genius.

But the pilgrim fathers hoped on; sickness and death had thinned their ranks; grave after grave was dug in the wilderness; yet God was above all, and behind the cloud the sun of his blessing was shining.

Winter was over and gone, the south wind blew softly, and the forest-birds mingled their notes with the voice of the pilgrims' thanksgiving, when one day an Indian came to their little citadel. What, however, must have been the joyful relief of the fearful strangers, to hear the well-known English word from the red man's lips—that happy, hopeful, home word—"WELCOME." That they made him welcome, there can be no doubt. They gave him "strong water" (that, however, would certainly have been better omitted), biscuit, butter, cheese and pudding; and in return, gave them much valuable information. He told them that they had nothing to dread from the red man, the fearful

plague which had reigned there having deterred all Indians from claiming the soil; and the author of the 'Plymouth Pilgrims' thus comments on the fact, that "God had cast out the heathen preparatory to planting the vine which he had brought forth from the land of bondage." Indeed, no one can view the chain of circumstances which occurred in the history of the pilgrim fathers as merely fortuitous; but, we must rather admire the wisdom of him who thus permitted his followers to scatter the seed of his word amid the primeval forests of the new world.

At length the *Mayflower* sailed. One morning, in the beginning of April, 1621, the band of colonists watched the little home-bound vessel, and such was the firmness of principle in these exiles, that not one offered to desert his companions in this trying moment; not one yielded to the temptation of stepping on board the departing vessel; and, as they saw the lessening sail on the horizon, still they fainted not.

The harmony of the settlers was occasionally interrupted, however, civil attaches to every human institution; but, on the whole, the history of their lives is creditable and peaceful. In June they resolved to send an embassy to Massasoyt, a powerful chief, in order to cement the league of peace and friendship between them. The messengers met with a friendly reception, and were hospitably entertained by Massasoyt. Winslow says, in a letter to England at the close of that year: "We have found the Indians faithful to their covenant of peace; they are a people without religion, but trusty, ripe-witted, and just." The vessel which bore Winslow's letter to England had already brought over thirty-five new settlers, and the results of colonial industry with which it was freighted on its homeward voyage were to the value of five hundred pounds, in beaver-skins and wood; but the vessel was seized by a privateer and robbed, and the company at Plymouth, who hoped much from these their first-fruits, were doomed to disappointment.

The Indians, too, from a distant settlement, threatened them with an invasion. The pilgrim fathers were yet to be made perfect through suffering. The ship *Fortune* had left them new settlers indeed, but settlers bringing no means of support with them. The harvest was reaped, and they were starving in the land of promise. The wild-fowl, so abundant from October to March, were now scarce, and although fish abounded in the pools, they had no tackle suitable for cod fishery. Oftentimes they awoke knowing that until they had toiled hard and wandered far, no morning meal awaited them or their families; and thus they lived through the summer months. In the midst of these priva-

tions, a boat from a fishing-vessel brought seven new colonists to Plymouth, without the slightest provision for a day's food; but help was at hand; and, ere long, Winslow returned full of hope from one of the vessels which lay at no great distance, laden with provisions. The second year thus came to an end, with all its trials and dangers, and the faith of the pilgrim fathers still kept them up.

## THE MONASTERY OF EINSIEDELN.

### PART II.

It would be impossible within any brief compass to describe the various legends which obtain currency in connection with this establishment, or the miracles said to have been effected on the afflicted and believing worshippers. It is thought, however, that not fewer than 150,000 devotees annually visit the shrine either in person, or, what is here permissible, by proxy. The numbers are greatly increased at the festival day in September, and especially so when that festival happens to fall on a Sunday. In 1834 a jubilee was commemorated on the spot in honour of the Virgin. At such times persons crowd from the most remote places. Dr. Beattie relates that, on an ordinary occasion, he encountered a woman a hundred and eight years old, who had walked from the farthest point of Normandy in France to pay a vow to Mary of the Swiss mountains! The jubilee scene is described as having the appearance of a fair on a great scale with all kinds of music, diversified by salvoes of artillery and fire-works. To give honour to this occasion the pope sends a special legate, whose presence at the service is marked by extraordinary splendour, whilst the church is crammed with people. It has been calculated that thirty thousand persons, most of whom are pilgrims, have been present at such occasions. The services were, in 1834, terminated by a night mass in the open air, which displayed some scenes of startling effect as the rows of torches and the numerous illuminations lighted up the worship and made the houses appear like pyramids of fire. On such occasions the neighbouring districts swarm with pilgrims.

The convent and church of Einsiedeln are situated in a naked and gloomy hollow, which presents few interesting points of scenery, except the presence in the horizon of two or three considerable mountains. One of these is called the Mitre—an object which, by one of those curious freaks of nature so often met with in other parts of the world besides Switzerland, it in shape greatly resembles. The village is miserably poor and wretched, its houses and hovels being most of them in singular contrast with the magnificence of the shrine itself. Accom-

modations are here furnished to devotees of all classes, descending to prices almost incredibly low.

A glance at the countenances of many of the pilgrims who repair to this spot bears witness that they receive the legends of the monastery with an unintelligent and uninquiring awe. Were it not that with them "the church" has usurped the place of the gospel, there are so many palpable incongruities in the stories presented to them as to provoke all their scepticism. Very remote is the religion taught by such narratives from the simple devotion of the book of God! Instead of the fable of Jesus, clothed in the pompous paraphernalia of the Romish priesthood, and offering, surrounded by a retinue of saints and angels, the consecrated wafer, the Bible Christian is taught the glorious doctrine of a great high priest who has entered into the heavens, there to appear in the presence of God for us; and instead of the exhibition of the Virgin Mary, represented by a mean and dark-coloured image to which is addressed the supplication, "Blessed Virgin! pray to thy dear Son for us poor sinners"—he is instructed that every transgressor, impelled by penitence and faith, has himself access to the Saviour, and that as "there is one God," so also there is "one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." Happy they who have learned their religion from purer sources than monastic tradition, and still more blessed those who have found peace through faith in his perfect and sufficient sacrifice; "the blood which cleanseth from all sin!"

Such were our reflections as we prepared to visit this celebrated monastery.

Immediately before the grand entrance to the church is a wide esplanade, which serves to display the proportions of the edifice to great advantage. Directly in front of its large folding doors stands a fountain, surmounted by an image of the Virgin, and divided into fourteen streamlets, each continually trickling through a metal pipe. There is a clumsy and most improbable tradition that our Lord drank water from one of these; but as the precise one is not known, each pilgrim is anxious to partake of them all, that thus he may receive whatever mystic virtue the element may impart. We were unable to discover what that virtue was; but we could not avoid thinking of that emblematical "water of life," for which many of these pilgrims were thirsting, though they knew it not; and contrasting the poor consolation derived from annually visiting such a stream (even were its boasted honours true) with the spiritual refreshment which follows the believing reception of Christ as a Saviour, and which attends the consciousness of forgiven sin and a renovated

nature. "Such are the means by which alone the soul can be elevated and purified! This is the true "water" of which "Whoever drinketh will thirst no more!"

Immediately behind the fountain, and in front of the church, was gathered together a semicircle of booths, of the slightest construction, where might be learned at a single glance the humiliating lessons of the whole establishment. In some were representations of legs, arms, hands, etc. in wax—intended to be hung up in the church by those who had diseases in any of these members, or who had received a cure; in others were beads; on which the pilgrims might count the number of prayers they had been instructed to offer at the shrine; in others, tapers of various sizes to be presented as votive offerings; in others, medals stamped with the figures of the Virgin and child; whilst many contained books of prayers with "Litanies of our Lady of Hermits."

From one of these the following is a selection—"Remember us, O thou sweetest Virgin Mary; thou hast all power with Jesus Christ thy son, who never refuses anything to thy prayers"—"Say only one word to thy son, show that thou art my mother, and that you can obtain everything for those who pray to thee and put their trust in thee"—"Pray for us, holy mother of God, so that we may inherit the compassion of Jesus Christ."—Alas! how different this honour from any which the pious mother of our Lord laid claim to, or which her Son accorded her in the days of her earthly pilgrimage. Is there the faintest reflection of the New Testament in such prayers as the following? "Queen of Angels, of Patriarchs, of Prophets, of Apostles, of Martyrs, of Confessors, of Virgins, of all Saints, of the most Holy Rosary, of the Holy Scapulary, of the Holy Chapel of Hermits, pray for us." Most of the worshippers find it clearly impossible to distinguish such acts from divine worship, as the Romanist writers pretend to do. Thin is the partition—if, indeed, there be any—which separates such services from actual idolatry! Let it be, however, with no unkindness that we point out the sad tendencies of such errors. Oh that our mistaken brethren would learn that there is but one represented in the Divine oracles as having power with God; that his glory is to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities without the need of an intervening intercessor, and that by his blood we have "boldness to enter the holiest of all!"

The guide by whom we were conducted into the church was a Frenchman. As we walked, I inquired of him whether he believed the legendary tales connected with the edifice. With a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders he replied, "I only believe what I see." The natural

effect of these wonders on his mind was, indeed, sufficiently apparent. . The instance is not a solitary one of superstition producing in other minds infidelity as its natural result. But the odour of strong liquors which emanated from our guide suggested other causes which might have heightened his scepticism. His principle was, at all events, too narrow to walk upon. He who resolves to "believe only what he sees" is without any creed at all; and to limit the actual by the conditions of the sensible is, under the boast of superiority, a pitiable weakness which negatives all history and contemns all which the experience of others has ever taught. The Bible, on the contrary, pronounces belief to be "blessed." For when has any great action been ever achieved which has not had the belief of some important truth for its basis? and so long as we hold by the condition that what we believe shall be ascertained to be veritable and not fictitious, there will be no danger that faith will degenerate into credulity.

The church at Einsiedeln, which is extensive, is profusely, even gaudily, decorated. All that gilding and railing and marbles can do, have been liberally employed in its embellishment. On every side of the edifice are altars, rich with external show, and exhibiting the hideous though partially concealed skeletons or fractional skeletons of "saints"—St. Dionysius, martyr, St. Vitalis, martyr, St. Placidus, martyr, St. Candida, martyr, St. Gregory, martyr, and St. Charito, martyr, among the rest—many of them unknown, except to Roman ecclesiastical annals. But the interest of the church is concentrated on its western side, where a mass of devotees were bending in attitudes of the most prostrate devotion before the shrine in honour of which the building is erected. Beneath a large canopy, faintly illuminated only by a large silver lamp that merely served to make "darkness visible," was the celebrated image, very imperfectly to be distinguished, which was said to have come down from heaven. It was a dark misshapen block of wood, though richly and even sumptuously attired. Part of its history is curious. During the French revolution of 1795, Einsiedeln was robbed of its various treasures, and among others of the principal objects of its idolatry, whilst the monks were driven away into poverty and exile. When they returned and took possession of their old quarters, they brought with them an image which they asserted to be the duplicate of that which had been lost, and which certainly receives all the honours due to the original, though its claims to divinity appear more than questionable.

The Mariolatry of the Romish church, as it is one of the most conspicuous, so is it also one of

the most painful features of its religion. He who has visited the continent during the "month of Mary," as May is called in Catholic ecclesiastical language, cannot fail to have seen continually in the churches the great altar obscured by a temporary erection, adorned with flowers and consecrated to the Virgin. What Mary's altar is to the churches, the Virgin's worship is to the whole spiritual system. It is humanity, not representing divinity, but usurping its honours and obscuring its worship. The glory of true religion is that it shows how man can meet his God. Nothing that interposes a barrier between the creature and his Creator can soothe the conscience, elevate the nature, and prepare for the judgment of the great day.

Yet let us not be inconsiderate or ungrateful. With most of these deluded worshippers religion is a profound conviction—an earnest reality. We fear that this sentiment is produced more by the overmastering influence of dread than by the love which expands and sublimes the soul. But if others do so much for tradition, what ought we to do for substantial truth? By how much our creed is purer, loftier, better; by so much ought the effects it produces on ourselves to be more abundant and conspicuous.

### JOHN JAENICKE,

PASTOR OF THE BETHLEHEM'S CHURCH, BERLIN.

It is now twenty-seven years ago since this excellent man left the stage of life; but to many good people in Berlin it seems like yesterday. One venerable man, at whose house we were lately spending a few days in that city, said to us: "When you mention Jaenicke's name, I feel as if the wheels of time had ceased to revolve since then, and as if I was just returning from that extraordinary funeral procession which accompanied him to his long home, the scene is so vividly before me."

"That was a wondrous procession," he went on to tell. "Down the Wilhelmstrasse went, first, hundreds of children, dressed in white, walking three and three, strewing the road with flowers, and many of them with their tears, too—genuine, burning tears, gushing fresh from a bleeding heart—such tears as pure affection weeps—such tears as angels might have shed beside the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea when it received its first occupant. A missionary carried an open Bible on a cushion. The coffin was borne in turn by twelve missionary students, twelve Bohemians, and twelve students of theology. All the clergy of Berlin, without exception, followed. Thousands of thousands of all ranks and stations, in a line which seemed to have no end, took part in the procession; many

had travelled far to be there, and not a few faces bore evidence that they felt as if conveying a father to the grave. On the coffin were written the words, 'I live, and ye shall live also.' That great city seemed to many of us lonely the first night that Jaenicke slept before the gates."

To what purpose, we thought on hearing this narrative, does the Most High at times send men to tower so far above common mortals, and then to die like ordinary individuals? Perhaps to keep us humble, when we see that we have been so far surpassed. Perhaps to spur us on to greater exertions than we have ever yet made. Perhaps to reveal his own wise sovereignty, for he doeth as he will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; none can stay his hand, nor say unto him, what doest thou?

John Jaenicke, whom we have thus introduced to our readers, was ordained pastor of the Bohemian or Bethlehems church in 1779. At that time, however, he was only assistant; but from the year 1792, when the smouldering fires of revolution sent their scorching blast over Germany, up till his decease on the 21st of July, 1827, he was sole pastor. There is, however, a long tale to tell, both about the church and about the pastor, previous to 1779.

### THE BOHEMIANS IN BERLIN.

The doctrines of the Reformation were at one time predominant in Bohemia, the richest counts and nobles being among the ranks of the Protestants. The thirty years' war, however, and the intrigues of the Jesuits, brought about a counter-revolution, which is one of the blackest pages in the world's history. The nobles died on the scaffold without a crime being proved against them, and their lands were confiscated. Hundreds forsook all they had in the world—wives, children, lands—and fled to other kingdoms, where they could fare like the ravens, and the sparrows, and the lilies, which God feeds and clothes without storehouse and without care. Those that remained at home were compelled to become Roman Catholics. Still at midnight, among the lonely glens, the dragoons sometimes discovered bands who had met to sing and pray and commemorate the dying love of their Lord. In the time of Leopold I and Charles VI of Austria, the persecution had become intolerable. Reading the word of God, or even possessing a Bible, singing a psalm, partaking of both bread and wine in the communion, were reckoned crimes worthy of a punishment more severe than that of murder. Those who wished to emigrate were not allowed. Children were torn from their parents to be educated as Papists. Parents were thrown into prison till they became Roman Catholics. If they wished to escape, they must

smuggle themselves over the frontiers in the night, and act as the Russian Jews now do to escape from the conscription. From about 1720, till 1740, scarcely a night passed that some did not cross the borders into Saxony, which was at that time a land of liberty.

In the neighbourhood of Zittau, five Bohemian families got leave to settle. That was near the Austrian frontier. In the year 1726, a clergyman, who had fled from the persecution, came to settle with them. He was a faithful man, and in six years we find the number of exiles, which had gathered around him, increased to above five hundred. Pastor Liberda, for that was his name, preached so that sinners were awaked and converted, and those who had been zealous Protestants they knew not why, learned to love the Lord Jesus and to lead holy lives. The country people came from far and near, and the road was thronged on the Sunday morning with pious worshippers, going to hear the man who could tell the secrets of their hearts and of their houses from the pulpit. Roman Catholics, who came, said that with their own clergy they must tell the priest their sins before they got absolution; but here was a man who could tell them their sins—*even such as they had not thought of before—and could tell them too far more about the true source of absolution.* The Protestants who came to hear Pastor Liberda went home complaining of their own clergy, whom they had heard preaching from childhood, and yet had never been told by them the glorious truths of pardon and acceptance through faith in the blood of Christ—at least not in such a manner as to make them understand how the chief of sinners could be justified simply by believing on the Saviour.

After six years of rest and refreshment, the place became too small, and above seven hundred of the Bohemian exiles rose to seek some other hospitable home. On two carts they laid the sick and infirm, and in forty-eight wheelbarrows, the children and the goods. After much wandering, many crosses, much prayer, and many answers to prayer, they arrived at last in Berlin. When all seemed dark around them on their way thither, they united their voices in the Bohemian language, and sang the 42nd Psalm, "Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul? Still trust in God, I shall yet praise him." And in brighter days the mountains echoed back the strains of the 116th Psalm, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplication."

The king gave them leave to reside in the metropolis of Prussia, but he could not support them. Many a trial they were required to endure, and they learned the practical meaning of the declaration, "Whom the Lord loveth he

chasteneth." Morning and evening they all met together for reading the Scriptures and prayer; during the day they toiled hard, and when the Sunday came, after the good old Hussite customs, inherited by them from their Waldensian fathers, they remembered the sabbath-day to keep it holy. The king eventually ordered thirty-eight houses to be built for them, that they might live together. By diligence and the Divine blessing, they became rich; but in proportion as worldly means increased, their piety decreased, and after the death of their pastor Liberda, in 1742, all manner of quarrels broke out, till at last the congregation divided into three parties—Lutheran, Reformed, and Herrnhuter Bohemians.

#### JAENICKE'S EARLY LIFE.

Among the Bohemian settlers was a family named Jaenicke. The father was by profession a weaver. However other families may have decreased in piety, in this house all went on in the good old way. Family worship every morning and evening, the Sunday conscientiously observed, hard work during the week, no idle hands tolerated—these were some of the "rules of the house." The mother used to say often to her children and neighbours: "When we served God in the glens and woods, and among the rocks, and could not even venture to read the Bible at home, I vowed often to the Lord Jesus that I would be content with a crust of dry bread and a drink of cold water, if we could only enjoy the Lord's Supper as it was appointed; and now we have a dwelling, a church, and schools of our own, what shall we render to the Lord for all his goodness?" It was in this spirit that she trained her five children.

When the son, John, had been long enough at school, his father took him home and taught him weaving. After he had learned his trade, he set off, according to German custom, to improve himself by working in other towns as a journeyman. A father's prayer, and a mother's tears, had not been in vain, for the young man sought work only where he knew he could keep his Sunday, and, on the day of rest, he sought such preachers as proclaimed the gospel. He knew that he was, like all mankind, a sinner, and that Christ is a Saviour; but he had never felt burdened under sin, and fled to Jesus for relief; he prayed, however, and read the Bible regularly; he led a correct and consistent life, and thought there was not any great fear of his state, and that if all the world were like himself, a Saviour of sinners might be dispensed with.

One Sunday, while listening as usual very attentively to the sermon, the preacher said: "Is there any one here who thinks that he is not a sinner. Consider how great a sin it is

that from youth up you have not loved your Saviour above everything else."

The young weaver left the church like a wounded roe with the arrow quivering in the wound. He hastened out to a shady retreat, and, for the first time in his life, poured out an earnest prayer from a heart that felt its own need of a Saviour. He had heard that what he had thought to be his great honour, and an advantage above others, namely, his own self-righteousness, was a great sin. His proud heart, which had not felt the need of Jesus as a sinner's friend, cried aloud for pardon, and when he rose from his knees, he felt that he had obtained mercy of God. He sought the acquaintance of the pastor who had opened this door for him into the mystery of the gospel, and the good man rejoiced as angels do over a sinner who repents. On nearer acquaintance, the pastor thought that something better than a weaver could be made out of him; at least a schoolmaster. So when the work was done in the evenings, the young weaver found himself sitting with the pastor learning Latin. In a short time he was able to pass an examination—possibly not a very severe one—and was immediately appointed schoolmaster in the place where he had first been led to the Saviour. He had not long, however, filled his new post till the congregation grumbled, and thought that there was no need for both a pastor and a schoolmaster; the pastor might fill both posts as he had done before. The young schoolmaster accordingly being dismissed, returned to his father's house in Berlin.

He now learned a little more Latin and Greek, and, thinking himself very well advanced, he started for Halle to study theology. A pastor whom he visited on the road, and who examined the state of his knowledge, advised him not to go to the university, but to the Orphan-house in Halle. But when he came there, however, he learnt that, as he was now above twenty years of age, and did not know as much as the small children in the institution, he could not be received at all, and must return to Berlin.

A year later, we find him filling a situation as schoolmaster in Dresden. In that city there was at that time a pious physician named Demiani, who had private tutors giving instruction to his son, to prepare him for the university. Young Jaenicke was invited to take part in these lessons. His patron being of opinion that all study without prayer is no use, came occasionally and joined in earnest supplication with the two youths for a blessing on their studies. A nobleman was eventually found willing to bear the college expenses for the young Bohemian schoolmaster; and in his twenty-sixth year he entered the university of Leipzig.

## RELIGIOUS DESPONDENCY COMBATED.

"My soul is disquieted within me."

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

"**SINCE** the day that Christ Jesus redeemed us on the cross, all that is great, powerful, and salutary partakes of a serious nature, and all the seeds of life and regeneration are sown in sorrow and death." "No wonder, then, that the soul, alive to the infinite greatness of eternal things—conscious of her own inability to grasp these high and mysterious realities—sensible of her weakness, her darkness, her guilt—is disquieted and ready to despond. What must she do? In her melancholy distress, she is ready to think her case peculiar, and that her judgment is passed over from her God. But this is not true. Many truly godly spirits have passed through this valley of the shadow of death, and have at length seen the light of God's salvation. Many, from various causes, griefs and overwhelming trials, have been cast into a deep melancholy, and had their spirits clouded with fears and doubting; and it has pleased God to cause them thus to pass through the darkness and realities of the world of sorrow—in some instances bringing them eventually into the conscious light of his reconciled countenance, at other times making them, through these deep trials, experimentally fitted for comforting and sustaining others. Indeed this is God's deepest way of teaching; and they who have known most of God's dealings with his children have assured us, that so far from seeing in these spiritual conflicts marks of the Divine displeasure, they have known many of the righteous brought out of these deep waters, and some of God's most useful servants formed in this school of tribulation. When we learn that this has been the experience of saints and truly godly souls, it may give us some hopes that our case is not so bad as we have imagined. Let the soul that is tried with these spiritual sorrows turn to God, its Father and final end. This is life eternal—to know God. Let sound and scriptural apprehensions of his nature be deeply laid in our understanding.

It is most pleasant to a believer to know that God is that blessed being—that perfect life, light, and love, which is the beginning and end of all things, and the most amiable object of all illuminated minds, and of every sanctified will, and of all harmonious praise for ever.

Let thy soul, oh desponding one, remember with comfort that God delighteth in mercy—that he swears, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that he turn and live"—that he will have all men to be saved—that he pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin. Draw near then unto God.

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

Remember that thou art ~~out of~~ of him. No man knoweth thee; then dost not thoroughly know thyself nor thy concerns: when thou existest not, through darkness or dispeller, realize his mercy; yet lie ~~gentleness~~ gracious. Plead then with him. . . say, "Lord, give me to know thee, or rather, to be known of thee. When I doubt of thy love, and fear that thou hast withdrawn thy mercy from me; when I am unable to 'taste' the sweetness of thy love, or to meditate on thy truth and mercies; thou wilt not lose thy knowledge of me, nor turn away thy mercy from me. Thou canst call me thy child; when I doubt whether I can 'call' thee 'Father.' Thou, Lord, art good; a stronghold in the day of trouble; and thou knowest them that trust in thee." Trust God with thy soul and body, which are his; and if thou canst not attain to an assurance of thy interest in his love, yet lie in submission before him, lifting thine eyes toward his mercy-seat. A great part of men's troubles and fear is occasioned by misapprehensions of God's nature and character; and, therefore, we should seek to attain to, and hold fast by, the highest thoughts we can possibly reach of God's natural goodness, graciousness, and long-suffering to us-ward. Remember, therefore, oh troubled soul, before all other thoughts for the obtaining of peace, to get high thoughts of the gracious and lovely nature of God. And next to this source of life and hope, let the consideration of the gospel revelation of the Divine mercy and salvation be pondered and deeply apprehended. Whea thy thoughts of God are strange, because of the infinite distance between us and the Divine nature, turn unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, who came to bring us near to God. Can we doubt the love of God when we behold him "manifest in the flesh?" Shall not the spring and hope of life be found here, even that water of life which is provided for all? "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "I am come that ye may have life, and have it more abundantly." Can we doubt and have suspicious thoughts of the gracious and merciful designs of him whose voice thus speaks to sinners? And that thy soul, oh doubter, may take the full comfort of the Saviour's most gracious nature and office, remember that he died for us, that whosoever believeth in him may have eternal life. Let the universal, general grace of the gospel of the Redeemer comfort thy soul. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." Let this be deeply fixed in thy mind and heart—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not

perish, but have eternal life." To accept this offer of salvation, and to believe in Jesus Christ, is to become the child of God through him. But the soul that does believe, sometimes loses the sense of its faith, and so, is troubled and in darkness. It is well to believe again, that thou mayest know thou dost believe; and if thou hast wandered from him, thou shalt be reclaimed when his compassions are kindled by the voice of thy cry. It is certain that afflictions spring not from the dust, but that they come from God; and we have his assurance that he does not willingly afflict nor grieve any of the children of men. Nay, more than this, we are told that as many as he loves, he rebukes, and chastens. How often by the sadness of the countenance, has the heart been made better! How many, once mourning in heaviness, seeing no light, are now in the enjoyment of the light of God's countenance, and giving thanks to him who has brought them into peace.

But, even if now, for a season, the veil is drawn between thy soul and the face of God, there are some means for encouraging and quieting thy spirit. Thou mayest take refuge in the assurance that many around thee enjoy the blessings of hope, and love, and peace; and, if thou be of a generous nature, is it nothing to thee to know that this is the case with thousands now, and has been the case with tens of thousands in all time, and shall be the case with innumerable multitudes throughout all eternity? Forget, then, thy misery, for a season, in thankfulness for the happiness of others. And another solace thou mayest find, in trying to do good. Resolve, that while the little day of life holds on, thou wilt do what thou canst to make those about thee more happy, or less sorrowful. There are fellow-sufferers whose griefs may be alleviated—there are poor who may be fed or helped—there are children, cast out and forsaken, who may be cherished and bred up to usefulness. In comforting others, the tried soul is often comforted of God.

But, if thou canst not feel strength enough for exertion—scarcely for sympathy—yet let the remembrance of God's eternal love preserve thee from sinking into hopelessness. Who can tell? Peradventure, the night of thy sorrow and darkness is far spent, and the dawning of thy day is at hand. The voice of thy Saviour was heard, just ere he expired, exclaiming, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But speedily his lips exclaimed, "It is finished." He had drunk, to the dregs, the cup which his Father had given him; accomplished the object for which he endured; and then there remained the joy set before him—that joy, oh troubled spirit, which, if thou trustest in him, he will share with thee throughout eternity.

## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### HARMONY BETWEEN THE EXISTENCE OF NATURAL LAWS AND THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF PRAYER.

IN all ages of the world, philosophers, and even many theologians, have been strenuous opposers of special and miraculous providence. If they have admitted, as most of the latter class have done, that some miracles were performed in ancient times, they have strenuously maintained that the doctrine of special providence in these days is absurd, and that God cannot, without a miracle, bestow any special favours upon the virtuous in answer to their prayers, or inflict any special punishments upon the wicked; and that it is fanaticism to expect any other retributions than such as the ordinary and unmodified course of nature brings along with it.

The unvarying constancy of nature, in consequence of being governed by fixed laws, is the grand argument which men adduce in opposition to any supposed special providence. Since the fathers fell asleep, say they, all things continue as they were from the beginning. God has subjected the world to the government of laws, and he will not interfere with, counteract, set aside, or give a supernatural force to those laws, to meet particular exigencies. For the adjustment of all apparent inequalities of good and evil, suffering and enjoyment here, we must wait for the disclosures of eternity, when strict retributive justice will hold her even scales. When natural evils come upon us, therefore, they argue it is idle to expect their removal, except so far as they may be mitigated or overcome by natural means; and hence it is useless to pray for their removal, or to expect God will deliver us from them in any other way. When the heavens over us become brass, and the earth under our feet iron, and the rain of our land is powder and dust, and want and famine, as the consequence, stalk forth among the inhabitants, of what use to pray to God for rain, since to give it would require a miracle, and the age of miracles has passed? When the pestilence is scouring through the land, and our neighbours and nearest friends are within its grasp, and we may next become its victims—nay, when we, too, are on the borders of the grave—why should we expect relief by prayer, since sickness is the result of natural causes, and God will not interpose to save us from the effects of natural evils, because that would be contrary to

a fixed rule of his government? When dangers cluster around the good man in the discharge of trying duties, it would be enthusiasm in him to expect any special protection against his enemies, though he pray ever so fervently, and trust in Divine deliverance with ever so much confidence. He must look to another world for his reward, if called to suffer here. Nor has the daringly wicked man any reason to fear that God will punish his violations of the Divine law by any unusual display of his power; nor in any way, indeed, but by the evils which naturally flow from a wicked life. In short, it will be useless to pray for any blessing that requires the least interference with natural laws, or for the removal of any evil which depends upon those laws. And since our minds are controlled as much by laws as the functions of our bodies, we are not to expect any blessings in our souls, which require the least infringement of intellectual laws. In fine, the effect of prayer, according to these views, is limited almost entirely to its influence upon our own hearts, in preparing them to receive with a proper spirit natural blessings, and to bear aright natural evils; to stimulate us to use with more diligence the means of avoiding or removing the latter, and securing the former.\*

Such views and reasonings seem, upon a superficial examination, to be very plausible. But when we look into the Bible, we cannot but see that the main drift of it is directly opposed to such notions. That book does encourage man to pray to God for the removal of evils of every kind—evils as much dependent upon natural laws as the daily course of the sun through the heavens. It does teach us to look to God in every trying situation for deliverance, if it is best for us to be delivered. It does represent the wicked man as in danger of special punishment. It exhibits a multitude of examples, in which God has thus delivered those who trusted in him, and punished those who violated his laws.

In every age, too, the most devotedly pious men have testified that they have found deliver-

\* "Science," says George Combe, "has banished from the minds of profound thinkers belief in the exercise by the Deity, in our day, of special acts of supernatural power, as a means of influencing human affairs; and it has presented a systematic order of nature, which man may study, comprehend, and follow, as a guide to his practical conduct. Many educated laymen, and also a number of the clergy, have declined to recognise fasts, humiliations, and prayers, as means adapted, according to their views, to avert the recurrence of the evil, (the potato blight.) Indeed, these observances, inasmuch as they mislead the public mind with respect to its causes, are regarded by such persons as positive evils."

ance and support in circumstances in which mere natural laws could afford them no relief. Moreover, when men are brought into great peril or suffering of any kind, they involuntarily cry to God for help. When the vessel founders in the fury of the storm, the hardened sailor employs that breath in ardent prayer which just before had been poured out in blasphemies. And when the widowed mother hears the tempest howling around her dwelling at night, she cannot but pray for the protection of her child upon the treacherous sea. When violent disease racks the frame, and we feel ourselves rapidly sinking into the grave, it is scarcely in human nature to omit crying to God with a feeling that he can save us. In short, it is a dictate of nature to call upon God in times of trouble. Our reasoning about the constancy of nature, which appears to us while in safety so clearly to show prayer for the removal of natural evils to be useless, loses its power, and the feelings of the heart triumph. It now becomes, therefore, an important practical question, which of these views of the providence of God is correct. If it those which our reasoning derives from the constancy of nature, or those inspired by piety and the Bible?

Can the wants, then, we ask, of individuals be met, in answer to prayer, in any other way than by miracles, or by the ordinary and settled laws of nature? I maintain that there are other modes in which this can be done; in which, in fact, every case requiring special interference can be met exactly and fully.

This can be done, in the first place, by a Divine influence, exerted upon the human mind, unperceived by the individual.

If it were perceived, it would constitute a miracle. But can we doubt that the Author of mind should be able to influence it directly, and indirectly, unperceived by the man so acted upon? Even man can do this to his fellow; and shall such a power be denied to God?

Now, in many cases—I do not say all—it only needs that the minds of others should be inclined to do so and so towards a man, in order to place him in circumstances most unlike those that would have surrounded him without such an influence. Even the very elements, being to some extent under human control, can thus be made subservient, or adverse, to an individual; and, indeed, by a change in the feelings and conduct of others towards us, by an unseen influence upon their minds, our whole outward condition may be changed. In this way, therefore, can God, in many instances, confer blessings on the virtuous, or execute punishment upon the wicked, or give special answers to special prayer; and yet there shall be no miracle about it, nor even the slightest violation of a law of

matter or of mind. The result may seem to us only the natural effect of those laws, and yet the Divine influence may have modified the effect to any extent.

In the second place, God can so modify the second causes of events out of our sight, as to change wholly, or in part, the final results, and yet not disturb the usual order of nature within sight, so that there shall be no miracle.

A miracle requires that the usual order of nature, as man sees it, be interrupted, or some force superadded to her agency. But if such change take place out of our sight, it might not disturb that order within sight; and, therefore, to us it would be no miracle.

The mode in which this can be done depends upon the fact that in nature we often find several causes, essential to produce an effect, connected together, as it were, in a chain; so that each link depends upon that which precedes it. Thus the power of vision depends upon the optic nerve, in the bottom of the eye. But this would be useless, were not the coats and humors of the eye of a certain consistence and curvature, in order to bring the rays together to form an image on the retina. Again, these coats and humors depend upon light, and light depends for its transmission probably upon that exceedingly elastic medium called the *luminiferous ether*. This is as far back as we can trace the series of causes concerned in producing vision. And yet this elastic ether may depend upon something else, and this cause of the movement of the ether upon another cause; and we know not how long the chain may be before we reach the great First Cause. Now, if any one of this series of second causes be modified, the effect will be a modification of the final result. This supposed modification may take place in that part of the chain of causes within our view, or in that part concealed from us. If it took place within sight, it would constitute a miracle; because the regular sequence of cause and effect would be broken off, or an unnatural power be imparted to the cause producing the ultimate effect. If the modification took place, in that part of the chain of second causes out of our sight, the final effect would be no miracle; because it would be brought about by natural laws, and these would perfectly explain it. Nevertheless, this ultimate effect would be different from what it would be if God had not touched and modified that link of causation which lies out of our sight, back among the secret agencies of his will. And I see not but in this way he might modify the ultimate effect as much as he pleased, and still preserve the unvarying constancy of nature. For in all these cases we should see only the links of the chain of causes nearest to us; and provided they operated in

their usual order, how could we know that any change had taken place in the region beyond our knowledge? If the whole chain of causation were open to our inspection, then, indeed, would the transaction be an obvious miracle; but now we see nothing but the unchanging operation of natural laws."

To illustrate this principle, let us imagine a few examples. Suppose this land visited by drought, and its pious inhabitants assembled to pray for rain. We know very well that the causes on which a storm of rain depend are very complicated. How easy for the Divine Being, in answer to those prayers, to modify one or more of these secret agencies of meteorological change, that are concealed from our sight, so as to bring together the vapours over the land and condense them into rain! And yet that storm shall have nothing about it unusual; and it results from the same laws which we have before seen to be in operation. Still, it may have been the result of a special agency exerted by Jehovah in answer to prayer, yet in such a manner that no known law of nature is infringed upon, or even rendered more powerful in its action.

Equally intricate and complicated are the causes of disease, and especially of those pestilences that sometimes march over a whole continent with the angel of death in their train; and alike easy is it for God, in answer to earnest prayer, to avert their progress, or to cripple their power, or turn them aside from a particular district, without the least interference with the visible connection of cause and effect.

The beloved father of a family lies upon a bed of sickness, and disease is fast gaining upon the powers of life. His numerous and desolate family, in spite of the cold suggestions that it will be of no avail, will earnestly beseech the Being in whose hands is the power of disease to arrest the fatal malady. And could not their Father in heaven, in the way I have pointed out, give them their request, and yet their parent's recovery be the natural result of careful nursing and medical skill? imposing, however, on that family as great an obligation as if a manifest miracle had been wrought to save him.

The widow's only son, in spite of her counsel and intreaties, becomes a vagabond upon the seas, and, at length, one of the crew of the battle-ship. The perils of the deep and of vicious companions are enough to make that widow a daily and most earnest suppliant at the mercy-seat of her heavenly Father for his protection and salvation. But at length war breaks out, and the perils of battle render his fate more doubtful. Still, faith in God buoys up her heart, and she cannot abandon the hope of yet seeing her son returned,

reformed, and becoming a useful man. And at length, rescued from the storms and shipwreck, and the carnage of battle, and the yet more dangerous snares of sin, that youth returns, a renovated man, and cheers that mother's setting sun by an eminently useful life. Now all this may have happened simply by the operation of natural laws; but it may also have been the result of Divine interference in answer to prayer; and hard will you find it to convince that rejoicing mother that the hand of God's extraordinary providence was not in it.

The devoted missionary, at the promptings of a voice within, quits a land of safety and peace, and finds himself in the midst of dangers and sufferings of almost every name; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. The furnace of persecution is heated, and he performs his duties with his life constantly in his hand. But he uses no weapon save faith and prayer. He feels that he is "immortal till his work is done." And, in fact, he outlives all his dangers, and, in venerable old age, surrounded by the fruits of his labour—a reformed and affectionate people—he passes quietly into the abodes of the blessed. Here, again, why should we hesitate to refer his protection and deliverance to the special interposition of his heavenly Father in the manner I have pointed out?

A third mode by which the purposes of special providence can be brought about without miracles is by such an adjustment of the direct and lateral influences on which events depend, that the time and manner of their occurrence shall exactly meet every exigency.

Although it expresses a truth to represent the second causes of events as constituting the links of a chain, it is not the whole truth. For, in fact, those causes are connected together in the form of a network, or, more exactly still, by a sphere filled with interlocked meshes; or, to speak more mathematically, the forces by which events are produced are both direct and indirect. It would be easy to calculate the effect of a single direct force; but if, in its progress, it meets with a multitude of oblique impulses, striking it at every possible angle, what human mathematics can make out the final resultant? Yet, in fact, such is the history of almost every event. The lateral influences, which meet and modify the direct force, are so numerous, and unexpected often, that men are amazed at the result, sometimes as unexpected as a miracle. "When an individual," says Isaac Taylor, "receives an answer to his prayer, the interposition may be made, not in the line which he himself is describing, but in one of those

which 'bro to meet him on his path ; and at a point, therefore, where, even though the visible constancy of nature should be violated, yet, as being at the time beyond the sphere of his observation, it is a violation not visible to him. And herein is especially manifested the perfection of Divine wisdom, that the most surprising conjunction of events are brought about by the simplest means, and in a manner that is perfectly in harmony with the ordinary course of human affairs. This is, in fact, the great miracle of providence, that no miracles are needed to accomplish its purposes."

This complication of causes does not merely give variety to the works and operations of nature, but it enables God to produce effects which could never have resulted from each law acting singly ; nor is there a scarcely conceivable limit to these modifications. Indeed, in this way can Providence accomplish all his beneficent purposes, and meet every individual case, just as infinite wisdom would have it met. "By this agency," says M'Cosh, "God can at one time increase, and at another time lessen, or completely nullify, the spontaneous efforts of the fixed properties of matter. Now he can make the most powerful agents in nature—such as wind, fire, and disease—coincide and cooperate to produce effects of such a tremendous magnitude as none of them separately could accomplish ; and again, he can arrest their influence by counteracting agencies, or rather, by making them counteract each other. He can, for instance, by a concurrence of natural laws, bring a person, who is in the enjoyment of health at present, to the very borders of death, an hour or an instant hence ; and he can, by a like means, suddenly restore the same or another individual to health, after he has been on the very verge of the grave. By the confluence of two or more streams, he can bring agencies of tremendous potency to bear upon the production of a given effect, such as a war, a pestilence, or a revolution ; and, on the other hand, by drawing aside the stream into another channel, he can arrest, at any given instant, the awful effects that would otherwise follow from these agencies, and save an individual, a family, or a nation, from the evils which seem ready to burst upon them."

In many cases, the lateral streams of influence that flow in, and bring unexpected relief to the pious man, and unexpected punishment to the wicked, or a marked answer to prayer, seem to the individual little short of miraculous. Yet, after all, they can see no violation of the natural order of cause and effect. But the wonder is, how the modifying influence should come in just at the right moment. It may, indeed, have received a commission to do this very thing from the immediate impulse of Jehovah ; yet, being

unperceived by us, it is no miracle. Or, the whole plan may have been so arranged at the beginning that its development will meet every case of special providence exactly. Which of these views may be most accordant with truth, may admit of discussion. Yet we think that all the modes that have been pointed out, by which miraculous and special providences are brought about, may be referred to one general proposition.

A most important application of these principles may be made to the subject of prayer; for, in answering prayer, God is, in fact, merely executing some of the purposes of his special providence ; and it is gratifying to the pious heart to see how he can give an answer to the humblest petitioner. No matter though all the laws of nature seem in the way of an answer, God can so modify their actions as to conform them to the case of every petitioner. War, famine, and pestilence may all be upon us, yet humble prayer may turn them all aside, and every other physical evil—and that without a miracle, if best for us and for the universe. Tell a man that the only effect of prayer is its reflex influence upon himself, in leading him to conform more strictly to nature's laws, and you send a paralysis and a death chill into all his thoral sensibilities. Indeed, he cannot pray ; but tell him that God will be influenced, as is any earthly friend, by his supplications, and his heart beats full and strong, the current of life goes bounding through his whole system, the glow of health mantles his cheek, and all his senses are roused into intense and delightful action.

The sad influence of a perversion and misunderstanding of the doctrine of nature's constancy upon the youthful mind is well exhibited by a late able writer. "Early trained to it under the domestic roof," says M'Cosh, "the person regularly engaged in prayer during childhood and opening manhood. But as he became introduced to general society, and began to feel his independence of the guardians of his youth, he was tempted to look upon the father's commands, in this respect, as proceeding from surliness and sternness, and the mother's advice as originating in an amiable weakness and timidity. He is now careless in the performance of acts which in time past had been punctually attended to. How short, how hurried, how cold are the prayers which he now utters ! Then there come to be mornings on which he is snatched away to some very important or enticing work without engaging in his customary devotions. There are evenings, too, following days of mad excitement or sinful pleasure, in which he feels utterly indisposed to go into the presence of God, and to be left alone with him. He feels that there is an utter incongruity

between the ball-room or the theatre, which he has just left, and the throne of grace, to which he should now go. What can he say to God, when he would pray to him? Confess his sins? No; he does not at present feel the act to be sinful. Thank God for giving him access to such follies? He has his doubts whether God approves of all that has been done. But he may ask God's blessing? No; he is scarcely disposed to acknowledge that he needs a blessing, or he doubts whether the blessing would be given. The practical conclusion to which he comes is, that it may be as consistent in him to betake himself to sleep without offering to God what he feels would only be a mockery. What is he to do the following morning? It is a critical time. Confess his error? No; cherishing as he does the recollection of the gay scene in which he mingled, and with the taste and relish of it yet upon his palate, he is not prepared to acknowledge his folly. Morning and evening now go and return, and bring new gifts from God, and new manifestations of his goodness; but no acknowledgment of the Divine bounty on the part of him who is yet ever receiving it. No doubt there are times when he is prompted to prayer by powerful feelings, called up by outward trials or inward convictions; but ever when the storms of human life would drive him to the shore, there is a tide beating him back. His course continues to be a very vacillating one—now seeming to approach to God, and anon driven farther from him, till he obtains from books, or from lectures, a smattering of half-understood science. He now learns that all things are governed by laws, regular and fixed, over which the breath of prayer can exert as little influence, as they move on in their allotted course, as the passing breeze of the earth over the sun in his circuit. False philosophy has now come to the aid of guilty feelings, and hardens their cold waters into an icicle lying at his very heart, cooling all his ardour, and damping all his enthusiasm. He looks back, at times, no doubt, to the simple faith of his childhood with a sigh; but it is as to a pleasing dream, or illusion, from which he has been awakened, and into which, the spell being broken, he can never again fall."

Oh! what a change would this world exhibit, were the whole Christian church to exercise full faith in God's ability to answer prayer without a miracle, only to the extent pointed out by philosophy, to say nothing of the Bible; for, in fact, a large proportion of that church, confounded by the specious argument derived from nature's constancy, have virtually yielded this most important principle to the demands of scepticism. When natural evils, such as war, famine, drought, and pestilence, come upon our

forefathers, they, taking the Bible for their guide, observed days of fasting and prayer for their removal. But how seldom do their descendants follow their example! And yet even physical science testifies that our fathers acted in conformity to the true principles of philosophy. Would that the Christian church would consent to be led back to the Bible doctrine on this subject by philosophy.

That same philosophy, also, should lead the good man, when struggling through difficulties, to exercise unshaken confidence in the Divine protection, even though all nature's laws seem arrayed against him; for at the unseen touch of God's efficiency, the iron bars of law shall melt away like wax, and deliverance be given in the midst of appalling dangers, if best for the man and for the universe; and if not best, he will not desire it.—*Abridged from an able work by Professor Hitchcock of America.*

#### MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

In a small aisle of the ruined abbey of Dryburgh is the grave of Sir Walter Scott. Few places on the banks of "the silvery Tweed" have had more visitors, during the last twenty years; and it would be difficult to find another spot in Scotland surrounded by an equal number of objects or localities, so endeared to the antiquary, the philosopher, the patriot, the poet, or the Christian, as Dryburgh Abbey. Looking towards the west the legendary three-peaked Eildon lifts its summit, from which Sir Walter said, "I can point out forty-three places, famous in war and verse." Where the Tweed washes the northern base of Eildon, the antique and dingy-looking town of Melrose strikingly contrasts with the architectural magnificence of its monastic ruins. At a very short distance from Melrose is Abbotsford; "a romance in stone and lime"—the pet residence of Sir Walter, where he lived and died. To the right and left of Abbotsford are "Yarrow braes," and "Gala water." A short distance to the east of Dryburgh is the birthplace of the late Rev. Dr. Waugh, of Wells-street, London, one of the fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society. Completing the circle of interesting spots in close proximity to Dryburgh, and returning to it, we look across the Tweed to the little village of Newtown, and observe the roof of the small Secession chapel where Dr. Waugh commenced his ministry. We cannot look at the parish church of Maxton without thinking of Gabriel Wilson, a faithful minister, who was almost the only associate of Boston of Ettrick in preserving the light of the pure gospel in the south

of Scotland in the early part of the last century. We come back again to the precincts of Sir Walter Scott's grave to notice another memorable relic—the remains of the house which was for several years the refuge of a man of God, whose name, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, is dear to Scottish Christians.

One of the godly men whom the Bartholomew acts of 1662 drove from their livings, and spheres of faithful labour was Henry Erskine, of Cornhill, Northumberland. The story of his annoyances and sufferings for conscience sake is long and interesting. We must now, however, pass it over, as we are more anxious to narrate the remarkable experiences of God's providence which befel him during his seasons of adversity. He was repeatedly in the most straitened circumstances, being without the necessaries of life or the means of obtaining them; nevertheless the season of his extremity was the season of God's opportunity. Mr. Erskine had a numerous young family during his residence in Dryburgh. One evening they had eaten their last morsel; the family barrel did not contain even one handful of meal, nor the pocket of the father one penny to purchase food. Next morning the children, as usual, expected their breakfast. As the day advanced they became clamorous for bread. The parents had not disclosed their destitution to their little ones, but did what they could to amuse them and divert their thoughts. Mr. Erskine had a taste for music, and could play on the violin. He took down his favourite instrument from its nail on the wall with a sorrowful heart, and instructed the children to remain in an adjoining apartment that they might not observe the tears streaming from his eyes as he sought to beguile the time to them by listening to a few of the sweetest and liveliest of the Scottish melodies. While they were thus engaged, a knock was heard at the house door, and, on its being opened, a servant, leading a horse, requested assistance in removing from the back of the animal a rather heavy load which he had been instructed to leave at Mr. Erskine's. Mrs. Erskine hinted to the servant that he had probably made a mistake; and that the load might be intended for another Mr. Erskine who resided in the village. "No, no," said the servant, gruffly, "my instructions are to leave it with Mr. Henry Erskine, and if you do not help me to carry in the load I will throw it off the horse's back, and leave it at your door." The sack contained a large supply of suitable provisions for Mr. Erskine's household.

During Mr. Erskine's residence at Dryburgh he was repeatedly summoned to Edinburgh, to appear before the privy council. On one occasion he repaired to the Scottish metropolis on foot, without the requisite means of defraying

the expenses of his journey. He knew of no one in Edinburgh at whose house he could call and obtain refreshment; and all the money he possessed amounted to three half-pence—a sum altogether inadequate to encourage a fatigued and hungry traveller to cross the threshold of an inn. While walking up and down the streets, refreshing his soul with the sweet promises of the word of God, a person came up to him and inquired if he were Mr. Henry Erskine, of Dryburgh; and on being satisfied, placed a letter in Mr. Erskine's hand, and withdrew, without saying another word. On opening the letter, Mr. Erskine found it to contain a number of silver ducatoons, each of the value of four shillings and eightpence of our money; and on the paper were written the words—"Sir, receive these from a sympathising friend. Farewell."

At another time he had to undertake a rather long journey on foot, when he was penniless. Crossing one of the bleak and dreary moors, then so common in Scotland, he had occasion to step aside, for a few moments, from the beaten track. On pushing the point of his staff into the ground, he heard something tinkle, and stooping down to ascertain what it could be, discovered two half-crowns. He lifted them, thanked God, and went on his way, trusting in him who had said, "Bread shall be given to him, his water shall be sure." In these remarkable experiences there was nothing miraculous. But, unquestionably, there was something more than what the world calls accidental. The Lord knoweth them that are his. He knoweth how to deliver them out of their distresses. The hearts of all men are in his hands; and he can and does put it into the hearts of the rich to relieve the necessities of the poor. When inclining the hearts of others to aid the distressed, God may so dispose his people to act, as to find supplies where they least expected them.

As an illustration of this concluding remark, the writer of this article would mention two similar experiences which befel an aged Christian, from whom he received them. This aged man had been the father of a numerous family. When his children were young and wholly dependent on his industry, a long-continued period of scarcity of employment had dried up the usual sources of supply to the labouring classes. His poverty on that occasion was extreme. He was without employment, without food, without fuel, without money, without the means of obtaining a morsel of bread, unless he had gone out to beg. His grief of heart and trial of faith were increased by the very delicate state of his wife's health, she being then confined to bed. The last morsel of coal had been put on the fire, and the last ember was actually dying in

the grate. He rose from his seat in great dejection of heart, but with the intention to endeavour to find something to lay on that expiring ember, that the fire might not be utterly quenched. He recollects that his boys had occasionally brought home a few chips of wood, from the shops of carpenters, which were very serviceable in kindling a fire, and were wont to throw them beneath the bed. He crept under the bed in the hope of finding one or two such chips, and in scooping out with his hands whatever rubbish he could scrape together into the daylight, he discovered a bit of folded paper. He opened it. It was a pound note of the British Linen Company's Bank. How it came there, or how long it had lain among the rubbish under that bed, he was unable to ascertain. It was to him a God-send, and he regarded it as such.

Some years after he was brought into a similar state of penury. Sitting by his fire one evening, meditating on his trials, but never despairing of the faithfulness of God to his promises, he unconsciously took out the nail in the joint of the chimney-piece—so commonly to be seen in the dwellings of the poor—to which a string, attached to a corresponding nail on the opposite side, was hooked, and which string proves very convenient for wet stockings and other articles to be hung upon to dry. The fixing of a nail in such a place had, in the course of many years—for the house was an old one—actually worn a considerable opening between the jamb-stone and the lintel. In a fit of abstraction he began picking at this aperture with the nail, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a bit of paper, thus picked out of the aperture. He drew it out. It was a bank note. "The Lord will provide." He has not said how, but he calls on his poor children to confide in him. The writer was for several years intimate with the old man whose experiences so closely resembled those of Mr. Erskine. He attended him on his death bed, and will never forget the last holy exercises and utterances of this humble child of God, before entering a world, the inhabitants of which "hunger no more." Experiences similar to those now narrated have not been uncommon. God has always had his own way of meeting the case of those who put their trust in him. He "brings the blind by a way that they know not, and leads them in paths which they have not known; he makes darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." But how he does it, he has not explained, because it is not absolutely necessary they should know it.

We must have another word about Mr. Erskine of Dryburgh. After twenty-five years of poverty and perils, because presuming to exercise his ministry in private, he availed himself of the

indulgence which James II granted to the non-conformist ministers in 1687, and began to preach at Whitsome, a rural district in the vale of Tweed, a few miles above Berwick. His place of worship at Whitsome was a barn, but from sabbath to sabbath it was crowded with earnest hearers of the precious gospel. Many of these came from a considerable distance. Among the number might be seen a little lad, who had not yet completed his tenth year, whose first religious impressions were received under Mr. Erskine's ministry. This young lad came from the town of Dunse. He had to cross the river Whitadder; but no bridge then spanned the stream. Though the depth of winter, he might be seen stripping off his shoes and stockings, and, regardless of ice and cold, fording the river. This young man was Thomas Boston, who afterwards became the eminent, eloquent, devoted minister of Ettrick, whose faithful contending against tyranny and doctrinal error in the Scotch church preserved the true salt in her; whose "Fourfold State" is still a standard volume in British theology; and whose name is still mentioned among the hallowed names in the homes of the Scottish borderers. Henry Erskine, after the revolution, was admitted to the parish of Chirnside, nine miles to the northwest of Berwick, and closed a faithful and successful ministry here in August, 1696. He was the father of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, the eminent seceding ministers from the Scottish church in 1733, of whom we may have something highly interesting to say in subsequent articles, as they became two of the fathers of that large and influential denomination in Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church.

At a communion season in the south of Scotland, in 1720, a boy, aged twelve, attended with his pious mother. Boston of Ettrick was one of the preachers on the occasion, and in a private interview with him this boy received saving impressions, which decided his course for life. This boy became a student, and, having devoted himself to the ministry, completed his preparatory studies under Philip Doddridge, at Northampton. This youth was Thomas Gillespie, who, in 1752, became the founder of the denomination long known as the Relief Church, and which, in 1847, became one of the branches of the United Presbyterians. Of this worthy man, and his sufferings in defence of the rights of the Christian people, we may also have occasion subsequently to write. After several years of severe trial, and, we may say, cowardly desertion by his former brethren in the ministry, a son of Boston of Ettrick, himself a minister, was the first to take Gillespie by the hand. Henry Erskine, of Dryburgh, is thus the first link of a noble chain of Scottish worthies.

## Page for the Young.

### THE CHINESE BOY.

The following interesting anecdote, which is related by Mr. Brown, an American missionary, places before our youthful readers in a clear point of view, the marks of true repentance, namely, sorrow for sin, acknowledgment of the fault, and the undoing, as far as in us lies, the evil that has been committed.

"In the year 1841," says Mr. Brown, "an incident occurred in relation to one of my pupils, which, there is good reason to believe at the present time, resulted in the conversion of the lad. As I was sitting in my study, at a late hour on a Saturday evening, this lad, some sixteen years of age, came in with a large bundle of books in his hand, French, English, and Chinese, and laying them on the table, said with a swelling heart, and tears flowing fast, 'Mr. Brown, these books I stole from you.' I looked at him with astonishment, and said, 'You stole from me!' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I stole them from you.' He then went on to say, 'I took them last year, and carried them home, and they have been in my father's house ever since. I had forgotten them until the other day, when you inquired of me and the other schoolboys where some of them were, and I told you, that I knew not. Then I recollect that I had stolen them, and that they were at my father's! Since then I have had no peace. I am a miserable sinner. When I try to pray, my heart rises and chokes me, and I cannot say a word to God. I am a miserable sinner.' This last expression he repeated many times during the conversation. 'But,' said I, 'why did you bring them back? You knew that I was ignorant of the theft, and should never have suspected you.' 'True,' said he, 'but I knew it, and God knew it, and therefore I was most unhappy. My heart was often afraid, when I thought of bringing them back to you, but I said to myself, I ought to do so, and I will.' Here he added a very significant gesture, describing the conflict between pride and conscience, and the repression of his fears at the thought of doing right. After a long conversation with him, exceedingly gratifying for the evidence it afforded that he was sincerely seeking to know and do the truth, I suggested that as he had asked my forgiveness, so more especially he ought to ask forgiveness of God. He expressed his desire to do so. We knelt together, and he offered another publican's prayer. The following is so much of it as I was able to remember at the time, in the very words he uttered: 'Our Father who art in heaven, I am a miserable sinner. I have stolen from others, and so have sinned against thee and my fellow-man. I have wandered from thee like a lost sheep. O bring me back to thy fold. Forgive all my sins for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake. My heart is full of wickedness. O change it; and give me a new heart, and forgive me for ever. Amen.'

This occurrence was the turning point in that lad's history. From that time forward, he sought almost daily opportunities for religious instruction and prayer with me, and the whole tenor of his conduct indicated that he was a new creature. It was soon apparent to his heathen friends that he was much changed, and his aged father tried every means in his power to get him away from the school. In this country one can hardly appreciate the

position and feelings of a son in China, who ventures to resist the will of a parent. No matter how unreasonable the wishes of a father may be, the son is bound to obey them, or risk being considered a monster of perverseness. The boy's father was fearful that his son would become a convert to the 'barbarian's' religion, and then, at the father's death, he would have no son to worship at his tomb. This, in the old man's estimation, would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall him. He therefore tried coaxing, and persuasion, and command, and finally violent denunciation and threatening, to induce him to leave us. But the boy prayed and remained firm to his purpose. When at length, in 1842, we removed from Macao to the island of Hongkong, he said he could not leave us, and not knowing how else to avoid a separation, he went to Hongkong a fortnight before us, and remained secreted in the house of a missionary friend until our arrival, and then joined the school again. Subsequently, his friends tried various modes of persecution as the last resort, to get him from us, and had once almost succeeded by an appeal to his filial obligations, to which he was by no means insensible, but it was fortunately prevented, and he continued in the school, and afterwards accompanied me to America.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

35. Prove that error in religion is the fruit of ignorance of the Scriptures.
36. Prove that the Bible, like its Author, is unchangeable.
37. On three occasions during the life of Jesus, God bare witness of him from heaven: can you find the instances referred to?
38. It was said of the second temple that it should be more glorious than the first: can you prove that this did not refer to its external beauty?
39. How, then, was it fulfilled?
40. What title was given to Abraham on account of his faith?
41. Had he any other honourable name?
42. In what instances did he especially show his faith?
43. Do you ever find him guilty of unbelief?
44. Give an example from the Bible of the evil effect through life of a worldly choice.
45. What instance can you find in the Old Testament as a contrast to this?
46. Give an example from the Old Testament of the fruits of covetousness.
47. What parallel case can you find in the New Testament?
48. What sin led to the first murder?
49. Prove this from the New Testament.
50. Can you find any similar instances in the book of Genesis, where the same sin indulged had nearly led to the same effects?
51. What examples can you find of a blessing resting on a family for the sake of a pious servant?
52. Our Saviour told his disciples to pray for their enemies: what example did he set them of this?
53. How was that prayer answered?

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



DEATH OF SQUAND, THE INDIAN INTERPRETER.

GLIMPSES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

PART IV.

SORROWS AND TRIUMPHS.

THE ship *Sparrow* proved the forerunner of evil to the New Englanders. A letter, received by Governor Carver, conveyed the unwelcome news to the colony that a rival settlement would shortly be established; and towards the close of June, the *Charity* and *Swan*, bringing over sixty emigrants, cast anchor in the bay. The pilgrims found their new neighbours a fruitful source of disturbance and anxiety. They dreamed of "no aim to do good or plant religion;" and the conduct of the band

of adventurers towards the Indians soon tended to weaken the confidence so lately established between the children of the wild and the white men. Loud clamours from the Indians arose that these new settlers stole their corn, and otherwise injured them. Whilst under this new cloud of grief, a failure in their crops led the settlers to anticipate winter with fear and anxiety. But God, who remembereth the sparrows, forgot not his children in the wilderness, and, to their great joy, one morning two English ships were seen to enter the bay. The *Sparrow* and *Discovery* brought means of support; though one cannot but regret the meanness of the English captains, who demanded so much the higher

price for the provisions they supplied, as they perceived the sharp necessities of the purchasers; yet the gentle and charitable comment of Winslow is simply this:—"As he used us kindly, so he made us pay largely for the things which we had;" and he further adds: "Had not the Almighty, in his all-ordering providence, directed him (Captain Jones) to us, it would have gone worse with us than before; but, through God's mercy, he had wherewith, and did supply our wants competently." In addition to bread and other provisions, the colonists purchased a stock of clasp-knives, scissors, beads, and trinkets, by means of which they were able to traffic with the Indians for corn and furs, and thereby to secure the expected returns.

The advice and experience of the pilgrims were resorted to by the new settlers; and, on the death of the governor, Bradford was requested to leave his charge at Plymouth, in order to direct the neighbouring colonists. Squand, the Indian interpreter, died about this time; the consistent piety of the exiles had won his heart, and while on his death-bed he called Governor Bradford to his side, and besought him to pray that he might go to the Englishman's God in heaven.

Such was the influence of love; for the pilgrim fathers' maxim was, to use the language of their chroniclers, that "warring with them after another manner than their wont, by friendly usage, love, peace, honest dealing, just carriage, and good counsel, we and they may not only live in peace in the land, and they yield subjection to an earthly prince, but that they may be persuaded at length to embrace the Prince of peace, Christ Jesus."

It is to be regretted that they did not carry out a little further the principle of peace with these children of the wild. "How is it," asked a chief, "that with the love you profess, when we come to see you, you are standing on your guard, with the mouths of your pieces presented to us?"

In the mean time, matters grew worse and worse with Weston's new colony. The distrust of the Indians increased, and a war was threatened. The Indians conspired to exterminate the white men—every one who bore the hated badge of the "pale face." Keenly did the pilgrims feel the barrier which the folly and sin of their countrymen had placed between them and their fellow-creatures of the forest; and now they must fight with the weapons of this world—they, who had hitherto only wielded the sword of the Spirit. Well might Robinson write from Leyden, when hearing of the war—"How happy a thing it would have been had you converted some before you killed any!"

The struggle was short, and productive of less loss of life than might have been anticipated. The victory of the Plymouth colonists was complete; but war once commenced, where was the trust and confidence of the Indians? It was lost.

Spring brought fresh sorrows. A great drought set in, and a famine was threatened. God seemed to frown on the late blood-shedding, and to withhold the dew of his blessing from the pilgrims' labours.

A solemn day of fasting and humiliation was enjoined; and it is pleasant to find that, amid human imperfection and great tests of sincerity and faith, religion never forsook the pilgrim fathers. Their prayers were heard. "Oh," writes Winslow, "the mercy of our God! For though in the morning when we assembled the heavens were clear, yet before our departure the weather was overcast; the clouds gathered, and next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers, continuing fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, that it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were more quickened and revived." The Indians happened to be in the neighbourhood on the very day, and great was their surprise when the matter was explained to them, and still greater when the rain fell.

The hearts of the exiles were further cheered by the arrival of the remnant of the pilgrim band, and many a glad reunion took place beside the log-house hearth in this spring. Robinson, however, was never permitted to rejoin his flock; and, five years from the time that he gave them his parting benediction in Delft Haven, he fell asleep. His remains were interred with honour in the church of St. Peter's, at Leyden. It was a good name that the pastor left behind him. Brewster, who had supplied his place at Plymouth—"Elder Brewster" he was called—was much loved and respected by the pilgrims. He was a thorough Christian gentleman, and his religious character was never darkened by a cloud of inconsistency or suspicion.

These are but a few details of the early difficulties and struggles of these good men. By degrees some of their troubles passed away, and as the old men were gathered as shocks of corn fully ripe, youth and zeal and piety took their vacant places, and the colony flourished and prospered. Theirs was a great work. Driven from their native land, theirs was the honour and the blessing of carrying with them to the red Indian the indestructible word of truth. The new world had as yet seen little of the Christianity of a Christian country. Love of money and of gain, but not of God, had brought the first colonists to America. But these men, for the sake of

Christ, had forsaken all and followed him; and still is the memory of the Plymouth pilgrims present as an example or warning, not to their descendants alone, but to many a settler, from St. Lawrence to Mexico. The swords of Carver and Elder Brewster are still shown to the visitor by the Massachusetts Historical Society, and at Boston a lineal descendant of General Winslow preserves the portrait of his ancestor. His Bible, too, is still in being—that well-worn Bible, which must have been to the good man a very well-spring in a desert—a rock on an ocean. Trifles are these relics, but they are precious to those who venerate the character of the pious dead, and for them we may say, "Behold their record is on high."

The pilgrim fathers are now at rest, but the Spirit which guided and sustained them is still ready to guide and strengthen every follower of the Saviour; and he will need that strength—never doubt it—for the world is a battle-field, and without the whole armour of God, the soldiers will fall in the conflict and the world will be triumphant.

#### POOR PEARSON.

WHEN Frank Graham, of Upper Grange farm, was a young man, he was brought, in a very simple way, and by apparently very inefficient means, to a knowledge of the religion of Jesus. He died at an advanced age, after a life of active usefulness; and he often told the following story.

"When I first took the Upper Grange farm," said he, "I was not only gay and thoughtless, but as bitter and bigoted against the religion of the Bible as ignorance and prejudice could make me, and as thoughtlessness and a tolerably easy temper would permit me to be. My ease was not a singular one; the village was a dark benighted place; the poor were sottish and brutal, and their employers set them the example of dissipation and folly.

"But as there was one righteous Lot to be found even in the vile city of Sodom, so there was one pious, godly man in the village of S—. This was a little hump-backed stammering fellow, Pearson by name, and by trade a shoemaker. He was a toil-worn, care-worn man, and poor, for though he had no family of his own, nor even a wife, he was the sole supporter of his parents, one of whom was blind.

"Pearson's religion did not apparently help him on in the world. It could scarcely do this in S—, without a miracle, for it kept from him the custom of almost all the families in the village who had it in their power to supply him with profitable work, but who declared that they would have nothing to do with such a

Methodist as he. He had, therefore, to travel, many miles round the country, at the expence of much time and labour, to obtain employment, and he often did this unsuccessfully.

"Apart from his poverty, which was, I believe, one of his lightest burdens, Pearson had cause enough for care and grief. Like Lot, he was daily ' vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked'; he was bitterly persecuted, too, on account of his religion, by his ungodly neighbours; and, above all else, poor Pearson was in constant concern for the souls of his parents, who, while depending on their son for shelter and support, ridiculed his piety and reproached him with his poverty. By God's mercy, however, a blessed change seemed to be wrought in them before they died; their ignorance was in part removed, and they tremblingly, as there was reason to believe, ' fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us in the gospel.'

"How poor Pearson himself had been rescued from the slavery of sin I cannot say; it is more to the purpose to know that he lived a consistent and holy life, so that, much as he was despised, 'there was none occasion to be found against him, except it was found against him concerning the law of his God.'

"Among the causes of reproach against him, one was that he went every Sunday to a place of worship in a neighbouring town, the nearest to our village. His conduct was a tacit reproof to the neighbours, who spent their Sundays in a very different manner; and they resented it accordingly, by doing mischief to the poor shoemaker's flower-border, of which he was very fond, and robbing his garden of fruits and vegetables during his absence. The persecuted and injured man seldom complained of these outrages, and never threatened. But neither was he deterred from his sabbath-day journeys.

"Such was poor Pearson, then, when I, a young married man, went to live at the village, and as soon as I heard his character, told in no friendly mood, I determined to have nothing to do with him. It was difficult, however, to keep to this resolution entirely, for in addition to his shoemaking craft, Pearson was the occasional errand-man of the village, which being at some distance, even from the nearest town, needed some such mode of inter-communication. It happened, therefore, that his occasional journeys were turned to account by the villagers, who, much as they disliked him for his religion, were glad to make use of him to suit their own convenience—for Pearson was good-natured, and it could not be denied that he was honest also.

"I had been two or three years at S—, when one fine evening I saw the poor shoemaker turning out of the road, and crossing the

meadow" towards Upper Grange farm, with a parcel under his arm. I took no notice of this at the time, but walked away to avoid speaking to him. A quarter of an hour afterwards I returned home, and passing through the hall, who should be there but Pearson. I moved on hastily, and entered the parlour, and there I found my wife fitting on a pair of new shoes, with others strewing the table. This made me angry.

"Mary," I said, "I am surprised you should be having shoes of that Methodist fellow! There are plenty of shoes to be got in D—, I should think, and you know that I have declared I will not have anything to do with him."

"I know all about that, Frank," said my wife, "and I never have had any dealings with Pearson, though they do say he is the best and cheapest and neatest shoemaker in all the country round, if he could but get work enough to do. However, I don't want to encourage him, I am sure."

"I pointed to the shoes on the table:—'I suppose you don't call that encouraging him,' I said, 'and I insist ——'

"There! hold your tongue, do, Frank," said Mary, interrupting me, and speaking pettishly—for though we had not been very long married, we had had a good many matrimonial jars, and we had learned to speak up sharply when we crossed one another's way. "You had better," Mary went on, "be going and looking after your men, and leave me to mind my own business."

"This is my business, as well as yours, Mary," I answered, "and I won't allow you to have your shoes made by that Methodist fellow."

"You won't, eh?" said my wife, rather cross. "Well now, Frank, I don't know how you are to hinder me, if I have a mind. But it is not worth while to quarrel about it; and so' you may as well know where these shoes did come from:" and she pushed across the table to me a bill which had on it the name of a shoemaker in D—, with the prices set down.

"Oh! that is another thing," said I, rather sheepishly, "but what has Pearson to do with it then—and what is he waiting for in the hall?"

"Why he brought them for me, to be sure," said Mary; "I gave him the order this morning, and told him to be sure not to come from D— without them; and he is waiting to take back what I do not keep. And now you know it all, I hope you are the better for it, Mr. Frank Graham," she added, tapping my elbow playfully with one of the shoes; for I will do my Mary the justice to say that, though she liked to have a last word sometimes, she never pushed me too hard when she did get it."

"So I said no more, but took up the newspaper, and left Mary to attend to her own

affairs in her own way. Mary took a good while to fit herself to her mind, and then she opened the door, and called poor Pearson, who humbly bowed as he hesitatingly entered the parlour, and halting, waited further commands. And I could not but be struck with the good temper the man showed on receiving back the parcel of shoes, and the money for payment for the pair which my wife had kept, and the quiet way in which he promised—as quietly, at least, as the natural impediment in his speech would let him—that he would take the parcel and money back safely the next time he went to D—. I noticed, too, the thankfulness with which he received a small fee for his trouble. Altogether, his conduct and bearing made so much impression on me, that for the moment I forgot my prejudices against poor Pearson, and, observing that he seemed weary, I offered him some refreshment, after having partaken of which he went his way, and for that evening the matter was ended.

"But the next day, when I was in the fields, a thought struck me that my wife had, unintentionally of course, and from ignorance, been guilty of a piece of meanness; and that if we did not choose to employ the Methodist shoemaker, we had no right to insult him. It was seeing his cottage that put me in mind of poor Pearson, and when I began to think of him I could not get him out of my mind, try as hard as I might. Presently I went home to dinner.

"Mary," I said to my wife, as I was seated beside the hearth after dinner; "I hope your new shoes will not pinch you when you come to wear them."

"Pinch, Frank! Of course they will not. Why should they? They fit me very well," said Mary.

"I thought, perhaps, they might pinch your conscience;"—for mark here, though I was as careless about religion as one of my dogs, I could talk about conscience—"I thought they might pinch your conscience," I said.

"Why should they pinch my conscience, Frank?" Mary asked. "I bought the shoes and paid for them," she said.

"It was rather too bad, though," said I, "to make Pearson your messenger; do you not think so?"

"There, Frank!" replied my wife; "I wish you would let that poor man alone. I am sure he is a good-natured little fellow, though he is a Methodist, and hump-backed into the bargain. I don't know what we should do without him, for fetching and carrying. And why may I not make use of him as well as you? It was only last week—"

"Pshaw! my dear, you don't understand me," said I. "I am taking Pearson's part now:

and I know what I should have done if I had been in his place, and anybody had given me such a job.'

"Hey-dey, Frank! what new whim have you taken into your head now?" said she.

"Look here, Mary," I continued; "suppose now you were a shoemaker—"

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear," retorted Mary; "but I am not a shoemaker."

"Well, love, suppose you were a milliner or a dressmaker."

"Really, Frank," said my wife, rather nettled, "you seem very complimentary; but I am not a milliner or a dressmaker."

"But suppose you were, that won't hurt you, my dear; and suppose some fine lady should take it into her head to send you to some grand shop for a new bonnet, for instance, instead of ordering it of you, and then offering you two-pence for your trouble, instead of giving you the credit and profit of serving her yourself—eh, Mary?"

"She would not ask me to do such a thing a second time," said Mary, reddening a little, as I thought, at my daring to fancy her a milliner, though it was only in the way of fair argument.

"Well, and if I were a shoemaker," said I, "and anybody had sent me on such a fool's errand, I guess I should have let out a bit of my mind."

"I never thought of that, really," said Mary, who was a kind-hearted creature. "I am sure I don't want to hurt poor Pearson's feelings; but he is such a good-natured man, and does so many errands for me, that it did not strike me how indequate it was to send him to another shop for what I could have bought better, perhaps, at his own. But then, Frank, you know you have always set yourself against dealing with him; and being so religious—this Mary said with a little sneer, I am afraid—of course he expects to be looked down upon. Besides, she added, "he is glad to earn an honest penny anyhow, for he is badly enough off, I believe."

"And so he is likely to be, so long as he gets used in this way," I retorted, "and does not show any spirit; and after all, the man has a right to be a Methodist, if he likes. And if his religion teaches him to bear insults with meekness, it is a better religion than I gave him credit for. I tell you what, Mary," said I, "I think I'll go and order a pair of boots of Pearson."

"Boots! why you have boots enough now, to last you nobody knows how long," she remonstrated.

"Never mind," said I, "I can afford to buy another pair;" and without saying anything more, I put on my hat and strode across the fields till I came to Pearson's cottage.

"Poor Pearson was at home, in his workshop, patching an old boot. He looked up with surprise when I lifted the latch and went in."

"Plenty of work to do, Pearson?" I asked, as familiarly and pleasantly as I could.

The poor fellow shook his head. "Not too much of that, sir," he said. "Business is not at all brisk, sir."

"Then you are not too busy to make a pair of boots for me," I said. "Will you take my measure?"

The poor shoemaker looked unspeakable thanks, and with trembling alacrity applied himself to the measurement of my foot.

"So you have not overmuch business, just now, Pearson?"

"Not much, sir," said he; speaking cheerfully however.

"Pearson," said I, after he had finished measuring, and I was lacing up my boot; "I wonder you stick to this village. You are not getting on, I am told; and I know that all in the place are against you because of your religion. If I were you I would go somewhere else where that would go down better."

Pearson looked up in my face to see if I was bantering him, perhaps; but he saw no signs of that, I believe. "I have sometimes thought of it, sir," he said, "but God's good providence has fixed me here; and I can say, sir, that my heavenly Father has never suffered me to want any good thing; and having food and raiment, I trust I am content."

"That is all very right, I dare say," I replied; and then, veering off from the subject, "Do you know, Pearson, how I came to order these boots of you?" I asked.

The shoemaker hesitated for a moment, and then answered confidently that he did know how it had come about.

"Indeed!" said I, "you must be more clever than I thought you then; for if anybody had told me yesterday that I should have come to you on such an errand to-day, I would not have believed it. You don't know, perhaps, that I had determined you never should do a stitch of work for me or mine?"

"I had heard as much," said the man, meekly; "but that was according as God would."

"Well then," I asked, "I should like you to tell me what made me change my mind."

"May be, sir, it would displease you; and I would not do that willingly," said he.

"O no, I promise not to be offended: what was it?"

"Well, sir," said Pearson, "I will tell you: I don't think I have any right to keep it from you. Look here, sir; and he took up the boot he was mending when I entered: 'beside this little job I had not any work to do. I was out

yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, trying for orders, and got none. Money was gone, sir, and without getting into debt, I had no food for to-day, neither for poor mother and father nor self. I had not eaten much yesterday, sir, and I was dead-beat when your kindness in giving me refreshment made another man of me, especially, Mr. Graham, as I had never expected such kindness from you.'

"' You had no reason to expect it, I confess,' said I; ' and what put it into my head just then to be more than commonly civil, I am sure I don't know.'

"' Begging your pardon, sir,' continued poor Pearson, ' I can tell you that too; it was my Master, and yours, sir, if I may be so bold as to say so, that put it in your mind.'

" I laughed heartily at that. ' Well, go on, Pearson,' I said, ' I am quite curious to know how you have found out what sent me to you to-day. Perhaps you think your Master did that too?'

"' Sir, I do think so, and I am sure of it,' said the little shoemaker. ' But I'll tell you, sir. I came home, thanking God for his care of me and your kindness, sir; but I was pretty much cast down, too, with my want of success; and I was half inclined to take up poor David's cry, when he thought the Lord had well nigh forgotten him, which I oughtn't to have done. And then, sir, I thought of David's God and Lord, and my heart was lifted up to him in prayer that He wouldn't forsake me. I prayed and prayed, sir, till the load was taken off my mind, and the prayer was turned into praise; for I felt sure that God would help me, and that right early.'

"' And so you believe, do you, that God sent me here to order a pair of boots of you, in answer to your prayer?' I asked, laughing again.

"' That is my belief, sir,' said the shoemaker, earnestly.

"' Well,' said I, ' after a little pause, ' you are a queer sort of an enthusiast, but you are at liberty to think what you like, so you make me a good pair of boots for my money; ' and then I went out of the shop without telling him how I had been moved to give him the order.

" But I couldn't get the poor fellow out of my thoughts. First of all, there was his civility and good nature in submitting to the slights put upon him by my wife; then there was his evident poverty and destitution, borne with so much patience; and there was his simplicity in speaking about his struggles of mind; and there was his firm belief that God had answered his prayer. I tried to make a joke of this to my Mary when I got home; but somehow, what seemed to be only a thing to be laughed at

before it was spoken, did not look like a joke at all when it was told.

" I need not make my story much longer. A few days afterwards, I called on poor Pearson a second time, under pretence of asking him if my boots were made, but in reality to get him into talk again. And this time, I had no inclination to laugh. A few Sundays later, I went to my room after breakfast, and soon came down dressed for a journey.

"' Why, Frank!' said my wife, ' where can you be going to-day?'

"' I am going to D——' said I; ' I have a curiosity to hear poor Pearson's parson.'

"' You might as well ask me to go with you, Frank,' said Mary.

"' You do not mean that you would go there if I were to ask you?' I said.

"' Yes, I will, Frank,' she replied; and we went.

" We went a second time, and a third: we went constantly after that, till God, in his providence, brought the preached gospel to us, nearer home: and soon enough the story got about that Frank Graham and his wife had turned Methodists. It did not matter, that; we did not think much of what our neighbours said; we had something else to think about, for it pleased God to show us both that we had been all our lives disobedient and careless, that we were 'already condemned' by his holy law, and that 'there is none other name under heaven whereby we could be saved' but the name of his dear Son.

" And what led me first to think about my soul was poor Pearson's meekness and good temper under what most men would have considered an insult, and his cheerful confidence in God in time of trouble. By those tokens I was made to see there was something more in the religion of the Bible than I had ever before believed."

### THE PREACHER OF THE PLAGUE.

THE season of the great plague in London (1665) furnishes some most remarkable instances of love to Jesus Christ and to the souls of men on the part of faithful ministers of the gospel. There were men who, like the apostle Paul, "counted not their lives dear to themselves that they might finish their course with joy and the ministry they had received of the Lord Jesus."

The numbers carried away during this awful pestilence, according to Dr. Calamy, amounted to 68,596. The Bills of Mortality never recorded the full extent of the calamity, and the numbers dying of the plague are now more correctly estimated at above eighty thousand. If the present population of London were swept away

at the same rate, the numbers would amount to above a quarter of a million.

Just before the solemn period to which we refer, London had been deprived of many of its most excellent ministers by the Act of Uniformity, to which they could not conscientiously conform, and resigned their livings in consequence. There were a number of conforming ministers who remained among their parishioners, though others fled from fear. To supply their places, and to make the way of salvation known to souls passing away in such numbers, many of the nonconformist ministers returned to the scenes in which they had formerly laboured.

The Rev. Thomas Vincent was one of this devoted band, and his name holds the most conspicuous place among the faithful in those times of danger, and will be handed down from one generation to another in the history of his country and of the church of Jesus Christ.

When the plague broke out, Mr. Vincent was engaged in assisting Mr. Doolittle, in Islington, in the work of academical education. As this dreadful visitation advanced, he resolved to leave his employment that he might minister to the spiritual wants of "the sound," the sick, and the dying. On making known his purpose to his friend, he was met with the sort of opposition which kindness, sincere but mistaken, would naturally dictate; just as when our Lord announced his purpose to go to his baptism of blood in Jerusalem, Peter said, "that be far from thee." This devoted missionary to the dying consulted with many of his brethren, assuring them that he had very seriously considered the matter before he came to his determination, that he had carefully examined his own soul, and could look death in the face with feelings of comfort. He said he thought it was absolutely necessary that such vast numbers of dying people should have all the spiritual assistance they could obtain. He had, he stated, often committed the whole matter, as he also had himself, to God in prayer, and therefore hoped that none would weaken his hands in this work.

We are told that when the ministers had heard his statement, they unanimously declared their satisfaction and joy; they saw that the thing was from the Lord, to whom they commended him in their prayers. Whereupon the history tells us, "he went out to his work with the greatest firmness and assiduity," and in that work he was preserved from all harm by that Master whom he so faithfully served. It seemed as if the Lord had said to him, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that lieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day. A

thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

Every Lord's day during the visitation, he preached in one of the parish churches. His subjects were adapted to the solemn circumstances in which he was placed. "The awfulness of the judgment, then everywhere obvious, gave a peculiar edge to the preacher and his auditors." The people were all anxious to know where he was to preach, multitudes followed him wherever he went, and it is said that "many were awakened by every sermon." His labours were not limited to the church and the pulpit. He went down into the valley of the shadow of death, and his days and nights were spent beside the sick and dying, whose souls he was seeking to save from death.

At the time when this devoted missionary was pursuing his self-sacrificing labours, the nobles and gentry had fled from the metropolis, and the king and his profligate court had removed to Salisbury. With the exception of those few who were bound by a sense of duty as the ministers of Christ, or by that love to friends which is stronger than death, almost all who had the means of removing withdrew to the country. The emigration was checked as soon as any indication of the plague appeared in individuals, as the neighbouring towns were closed against all who were not furnished with certificates of health.

There was everything to depress and terrify, and nothing to sustain the heart of this servant of God, but his ardent love to the souls of men and his desire to win them over to Christ. As he travelled along the silent and desolate streets, he passed many houses having on the doors a red cross, with the inscription above it, "Lord, have mercy upon us," this being the sign that the plague was doing its fatal work within. Then he would meet the pest-cart going its rounds, attended by the men whose duty it was to collect the dead, uttering the melancholy cry, "Bring out your dead." Passing on a little further, he would encounter some poor delirious sufferer, who had, in his frenzied state, broken away from the house in which he had been shut up, and was hurrying to throw himself into the river, if he should not perish from exhaustion on the way. Presently he would encounter the mad prophets, one of them feigning to be Jonah, and proclaiming, "Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed;" or that other wild figure, nearly naked, and with a pan of burning coals on his head, hurrying forward, and crying out in awful tones, "Oh the great and dreadful God!" More heart-rending still was it for him, in the midst of this Aceldama, to hear the jests and the songs of

profane and hardened sinners proceeding from the midst of their drunken orgies, proving that their foolish hearts were too much hardened to tremble at the Divine judgments.

Many have admired the obedience and fidelity shown by the sentry in Pompeii, whose remains were found in the ruins of that city, on the very spot at which he was stationed, and from which even the fiery shower could not compel him to fly. In this zealous missionary to a plague-smitten people, we see not the sentry who found himself posted in the midst of danger, but the zealous volunteer, who, as soon as danger became apparent, rushed forward to the rescue, and never abandoned the scene of peril until the time of suffering and the occasion for his help had passed away. That all-powerful Lord, whose work he performed, preserved him in perfect health until the plague had departed. In the following year he saw the city of London in flames, which, at one time, assumed the form of a bow; and, to quote his own words, "a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen—a bow which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point." It was thirteen years after these acts of true Christian devotedness that this faithful servant was called to his eternal rest, having first in his awful narrative left his record of God's terrible voice in the city by plague and fire.

This notice admits of easy application to the present sickly and anxious times. While we are distressed at the awful epidemic which has been raging among us, what reason have we for thankfulness on comparing it with the virulence of the great plague and the awful number of its victims. We are sometimes ready to imagine that the painful visitations which have come upon us in these days were unknown to our forefathers, but we find that this affliction is light compared with the national calamities of former years.

The narrative appeals to those who are timid and fearful, and who are tempted to desert the post of duty in times of danger. Christians should remember him who has said, "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

### Poetry.

#### UP AND DOING.

*Act! is inspiration's cry,  
While thy pulse is warm and high,  
Gird thee for the field of life,  
Go with vigour to the strife.*

*See the battle rages high,  
Loud for aid the warriors cry;  
Good and evil strive amain.  
Deekest thou the struggle vain?*

Hearts outgush with burning woe,  
Tears of blood around thee flow;  
Let no dreaming o'er thee steal,  
Rise to help, to save, to heal.

Standest thou with careless eye,  
While a thousand feet rush by?  
'Mid the gleam of shield and crest,  
Is thy coward lance in rest?

Sin is rife with demon power,  
Misery strengthens every hour,  
Error sends her poison'd darts  
Through the noblest, warmest hearts.

Grasp thy sword and shield with might,  
Truth upon thy helmet write,  
Forward to the rescue fly,  
Break the alien ranks, or die.

Lift the fallen; to the weak  
Words of living courage speak;  
Heed not mortal hate or blame;  
Bear the brand, despite the shame.

Sit not down to fan thy brow;  
Say not thou art weary now;  
Deal thy blows while heaves a breath;  
Long shall be thy rest in death.

Keep a high resolve within;  
There is much to do and win;  
We shall not in this dim sphere  
Always struggle, mourn, and fear.

Not our final home is earth;  
Higher was our spirit's birth;  
Heirs unto a kingdom we,  
Bright with immortality.

Pass not listless, then, along,  
Be no idler in the throng;  
By th' account that thou must give,  
For some noble purpose live.

MARY LEWIS.

#### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!  
Give me the man who'll say,  
Whene'er a good deed's to be done,  
"Let's do the deed to-day."  
We may all command the present,  
If we act and never wait;  
But repentance is the phantom  
Of the past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!  
There is much to do to-day  
That can never be accomplish'd  
If we throw the hours away.  
Every moment has its duty;  
Who the future can foretell?  
Then why put off till to-morrow,  
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow!  
If we look upon the past,  
How much that we have left to do  
We cannot do at last.  
To-day! it is the only time  
For all on this frail earth;  
It takes an age to form a life,  
A moment gives it birth.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### THE CHOLERA AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Behold at evening-tide trouble; and before the morning he is not."—*Isaiah* xvii. 14.  
"This night thy soul shall be required of thee."—*Luke* xii. 20.

THESE two passages, taken together, afford us a complete view of the nature and consequences of sudden death—especially of that awful form of it which at present is so frequent, from the ravages of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness." They imply that at the beginning of the day all is well. "At evening-tide trouble;" previous to this, therefore, it was neither experienced nor anticipated. The day is supposed to open as many others had opened before; the members of the family arise invigorated and refreshed; they assemble together; they exchange the tokens of affection; they give to the usual inquiries the usual reply. They laid themselves down and slept, they awoke, because God caused them to dwell in safety. No evil has befallen them, nor has any plague come nigh their dwelling. From the thief and the murderer, from the devouring flame and the wasting pestilence, they have sustained no injury. They unite in domestic worship, giving thanks unto the God of their life; they command and commit each other to his providential protection; and they enter upon the duties which he has made theirs, with those feelings of cheerfulness and security, which it is natural to indulge from the mercies of God having been so long enjoyed and so often repeated. Thus the day opens, and thus it advances; hour succeeds to hour, duty to duty, and enjoyment to enjoyment. Everything presents the same appearance which it presented yesterday, which has become so familiar as to be naturally expected, and is almost imagined to be incapable of change. There is nothing to excite suspicion that the day will in any circumstance be distinguished from others; as to its being the last which some of them are ever to see, the thought never occurs, or occurs to be dismissed—dismissed, with the admission in words that it might so happen, but with a sort of secret persuasion that it certainly will not.

Another idea suggested is, that of sudden change: "at evening-tide trouble." The domestic scene is supposed to be darkened and overshadowed in a moment. "Trouble" enters,

in one or other of its many shapes. We may conceive of it as coming in the form of that terrible disease which has been prevailing to such an alarming extent. All now is agitation and alarm, where security and tranquillity reigned before. There is "trouble" to many; trouble to the individual sufferer; agony and anguish from intense, complicated, positive pain. There is trouble to immediate connections; mental distress, from hurry, surprise, consternation; from ignorance of what is to be done, or done first; from anxiety for the arrival of physicians; for their opinion, their successive reports, their positive announcements; from the sight of what cannot be relieved either by the suggestions of science, or the efforts of affection. There is trouble to attendants; to those who witness and bewail what they would willingly remove; trouble to friends, who extensively and deeply sympathize with those that suffer; and, in many cases, there may be trouble far more terrible than any of these; there may be the "wounded spirit" added to the agonized body—mental despair as well as physical distress—the first pains of the next state meeting and mingling with the last of this.

The idea that next succeeds is the requirement made at the bar of the Eternal. The soul is to be given up into the hand of God, to be examined by him as to its state, and to be disposed of by him according to its condition. He will interrogate the man, as to the manner in which it has been treated; whether he felt the importance of possessing it, and the responsibility of being intrusted with its care and its safety; whether he sought the salvation of the soul, rather than the indulgence of the senses, and whether it was secured in the appointed way, by an act of faith in the atoning sacrifice, dependence on the aids of the sanctifying Spirit, and the careful cultivation of holy obedience. He will ascertain whether the soul was thus the principal object of the man's solicitude; whether he controlled its thoughts, regulated its desires, and curbed its propensities; whether he not only taught it to despise the earth, but to be familiar with heaven; whether he kept it tending towards heaven; by keeping it constantly in contact with "the things of the Spirit." God will inquire into all this; he will ascertain whether it was attended to or neglected; whether the man made his personal salvation his chief concern, or whether he lived as if he had no soul; none to be saved, none to be sanctified, none to be cared for, none to be

required of him; as if death were nothing but death, and judgment and eternity nothing at all.

Reflect on him who makes the requirement. God will require the soul; by him it was at first created, to him it is responsible, and to him it returns. This suggests the reflection of the impossibility of escape—the folly of supposing for a moment that we can ever deceive him by any subterfuge, equivocation, or concealment. It is impossible to elude his observation—impossible to pass beyond his power—impossible to blind his intelligence. All is known to him—the state of every soul—the condition in which it lives here, and in which it departs hence; how it has been cared for or neglected; what it has loved and hated—forsaken and pursued—rejected and chosen. All is known to him. At the bar of the Eternal, the soul feels itself in a circle of light—light, flowing from the face of God—light, behind, before, above, beneath, around it; all is transparent, and all is discovered; it stands revealed to itself, either in that purity which results from being “washed in the blood of the Lamb,” or in that loathsomeness which results from the presence of unpardoned sin, and which now will adhere to it for ever. God will make the requirement, and from him nothing can be hid; he is at present about our path, and about our bed, encompassing all our ways; his eyes are as a flame of fire, searching into the inmost thoughts and recesses of the heart; he has set our secret sins in the light of his countenance; and will “bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”

The last idea suggested by the whole subject is the ultimate result. An inquiry supposes an object; examination and judgment imply determination and decision. The soul separated from the body and appearing before God, appears there only to be passed, by his righteous sentence, to its “own place”—its appropriate sphere of enjoyment or suffering. Every human spirit, as it is required of God and passes into eternity, is morally prepared for the one of two states; it is either “saved from wrath” by the “sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, and sanctified by the Spirit,” and thus “fitted” for “entering into his joy,” and for taking its place among “the spirits of just men made perfect;” or, by unbelief and impenitence, by worldly-mindedness, by sloth, or sensuality, or other forms of sin, it is “fitted” for nothing but for that place of despair and darkness, “prepared originally “for the devil and his angels.” The consignment of each human soul to the one or the other of these abodes, is the last act which crowns and closes the whole train of successive circumstances to which we have referred. At

evening-tide—trouble; by the morning, he is not; the soul is required, examined, judged, sentenced; and thus in a few hours, an event immeasurable in its magnitude, infinite in its consequences, and awful from its solemnity, is begun, continued, concluded. The mortal of yesterday is the immortal of to-day. The being then in a state of probation, is now in one in which probation is ended—in which the whole range of its perceptions and emotions, its interests and pursuits, has ceased to be affected by “things seen and temporal,” and is entirely taken up with the “unseen and eternal.”

“We know not what a day may bring forth.”—This, indeed, is a truth which we are ready to acknowledge, but willing to forget. We do forget it: the consequence is that we form plans, and indulge anticipations, and talk of the future, as if we were both omnipotent and immortal—as if we could do all things and feared nothing. Another consequence is, that when calamity comes—comes, as it often does, with unexpected advances and awful aspect, from the want of recollecting our liability, we are perhaps unprepared to meet it as we ought. It is imperative upon us, in a world like this, and especially in times like these, to recur, seriously and often, to this truth, “We know not what a day may bring forth.” For anything we can tell, the angel of death may be now upon the wing—his bow may be bent and his aim taken—taken at us; to-morrow it may be said with respect to us, in reference to this day, “at evening-tide there was trouble, and before morning he was not.” We, and all that concerns us, are constantly subject to the authority, and lie at the disposal of a mighty power, over which we have no control. It is the happiness of the Christian to feel this—to know that this power is upon his side—exerts itself for his defence and protection, and is animated and moved by love towards him, as immense and mighty as its strength. But we are speaking, at present, of man as man lying helpless under it. Whatever we are, and whatever we have, is permitted. We live by sufferance, we enjoy by sufferance, by sufferance we are in health, in affluence, or in comfort. Our mental capacities, our active powers, our prosperity and possessions, our relative connections and domestic joys—all are in the hands of him who gave them without consulting us, and who, without consulting us, can take them away. In the morning, all may be well; but “we know not what a day may bring forth;” “at evening-tide” we may be deprived of our reason, our health, our property, or our lives; he who sent forth his word and created us, may send forth his word again—“trouble” may come, and “death” may succeed it.

"One thing then is needful." It is the care of the soul. The soul must eternally exist, either in hell or heaven: God will require it, and dispose of it; and, therefore, to its moral condition it becomes us to attend, since by that its destiny will be determined. God, remember, never makes a demand which he has not furnished us with means to meet. He will demand the soul, and he will demand it in a state of reconciliation and purity, produced by the pardon of sin and the renovation of its nature; and for this he has provided means, in "the blood of sprinkling" and the sanctifying Spirit: he calls us to penitence, to faith, to prayer; he employs every power that can arrest the attention, every instrument that can arouse the conscience, and every motive that can touch the heart; we are surrounded by whatever is adapted to lead us to the cross of Christ, and to bring us under the influences of his grace; and when our souls are required of us, if they are not "fitted" for his favourable reception, the fault will be ours, not God's. I repeat, therefore, "one thing is needful"—an attention to what we are, and what we must be. Whatever is neglected, let not this be forgotten. Everything, in comparison with this, is insignificant, contemptible, mean. The soul! The soul! "What were a man profited, should he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" No man indeed ever parted with his soul at so high a price—none ever did gain the whole world, and none ever will; millions of souls have perished, and are perishing, for far less than the world—for an atom of it—for its very dust and refuse—the whole of which, could it be possessed, and possessed in all its pomp and magnificence, and possessed for ages, would be infinitely beneath the value of one soul! Oh! the infatuation and madness of man! "Repent—repent and be converted." "Flee from the wrath to come." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

Lastly. "Consider the work of the Lord, and regard the operation of his hands." It is to this duty that the events of the present season loudly summon us. The Lord is going forth amongst us, in the greatness of his might, and the terrors of his majesty. He is attended, wherever he appears, by the ministers of vengeance and the angel of death. "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet. He stood, and incensed the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting moun-

tains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow." He marched "through the land in indignation," and "threshed the heathen in his anger." Our principal cities and towns are at this moment the seat of his judgments. It is "the work of the Lord," and it deserves to be "considered;" it is "the operation of his hand," and it becomes us to "regard" it. "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever." To that word let us repair; let us plead and confide in its promises; let us accept the mercy it reveals through the sacrifice of the cross, and we shall find that "the Spirit of the Lord" has other influences besides those which wither and destroy; and that it is possible to possess other feelings, in times like the present, than those either of apathy or terror. The prevalence of disease and the ravages of death ought, indeed, to arouse all from anything like unreflecting security. They should lead the church to self-examination and to increased devotedness, and the world to repentance, to humiliation, and to faith. It is impurity, or madness (another name for impurity), to suffer such events to pass without improvement, and to refuse to listen when God seems to address us in so direct a manner, and in such intelligible language. Melancholy must be the state of that man whom such things cannot awaken; whom "the mercies of God" have only hardened, so that "the thunder of his power" is exerted in vain!\*

#### JAENICKE AS PASTOR.

FIVE years passed over, while Jaenicke pursued his studies at Leipsic, and many a new view he obtained, and many an old opinion he learned to lay aside. He had been often on the very verge of making shipwreck of his faith, but One that led him by a way he knew not drew him gently back into the fold. This time of storm and doubt and trial being past, we find him, in his thirty-first year, ordained as assistant pastor in the church where he had been baptized.

We have thus arrived at that important period of Jaenicke's life when he entered upon the office of the Christian ministry.

The thousands assembled round his open grave, in 1827, felt that they were words of truth which were then pronounced in the funeral oration.

\* This solemn address may be obtained in a separate and enlarged form for circulation.

"When worldly wisdom," said the speaker, "raised its haughty head, and the prince of darkness triumphed as if the field were all his own; when the shadow of death brooded over the church, and the preaching of the cross of Christ seemed to be a stumbling-block and foolishness; it was then that this polished quiver in the hand of the Lord shone brightest. The more he was mocked and maligned, the louder and clearer did he proclaim pardon and full redemption, in the one name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Yes, when in the city he stood almost alone, waving the banner of the cross, his solitary post on the watch-tower made him only more fearless and undaunted in proclaiming, 'I know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified!' While he stood, the candlestick was not entirely removed out of its place. All who came to him, seeking for peace, were shown first their complete innate depravity, and the wrath to come to which they were exposed; they were then, with all their sins and demerits, pointed to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, and to the faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, 'that Jesus Christ is come into the world to save sinners.'

But let us look closer at the nature of Jaenicke's work. He found that in his church the people had merely an educational Christianity. They sung the hymns of their fathers, and heard the doctrines of the gospel gladly, but their hearts were far from God. All this was mournful enough, but the spirit of the times had crept over even the sons of faithful martyrs and confessors, for, at the period of which we write, a native of Berlin and an infidel were synonymous terms. Jaenicke's first aim was to bring the people more in contact with the word of God. Accordingly, in addition to the usual services of the Sunday, he introduced another service early in the morning, and on the Monday evening he repeated his sermon. His style of preaching was earnest, and he strove only that he might be understood. He drew his arguments primarily from the word of God, but, as he knew that human authority weighed considerably with his audience, he took care to bring that also to bear on his theme. On some themes, however, he could find few authorities. The doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked, for example, was denied at that time in almost all the German universities. But in his teacher, the famous Crusius, Jaenicke found support, and would often quote his words, "Eternal life, eternal death, lie on the scales; the one or the other must be our lot. If the one is true, so is the other; the evidence for both is exactly the same." Thus after having previously proved his doctrines out of the Scripture, he weighed human evidence against human authority, that they might counterbalance each

other, and the word of God be left free to speak or decide.

When the first French revolution broke out, crowds of people came to his Monday evening's lecture. The maliciously disposed brought pepper in snuff-boxes, which they handed freely round, in order to disturb the congregation. The church required to be defended by soldiers, to preserve some degree of order. At last Jaenicke was obliged to give up his weekly lecture; but the services on the Sunday continued as before. It may well be supposed that the word of God from his mouth did not return back empty. Once in company, where one of the king's privy councillors was present, he was made the subject of some severe criticism and mockery: when the courtier was asked his opinion, he replied: "I have seen many who stand and show us the way, but Jaenicke takes us by the hand, and goes with us in the right direction." Four officers met him one night, coming home from his toils, and recognising him, began to rail at him as a fool and a madman. Jaenicke turned calmly round, and made a reply which they never forgot, and ere many months had passed, all the four officers were kneeling with him in his room in prayer—converted men. Jaenicke's reply had pierced the heart of one of these officers, and he had had no rest till he saw the others coming, with himself, and learning the way of life. This was not a solitary instance; many individuals were brought to experience a change of heart, some suddenly, and many almost imperceptibly, by means of his earnest preaching and his holy life. When the war had set its iron heel on Prussia's brightest hopes, the number of his adherents increased gradually to a multitude—national affliction having done its beneficial work.

After one of the great victories over the French, the king gave a splendid dinner to his superior officers in Berlin. When the wine had circulated freely, no theme appeared so popular among the gallant company as the newest and graciest anecdotes calculated to make Jaenicke ridiculous. When this conversation had continued for some time, a general rose and asked the assembled company to name the man whose services had most conduced to gain the victory which they were celebrating. Many an answer was given. At last the general said: "I will tell you, gentlemen. We have only played, but the man who really fought and gained the conquest was the man on whom so much ridicule has been poured to-night. He gathered his congregation three times every Sunday, and three times during the week, to pray to the Lord of hosts for a blessing on our army; and his prayers have prevailed. Gentlemen, does such a man deserve to be mocked? Does a

man so faithful to his God and to his king not merit from us the highest honour we can bestow?"

Jaenicke lived to see the war brought to an end, and to witness better days in the church in Berlin. Much of this improvement was to be attributed to his own exertions; but the great Master had awakened other labourers, who saw eye to eye with him. Still Jaenicke continued, after the memorable year 1815, to preach as he had done before. Taking for granted that there were some true followers of the Lamb in his audience, he addressed hearty words of consolation, and warning, and encouragement to them; but remembering also that the majority of his hearers were, probably, unconverted people, he made it the great aim of his life to bring them to Christ. He reasoned with them, talked with them, told anecdotes, and made comments on the current events of the time, thus bringing his gospel message to bear on the daily life of the people.

The beginning of the present century was the cradle of missions; and every one who was really in earnest with his work at home, took part also in sending the gospel to the heathen. What then was Jaenicke's department of this work? He opened the first institution for the training of missionaries. It was on the first day of February, 1800, that he received seven young men into his house, to train them for missionary work among the heathen. The next year a similar institution was opened, at Gosport, in England; in 1810 one was opened in Holland; and in 1816 the great institution at Basle. The expense of Jaenicke's school was borne by the well-known friend of missions, Schirding, the keeper of the woods and forests in the electorate of Saxony. Scarcely had this good man been employed to provide for the opening of the institution, when it pleased the God of missions to leave Jaenicke to expect the support of the establishment directly from himself. Schirding met with pecuniary losses, and the inspector had either to give up his undertaking in the tenth month of its existence, or else try the power of prayer. His faith was put to the test; but in the first month after he was thrown on his own resources, he received thirty dollars more than he required for current expenses. He was not the man to give up what he had once learned to be in accordance with the Divine will; and he eventually received support from England, from Holland, from Switzerland, and from other sources, where he had never expected it. The missionary institution flourishes still in Berlin.

Jaenicke was a strict Lutheran, but he was not sectarian. He received students who loved the Lord Jesus, whatever their other views on eccl-

esiastical matters might have been, and he strove to unlock the truths of the Bible, that they might in going out among the heathen bring this treasure, and only this, in their hands. He simply trained the missionaries for their work, while others formed societies to employ them. In the twenty-seven years that he presided over the Berlin Missionary Institution, he thus trained above a hundred missionaries for the heathen and for the Jews. Who has not heard of Christian Africander? It was one of Jaenicke's scholars, Albrecht, who first ventured into his camp to preach the gospel to him, and it was Ebner, another scholar of Jaenicke's, who baptized him. To relate what the missionaries trained in this institution have accomplished, would be to give a history of missions in the present century. Rhenius, of Tinnevelly, in India, who baptized such a multitude of converts in that province; Gutzlaff, the Chinese missionary; Nicolayson, of Jerusalem, were among the names of those who learned in Jaenicke's mission school.

- When the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in London, liberal assistance was sent to Jaenicke, whose missionary zeal was known in England, and who gladly undertook to forward that great work. A vast inducement to activity in this labour was the edict of toleration which Joseph of Austria had issued in 1781. By means of this, the Protestants in Bohemia and Moravia were permitted once more to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Thousands had embraced the opportunity of declaring themselves to be Protestants, and demanding the privilege of toleration. But their Bibles had been nearly all burned, and Jaenicke rejoiced, therefore, to have an opportunity of sending the word of God once more to the land of his fathers. Thus arose the Berlin Bible Society, which still continues to scatter the word of God so richly. A few years later he founded the Berlin Tract Society, which has since then printed and circulated above five millions of tracts, and, in both of these societies, he laboured indefatigably till the time of his death.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that by all these exertions, and by his great kindness to the poor, Jaenicke had become a universally popular man. He was, it is true, beloved by all who loved the Lord Jesus. But the talent and the wit and the learning of the world could never forget that this man's whole life was an uninterrupted call to come to that Saviour whom they were apparently resolved not to seek. As Jaenicke's end approached, his mind became more serene, and his affections fixed ever more and more on Him who had loved him and washed him from his sins. On his eightieth

birth-day he gathered some friends around him, and delivered a sermon from the words, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." A few days later he lay down on what was to be his death-bed. "I have Jesus with me," he said. "I have found him faithful all my life through, and I will trust his promise now. He cries, I live, and ye shall live also." At another time he said: "I wish to depart and be with Christ; and what makes me so joyful now is my confidence in the work which Christ has done for me, when he took away all my sin. The doing and the dying of Christ! that is my hope." As his end approached, he began to sing a hymn of triumph, but stopped in the middle of the second verse; the rest he may have sung above, for he knew that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

\* Reader, is not such a dying hour of sweet peace and well-grounded assurance, worth living for?

### OH, VOLTAIRE! VOLTAIRE!

IN the deeply interesting autobiography of the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, which has recently been published, the following anecdote, related of the son of the Rev. Mr. Tupper, (Mr. Jay's predecessor,) illustrates, in an affecting manner, the baneful influence upon youth of infidel publications and improper companions.

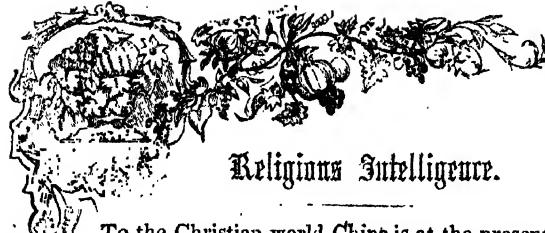
Mr. T. was a widower, and had only one child, a son, residing with him, and articled to a solicitor in Bath. This son had more than his father's natural talents, and was a good scholar, and gave much promise of rising above many in his profession. He also seemed much inclined to walk in those ways which are "pleasantness and peace." When, therefore, he had arrived at age, on his birth-day, he wrote a paper, entitled, "Rules for my Conduct." It began thus: "I am now come of age, and hope for the favour and blessing of God upon my future years. But in order to this, I know I must adhere to certain principles and rules; the first of which is PIETY. 'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding,' etc. But, alas! this goodness was as the morning cloud, or early dew, which soon passeth away. These hopeful appearances were in a few months blighted, and in a few more entirely destroyed.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners; and a companion of fools shall be destroyed." This fine youth became acquainted with some sceptical, or as, by a patent of their own creation, they call themselves, free-thinking young men, gave up the sabbath; forsook the

house of God, which his father had built; abandoned the minister to whom he had been greatly attached; and "boldly" left off to be wise and to do good. But as his fall was rapid, so his new course was short. Swimming on a Sunday for amusement and experiment, he caught a chill which brought on a consumption. This for months gave him warning and space for repentance; but it is to be feared this grace of God was in vain. During his gradual decline, he refused all intercourse with pious friends or ministers; and when his good nurse entreated him to call me in, as I lived close by, and there had been such an intimacy between us, he frowned and rebuked her, and ordered her to mind her own business. On the last day of his life, unasked, I ventured into his dying chamber. He was sensible; but exclaimed, "Oh, Voltaire! Voltaire!" He then raised himself up in the bed, and wringing his hands again, exclaimed, "Oh that young man! that young man!" I said, "My dear sir, what young man?" With a countenance indescribable, he answered, "I will not tell you."

How was my soul agonized, for I had loved him much, and had endeavoured in every way to render myself agreeable and useful to him. But "one sinner destroys much good." What have I seen, in a long ministry, of the dire effects of evil associates and licentious publications. He kept moving about, and grasping the bed-clothes; and after a disturbed silence muttered something about his seeing fire, and then suddenly expired. On the last circumstance I laid no stress; it was probably from a sparkling of the eye, affected by the imagination or by disease.

Should this solemn and true statement fall under the notice of any youth who has had godly parents and a religious education, and not only outward advantages but serious convictions and resolutions, from all which he has turned aside—surely here is enough to awaken his reflections and fears, and to enforce the language of inspired wisdom and love: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall. And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof! and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me! Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."



## Religious Intelligence.

To the Christian world China is at the present time an object of special interest and solicitude. Much hope has been cherished in reference to the large body of insurgents under Tae-ping-wang, in consequence of their determined opposition to idolatry, and their remarkable acquaintance with the truths of Divine revelation. It was known that they held many notions which were inconsistent with the gospel, but still hope was cherished that the missionaries, whom they treated with respect, would be able to rectify their errors, and show them "the way of the Lord more perfectly." A very lengthy and remarkable document, recounting some most mysterious doings among these extraordinary people, lately appeared in this country, and deserves careful attention. From its great length and complicated character, it may either remain unread, or be misunderstood. Some indeed may be led by its perusal to indulge unnecessary fears that "the celestial king" and his subjects are still so much under the influence of their ancient superstitions, as to discourage all the expectations we had formed of finding them before very long among the consistent disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. If, however, the Chinese character is properly understood, and due consideration be given to the fact that these people are only now seeing their way out of their old superstitions, it will be unnecessary for us to relinquish the hopes we have formerly entertained respecting them, although time and labour may be requisite to clear away the prejudices that envelop them.

It appears that there were in the court of Tae-ping-wang some abuses of his power, of which the personages around him had to complain, and which they were anxious to remove. To act on the mind of a sovereign ruler, the Chinese appear to deem it necessary that some communication should be made from heaven; so that he should not have his errors corrected in consequence of the remonstrances of the people, but at the Divine command. The Chinese have evidently a strong faith in possessions, and trances, and extraordinary revelations; and it appears that the people around Tae-ping-wang, and the "celestial king" himself, not having completely abandoned their old superstitions, were recently the victims of their former creed, and that for the purpose of correcting the evils chargeable against their monarch, they had recourse to the methods pursued in "the former times in their ignorance." This is, at all events, the most hopeful construction that can be placed upon the document to which we have referred.

Dr. Medhurst, the translator of this singular paper, tells us that the Eastern prince, seated in his sedan, was about to proceed to the court, when it was said all of a sudden that he was enjoying repose, which meant that he had fallen into a trance. While in that state, it was pretended that the "Heavenly Father" had taken possession of his body, during which it was supposed that the divine mind was communicated to him. The narrative mentions different trances of the Eastern prince, for the purpose of giving divine directions to persons about the court, and one more solemn and protracted than the rest, intended specially for the instruction of the monarch.

The pretended revelations were all of a practical cha-

racter, and, considered apart from the false claim made in their favour, were truly excellent. The monarch is corrected "for his impetuous disposition," and taught that "in ruling over the empire mildness is essential in everything." "For instance," it is said to him, "when a ditch or canal has to be dug, you must not make people work as if they were building a city or a camp; and if the weather should be unfavourable, with rain or snow falling, they should be allowed to rest for awhile, and not made to dig during the continuance of frost and snow." The mistakes made by some of his majesty's attendants, and for which we presume they had been censured or punished, are ascribed to the confusion they feel at "getting a glance at the royal visage," and he is exhorted to make allowance for the embarrassment thus produced. Then he is told not to spoil the heir apparent by over-indulgence, or to injure his health by waywardness. Severity to female attendants, one of the effects of heathen degradation, is referred to more than once, and counsels are given, some of which are worthy of the kind and gentle spirit of the gospel. Further, the Eastern prince says: "When the officers, whether male or female, commit any crime that is worthy of death, it rests with you, my second elder brother, in obedience to the celestial law, to put them to death in order to sustain the majesty of the divine law, and to deter future offenders. But, supposing the offenders to have committed nothing worthy of death, there may be still some circumstances in the case not very clear; and if you put them to death, you may sometimes do wrong."

Since the appearance of this document, it has been stated that Tae-ping-wang has recently written a letter to the Rev. Mr. Roberts, in which he invites him to the camp of the insurgents as their teacher and chaplain. In this letter he alludes to their former acquaintance, and to the deep impression which still remained on his mind from the religious instruction he had received from him. He says nearly all the provinces have come under his control; that myriads of men assembled morning and evening for worship, and to observe the ten heavenly commandments. But he confesses, with apparent regret, that few of them are deeply versed in the doctrines of the gospel. He therefore urges Mr. Roberts to come to his camp, which invitation has been accepted, and Mr. Roberts is now travelling as chaplain to the revolutionists.

It is of the highest importance that the inhabitants of China should be able to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God; and it is very pleasing, therefore, to observe the deep interest which is taken, at various mission stations, in the noble undertaking to supply to them a million copies of the New Testament. A meeting was held in February last, in the Independent Chapel, in Graham's Town, South Africa, on behalf of this excellent enterprise, at which it was resolved to contribute as much as would purchase "one thousand copies." The writer of this notice adds—and we hope the suggestion will meet the eye of some who are prepared to turn it to a practical account—"If we only had Kaffir Testaments and Kaffir Bibles at as cheap a rate as those in China, what a sale we should have for them!" Syrian Christians also are contributing to send the gospel to China. The congregations lately collected at Beirut are reported to have sent one thousand piastres to assist their brethren in China to obtain the pure word of God. The desire of these converts to send the sacred volume to others afford some evidence of the success which has crowned the labours of Christian missionaries among themselves, and illustrates the manner in which the great work of the world's evangelization is to proceed, as those to whom the gospel has been sent, having experienced its power, furnish their tribute to the stream of Christian benevolence.

It is most gratifying to mark the progress of Bible

circulation in those countries which are now engaging much of public attention, in consequence of the struggle going forward between the Sultan and the Czar. At a Bible meeting recently held in Constantinople, it was stated that the Bible was the foundation of the noble and blessed changes which are taking place among the Armenians, Nestorians, and Asiatic Greeks, and that in numerous cases the same volume has been the instrument of this good work even without the help of the missionaries. It also appears in many parts of Turkey, where the gospel is taking root, that Turks are coming forward and asking for Bibles.

The establishment of a Bible dépôt in Constantinople, in an eligible spot, promises to be the means of sending forth the streams of heavenly truth very extensively. It is found that opportunities are thus afforded of hearing the manner in which persons have been brought to direct their attention to the word of God, and of imparting to them that knowledge for which numbers are so anxiously inquiring. The depravity of the priesthood is, in many cases, the cause of dissatisfaction among the people, who are induced to read the word of God in search after the truth. Orders, it is said, are constantly being sent into Constantinople from the missionary, and out-stations far and near, for fresh supplies of the word of God; and colporteurs, who have disposed of their books, very frequently return to the dépôt for additional volumes.

At the same time we have the pleasure of finding that the book of God is being largely circulated from the dépôt in Tunis, whence the Scriptures have been conveyed to the Jews scattered on the confines of the Great Desert. In the West Indies also, they are very extensively read in schools, as well as among the adult population; while among the emancipated peasantry of Jamaica, they are being distributed by the hands of a gospel minister, a coloured brother, who himself once drank of the bitter cup of slavery.

Attention having lately been called by Cardinal Wiseman to the pernicious use which is made of the system of colportage among the peasantry of France, this may be the most suitable occasion on which to notice the labours of those colporteurs in the south of France, who are diligently pursuing their work of carrying among the people the sacred Scriptures, and to whose labours are added those of faithful ministers of the gospel who have been the instruments of a great revival of true religion in the native land of Henry IV, the ancient Beam, in the two Languedocs, on the Loire, and the Saone.

There are, throughout France, Romanist congregations which, one hundred and fifty years ago, were either entirely or for the most part evangelical, but which laid aside their profession in consequence of the persecutions to which they were exposed. Five congregations, or parishes, were discovered some years since between the Pyrenees and Bordeaux, which formerly were Protestant, but which had been forced ignobly to deny the truth. Although they did not recover the faith of their fathers, they retained such a hatred of the Romish clergy, that they steadily refused to acknowledge any priest; and without minister, church, or faith, they continued to preserve a sort of equivocal existence, until an evangelist who was traversing the country discovered them, and, after much pains and many conflicts, at last succeeded in securing for them the preaching and ordinances of the gospel. Among other communities in a similar position, the Evangelical society of France has been carrying on its faithful labours, which have been the more favourably received in consequence of the traditions handed down in these families from their forefathers, who were attached to the reformed faith. The Protestantiske Monatsblätter furnishes a very interesting picture of the labours of the colporteur among these

families, who, when he enters them, finds perhaps an old family Bible, or an old Liturgy, in which are inscribed the earnest wrestling prayers by means of which the Reformed Church in those ages of conflict and persecution animated its members. The volume is still handled with reverence. Its first blank pages serve as a register, and, however torn the book may appear, it has generally not been allowed to pass altogether out of use. In this way there is discovered a speedy and easy passage to the heart, as the colporteur tells his astonished hearers of the faith, the struggles, and the sufferings of their forefathers, of the power which the gospel lent them, and of the nobleness of their creed, which, despising all human support, rested, as these old relics testify, on the pillars of the word of God and prayer.

The London Young Men's Christian Association has now taken possession of the premises occupied for the last thirty years by the Literary Institution, in Aldersgate Street. The building is said to stand on the site formerly occupied by the dwelling-house of John Milton; and when the edifice was first opened by the late Lord Denman, he took occasion to remark on the harmony between the objects of the institution and those which were sought for by the illustrious poet. The Young Men's Christian Association is one of the most useful institutions in London, and its example has been copied in the large towns throughout the kingdom, as well as in Paris and in many parts of the United States. It was mentioned at the re-opening of the building that, during the ten last years, three thousand young men had attended the Bible classes formed in connection with the association, that fifty thousand young men had attended the lectures delivered before the society, and that 650,000 copies of the published lectures had been sold. Very valuable testimonies to the advantages of this association were delivered by the various speakers who were present at the inauguration of the building; among which that of Matthew Marshall, esq., chief cashier of the Bank of England, deserves special notice. He said "he could give a mournful list of young men whom it had been his painful duty to call on the authorities of the establishment with which he was connected to discharge for misconduct of various kinds. He stated his conviction that, if such an association had been in existence years ago, the list might have been considerably diminished, and young men might have looked back on the association and dated from its efforts their salvation." We would earnestly recommend young men coming up to London to make their way at once to this or kindred institutions, and enrol themselves among those who will be ready to take them by the hand and lead them to Jesus.

Our duty, as chroniclers of the religious events of the month, would be but partially fulfilled, if we did not advert to one matter of unusual significance and importance. Just as we are writing, the nation, with one harmonious consent, has been engaged in the offering up special thanksgiving and praise to the Divine Ruler, for the bountiful harvest which has so lately been reaped from our fields, and gathered into our garners. Seldom before has a rich autumnal increase been more urgently needed, to supplement the serious deficiencies of former years, and to supply the place of the usual consignments of corn now, by reason of war, likely to fail us from other quarters; and never, moreover, we are disposed to think, has gratitude for our new blessings been more warmly felt or more generally expressed. We trust that this will prove to be no barren or evanescent sentiment; but that the hearts which have been thus loaded with benefits, and the lives which have, in a season of peril and pestilence, been redeemed from destruction, will be devoted to the loving and lasting service of the God of the harvest; thus proving that his goodness hath led us to repentance.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE MISSIONARY REQUEST.

"THAT TWENTY POUNDS."

PART I.

An elderly woman lay on her death-bed. The chamber was a pleasant room, in an ancient farm-house; and the evening sunshine, streaming in at the window, brightened up the dark old high-backed chairs and massive carved bed-posts, and falling aslant on the white counterpane and over-hanging dimity of the bed, seemed to linger there, in compliment to their spotless purity. The invalid was propped up and supported by soft pillows.

Her features were marked with many lines and wrinkles; but the countenance was placid and pleasant; her eyes were fastened on a female much younger than herself, who was quietly seated by her bedside, and on whose cheeks, at this particular time, traces of tears might have been seen, though she tried to hide them.

"So, Emmy, the doctor says — What was it, he said, Emmy?"

"About the medicine, mother? — that you must go on taking it."

"He said something else besides that, Emmy," replied the patient: "come now, let me know

all; you needn't be afraid of frightening your poor old mother. He says——?"

"That he is doubtful if you will ever get about again, mother," said the nurse, in sore distress.

"I thought as much, Emmy," rejoined the old woman, with composure; "why, thank your loving heart, it does not need a conjuror to tell that. I could have told him so if he had asked me. Don't fret, Emmy, I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Oh! mother; but it is hard to think of losing you," said the daughter.

"Is it, Emmy? well, it is natural; but then it is all right, you know; and when the sting of death is taken away, what matters when the Master comes? His time is the best time, whenever that is."

"You are not afraid to trust your soul in his hands, then, dear mother?"

"Emmy," said the dying woman, sweetly and solemnly, "I have known and trusted the gracious Saviour a good many years; I have been a poor unworthy servant, but he has not forsaken me and cast me off; and he won't do it now. I have not many worldly affairs to settle," she added, after a short pause; "but there is one thing that I meant to do myself, if this illness had not come on so suddenly. I must trust you to do it for me now."

"What is it, mother?" the young woman asked.

"Unlock that bureau," said the patient, pointing to a quaint, old-fashioned, walnut-wood piece of furniture, "and look in one of the drawers—you will find a little store of money."

The daughter did as she was directed, and placed the bag in her mother's feeble hands.

"Now count it, Emmy," said the invalid; "see if there are not twenty pounds."

There were twenty pounds.

"That money," continued the dying mother, "is the Lord's own. I had put it aside for his cause; and now I put it into your hands to make the same use of it as I should have done. I know you will."

"I certainly will, mother, most sacredly," said the weeping daughter; "but you must tell me——"

"You remember I went, a year ago, to the missionary meeting at A——," said the patient, "and it was borne upon my mind then, that it was little I had ever done to help on to make God's way known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations; and I said to myself, if I live another year, and God helps me, I will make more sacrifices, and put more into the Lord's treasury than I have done. Well, Emmy, God has helped me, and there is the

money. It is not mine to give in any other way."

"I promise, mother, that it shall be put to the use you meant it for," said the daughter.

"It is not much that I have to leave you, Emmy," continued the mother; "and I can only pray God to bless you, as he sees fit, in basket and store, in soul and body—you and yours, Emmy. Perhaps you will think hardly of me for giving that twenty pounds away from you, when you find what a little else there is besides; but when I put it apart, as God enabled me, for him, it was no longer mine to give, if I had wished it ever so much; but I don't wish to call it back, Emmy; and, though you may miss it, you will not be sorry it was set apart for his cause: I am sure you will not. It will be made up to you, dear, not in silver and gold, perhaps, but in something better, Emmy."

Once more the daughter promised that the bequest should be faithfully applied; and a few weeks later the mother died.

It was not much that she had to leave to her daughter. It had been fancied that the aged widow was passably rich. It was a mistake. Hers had been a struggling, though not an unhappy or useless life.

Neither was the daughter rich: she, too, was a widow, and she had children.

It seemed a large sum to alienate from her family; so the friends of the young mother told her, when she spoke of her mother's missionary award:—a large sum, twenty pounds, the gentleman said, through whom she remitted it to its proper destination. He hesitated, at first, to receive it; but the young widow was conscientious, upright, and Christian; she was resolved, and he consented.

It was a large sum. That twenty pounds might have purchased many comforts. It seemed, especially, a large sum, when it was found how comparatively little had descended to the daughter, by inheritance. No matter. She paid the money, and paid it cheerfully. "It was my mother's wish," she said, "and that is enough." It was more than enough; for she shared in her mother's large-hearted Christian benevolence; and she had no regret that the missionary legacy was not her own.

Other events quickly followed the aged mother's death. There was the sale and dispersion of the ancient furniture; the transfer of the small farm into other hands; the payment of debts; the securing of the small portion that remained; and the return of the mourning daughter to her own home and family. And thus time slipped away.

We introduce you, reader, to another scene. Ten years had elapsed, and many lines, which

told of toil and sorrow, were engraven deeply on the widow's face. It was a small cottage, in the suburbs of a large town, in which she lived, and wrought, and hoped, and feared, and prayed. And yet, God's face seemed hidden from her. One hope, at least, was blighted, and one prayer unanswered; and these, the hope and prayer of her life. Had God forgotten to be gracious? Had he, in anger, shut up his tender mercies? Would he cast off for ever, and would he be favourable no more? Was his mercy clean gone for ever? Would his promise fail for evermore?

"Mother! mother!" The exclamation—one of overwhelming sorrow—was uttered by a slight, pallid girl of fifteen, or thereabouts. The time was evening, autumnal and dismal; and the girl, scantily dressed, was soaked with a dull, heavy mist, through which she had plodded from her daily needle-toil to her mother's home:—"Oh, mother, have you heard what George has done to-day?"

"George, George! No, Emmy, no," said the mother, in a tone of feverish agitation and alarm.—"Where is he? What is it, Emmy?—Girl, girl, why don't you speak?"

The mother spoke almost harshly to her weeping daughter. George was her favourite child, her first-born, the image of his father, as she said. And it may be that to this one weakness might be traced her constant grief. She did not like to chide her son; she could not bear to cross him; and as "a foolish son," he was "the heaviness of his mother."

"What has George done?" the mother again demanded with vehemence, after a momentary suspense.

"Enlisted, mother," said the girl faintly; "he said he would, you know; and he has kept his word."

"I won't believe it," the woman almost shrieked; "Emmy, Emmy, say you are only trying to frighten me. We know he is wild, and thoughtless, and does not care for us as he ought; but he would never do that, when he knows how it would break my heart."

"I am afraid it is true, mother," said Emmy, softly; and drawing towards her mother, who, in an agony of distress which contradicted her words, had sunk almost helplessly in her seat, she fell on her neck and for some time wept bitterly.

"It cannot be true, Emmy," the mother repeated; "George would never think in earnest of deserting us in that way. Who told you, girl? Poor George has a good many enemies," she added, energetically—"who won't let him alone, and are always trying to breed ill-will between us. You know it is so: if it were not for them, he would not have done

what he sometimes has. And it is some story of their inventing."

The poor child shook her head mournfully, and then gathering momentary firmness, she said, "I know it from his own lips, mother: I saw him as I came home; he was—oh, mother! he was intoxicated—worse, I think, than I ever saw him; and in company with such bad-looking men, mother. I went up to him, and tried to get him to come home; and then I saw ribbons in his hat; and he said he had got a new home now; and he pointed to the barracks."

"Oh, Emmy, you did not speak kindly to him, I am afraid. You know he is so high-spirited, he does not like to be taunted. And, perhaps, he only said this to vex you. You should not have left him, Emmy; he would have come back with you if you had but had patience."

"I staid too long, mother," replied the girl, with a momentary flush of indignation, which soon was lost in fresh tears. "If I had stopped longer, I should only have brought fresh trouble on George; for one of the brutal men he was with insulted me; and if it had been repeated, and George had seen it, he would have quarrelled. He would not have seen that, without taking my part, mother, I know."

"And you can say that of him, Emmy?" said the widow, with a faint and momentary gleam of pleasure on her pale wan countenance—soon lost, however, in aggravated distress.

"He always took my part, mother, whatever he has been; and because he should not get into fresh trouble for me, I bore the insult, and came away. But it is too true, mother; he was with other recruits, and two or three soldiers, and there were the ribbons round his hat."

"I will go and find him," exclaimed the mother, with sudden energy, rising and wrapping around her a faded shawl.

"Mother dear, think what a night it is, and you so weakly! I will go again, and bring him home if I can," said Emmy, and she tried to detain her mother; but unavailingly. Before she had finished speaking, her mother was gone.

The poor girl sighed heavily, and looked around; and then slowly divesting herself of her dripping outer garments, she sat down by the fire-side, and, covering her face with her thin hands, she silently shed bitter tears.

Memory was busy. The life of struggling poverty of which she was tasting bitter draughts had been mainly induced by her wayward brother. She remembered a comfortable home, which had been abandoned because his youthful excesses had exhausted their mother's limited resources, and entangled her in debt and embarrassment. She thought of friends, whose

kindness had been misused by him, and because of him had cooled towards her mother and herself, till almost all trace of friendship was gone:—of envious neighbours, who had rejoiced in exaggerating her brother's faults, and exulted over the results of those with which he was chargeable.

Emily loved her brother—her playmate and protector in childhood, when orphanhood was new to them, and before the seeds of sin had sprung up to so vigorous a crop. How he had soothed her sobbing, throbbing heart with caresses, and said that when he became a man, he would take care of her, and be a father to her, his little Emily! She remembered this, as well as his first manifest departure from “the way in which he should go,” his being led astray by bad youthful companions, till he had learned—oh, how soon!—to despise the law of his mother. She remembered too—how could she help it?—that her mother, conscientious and Christian in all besides, had blinded herself to George's faults, and sometimes unjustly charged them upon her, his sister; and when, at last, his irregularities became too glaring to be concealed, how their mother had found fresh excuses for every act of his wild folly. And now it was come to this!

Only the night before, her brother had returned home, intoxicated, and had demanded money of his weeping, shrinking, indulgent mother. She had none to give, and said so: and if she had, she dared not give it to nourish his excesses, and add sin to sin.

“Then I won't stay here any longer,” he had declared; “I will enlist, and go for a soldier.”

By urgent entreaties, he had been persuaded to remain at home that evening, and had gone to his chamber, to sleep off the effects of his excesses; but through the day he had been absent; and now he had put his threat into execution.

Two, three hours passed away; and Emily was about to leave the cottage in search of her heart-broken mother, when the door opened, and the mother entered. She had found her son at last, and had succeeded in withdrawing him from the riotous crew with whom he was mingled; but it was only to learn that henceforth he was lost to her.

The widow's cottage was a sorrowful scene that night; and when, at length, the light was extinguished, and mother and daughter, exhausted with grief, retired to their rooms, it was not to sleep or rest, but to pray in agony, and to “water their couch with their tears.

#### ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

The true Christian, however lowly the sphere in which he moves, will leave a track of light

behind him, which serves to help his fellow travellers forward on “the strait and narrow way.” When, moreover, that sphere has been the exalted one of a gospel minister, to which he has brought more than an ordinary share of those gifts and graces which adorn any profession, and which shine so beautifully and conspicuously in this, the track becomes broad and luminous. And when again the striking incidents and varieties of foreign travel furnish their agreeable addition, we have altogether the materials for a biography, interesting and instructive beyond any that unsanctified genius, however lofty, or unhallowed enterprise, however successful, can possibly afford. Such has been the combination in the brief but eventful life to which we would bespeak the attention of our readers.

Robert Murray M'Cheyne was born in Edinburgh, May 21st, 1813. He gave evidence from infancy of being gifted with singular quickness and ability. During a recovery from illness, when only four years old, his chosen recreation was the learning of the Greek alphabet; and he was soon able to name the letters, and to write them—of course but rudely—upon a slate.

As a school-boy he was early remarkable for his taste for poetry and recitation; also for a passion for rural scenery, and a love of romantic enterprise. During his summer vacations, he occasionally made excursions with his brother or an intimate friend, through the lakes and mountains of the Highlands; and upon one occasion an adventure befell him and a youthful companion, which in after-life it must have afforded no small pleasure to one of his poetic temperament to recall. They had spent the day in the vicinity of Dunkeld, and set out again at sunset, intending to cross the mountains to Strathurie. A thick mist soon surprised them upon their upward path, and they found themselves at nightfall entirely out of their track, and engirdled by the lonely and fast-darkening hills. They had no resource but to crouch down, cold and hungry, in the heather, where sleep ere long fell upon them; they awoke, however, about midnight, and felt a strange chill of fear creep over them, from the vast and silent solitude around. Drawing closer to each other, they were soon asleep again, until awakened by the wild bird and the coming of the glorious dawn.

In November, 1827, M'Cheyne entered the university of Edinburgh, and won prizes in every class which he attended. He did not, however, permit the severer studies so entirely to engross his time as to prevent his acquisition of modern languages, or his cultivation of drawing and music, in both of which accomplishments

he excelled; while in poetry, which was his chosen recreation, he was so fortunate as to attract the attention of the lately deceased and much regretted Professor Wilson, by whom he was adjudged the prize in the moral philosophy class, for a poem on "the Covenanters."

In the winter of 1831 he commenced his divinity studies, under the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. To the adoption of the ministry as his profession, he was led, not by any expectation of preferment or desire of lettered ease, but by a love for the souls of others, consequent upon the knowledge of the price that had been paid for—the value that had been set upon—his own. Of this he was by nature and in practice just as ignorant and heedless as his fellows. But it pleased God, who effects his gracious purposes in so many and such various ways, to make the death of his elder brother, eight or nine years his senior, the bearer of an awakening message to his heart. To this brother, long a child of God, he had been most tenderly attached; and from the period of his death he ever dated the commencement of his own spiritual life. Thus, writing to a friend on his eleventh anniversary, he says: "This day, eleven years ago, I lost my loved and loving brother, and began to seek a Brother who cannot die." His account of his own conversion was, that commencing then, there was nothing sudden in it—that he was led to Christ through deep and abiding, but not awful or distracting convictions. A diary which he kept after having resolved upon the ministry as his profession, and after he had entered the Divinity Hall, proves likewise that it was but gradually, and with many a struggle, that he was altogether weaned from the pleasures of the world. We find, for instance, such entries as the following:—March 10, 1832, "I hope never to play cards again." March 25, "Never visit on a Sunday again." April 10, "Absent myself from the dance—upbraidings ill to bear; but I must try to bear the cross." Again, December 18, after spending an evening too lightly, "My heart must break off from these things. What right have I to steal and abuse my Master's time? Redeem it, he is crying to me!"

About this time also he wrote some striking stanzas, upon hearing of a friend of the family, that she had said she was "determined to keep by the world." The following is an extract:—

She hath launched her boat  
On life's giddy sea,  
And her all is atoat  
For eternity.  
But Bethlehem's star  
Is not in her view;  
And her aim is far  
From the harbour true,

When the storm descends,  
From an angry sky,  
Ah! where from the winds  
Shall the vessel fly?  
When stars are concealed,  
And rudder gone,  
And heaven is sealed,  
• To the wandering one !,

\* \* \* \*  
Away then—oh, fly  
From the joys of earth!  
Her smile is a lie,  
There's a sting in her mirth.  
Come, leave the dreams  
Of this transient night,  
And bask in the beams  
Of an endless light!

There existed at that time a society amongst the students under the auspices of Dr. Chalmers, the object of which was to stir them up to devote an hour or two in every week to visiting in the most neglected portions of the city. Many nearly similar societies have since then been formed throughout the kingdom; and they are truly admirable, not alone for the light which they shed through the dark places of the land, nor yet for the school of preparation which they afford to candidates for the ministry in one of the most important branches of their arduous work; but further for the practical lesson which they teach to the laity at large, of every rank and class, who make any profession of religion, as to the facility which lies within their reach, of doing something in the Lord's service, of discharging themselves of some portion of that solemn responsibility which rests upon them for the souls of their fellow-sinners, and of coming in hereafter for some share, it may be a large one, of the peculiar blessing which belongs to those who "turn many to righteousness." It is surely one of the sad mistakes of our own day, that the work of winning souls belongs only to the clergy. It was some time before entering the ministry that the subject of our present sketch exerted himself strenuously in the important field of labour to which we have referred; and it was therein that he was privileged to gather the first-fruits of his after harvest of success. His feelings upon first commencing this work are thus powerfully depicted: would that such were more common than they are amongst those who have far more time and opportunity to give to it than he, a hard-working student, was then possessed of. "Accompanied A. B., in one of his rounds through some of the most miserable habitations I ever beheld. Such scenes I never dreamed of. . . . I have passed their doors thousands of times; I have admired the huge black piles of building, with their lofty chimnies breaking the sun's rays: why have I never ventured within? How dwelleth the love of God in me? How cordial

is the welcome even of the poorest and most loathsome to the voice of Christian sympathy! What embedded masses of human beings are huddled together, unvisited by friend or minister! 'No man careth for our souls' is written over every forehead. Awake, my soul!"

It is a very remarkable feature in the earlier history of this devoted Christian that, consequent upon his awakening to the power and reality of religion, there followed a far more earnest devotion to study than before. He was at no period of his college life a remiss or idle student; but from the time at which he seriously felt it to be his duty and privilege to consecrate his every talent to the Redeemer's glory, he began to cultivate them with an assiduity such as previously he had never known. Along with his attendance upon the usual literary and philosophical classes, he found time to make considerable progress in geology and natural history; thus utterly falsifying the notion that true religion can ever do otherwise than stimulate the desire for the utmost possible amount of useful secular information. Afterwards, at the most successful period of his ministry, he often would refer to this, and express his regret that he had not been enabled to acquire larger stores of knowledge; for he found himself, as he would express it, "able to use the jewels of the Egyptians in the service of Christ." Illustrations derived from his previous "studies were most happily employed in his expositions and enforcements of gospel truth. In writing to a young student upon this subject, he expresses himself thus: "Remember you are now forming the character of your future ministry in great measure, if God spare you. If you acquire slovenly or sleepy habits of study now, you will never get the better of it. Do every thing in its own time—do every thing in earnest; if it is worth doing, then do it with all your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God." To another he wrote: "Beware of the atmosphere of the classics. It is pernicious indeed; and you need much of the south wind breathing over the Scriptures to counteract it. True, we ought to know them; but only as chemists handle poisons—to discover their qualities, not to infect their blood with them." And again: "Pray that the Holy Spirit would not only make you a believing and holy lad, but make you wise in your studies also. A ray of divine light in the soul sometimes clears up a mathematical problem wonderfully."

On July 1st, 1835, previous and preparatory to his regular ordination, he was, according to the custom of the Presbyterian church, licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Annan; and was located in the united parishes of Larbert and Dùnipace under Mr. John Bouar.

During this probationary period he laboured much both in preaching and parochial visiting; while the early portion of the day was invariably given to the study of the word of God, of books of theology, and occasionally of general knowledge. Of his object in reading, and the spirit in which he read the latter, we have sufficient evidence in his remark after the perusal of "Insect Architecture." "God reigns in a community of ants and ichneumons as visibly as among living men or mighty seraphim." His mode of studying the Scriptures we may in like manner gather from his observation to a friend. "He would be a sorry student of this world who should for ever confine his gaze to the fruitful fields and well-watered gardens of the cultivated earth. He could have no true idea of what the world was, unless he had stood upon the rocks of our mountains, and seen the bleak muirs and mosses of our barren land; unless he had paced the quarter deck when the vessel was out of sight of land, and seen the waste of waters without any shore upon the horizon. Just so, he would be a sorry student of the Bible who would not know all that God has inspired—who would not examine into the most barren chapters to collect the good for which they were intended."

We now close for the present our brief sketch of the life of this eminent servant of God, reserving for a future number our notice of his labours as an ordained minister of the established church of Scotland, and of his visit to the Holy Land.

#### CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

##### THE BATTLE BOW.

"Whose arrows are sharp, and their bows bent."—*Isaiah v. 29.*

A COMPANY of the original and hitherto unsubdued inhabitants of the mountainous parts of China are represented in our illustration as zealously engaged in preparing for conflict. The man who is armed with a sword and shield, has his sword drawn ready for the onset, and seems to be looking over the shield to catch the first glimpse of the shaft which, may be shot by the enemy, that he may cover himself and his companions by this piece of defensive armour. He is clad with a coat of mail, which is so contrived as to protect the body without encumbering its movements. The head is covered with a helmet made of brass or iron, the neck protected by a gorget, which resembles that beautiful ruff that hangs down upon the nape and back of the gold pheasant. The plates upon it overlap each other like the feathers of that ornament. The breast and back are invested with an habergeon or cuirass, which, like the armour worn by our

horse guards, leaves the arm unimpeded in its exercise. The legs, from the knee to the ankle, are clothed in greaves, but the rest of the limb is left bare, that the warrior may retreat or pursue without hindrance, or maintain his ground by firmly grasping the soil with his hardy and well-expanded foot.

Three men are engaged in hauling up the bowstring, to lodge it behind the catch. These we may regard as a father and his two sons. The old man, rendered expert by long practice, is about to direct the arrow, which he holds in his mouth. The zeal which is manifested in his face and attitude, characterizes him as one inured to danger, and fond of the battle. The small size of the arrow is remarkable, especially when contrasted with the strength and magnitude of the bow. It is about half the length of the arrows now used by the Chinese, and unprovided with any feather to render it buoyant, or to give an inclination to the head when on its way towards the mark. It is small and sharp, whereby it moves easily in its passage through the air, and penetrates more deeply into the object at which it is directed. It appears to be one solid piece of iron. The young men who are helping their father cannot forbear looking abroad, and, in fact, seem more interested in what the enemy may be doing than they are about the position of the bowstring. Their conduct, is therefore, very naturally, contrasted with the veteran-like firmness of their parent, who thinks only of his duty. The three are not furnished with any defensive kind of armour, as that would interfere with a successful management of the bow. The old man at the top is the captain of the little company, and has also a sword or hand-staff for thrusting, ready in his hand. This weapon was adapted for close quarters; for though long itself, it can be held so as to gall a foe in the "wearing" grapple of a rencounter.\* It is slung by the side in such a manner that the hilt forms a kind of ornament for the breast, and passes under the quiver, and hence does not interfere with the delivery of the arrows from that receptacle. The heads of all the warriors are adorned with a plume, like their fellows in the west. A fondness for feathers, indeed, seems to be instinctive, since all nations delight in their adoption as a badge of beauty. But soldiers seem to have discovered a singular appropriateness in them to their profession. The warrior who figures among the Chinese has his cap adorned with a pair of plumes plucked from the tail of the Tartar pheasant, which remind him of his calling, as he often bends them down to survey their beauty. In scenic

representations in China, the general of some potent army is often decorated with these long and graceful feathers, which are waved in the face of his competitor, or bowed by the hand of the wearer as a flourish to give effect to conversation.

We have called this group a "company," with reference to the technical meaning of the term, for in Chinese tactics five men form such a body, and are under the command of one out of the five. The old man with his sword in readiness commands his comrades, and is, therefore, properly represented as surveying the movements of the enemy. Three men man the bow, while a fourth covers them with a shield. In this way their functions are properly assorted, and each man attends to his own party, and they take their places accordingly.

Beside them, as may be seen in the engraving, four lances are stuck in the ground, to which the four light-armed men will betake themselves as soon as the foe shall approach near enough to be within reach of their points. They are about ten feet in length, and become a formidable weapon in the hands of those who have been trained from their infancy in the use of them. Our motto agrees with the idea conveyed to the mind by the picture: "their arrows are sharp, and their bows bent." The former have been ground and pointed for the occasion, and the latter are bent ready to shoot the shaft as soon as the objects of their pursuit are in sight. We proceed to select, and briefly comment upon a few other passages wherein bows and arrows are mentioned.

"He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through." Job xx. 24. The bow in our illustration is made of wood; but the cross-bow in Job's time was made of steel, on account of its greater strength and elasticity. It has been hinted that the arrow used by the persons represented in our illustration was probably of iron, a supposition that would very well explain the phrase "iron weapon" in the passage before us. A steel bow, we think, was necessarily a cross-bow; this kind of weapon was, therefore, as old as Job.

"He teacheth my hands to fight, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms." Psalm xviii. 34. This may also have been a cross-bow, which might be broken by a strong man, when, setting his foot upon the bow, he pulled the string with his right hand, while his left held the stock, like the old man in the picture. In such an effort, all the muscles of the body are called into action, and an excellent proof is afforded of the firm and sinewy texture of the body, and of the vigorous state of the spirits by which the whole is animated. If the mind is cheerful and the heart prompted by courage, the body

\* A Chinese author says it is as sharp, and moves with the quickness of a hawk when darting upon its prey.



can exert twofold the force it can when doubt and despondency have damped the feelings and unstrung the nerves. Hope and faith in Jehovah's word had given alacrity and strength to David's soul, and hence, in preparing to receive the assault of his enemies, like the men in the picture, he had pulled the string of his bow with so much violence that it broke in his hands. The life of every good man is a constant state of warfare; every success that he gains over himself and the world must be achieved by hard fighting. We are often longing to retire from the combat, and are fain to hang up our arms as in a time of peace; but our leader bids us keep our stations, and pledges himself that he will teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight.

"He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for his arrow. He hath caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into my veins." Lament. iii. 12, 13. The prophet had grown familiar with archery, though his profession was not of the warlike kind. The Chaldean soldiers, whose bows were bent and their arrows sharp, had taught his countrymen a sad lesson as to their unerring aim and deadly force. He therefore, in the midst of his affliction, while his imagination was still fraught with the sad spectacle he

had just witnessed, likens Jehovah to a warrior who had levelled his shafts at him and pierced him in the most mortal parts of his body.

"He hath made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me." Isaiah xlix. 2, 3. The shaft here referred to was either pointed with, or made entirely of, iron, and was consequently polished before it was laid in the quiver preparatory to the battle. An arrow seems to denote an eloquent speaker, and it must be acknowledged that this is an emblem full of propriety, for the shafts of an expert man fly with celerity and hit the object with certainty. Words, when spoken in due season, sometimes strike through the hearts of the hearers, and stick fast in the memory like so many barbed arrows. Rhetoric consists not in saying sublime, ingenious, or recondite things, but in hitting the hearts or the understandings of the auditory. We have Aristotle's authority for this remark, and it is confirmed by the experience of every day. For this purpose there are no words like those of Holy Scripture; none that come so home to the feelings, or plead so forcibly with the judgment. They are polished shafts, and the Bible is a quiver full of them.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### SUBSTITUTION OF THE CLEAN FOR THE UNCLEAN.

"The firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb."—Exod. xxxiv. 20.

WHILE the ceremonies of the Levitical law are but shadows which have passed away, now that Christ, the bright and enduring substance, has been revealed; it is nevertheless most instructive and profitable for us to study them in the light of the gospel, and under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as they establish beyond question the all-important truth that salvation in Christ Jesus is not an after-thought of God. On devoutly studying these ancient rites, it becomes clear that it is the one only plan, and purpose which existed in God's mind from the beginning; they prove beyond dispute that the Old Testament Scriptures are not contrary to the New; and that the same Saviour, obtaining for the sinner "redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins," who is so fully and gloriously proclaimed in the latter, is also revealed in type and in shadow in the former. From the prayerful contemplation of these types and shadows, too, we may derive much increase to our knowledge, and no small confirmation of our faith in Him who is "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Our text sets before us the ordinance of God as delivered to Moses, concerning the substitution of a clean animal for an unclean, in an offering which he required of the people of Israel: "The firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb." Let us consider what we may learn from this, concerning that one way of the sinner's salvation which our God hath graciously appointed and revealed. And, first, what was the offering in which this substitution was to be made? It was that of the first-born of every creature, which the Most High required to be dedicated unto him. And the reason for this requirement is given in Exodus xiii. 15, namely, that "the Lord slew all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both of man and beast;" therefore the first-born were to be his. In other words, the Lord connected his great deliverance of his people Israel with a judgment poured out upon the first-born, and, as a memorial of this judgment and this deliverance, commanded the first-born to be specially dedicated unto Him. But what did this judgment on the first-born of

Egypt signify? Were not all the people of Egypt equally guilty with the first-born; or rather, inasmuch as many of the first-born must have been unconscious infants and unoffending children at the time, were not the adult body of the Egyptian population far more guilty as to the detention of the Israelites, than the first-born? and, if so, why then visit the transgression in this instance exclusively upon them? Or, again, were not all the people of Israel and their cattle, equally with the first-born of each, the peculiar property of Jehovah? Why then be satisfied in this instance with the dedication of the first-born alone? To all this we have an answer and an explanation, given in the language of the inspired apostle (Col. i. 15), where he sets the Lord Jesus Christ before us as "the first-born of every creature"—the representative—even as the first-born amongst men was a representative—of the entire family of God.

From this bright eminence, as it were, in the New Testament revelation, light is poured back upon the judgment on the first-born in Egypt, in which we see the representative of the family bearing the punishment due to the entire; and from that judgment in Egypt, light again is reflected back upon the cross of Calvary, where we see "the first-born," the representative, of every creature, bearing creation's awful penalty—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Further, looking back from Christ, the first-born, to the first-born of Israel, both man and beast, we see the typical meaning of the peculiar dedication alluded to in our text—the first-born, the representative, rendering to God that exclusive service which was the debt and obligation of all; and turning again from them to him—from the many types to the one anti-type—we see Him, the first-born, and him alone, clothed in human nature, "magnifying and making honourable" the law of God by that sinless obedience, with nothing less than which it could be satisfied, and which it has required, but in vain, of the fallen family of man.

Thus do we find, amidst the shadows of the Old Testament dispensation, most important and instructive traces of the plan and purpose of God for the deliverance of mankind, thought the bearing of their deserved punishment and the rendering of their required obedience by Him who is set before us as "the first-born"—the representative—"the beginning of the creation of God," (Rev. iii. 14.) And thus, by comparing the Old Testament with the New,

"spiritual things with spiritual," may we learn more of that "completeness in Christ," (Col. ii. 10,) which is the blessed standing of the true believer, and have our hearts drawn out the more in gratitude and love to God for "his unspeakable gift."

But, secondly, our text speaks of a substitution, or rather of a redemption to be effected by substitution, in this offering of the first-born to God. "The first-born of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb." What was the occasion and the object of this? The ass was an unclean animal: the Most High, for the purpose of keeping up a perpetual distinction before the eyes and the minds of the people of Israel between the holy and unholy—clean and unclean; and of impressing them with a sense of the separation which existed in his sight between nation and nation, man and man, had drawn a line, with regard to the brute creation, between such animals as might and might not be offered to him in sacrifice, or used by the people of Israel as fit for food. The ass was amongst the unclean, and was therefore unfit and forbidden to be in any way offered to God. What, then, in such cases, was to be done with the first-born? How was that universal law of dedication, of which we have been speaking, to be complied with, as regarded them? The answer is, by substitution; the clean for the unclean; the lamb, which was a clean animal, substituted for, and offered to God instead of, the ass, which was unclean. Who is so blind as not to see in this, and not to wonder at and admire as he sees it, the finger of God pointing forward to that "Lamb," the sinner's substitute, which he hath "himself provided," (Genesis xxii. 8,) even the Lamb of God "that taketh away the sin of the world?" Who, in the face of such an ordinance as this, meeting him amidst those ceremonial precepts of which the apostle Paul teaches us, in the epistle to the Hebrews, that they were all "types and figures of good things to come"—even of a "greater and more perfect sacrifice"—can for one moment doubt or question that the mode of the sinner's redemption is thus simply by substitution—"the just for the unjust"—the sinless for the sinful—the clean for the unclean? Or who can entertain the thought that any other mode of salvation than this existed in the mind of God from the beginning, or that Jesus Christ is any other than "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world?"

And now a few words in the way of application. Reader, do you feel yourself to be a sinner before God? Remember that in order to be such, it is not needful that your conscience should accuse you of any flagrant violation of his holy law. One blemish, and that the most minute that the eye of man could possibly

detect, was sufficient to brand an animal as imperfect—to mark it off as rejected, as unfit for sacrifice, under the Levitical law. Even so one sin once committed—one deviation in a whole lifetime, though it were but by a hair's-breadth, from the right line of duty to God and to man laid down in the tables of the commandments—one idleword—one foolish thought—one neglected opportunity—one omitted duty, brands you as a sinner, shuts you out from acceptance with Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

Or, further, let us suppose, for argument's sake, that conscience did not even accuse you of such—that you were in a higher sense than was the apostle Paul, "touching the law, blameless"—still, as it would have been no reason for offering to God an animal of a species which he had pronounced unclean, that it was perfect of its kind, that the eye of man could detect no blemish in it; even so your morality, your righteousness, supposing you to be possessed of such, are those of a fallen being—a being of a species which the holy God has again and again pronounced unclean—unfit for, and incapable by nature of, offering acceptable service unto him; yea, unfit for being offered to him as a propitiatory sacrifice; and the fire of whose sacrifice, if so offered, should burn for ever, without any token of satisfaction or acceptance descending upon it from on high. How then, reader, is God's righteous requirement of satisfaction for your sin, and of obedience—perfect obedience—to his law, to be met and fulfilled, as concerns you? Be assured, this is a personal matter! Met these requirements must be, in all their fulness, or you are for ever lost! Here is the reply—by redemption—by the substitution of the clean for the unclean—the lamb for the ass—the Lamb of God, in whom the eye of the Omniscient can detect no blemish, who is "his beloved Son with whom he is well pleased," for you; the sinner, upon whom a descent from fallen Adam fixes the brand of uncleanness, and in whom the eye of the Holy One discovers, infecting the whole frame from head to foot, the cleaving leprosy of sin. See to it, then, that he is *your* substitute; that, condemned as you are in yourself by nature and by practice, you are nevertheless "accepted in the Beloved." The Father has provided him as the sinner's substitute; he, the ever blessed Son, proffers himself as such; as such the Holy Spirit testifies to him. Oh, see that he is such to *you*—that you are coming to him, trusting in him, taking hold upon him, saying of him in your heart and in your life, as well as with your lips, "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

## THE NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

PART I.

### THE OLD RELIGION.

WHEN a Protestant enters into conversation with an Irish Roman Catholic, and seeks to point out to him the errors of his creed, he will sometimes have the question put to him with an air of triumph, and as if this were enough to decide the controversy, "Sure then, and is not our faith *the old religion?*" Now it does not follow, because a system of religion is old, that therefore it is true. Those systems of pagan idolatry which Christianity overturned in its early triumphs, bore upon them the stamp of hoar antiquity. And just as "Satan's lie," by which the mother of our race was deceived, was almost as old as "God's truth," by which she had been warned in vain, so a false church may claim an antiquity almost as old as that of the pure, primitive, and apostolic faith itself. The true appeal on the question of "the old religion" is (as St. Columba, an Irish saint, writing A.D. 602, has showed) to holy Scripture. "Certainly," he says, "error can lay high claim to antiquity, but the truth which condemns it is of higher antiquity still. The Books should be read on both sides with peace and humility, and without anything of a contentious spirit, and whatever spirit accords most with the Old and New Testament, that should be observed without any feeling on the part of any one."\*

But is it a matter of fact that the Roman Catholic religion is the "ancient faith"—the "old religion"—of Ireland? It is true that Romanism prevailed in that country for several centuries before the period of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. But there is ample historical evidence to show that for many hundred years, and down to the close of the twelfth century, when Henry II, under the authority of a bull of Pope Adrian, conquered Ireland and subjugated it to the Romish pontiff, the ancient Irish church differed widely both in faith and discipline from the church of Rome, and refused to recognise the pope's supremacy. It has indeed been often said that St. Patrick, the IRISH APOSTLE, as he has been called; came to Ireland as a missionary from the Romish pontiff, and was the first to introduce Christianity thither. But the truth is that the only bishop who came from Rome up to A.D. 858 was Palladius, and his mission, which took place A.D. 431, was abortive and unsuccessful. No mention whatever is made by any contemporary historian, or of any who lived within 400 years

afterwards, of the alleged mission of St. Patrick to Ireland. In his own "Confession," in which we have an outline of his personal history, we find that it was in Ireland (when carried thither a prisoner from the coast of Gaul) that he received the doctrine of Christ "in the love of it." After his return to his own country, he was constrained by "the charity of Christ" to go back to preach the gospel to "many thousands of people," chiefly "in the rudest and most inaccessible parts of the country." "I was ignorant," he says, "of the true God, and was led captive into Ireland; and there the Lord brought me to a sense of my unbelief; so that even late I should remember my faults, and be converted with my whole heart to the Lord my God." "It is not I," he writes, "but Christ the Lord who commanded me to go into Ireland, and that I should be with them the remainder of my life."

As to the Christian religion not being found in Ireland until St. Patrick's time, the existence of a scriptural church there antecedent to this period is clearly evidenced by many writers. St. Chrysostom testifies A.D. 390: "Although thou shouldst go to the ocean and those British isles, thou shouldst hear all men everywhere discoursing out of the Scriptures." Dr. Lanigan and other writers, quoting St. Patrick's own words, remark that they "plainly imply that long before his time, Christianity had been preached and practised." This is confirmed by O'Halloran and others, who deduce adequate and varied evidence to show that "Christian seminaries were established long before the days of St. Patrick," and that "the Christian missionaries early opened schools in opposition to the Druids, as they could hope for scholars and proselytes only by their superior attention to letters." And so says Lawless, "after St. Patrick, a succession of pious and learned men arose who gave celebrity to Ireland for the four following centuries, when polite and solid literature languished in almost every part of Europe." This was the period when Ireland received the name of the "Island of saints," when, according to the testimony of the Venerable Bede, the nobles and other orders of the Anglo-Saxons flocked thither for instruction, and the Scots (as he calls the Irish) maintained them, taught them, and furnished them with books without fee or reward. "A most honourable testimony," says the polished Lord Lyttleton, "not only to the learning but likewise to the hospitality and bounty of that nation." Lord Coke, referring to this period in the history of Ireland, tells us that the Saxons "did thither repaire as to a faire," or market for literature and religion, when darkness overspread the rest of Western Europe.

Leland\* thinks it not improbable or surprising that seven thousand students should have studied at Armagh, agreeably to the accounts of Irish writers, though the seminary of Armagh was but one of those numerous colleges erected in Ireland. And let it be remembered, that it was when learning thus flourished that the domination of the church of Rome was unknown, and that her leading dogmas were not embraced. The free and commanded use of the Scriptures, the inculcation of the doctrines of grace and of the efficacy of the intercession of Christ, without any allusion to the mass, to transubstantiation, priestly absolution, purgatory, human merit, or prayers for the dead, the rejection of the papal supremacy, diversity in the forms of celebrating divine worship, the marriage of the clergy—all these, and other important points of doctrine and discipline, were maintained and practised in the ancient Irish church, and clearly indicate its opposition to the papal system now established in Ireland.† It would be easy, did our space permit, to multiply extracts from the writings of St. Patrick, St. Columbkill,‡ and other illustrious Irishmen of the period to which reference has been made in support of these general statements, and to show that the early Irish Christians, "only diligently practised," as Bede says, "such works of piety and chastity as they could learn from the prophetic, evangelical, and apostolical writings." Would that every Irishman who glories in the name of St. Patrick were to adopt the "old religion," according to the same divine standard of authority, and that in the matter of doctrine and worship he were in full accordance with what is presented in his writings! The following are interesting extracts from these writings.

The first is "On the Three Habitations," of which it has been truly said that "no controversialist of the present day could more thoroughly establish the fact that there is no purgatory than did St. Patrick."

"There are three habitations under the eye of Almighty God; the highest is called the kingdom of God or the kingdom of Heaven; the lowest is called Hell; the MIDDLE PLACE is called THIS PRESENT WORLD."

"The mixture of bad and good is in this

\* Leland's Preliminary Discourse, p. xx.

† See "Usher's Discourse of the Religion anciently professed by the Irish," 1631; "Jamieson's Historical Account of the Culdees," Edinburgh, 1811.

‡ St. Columbkill, or St. Columba, went from Ireland and established the order of the Culdees in the island of Iona, whence the Gospel was diffused over Scotland and the greater part of England itself; "that illustrious island," says Dr. Johnson, "which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence roving clans and savage barbarians derived the benefit of knowledge and the blessings of religion."

present world. But in the kingdom of God there are no bad people, for all are good; but in hell there are no good people, for all are bad; and each of these places (heaven and hell) is supplied from the middle place (the present world). For of the people of this world some are exalted to *heaven*, others are dragged down to *hell*. Like are joined to like: that is, good men are joined to the good, and evil men to the bad. Just men to just angels; wicked men to wicked angels. The servants of God to God; the servants of the devil to the devil, etc."

He then speaks of the two roads, viz.—

"The broad road of life is to be avoided which leads to death: but by every desire of the heart the narrow road which leads to life must be sought and entered on."

Thus St. Patrick knew only of "two roads and two ends," the one leading to the better country, the other to the place of despair. He makes no mention of any *third place* beyond the grave.

The following beautiful passage is extracted from St. Patrick's hymn, written when he was exposed to peculiar dangers from the hostility of the pagan king Leogaire, who sought to destroy him when he was coming to Tara to preach the Christian faith.

"At Tara to-day! the strength of God pilot me; the power of God preserve me; the wisdom of God instruct me; the eye of God watch over me; the ear of God hear me; the word of God give me sweet talk; the hand of God defend me; the way of God guide me. Christ be with me; Christ before me; Christ after me; Christ in me; Christ under me; Christ over me; Christ on my right hand; Christ on my left hand; Christ on this side; Christ on that side; Christ at my back; Christ in the heart of every person to whom I speak; Christ in the mouth of every person who speaks to me; Christ in the eye of every person who looks upon me; Christ in the ear of every person who hears me. At Tara to-day, I invoke the mighty power of the Trinity. Salvation is the Lord's—salvation is the Lord's. Salvation is Christ's. May thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us!" The reader cannot fail to observe that this sublime invocation was addressed to *God alone*. "The mighty power of the Trinity" was St. Patrick's sure refuge, and to him Christ as a Saviour was "all in all." Equally clear and scriptural is St. Patrick's confession of faith; but space prevents us from quoting further from his writings.

In our next paper we shall treat of that long period of darkness which enshrouded Ireland after her subjection to papal domination, and of the first glimmerings of that morning which now gilds her mountain tops as the presage, we trust, of the full-orbed splendour of the day.

SACRED LYRISTS.  
GEORGE WITHER.

To attain the great age of nearly fourscore years with an unbroken spirit, though familiar with straitened circumstances, domestic sorrow, and political persecution—to live under eleven different governments—to be twice the imprisoned victim of vindictive tyranny, without the means of procuring the common necessities of life—to have children married while their father was in durance—to survive two of the deadliest pestilences on record in history, separated from each other by a longer interval than that of an average life, while residing in the very heart and centre of the fell plagues—to be the author of more than a hundred distinct compositions in prose and verse, often written in poverty and bonds, and writing on in old age with unabated freshness and vigour:—these are not, perhaps, very extraordinary circumstances, taken one by one, but they are most remarkable when combined in the experience of the same individual. Such was the lot of George Wither, a patriot, a poet, and a Christian, notwithstanding many and manifest faults and indiscretions, some measure of which surely appertains to the brightest ornaments of our race.

He was born at Bentworth in Hampshire, June 11, 1588, the era of the Spanish Armada, and died in London, May 2, 1667, the year following that of the great fire, having nearly completed an eventful pilgrimage of seventy-nine years. He lived, according to his own curious but not inaccurate enumeration, under Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, the king and parliament together, the parliament alone, the army, Oliver Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, the Council of State, the Parliament again, and Charles II. His first imprisonment was in the Marshalsea, for a poetical satire, in the reign of James, when he was compelled to live “on the coarsest bread, and was sometimes locked up four-and-twenty hours together, without so much as a drop of water,” while the “help of physician and apothecary was uncivilly denied” in sickness. His second imprisonment was in Newgate and the Tower under Charles II, for a political pamphlet, unfinished and in manuscript, which was found among his papers during a search of his house. It was not less rigorous than the former, for, by express order, he was debarred from having any company; refused the use of pen, ink, and paper; had even his black-lead taken away; and was reduced to the necessity of scrawling his verses with an “oker pencil” upon the trenchers, for write he would, and did. During his last confinement his two surviving children married, and “kept their weddings” in the mother’s desolated home,

having not “even a dish or spoon, but what a neighbour lent” for the celebration of their wedlock. Wither was at a mature age, thirty-seven, when the great plague of 1625 ravaged the metropolis; and he survived to witness and briefly outlive the greater horrors of 1665, forty years later. He wrote a multitude of controversial and political pieces which have fallen into unregretted oblivion; but produced a number of poems and sacred lyrics of the highest merit, remarkable for their beautiful simplicity, felicity of diction, and easy flow, which are, in fact, some of our earliest specimens of graceful, pure, and idiomatic English.

Boethius, Raleigh, Buchanan, and Grotius devoted the leisure of a prison to literature. So did Wither, and to literature of the highest kind, composing religious poems, which amply prove his ability to extract comfort in sorrow from devout meditations. Thus, in the “Prisoner’s Lay,” a kind of monitory and soothing address to himself, written in the Marshalsea, he pictures a man sentenced at a human tribunal going to his death-doom, pale and wan, hardly breathing through fear; and then adjures his own soul:—

“Think, if in that such grief you see,  
How sad will ‘Go ye cursed’ be!”

Next reversing the case, he notices an individual pardoned when ready to perish, with joy beaming in his countenance, the adjuration following:—

“Then think between thy heart and thee,  
How glad will ‘Come ye blessed’ be!”

Many of the “songs and hymns of the church,” among the best of his productions, were composed at the same time. Though James granted a royal patent for their publication, and the bench of bishops approved, while the celebrated Gibbons set the hymns to music; they brought little fame or profit to the author. But they are alike distinguished by harmonious numbers, a simplicity of expression which charms and soothes, a tenderness of spirit, and truthful religious feeling. The prayer for “Seasonable Weather” is an example:—

“Lord, should the sun, the clouds, the wind,  
The air and seasons, be  
To us so froward and unkind  
As we are false to thee;  
All fruits would quite away be burned,  
Or lie in water drown’d,  
Or blasted be, or overturn’d,  
Or chill’d upon the ground.

But from our duty though we swerve,  
Thou still dost mercy show,  
And deign thy creatures to preserve,  
That men might thankful grow.  
Yet, though from day to day we sin,  
And thy displeasure gain,  
No sooner we to cry begin,  
But pity we obtain.

The weather now thou changed hast,  
That put us late to fear,  
And when our hopes were almost past,  
Then comfort did appear.  
The heaven the earth's complaint hath heard,  
They reconciled be,  
And thou such weather hast prepar'd  
As we desir'd of thee."

The "Thanksgiving for Victory" has similar characteristics:—

"We love thee, Lord, we praise thy name,  
Who by thy great almighty arm,  
Hast kept us from the spoil and shame  
Of those that sought our causeless harm.  
Thou art our life, our triumph-song,  
The joy and comfort of our heart;  
To thee all praises do belong,  
And thou the Lord of armies art.  
This song we therefore sing to thee,  
And pray that thou for evermore  
Wouldst our protector deign to be,  
As at this time and heretofore.  
That thy continual favour shown,  
May cause us more to thee incline,  
And make throughout the world be known  
That such as are our foes, are thine."

A paraphrastic version of the 148th Psalm, appended to another publication, of which the last three stanzas are given, is remarkable for its cadence and spirit.

"Come, ye sons of human race,  
In this chorus take your place,  
And, amid this mortal throng,  
Be you masters of the song.  
Angels and celestial powers,  
Be the noblest tenor yours.  
Let, in praise of God, the sound  
Run a never-ending round,  
That our holy hymn may be  
Everlasting, as is he.  
From the earth's vast hollow womb,  
Music's deepest bass shall come;  
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,  
Shall the counter-tenor roar:  
To this concert, when we sing,  
Whistling winds, your descent bring;  
Which may bear the sound above,  
Where the orb of fire doth move;  
And so climb from sphere to sphere,  
Till our song th' Almighty hear.  
So shall he, from heaven's high tower,  
On the earth his blessings shower;  
All this huge white orb we see,  
Shall one quire, one temple be.  
There our voices we will rear,  
Till we fill it everywhere;  
And enrage the fiends that dwell  
In the air to sink to hell.  
Then, O come, with sacred lays,  
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise."

We now pass from the times of James to those of his ill-fated son.

The new reign, destined to close so unhappily, opened with inauspicious events. While Charles was busy with his marriage, the plague broke out, and raged with destructive effect in the metropolis and other places. His bride, Hen-

rietta of France, on coming over in June, 1625, embarked at Boulogne, owing to the infected state of Calais. She reached the capital along the highway of the river, from Gravesend to Sonerset-house, in order to avoid passing through the narrow streets, rife with pestilence and death; and almost immediately withdrew with the king to Hampton Court, while the parliament adjourned its sittings from Westminster to Oxford. The plague first appeared in the house of a Frenchman in Bishopgate Without. It spread slowly for a time, as if hesitating whether to spare or attack the people, and then rushed upon them with headlong speed. Wither was residing, at this period, by "Thames' fair bank," probably near the Strand, and remained at his post while numbers fled. Long afterwards, writing in Newgate, he observed, that he chose to "make here his voluntary residence, when hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations, that if God spared his life during that mortality, he might be a remembrancer both to this city and the whole nation." The sights seen and the sounds heard during the melancholy period he commemorated in a poem, under the title of "Britain's Remembrance."

There are striking notices in this production of the forlorn aspect of the city, and of the terror of those who were unable to quit it.

"Men were fearful grown  
To tarry on converse among their own.  
Friends fled each other; kinsmen stood aloof;  
The son to come within his father's roof  
Presumed not; the mother was constrained  
To let her child depart unentertained."

The Exchange was avoided as a site of certain danger. St. Paul's, a common lounging place, had "scarce a walker in the middle aisle." The Strand was an empty highway; "much-peopled Westminster" had become a solitude; and Whitehall stood

"As doth a quite forsaken monastery,  
In some lone forest, and we could not pass  
To many places but through weeds and grass."

The houses showed no faces at the windows;

"The empty casements gapèd wide for air."

Fifteen years later, a short time before the commencement of the great civil war, Wither produced a second collection of hymns, written with the laudable design of making "vain songs less delighted in," some of which are exquisite specimens of simple pathos and earnest piety. By this time he had married; and beautifully refers to his domestic life in a poem for "Anniversary Marriage Days":—

"Lord, living here are we,  
As fast united yet;  
As when our hands and hearts by thee  
Together first were knit."

And in a thankful song,  
Now sing we will thy praise,  
For that thou dost as well prolong  
Our loving, as our days.

The frowardness that springs  
From our corrupted kind,  
Or from those troublous outward things  
Which may distract the mind;  
Permit not thou, O Lord,  
Our constant love to shake,  
Or to disturb our true accord,  
Or make our hearts to ache."

During the storm of political commotion, Wither appeared for a short period in arms on behalf of the parliament, wielded his pen also on the same side, and, like many others, was betrayed into errors and imprudences by the excitement of the times. But he suffered grievously. His property being ravaged by the royalists, while persecuted to some extent by his own party, he was often reduced to the greatest straits. Cromwell befriended him, but he lost his favour by telling him "truths which he was not willing to hear of." The Restoration found him anticipating the close of his pilgrimage at "seventy years and two;" but it was not to terminate without sorrows being multiplied. Little more than a twelvemonth had elapsed before he was in Newgate, from whence he was transferred to the Tower, where he remained for sixteen weary months, numbering his own footsteps, counting the panes in the window of his cell, meditating and writing. The old man had a source of peace in his own breast which a vindictive government could not reach. Hence, as he affirms, he was often "exceedingly sad," and could call grief "comfort's mother." His bitterest affliction at this period was to hear of the dangerous illness of his wife, while utterly unable to afford her the least assistance. Few men have ever shown such uniform domestic tenderness. In a poem, called "An Improvement of Imprisonment," he poured out his heart for his family in felicitous and touching verses.

"Thereof be therefore heedful,  
Them favour not the less,  
Supply with all things needful  
In this our great distress.  
And when thou me shalt gather,  
Out of this land of life,  
Be thou my children's father,  
A husband to my wife,  
When I to them must never  
Speak more with tongue or pen,  
And they be barr'd for ever  
To see my face again:  
Preserve them from each folly,  
Which, ripening into sin,  
Makes root and branch unholy,  
And brings destruction in.  
Let not this world bewitch them,  
With low besotting wine;  
But let thy grace enrich them  
With faith and love divine.

And whilst we live together,  
Let us upon thee call,  
Help to prepare each other  
For what may yet befall;  
So just, so faithful-hearted,  
So constant let us be,  
That when we here are parted,  
We may all meet in thee!"

The prisoner was liberated in the summer of 1663, giving bond to the lieutenant of the Tower for his good behaviour. The great plague rapidly followed, his second experience of pestilence. He occupied a humble abode during the vast mortality, with his little family, consisting of three persons. Day after day they were expecting with natural anxiety the shaft of the destroyer; yet with confidence that, whether smitten or spared, living or dying, it would be in mercy, "for having nothing to make us in love with the world, we had placed our best hopes upon the world to come." The enemy intruded, but, as on the former occasion, it was to wound and not to slay. Wither was now seventy-seven, which he calls the eleventh diametrical year of his life. Yet, though oppressed with bodily infirmity, assailed with pestilential symptoms, and surrounded with awful scenes, his mind and pen were at work, composing "Meditations on the Lord's Prayer." This was written in the apartment occupied by the family, and open to callers, when, also, the keeping of two fires, a common precaution in the season of plague, seemed more than his slender means were likely to maintain. A sublimer example of moral patience and heroism has rarely been afforded. The great fire quickly succeeded the pestilence. Most of his friends and acquaintances were now dead; and the remaining few were scattered by the calamities of the period, that neither he or they knew where to find each other. He proposed, therefore, to find a resting-place for himself and wife at a solitary habitation in his native county. But this design was overruled. Shortly afterwards he lost his wife, and his own troubled career ended. In the year following the fire, the Poet of the Plague found a grave in the church of the Savoy hospital in the Strand. Though faulty as a politician, Wither's private character was unblemished, and his conduct in domestic life is above all praise. If he erred as a controversialist, his pen was never employed to extenuate guilt, apologize for tyranny, and flatter the great at the expense of honesty. But his highest claim to distinction is that of having maintained the cause of public morals from first to last, written some of the finest devotional lyrics in the language, and displayed the disposition of a Christian when treated with injustice and hardship.



## Page for the Young.

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### THE SHINING LIGHT.

WHAT a beautiful object is the rising sun, as it looks from the brow of the hill over the wide world ! See how it glitters in the dewy meadows, and seems to hang the hedge-rows with millions of many-coloured gems ! See how it pours on the streams a flood of rosy light, and peeps through the trees of the wood, tinging all it rests upon with its own blushing hue ! Look at the flickering of light and shade, as the soft breeze gently stirs the forest leaves ; and you can almost fancy thousands of bright and tiny beings are dancing for very joyousness through the air.

How many of our young friends are accustomed to see the sun rise ? We fear there are comparatively few, who are not more ready, when the first ray falls upon their eyelids, to say, " A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep," than to arise and go forth that they may behold, in all the freshness of its morning beauty, this most glorious and wonderful of their Maker's visible works.

But the rising sun is not only a beautiful, it is also an instructive object. Every soul that is born into this world is like a rising sun. Of some we are told, that "their path is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Such are those who, early led into the ways of godliness, have learned that they were created not merely that they might live, but that they might "shine;" not merely that they might enjoy their own lives, but that they might make happier the lives of others; not merely that they might take their portion of the Creator's gifts, but that they might show forth his praise. These are the "lights of the world." Note their progress; how fair their morning, how bright their noon-tide, how calm their setting. There may be clouds, nay, there may be storms across their path, but still they shine ; and often the cloud and the storm only make them shine the brighter.

The wise man calls them "the *just*."—"The path of the *just*," he says; "is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The *just* mean the righteous; not that any are righteous by nature; but all who believe the truth of God as Abraham did, are, like him, counted righteous—have a righteousness imputed to them; in other words, are treated as if they were righteous; and not only this, but by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, they have a righteousness imparted to them; they are made holy; they are "new creatures in Jesus Christ."

And then "*their path*" is as the "shining light." Their *path* means their way—the way they are accustomed to walk in; not a bye-path, into which they turn for a season, and then back again to the old way—their own way. You may see some who for a while read the Bible, and for a while attend God's house, and for a while go to a Sunday-school, either as pupils or teachers, and for a while seem zealous of good works; but they tire and turn again to their own way. It is only "the path of the *just*" that "is as the shining light."

Fully to understand the beauty of this comparison, consider the various gifts and graces which light is used to express in the word of God. Light is put for knowledge, Isaiah viii. 20. What knowledge is there like

that the *just* man, the disciple of Christ, possesses?—a knowledge that "makes wise unto salvation." Light is put for happiness, Esther viii. 16. Who has any solid foundation for happiness but the Christian? Light is put for beauty and attractiveness;—"Truly the light is sweet; and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun." Eccles. xi. 7. What beauty like "the beauty of holiness?" Not only is the sun beautiful in itself, but it is the communicator, the revealer of beauty: such is the Christian in his daily path, revealing in his humble measure to the eyes of his fellows the various hues of glory that belong to the character of God. Light is attractive as well as beautiful. The Christian is attractive by his beauty. The sun is the centre of our family of worlds, attracting round it, while it holds them in their respective orbits, the several planets of our system. Such is the Christian, or such he should be, in his "path." Strange sun that drew no planets in its train ! Strange Christian that drew no soul after him on his way to heaven !

But, again, light is put for usefulness, Matt. v. 14, 15, 16. Who so useful as the Christian? Imagine a useless Christian, if you can. Think of a man lighting a candle, and then putting it under a bushel, and leaving his family in darkness ! Think of a Christian refusing to "let his light shine before men, that they may see his good works, and glorify his Father who is in heaven." The sun when it comes forth does not wrap itself in a robe of cloud, to hide its beauty from the world; it comes forth to "shine." So the Christian wraps not himself in a gloomy cloud of selfishness, but spreads himself, as it were, abroad, to warm, to enliven, to bless the world in which he dwells.

But not only is this the Christian's path; it is marked also by a *progress* in all the excellencies we have named—a continued increase. His path is not only as the "shining light," but it shineth "more and more." The sun does not rise in the morning, and then stop short on the horizon, casting all the day long only a glance askance upon the world below; giving disproportioned shadow as well as uncertain light to every object it touches. And the true Christian stops not short in his path; he minglest not light and darkness; his path is illuminated by the "Sun of Righteousness," on the glory of which his eye is fixed, and he goes onward, onward, onward; every hour drawing nearer to the great object of attraction; every hour receiving and reflecting more of its light, until it is "perfect day."

Beloved young reader, is this your case? If you are among the "*just*" by faith, this progress must be taking place with you. Is it so? Are you increasing in knowledge—the knowledge of yourself—and does that knowledge keep you closer to Jesus? Are you increasing in the knowledge of God, and is that knowledge the means which the Holy Spirit employs to shed abroad the love of God in your heart? Is your happiness increasing? If you are among the "*just*," "the joy of the Lord" ought to be "your strength." Is "the beauty of holiness" increasingly exhibited in your whole deportment, so that others are by you attracted to a life of godliness? Is your active usefulness increasing? Is your "path as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day?"

THE  
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE MORNING AFTER ENLISTMENT.

"THAT TWENTY POUNDS."

PART II.

"It is of no use talking, mother; it is done and done: if I wanted to get off ever so badly, I could not. You have not the money to buy me off with, I suppose."

The new recruit was restored to sobriety; and he had thrown himself into a chair by his mother's fireside in a fit of sullen discontent; half repentant of the step he had taken on the previous day, and angry with every one and everything around him. The mother was weeping sadly. Her reproofs died on her tongue,

unspoken; she uttered no reproaches; but her tears witnessed silently against the breaker of her peace, and stung him to madness.

"Mother, I wish you would give over crying; there's no good in the world in taking on in that way."

"How can I help it, George? Oh that it had pleased God to keep this sorrow from me!"

"Why, mother," said the young man impatiently, "it is the best thing I can do with myself, for anything I know. At any rate I shall be out of the way of troubling you and Emmy; so what matters what becomes of me?"

"George, George!" exclaimed the unhappy

mother ; " I little thought it was for this that I blessed God you were spared, when your father was taken away ! I thought, then, that I had one comfort left. Have I deserved this from you, George ? "

" No, mother, you have deserved anything but unkindness from me," he replied, in a troubled voice ; " and I have behaved very badly to you and Emmy ; but it is of no use to talk of it. If I had not got into this trouble, I should have kept you poor, as I have helped to make you so. God forgive me ! It is best as it is ; you will get on better without me ; and I—, who can tell, mother," he added, with an attempt at gaiety—" but I may come home some day grand and rich ! "

It would not do, this poor attempt to comfort her. The mother's heart was too bowed down with grief to listen to such words. She would have known, had she listened, how futile they were. But there was one hope to which she clung.

" You said, George, that I have not the money to buy you off. Will money do it ? "

" Oh yes," he said, " money would do anything, if there were but enough of it."

" And if I could raise enough, you would not enlist again ? Say you would not, George."

" Well, mother, I reckon I might as well say that as anything else, if it will ease your mind. So there, I don't think I should. But, mother, where are you going in such a hurry ? "

The woman had risen to her feet, and with trembling hands was adjusting her shawl and bonnet.

" Mother," continued the youth, " it is all a joke, you know, about this buying off. All you are worth would not do it."

" How much, George ? How much would do it ? " she demanded with breathless impatience.

" Twenty pounds, mother ; not a shilling less. The king wants food for powder, now, they say ; and as well so as not with me," he added, bitterly.

" Twenty pounds ! twenty ! not from a poor widowed mother, George ; and her son, her only one ! " and, with rapid steps and a throbbing heart, she traversed the streets, till she reached the dwelling of the only earthly friend on whose counsel and assistance she could rely.

Twenty pounds ! yes, twenty pounds might " buy off " the new recruit ; and, as George had said, not a shilling less.

" How—how can I raise such a large sum ? " the mother asked, despairingly.

" You cannot raise it," replied the friend to whom she appealed ; " and if by any means you could, I am not sure that you ought."

" Sir ! " she exclaimed, " would you have me

give my poor boy over, body and soul, to destruction ? You do not know a mother's heart, sir. If my laying down my life would save him, I would do it to-day, and with gladness."

" My poor friend, I am sure of that," said the gentleman ; " but this is not the question. Remember, while your son has been with you, he has, in spite of your teaching and example, your warnings and your prayers, taken to those courses which lead to eternal ruin ; and you have no present reason to think that his course would be altered by his remaining with you."

" He is the son of many prayers, sir," replied the mother. " If I have ever prayed earnestly to God, it has been that my poor boy might be snatched as a brand from the burning ; and I cannot believe, I cannot bear to think that God has not heard, and will not answer. His ear is not heavy, nor his arm shortened, sir."

" Then, my dear friend, have faith in God still," returned her adviser. " You know, he leads the blind by a way that they know not ; and perhaps this very trouble, which seems to frustrate all your hopes, may be the very means he is seeing fit to employ for bringing back the wanderer to himself."

" Oh, if I could think so ! " said the sorrowing woman ; " but how can it be, when you know, sir, what temptations there are in a soldier's life ? "

" I cannot say how it may be ; but you know that God's ways and thoughts are often unlike ours. Perhaps your boy, when he is a great way off from you, as he is now, it is to be feared, ' a great way off ' from his heavenly Father, may bethink himself, and be brought, as the poor prodigal was, to say, ' I will return, and go unto my father.' One effect of his entrance into a new life will be, that he will leave behind him the evil companions with whom he has run in the broad road to destruction ; and this may be for his benefit. He will be under strict control, too ; and, perhaps, he has been too much his own master. At all events, you will not leave off praying for him, I am sure ; and the prayer of faith, you know——"

The distressed mother heard with impatience the attempts of her friend to reconcile her to the departure of her son, and to encourage her to hope. She thought him cold, unsympathising and unfeeling ; she wondered how he could try to reason her out of her grief in that way. She could not give her son—her poor boy—up to destruction : she would sacrifice all, all she had : but alas ! how far short of twenty pounds would that all amount to ! She left her friend and counsellor, despairing of his help, and angry without cause.

Then did it occur to her—that twenty pounds which, six years before, she had resigned. That

missionary bequest! If it were now in her possession, her son might be saved. Her mother had said that it would be made up to her in better blessings: but where were they—those better blessings? Had not her life been one of constant wearing grief? Had she not sunk from one degree of poverty to another, until all her scanty possessions did not suffice for the redemption of her son from worse than death: and where were the better blessings? Had her heavenly Father and her Saviour smiled upon her in her family? True, her daughter was filial and loving; and in her, surely, was some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel: but her son—her boy! alas! alas! where were the better blessings?

*That twenty pounds!* well; it would probably have been lost to her, if it had been turned aside from its purpose, or if it had descended to her as her inheritance; but if it could but be restored to her now, how would it make her widow-heart to leap for joy!

Did she grudge it, then, to her Saviour? For a moment, it may be, the temptation was strong; but faith and love prevailed. No; she did not grudge it: in all her manifold trials, she had never once before thought of that gift with a wish to recall it; and now that the conflict was over, she would not have recalled it, if she could.

She could not raise the twenty pounds; and, with sorrowful hearts, the mother and sister prepared for the young soldier's departure. Not many days were allowed. It was a desolate and grief-stricken home for many days after they had bidden him farewell; but grief cannot be always paramount. In time, the widow and her daughter found consolation in the promises of God: constant occupation, too, blunted the sharp edge of sorrow; and, though the mother would scarcely admit this to herself, the absence of her profligate son, and the freedom from his former perpetual drafts upon her limited resources, restored energy to her exertions and comforts to her home.

For a time, she now and then received letters from George. They were not very encouraging, but they were in his hand-writing, and this made them precious to her. After a few months, however, he ceased to write, or if he wrote, she ceased to receive. When she made inquiries respecting his regiment, she was told it was in foreign service; she wrote again and again, but she received no answer. Years passed away, and she almost ceased to expect to hear again from her boy; but she did not leave off praying for him.

Meanwhile prosperity had gradually dawned upon her. It seemed as though God had been waiting till the incubus of a disobedient and

spendthrift son was removed, to restore to her what she had formerly lost, and more. Friends were raised up to help her. Her daughter was emancipated from the drudgery of ill-paid task-work, and succeeded in establishing a lucrative business. Their home was, more than ever it had been, a home of comfort; and, to the extent of their means, both mother and daughter had the hearts to contribute liberally to the same object which had drawn forth the grandmother's liberal devices.

Gladly now would they—and easily could they—have found twenty pounds to redeem the soldier from further service; but all attempts to ascertain his existence were met with disappointment. It was generally believed that George was dead. His mother did not believe it, however; neither did Emily: and they prayed for him continually. What could they do more?

## THE NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

### PART II.

#### DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN.

We have already seen that the "old religion" of Ireland was scriptural in its character, and widely different from that of the Romish church of this day. Amid the sadness which fills the heart, in noticing, as we must now do, the spiritual darkness which has since overspread the land, it is refreshing to look back upon that oiden time, when faith was pure and when an enlightened piety prevailed.

The obscuration of the light of that "true sun," which, in the season of early conviction for sin, St. Patrick had so earnestly invoked,\* progressed gradually but surely, until there came over Ireland a "darkness which might be felt." Various causes contributed to this result. First of all, the ravages of the Danes and Normans, commencing in the ninth century, swept away those colleges and churches where learning and religion had been fostered and cherished while other portions of Europe were a prey to ignorance and superstition. The mass of the people also, from their constant exposure to the attacks of an invading foe, and the habits which war so generally creates, became demoralized.

But the crowning cause of Ireland's spiritual ruin was the conquest of the country by Henry II, in consequence of which the aycient Irish church was compelled, in accordance with the agreement between the English king and pope

\* "When he had thrice invoked Christ, the true Sun, immediately the sun rose upon him." Probus, Book I, c. viii.

Urban, to bow her free-born neck to the yoke of Rome. In the year 1172 it was ordained at the Council of Cashel, that "for the future, in all parts of the church of Ireland, the divine service, after the likeness of most holy church, is to be done according to what the Anglican church observeth." The Anglican church, or church of England, was then rigidly Roman Catholic, and to this model the ancient Christian church was henceforth to conform. This fatal crisis occurred 741 years after the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland.

For the next three hundred years preceding the Reformation, learning, religion, and morality were scarcely to be found in the land. Many of the bishops and clergy were notoriously dissolute in their lives, and gave encouragement to the grossest popular superstitions, some of which have been perpetuated to this day. Among these, St. Patrick's purgatory, situated in an island of Lough Derg, in the county of Donegal, became a favourite resort to multitudes under the express sanction of the priesthood. It was described as containing a passage through which the devout worshipper might enter the other world, and behold all the felicities of the heavenly state, as well as the torments of purgatory and the pains of hell. Penances performed at this privileged station were represented as of special efficacy to purge away the deadliest sins, and restore the soul to spotless purity. No wonder, then, that it was annually visited by crowds of devotees, not only from the remoter districts of Britain, but even from the most distant parts of Europe. This celebrated station came first into notice about the middle of the twelfth century. About the same period "holy wells," and other places of inferior celebrity, became the scenes of penance and mortification to multitudes of infatuated votaries. These "holy wells," may possibly form the subject of a separate paper. The memory also of St. Patrick as an enlightened evangelist was dishonoured by the fabulous miracles which were ascribed to him, and by the idolatrous honours paid to his tomb. At Downpatrick, where, according to popular tradition, the body of the saint was buried, the peasantry were wont to assemble in crowds, and to carry away handfuls of "holy earth" from the grave, and to drink water strained through it as an infallible cure for bodily and spiritual maladies! Within the last few years the writer, visiting the spot, saw the deep hollow thus made in the ground by the removal of "holy earth," which he was assured was still taken away by the people for the purpose already described.

But, the reader will inquire, did not the light of truth arise on Ireland at the era of the blessed Reformation? Alas! the Reformation in that

country was little better than the formal and legal establishment of Protestantism without its life and power. Many causes contributed to this result. It was the ill-advised policy of the English government to exterminate the native language of the people, instead of employing it, as has been done with such blessed results in modern times, as a vehicle for religious instruction. Besides a proscription, by a statute of Henry VIII., of the Irish habit and apparel, in itself powerfully calculated to arouse the opposition of a half-civilized and enthusiastic people, by another statute of Elizabeth, the minister was absolutely forbidden to celebrate the service in the Irish language; and when he "had not the use of the English tongue," he was "to say or use all their common and open prayers in the Latin tongue."

"Can we suppose," says a modern historian, "anything less than judicial blindness to have prompted measures, calculated at once to exacerbate prejudice, and to involve in midnight darkness a people wedded to their own customs, and fond to excess of their own language? One generation of professing but, alas! uninstructed Protestants passed away, and another succeeded, brought up, if possible, in a state of greater ignorance and spiritual destitution than their Romish forefathers, deprived of all means of grace, and stung to the quick by the dis honour cast upon their national dress and language. Can we, then, wonder at the effects produced?—effects which England too justly feels the bitterness of even at the present day?"\*

What *might* have been accomplished, had religious instruction been given to the people in their own language, may be gathered from the history of Bedell, bishop of Kilmore. An Englishman by birth, and appointed to an Irish diocese, he speedily discovered that there was but one way in which he could "drive out erroneous and strange doctrine," and that was by causing the people around him to "hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God." Accordingly, he commenced the study of the Irish language when in the sixtieth year of his age, and having mastered it, he effected a translation of the Holy Scriptures into it. He also encouraged the cultivation of the Irish by his clergy, several of whom were able to address, with great success, the peasantry in the sweet tones of a tongue which, in infancy, they had learned from mothers' lips, and which was identified in their affections with their native soil. And such was the effect of this good man's life and labours, that, in the time of the great insurrection of 1641, during which the

\* *Ireland and her Church*, by Dean Murray.

Protestant settlers in Ulster, from England and Scotland, were almost exterminated, and in which Bedell himself was a great sufferer, the rebel Irish, when his remains were carried to the tomb, attended his funeral in multitudes, firing a volley over his coffin, and exclaiming, "*Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum*"—" May the last of the English rest in peace;" while a Romish priest, as the coffin was let down into the grave, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed in Latin, "*Oh, sit anima mea cum Bedello*"—" Oh, may my soul be with Bedell!"

But the efforts of Bedell and of a few others, to evangelize the people, through the medium of their own language, were but temporary and transient. The mass of the nation continued to be separated from the influence of the truth, as by a wall of brass, over which there was not found "a band of men whose hearts God had touched," able and willing to pass, in order to subdue Ireland to the cross.

When we look to the religious history of Ireland in the eighteenth century, we find that alike over the established church and that branch of the church of Scotland which had taken root in the preceding century, under the auspices of James I in Ulster, there had settled down the same spiritual torpor which seems to have overspread at that dark period, all the reformed churches of Europe. This state of things continued until the beginning of the present century, when tokens of evangelical revival began to appear. Not in vain had Wesley and his fellow labourers previously scattered the good seed in Ireland, oftentimes, indeed, "sowing in tears" and amidst the fiercest opposition. Ulster began to hear again the voice of that evangelism which had been the life-blood of the Scottish reformation, and which a Welch, a Livingston, and a Bruce had, with such apostolic fervour, brought to Ireland's northern shores. The worldliness and ambition of churchmen, associated naturally with what was little better than "the morals of Epictetus," began to be displaced, not without angry resistance and opposition, by the self-sacrificing devotedness, the godly zeal, and the Pauline theology of the disciples of Matthias, a pious clergyman, from whose lips many of those who have been or are among the ablest ministers of the Irish church, first received the truth, when, as students, they repaired in crowds from Trinity College to Bethesda chapel to hear what this "new doctrine" might be.

The results were soon apparent. The Hibernian Bible Society, which has circulated upwards of two millions of copies or portions of the Scriptures, was instituted in 1806. At that time there were only thirteen towns in Ireland in which a copy of the Bible could be purchased,

and this only at a price far beyond the means of the peasantry. This society also, in 1818, published an edition of the Bible in Irish, the first, indeed, printed in a type such as could be read by a people whose literature consisted of "Gallagher's Sermons" and other publications, either erroneous in their teaching, or demoralizing in their tendency. Subsequently were established, the Sunday School Society for Ireland, the London Hibernian Society, and the Irish Society, all aiming to teach the people the knowledge which is saving and divine; and the two last bringing the influence of the Irish tongue to bear on the success of their efforts. A missionary spirit was thus kindled in Ireland among the Protestants, and a system of spiritual aggression on the kingdom of darkness was equipped and organized. The minds of the masses, agitated by the appeals of political leaders, were trained to think for themselves. Controversial discussions were frequent, and the holy Scriptures began to be recognised more and more, as the true and only standard of ultimate appeal. A mighty work of preparation thus went forward for the space of forty years, when He who

• • "Moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,"

suddenly visited Ireland with the "sore judgments" of famine and pestilence—the one the invariable and dread companion of the other. Of the horrors of the winter of 1846-47, we forbear to give the details. Tens of thousands perished; strong and stalwart men were reduced to childhood's feebleness; the mother was found dead in the Irish cabin, with her living infant still seeking from her bosom the nourishment which it could yield no more; the father and some of his children lay dead beside her; and if you now ask the surviving boy and girl what has become of their parents, sisters, or brothers, your heart thrills when the plaintive answer is given, "They died, sir, of the hunger!" But this awful season of judgment was the pioneer of mercy. The famine was the precursor of a great social and religious revolution, the results of which in their fulness eternity alone can reveal; but, in future papers, we shall endeavour to place some of the most prominent of them before the reader's eye.

#### ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

##### PART II.

ON November 24th, 1836, Mr. M'Cheyne was ordained as pastor of St. Peter's, Dundee. While his views of the connection between external ordinances and internal grace were very different indeed from those which we find not

unfrequently put forward at present, he felt assured that to those who look in faith and with prayer for a blessing upon an ordinance of God, that blessing will be vouchsafed. He therefore confidently expected such as the result of his ordination, and he was not disappointed; for, from the time at which it took place, there was a manifest increase in the zeal and devotedness of his ministerial character, and in the holiness and consistency of his personal walk and conversation. He was truly "instant in season and out of season," and seemed to live in an atmosphere from which the sunshine of God's countenance was never removed or hidden. As a preacher he became, and continued to the last, highly popular, and soon drew a crowded and delighted audience from all parts of the town; in the hearts of many of whom he was privileged to sow the first seeds of eternal life. As a visitor from house to house, throughout his parish, he was indefatigable; while the following extract from a long letter to a boy who had just left the paternal roof, will serve to show the individual interest and anxiety which he ever felt for all classes of his parishioners; as well as the rare and peculiar talent of which he was possessed for addressing himself to the hearts and consciences of the young.

"Tell me, dear G., would you work less pleasantly through the day—would you walk the streets with a more doleful step—would you eat your meat with less gladness of heart—would you sleep less tranquilly at night, if you had the *forgiveness of sins*; that is, if all your wicked thoughts and deeds, lies, thefts, and sabbath-breakings, were all blotted out of God's book of remembrance? Would this make you less happy, do you think? You dare not say it would. But would the *forgiveness of sins* not make you more happy than you are? Perhaps you will tell me that you are very happy *as you are*. I quite believe you. I know that I was very happy when I was unforgiven. I know that I had great pleasure in many sins, in sabbath-breaking for instance. Many a delightful walk I have had, speaking my own words, thinking my own thoughts, and seeking my own pleasure on God's holy day. I fancy few boys were ever happier in an unconverted state than I was. No sorrow clouded my brow, no tears filled my eyes, unless over some nice story-book; so that I know that you say quite true when you say that you are happy *as you are*. But ah! is not this just the saddest thing of all, that you should be happy whilst you are a child of wrath—that you should smile, and eat and drink and be merry, and sleep sound, when this very night you may be in *hell*? Happy while unforgiven!—a terrible happiness. It is like the Hindoo widow who sits upon the funeral pile with her dead husband, and sings

songs of joy when they are setting fire to the wood with which she is to be burned. . . . I can assure you, from all I have ever felt of it, that the pleasures of being forgiven are as superior to the pleasures of an unforgiven man, as heaven is higher than hell. . . . It lightens all labour, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick bed all soft and downy—yea, it takes away the scowl of death. Now forgiveness may be yours *now*. It is not given to those who are good. It is not given to any because they are less wicked than others. It is given *only* to those who, feeling that their sins have brought a curse on them which they cannot lift off, 'look unto Jesus,' as bearing all away."

His powers of composition were also, notwithstanding his numerous other avocations, diligently turned to account, and many hymns and tracts were written and published for the purpose of stirring up his people—the young especially—to greater earnestness in religion. Among these are two tracts upon the observance of the sabbath, entitled, "I Love the Lord's Day;" and "A Letter on Sabbath Railways," which we should rejoice to know were in the hands of every member of the professing Christian community, by which, alas! God's holy sabbath is so very far from being regarded as it ought. The former of these tracts is divided under different heads, each consisting of some reason for loving the sabbath. "1, Because it is the Lord's day;" "2, Because it is a relic of paradise, and a type of heaven;" "3, because it is a day of blessings." Under the first head we find the following striking passage:—

\* "Oh! sabbath-breaker, whoever you be, you are a sacrilegious robber! When you steal the hours of the Lord's day for business or for pleasure, you are robbing Christ of the precious hours which he claims as his own. Would you not be shocked if a plan were deliberately proposed for breaking through the fence of the Lord's table, and turning it into a common meal, or a feast for the profligate and the drunkard? Would not your best feelings be harrowed to see the silver cup of communion made a cup of revelry in the hand of the drunkard? And yet what better is the proposal of our railway directors? *The Lord's day is as much his day, as the Lord's table is his table.* Surely we may well say, in the words of Dr. Love, that eminent servant of Christ, now gone to the sabbath above, 'Cursed is that gain, cursed is that recreation, cursed is that health, which is gained by criminal encroachments on this sacred day.'"

The popularity which he so speedily acquired, and the success which marked his ministry from its outset, soon attracted attention beyond the limits of his parish and neighbourhood, and led to offers in which greater emolument and less

arduous duties held out inducements that but few would be found to resist. He did so, however, most steadfastly. Not many months after the commencement of his ministry at Dundee, he received such an offer from Skerling, near Biggar, where the parish was comparatively small, and the emolument great. With reference to this, he thus wrote to his father: "I am set down among nearly four thousand people; eleven hundred people have taken seats in my church. I bring my message, such as it is, within the reach of that great company every sabbath day. I dare not leave this people. I dare not leave three or four thousand for three hundred people. Had this been offered to me before I would have seen in it a direct intimation from God, and would heartily have embraced it. How I should have delighted to feed so precious a little flock—to watch over every family--to know every heart--'to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way!' But God has not so ordered it. He has set me down among the noisy mechanics and political weavers of this godless town. He will make the money sufficient. He that paid his taxes from a fish's mouth will supply all my need."

In the summer of the same year he was strongly urged to preach as a candidate for the vacant parish of St. Martin's, near Perth, and assured of the appointment if he would come forward. But he again declined, saying, "My Master has placed me here with his own hand; and I never will, directly or indirectly, seek to be removed." This self-denying preference of what appears to be for the glory of God to our own worldly interest and advancement, it is surely not too much to expect from all who profess to be possessed of the spirit of Christ—of him "who though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor"—the spirit which whosoever has not, is none of his; yet we greatly fear that there is comparatively little of it amongst professing Christians at the present day, of which the chief characteristic seems to be a "hastening to be rich."

It was not alone upon the prescribed daily path of ministerial duty that this faithful servant sought to be about his Master's business; but in his seasons of recreation and of travel he was ever watchful for an opportunity to give a tract or to drop a word. A remarkable instance of blessing attendant upon the latter practice is recorded. He had one day stopped, when on horseback, at a quarry from a shower of rain; and had taken shelter in the engine-house, where, pointing to the glowing furnace, he had asked a by-stander, "*What does that remind you of?*" It was not until after his return from Palestine that the man to whom he had addressed that question called upon him, and told him that

it had remained fastened deep within his soul. This incident suggests a way in which all, no matter what their station or position, may make themselves useful. "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" It not unfrequently happens that those who find work enough entirely to fill their hands at home, bestow but few thoughts or anxieties upon what may be going on abroad. Indeed the mind of man being finite and capable of only occupying itself upon a limited number of objects, this is no more than we would naturally feel disposed to expect. Numerous instances to the contrary, however, serve to teach us that there is an expansiveness in the spirit of true Christianity which causes it to break forth beyond the limits of parish and country, and, like him from whom it emanates, to make wide earth the sphere, and universal man the object of its mission. It was so preeminently with the subject of our sketch. He cherished from the first commencement of his ministry an intensely missionary spirit, which he fed by the perusal of all the missionary intelligence which he could procure; and which he sought in like manner to promote amongst his people. There seems to have been continually in his mind the thought of yet going forth to preach the gospel to the benighted of the earth. "This place," he once remarked of St. Peter's, "hardens me for a foreign land." In the meanwhile he never neglected an opportunity of evangelizing beyond the limits of his own parish. To any part of Scotland, from which he received an invitation to preach, he was always ready to go.

One great stimulus to all this unremitting exertion was undoubtedly the conviction which seemed borne in upon his mind continually, that his time would be short. His frame and constitution, never robust, had soon begun to give way under the pressure of this ceaseless toil. At the close of 1838 he was attacked with violent palpitation of the heart, and obliged most reluctantly to abandon all duty for a time and betake himself to his father's house at Edinburgh. This was a great trial, but he felt it to be most profitable. Writing to a friend he thus spoke of it: "In the whirl of active labour there is so little time for watching, and for bewailing and seeking grace to oppose the sins of our ministry, that I always feel it to be a blessed thing when the Saviour takes me aside from the crowd, as he took the blind man out of the town, and removes the veil, and clears away obscuring mists, and by his word and spirit leads to deeper peace and a holier walk. Ah! there is nothing like a calm look into the eternal world to teach us the emptiness of human praise, the sinfulness of self-seeking and vainglory—to teach us the preciousness of Christ, who is called the 'tried stone.'"

While he was one day walking with Doctor Candlish, and speaking of a mission to Israel which had been lately resolved on, the idea would seem to have been suddenly suggested to his companion, and he asked him what he would think of being useful to the Jewish cause during his cessation from labour, by going abroad to make personal inquiries into the state of Israel. Few proposals could have been so congenial to him to whom this was addressed. To a mind naturally fond of enterprise—deeply imbued with poetic feeling—ardent in its admiration of the beauties of nature—and, above all, steeped in the spirit of the gospel and filled with the love of him of whom it testifies—the thought of visiting “Emanuel’s land,” of standing on the Mount of Olives, of kneeling in Gethsemane, must have been like a dream too blissful to be realized. His medical advisers warmly seconded the proposal, as being of all things most likely to conduce to the restoration of his health. Accordingly, all was arranged, and after seeing his place in Dundee supplied for the period of his absence by Mr. William Burns, he set out upon his distant mission, in company with Dr. Black of Aberdeen, Dr. Keith, and Mr. Andrew Bonar.

### POOR HEARING.

I HAVE heard much formerly and lately, and at all times, about poor preaching, and have wondered something has not been said about poor hearing. If the pulpit feels the lash, the pews ought at least to feel it occasionally also.

1. *Drowsy hearing* is poor hearing. You shall have an example, and see for yourself what you think of it. Relate a tale to your friend, that deeply interests your heart. While in the hot haste of your own interest, you hear your friend gaping, and soon after he snores! What kind of hearing do you call that? In sorrow I say it, there is not a little of just such hearing to be met with in the sanctuary; and if you do not call that poor hearing, you can help yourself to any appellation for it you like better.

2. *Attention with the eyes only* is poor hearing. That is, they give their eyes to the speaker, but their thoughts and imaginations are pilgimaging the whole creation. They see a man in the pulpit, but *hear* nothing. The natural eye is in the right direction, but the mental is in the wrong. “I go, sir, but he went not.” However, even *looking* at the preacher is better than nothing. For if he has the eye, he cannot but hope he may have the ear.

3. *Captious hearing* is poor hearing. Some people always have their net spread for the worst fish that swim. They seem seldom to

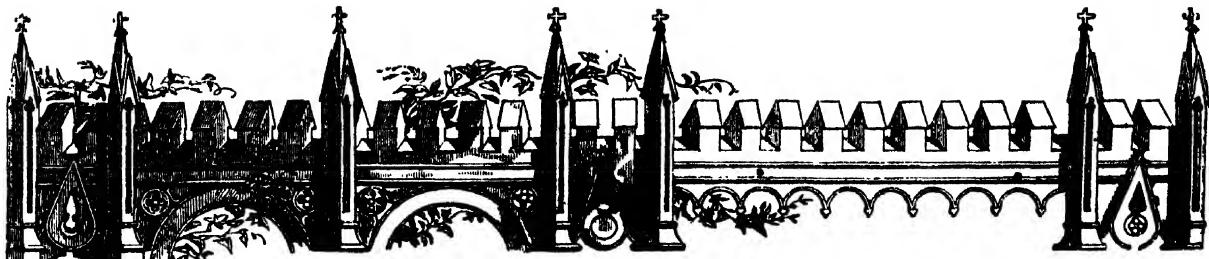
catch any other. They are excellent fishermen they think; and so they are in their way. Successful they most certainly are. If the preacher falters anywhere, the keen eye sees it; the acute ear hears it; the well trained memory retains it; and the tongue is set on fire to let others know it. This is poor hearing.

4. *Hearing for other people* is a bird of the same feather. It is a comfortable thing to get the mind so trained, that, unwounded ourselves, we may look about us and see where the preacher’s spiritual artillery takes effect. But if this is not one of the ways of offering “the sacrifice of fools” in the house of God, I will take merrily any man’s rebuke who will point out my mistake. But one thing about it I shall not take back from anybody, namely, that this is very poor hearing.

5. *Prayerless hearing* is so also. Let the husbandman cast his seed upon unsoftened ground, and who would commend such husbandry! And what thankless soil is the unsoftened human heart! Cast the good seed of the word upon it, and it would be nothing but madness to look for a harvest. But humble, fervent prayer does wonders with the heart. “It waters the ridges thereto, it settles the furrows thereto; it makes it soft as with showers.” Prayer opens the heart so that the rays of the great Sun of Righteousness can penetrate it. But oh! a prayerless heart is a shut-up heart, and prayerless hearing is poor hearing.

The subject sheds some light on the origin of poor preaching. Poor hearing does not account for all of it, but that it does for no small amount of it, I defy any man to deny. Let the hearers eschew all drowsiness, fix their eyes in deep and solemn attention on the speaker, be captious or cavilling no longer, hear in downright honest earnestness each one for himself, and do all this in the spirit of humble and fervent prayer both for themselves and the preacher, and if they would not then hear excellent preaching, from that same preacher, too, I will sit down submissively in the shame of my mistake. And if that preacher, under so delightful a reform in his congregation, does not get a new and powerful impulse to good preaching, yea the very best in his power, then let another take his bishopric, and all the people shall say, Amen!

**ENCOURAGEMENT TO FEEBLE INSTRUMENTS.** The rod of Moses seemed a very weak thing to smite a rock with, and I suppose the blow given was not very violent, yet out gushed the water in rich abundance. So Nathan’s words to David were not many nor harshly uttered, yet they were sufficient to break his heart, and to bring forth the stream of godly sorrow. Thus it is still in the operations of the Holy Spirit by the gospel. The blow is not frequently violent, the instrument may be very feeble, but it is God’s instrument, and he wields it. Let all who labour for him, then, be dependent and hopeful.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY JEWISH EXILES.

IMAGINE a Jew in Babylon reduced to slavery, deprived of all comforts, forced to toil on public works which are raised to adorn a proud heathen city and to gratify the ambition of its despotic master. Scanty is his allowance, and miserable his dwelling in that reed hut on the bank of the Euphrates, where, worn down by disease, with no hand to help, no heart to sympathize, he watches pensively the setting sun, and the rising star, and then thinks of his father-land, his native village, and his cottage home, surrounded by its sycamore and fig-trees, its vines and olives, and enlivened by the songs of birds and the laugh of children. He wishes to get away from the weary spot to which he is chained, and to return to scenes of peace and enjoyment which now only his imagination can visit as the heart's resting-place. • But if the poor man's thoughts are confined to the condition of his outward lot—to poverty in Babylon as opposed to plenty in Judea—to sickness in exile as opposed to health at home—to the pain of captivity as opposed to the ease of freedom—there is nothing in him of that patriotism and piety which go to make up the character of a true son of Abraham.

And so among us, there are poor suffering men and women who complain of hard work and little pay, a comfortless abode and heavy debt, a sick family and personal weakness; and amidst their privations and needs they think of the land of plenty, where "they hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" of the land of health, where the inhabitants "no more say, we are sick;" and of the land of rest from painful labour and tormenting care. Under their rude exterior, beneath those forms so labour-soiled and roughly clothed, there may lie beating hearts of keen sensibility, used to contemplate visions, beautiful and fair; and in such excitement there is much to be admired, for a softened heart is hopeful. Yet in this experience, if it go no further—in these desires, if they take no other direction—there is nothing, of necessity, Christian or religious

But add to the character of the captive Jew the consciousness of being afar from God in the land of bondage; of suffering there for his sins; of tasting the fruit of old and long idolatries; add to it a longing for the restoration of the Divine favour, and the renewal of holy worship in God's house; let the spirit, looking towards the broken altar of Zion, pray for its reestablishment, and ask for a resting-place there; and a new aspect is at once given to that outcast one. As he kneels and supplicates by the foot of these overhanging willows, we recognise in him not a mere weary slave, not simply a discontented captive, but a true-born child of Israel, full of divine sympathies, desires, and hopes.

And so, when men and women, in poverty and sorrow, look on suffering as the fruit of sin—on all human sorrows as deserved—on every pang as a chastisement from heaven—on Divine dispensations as meant to draw our souls homeward to God, our only sufficient portion; when they long for the light of his love and the purifying power of his Spirit more than for health and competence; when they think of heaven's holiness even more than its happiness, and with faith and desire look up to "the throne of the Lamb;" something beyond mere nature's impulse may be detected there. What is gracious reigns in such hearts: the beauty is more than human; it is divine; God's own Spirit has created it.

But every captive in Babylon was not miserable. Oppression, sorrow, and wretchedness could not have been the lot of all; for when Cyrus issued his edict, many did not return, but preferred to stay where they were; and then there were such men among the exiles as Daniel, and the three Hebrew youths his companions, besides Ezra and Nehemiah—men who not only are to be considered as specimens of a class, but are to be regarded in connection with the influence they were likely to have upon their brethren in general. • No doubt, many of the people were comfortable colonists, keeping sheep, cultivating farms, working at trades, or engaged in commerce.

Take a case. Here is a young Hebrew girl, the daughter of an old merchant, who has trafficked in the Babylonish fairs, and bought and sold and got gain. They have a comfortable

abode in the city, nay, they are surrounded by luxuries. They have their hangings of embroidery, and their ceilings of vermillion, and their carpets of rich colour, and their couches of silk, and their chests of gold and jewels. This daughter of Zion is full of health and hope, and knows nothing yet of the world's wild storms of sorrow. But she hears her father talk of Jerusalem, of its glory in the days of Solomon, of its desolate condition now, of the captive people, of the promised return. The Hebrew roll is outspread, and she listens to David's psalms and Isaiah's prophecies. Imagine three distinct effects made on the mind of this Jewess. First, she learns just to repeat her father's words and lamentations, to adopt his phraseology, to talk as he talks, and no more; or, secondly, she imbibes a sort of sentimental sympathy, and takes up the poetry of her parent's religion, and feels a grateful pensiveness, a mental luxury in reflecting on the exquisite images of Hebrew song, and spends hours and hours in the silent night time, communing with the stars, and looking towards Judea's hills and Jordan's streams; and amidst dim thoughts, and vague emotions she has the experience of one who might say, "I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad;" or thirdly, she earnestly and deeply enters into God's explanation of the matter, namely, that sin has brought the Jews into Babylon, that there is a higher kind of prosperity than that of golden wealth, and a worse evil than poverty, and a direr state than local exile; that the favour of the righteous and Almighty Lord of heaven and earth is the highest good, the only true happiness, and that the land of promise is not only a land of plenty and freedom, but "a place which the Lord hath desired, to put his name there." She enters into promises of prosperity as promises of acceptance and favour, and longs for the restoration of the temple, its holy songs, and its heaven-like worship.

There are young people in the present day whose state and experience this may serve to illustrate. They are in circumstances of affluence, and have nothing outwardly to trouble and distress them; but they hear sermons, and read books, and listen to conversation which represent the world as a wilderness, and heaven as the only place of security and joy. Religious truths, full and various, awful and inviting, solemn and soothing, are familiar to their minds. Hence, some learn to repeat the words they have heard, the texts which have been preached from, and the hymns their parents sing; but only adopting them thoughtlessly, without any feeling of reality and truth. The lips say one thing, and the heart another. They join in the verse—

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply," etc.

while the heart confesses to itself, "the world is comfortable enough for me, and I do not wish for a better."

Some go further, and sentimentalize, really looking at the Christian pilgrimage and the heavenly home, but only on the poetic side; dwelling on the figures, working up the imagination into feverish excitement—not at all chargeable with hypocrisy, quite sincere, yet delusive—fancying themselves religious without being so—actually practising self-deceit without knowing it.

But others there are who know the sinfulness of their hearts, and see there the roots of all evil; who feel that earth has been robbed of its beauty only through man's iniquities, and that it would be fair enough still but for that cause; who regard God's favour and likeness as the two elements of true felicity; who accept the gospel record, and ponder well and apply to the heart the blessed words, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." No sense of deep trouble, it may be, have such to drive their hearts away from earth in search of heaven; but there are sentiments of piety awakened in them which draw their hearts away from this lower world to that upper one.

Such facts and illustrations should occasion in us all great inward searchings, as to whether we cherish an interest in divine truths or not; whether we only play with sacred, awful words, without any sense of their meaning, any appreciation of their deep significance, any heartfelt experience of their hidden power; or whether our feelings only reach the level of religious sentimentalism, and we are wandering in the enchanted grounds of spiritual romance, mistaking dreams for realities, feeding on ashes instead of the fruit of the tree of life; or whether ours be genuine piety—that piety which may be known by our thoughts and feelings being wont to cluster round three grand ideas; sin, the redemption of Christ, and the holiness of God and heaven.

Reverting to the case of the prosperous in Babylon, we see there was nothing but patriotism and piety to make them weep when they thought of Zion. Nehemiah, the king's cupbearer, was sad in the royal presence, and the monarch asked, "Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing but sorrow of heart." There was nothing in his circumstances at court to trouble him, but there was this cause of disquietude—the city, the place or his father's sepulchres, lay waste, and the gates thereof were consumed with fire. It was not as a man discontented with Babylon, but as a patriotic Jew, and a saint of the living God, that he longed for Jerusalem and the temple.

In like manner, the prosperous Christian now finds his impulse to look at the things unseen, only in that divine faith and love which God by his truth and grace have created in his breast. The Jews' return was not a thing to be rightly apprehended, and really longed for, without a spiritual mind; nor is the *Christian's* heaven an object of knowledge and aspiration to any but a soul renewed by the Holy Spirit. To one who was a Jew inwardly, Babylon was after all a land of captivity; and so is the world to the real believer. Dissatisfaction and contentment strangely change places in Christian experience. The worldly in prosperity are satisfied with that. The worldly in adversity are discontented with that. It is just the reverse with those who have been enlightened and renewed. They are dissatisfied with prosperity, but content with adversity. They say of their afflictions, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good unto him." They say of the world's glory, as the pilgrim to Jerusalem did of the gorgeous architecture of Constantinople, "It is very fine, but it is not the holy city." To the faithful seed of Abraham, however peaceful their lot in the scene of their exile, the thought of returning to their Father's house would be welcome, and pleasant, and joyful. So will be the thought of going heavenward to one who feels himself an heir of promise. There was a desert between Babylon and Zion, and there lies death between earth and heaven; but the place of Ezra and Nehemiah, the leaders of the home-bound pilgrims, is taken now by one infinitely greater, even Jesus, the captain of our salvation. The later captives knew some who had gone before, and the anticipation of meeting them would cheer and animate their own journey; and so, amidst the mysteries of the eternal world, we see by faith, loved ones from earth ascending heaven's temple steps, and kneeling before its bright altar-throne, and we go to join them. How fondly we dwell on that touching strain; it is our household hymn:—

Friend after friend departs;  
Who has not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end:  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward, and expire.

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown,  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are pass'd away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night;  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

## SUNDAYS WITH MY CHILDREN.

SOMETIMES I read to them from the Bible, sometimes from other books, a story or a parable. Now and then we burst into a hymn of praise: Milton's "Let us with a gladsome mind," or Mrs. Parsons' "I think when I read that sweet story of old." Sometimes, when we wish rather a moral lesson than a psalm, we all join in "A captain forth to battle went," and it is wonderful with what sympathy even the youngest catches the strain. But after all, it is not easy to realize one's idea of what a "Sunday at home" should be. God meant it for rest, and for cheerful, holy intercourse with each other and with him. A toilsome, dull *sabbath* seems to me a contradiction in terms; and children should be made to feel, if possible, that it is the happiest day of the week. How to make it so, however, is difficult. I record some of my experience, for the benefit of my neighbours, and shall be glad to have theirs in return.

My suggestions are soon told. They are but two. The first is, take pains to make the Sunday a season for cultivating family affection. Parents! set yourselves to gain and draw out the hearts of your children. Increase their confidence in your wisdom and love, and teach them to exercise corresponding feelings of respect and attachment towards yourself. You will thus sweeten all your domestic intercourse, and fit your children to become your friends. Parental authority will be perfected through filial affection. My second suggestion is, make the day one of biblical study, adapting the engagements of your children to their age and character. To my youngest child, I give a box of letters, with a short striking text. She will busy herself for an hour in putting together the letters, and a little attention interests her in the meaning. To an elder child, I give a pencil and text; he prints it out, and gets the sense. To a third—all young—I entrust the selection of texts suitable for a Scriptural horologe; thus, "Rejoice," "Be vigilant," "Pray without ceasing," etc.; gently calling attention to the lessons taught in each of the hours. Once I doubted the wisdom of this combination of the mechanical and spiritual: now I believe it to be the truest wisdom. Sometimes I substitute Scripture pictures, or puzzles for letters, and, by teaching children to put the facts of Scripture history into tabular order, exercise at once their memory and their religious

feelings. The incidents of the life of Moses, of Joseph, and of our Lord, are prime favourites. Now and then I devolve the superintendence of this work on the elder children; but, as the expression of an affectionate interest in the engagements of all is part of my plan, I oftener take it myself.

In the afternoon, I adopt various plans with the elder children. Sometimes they each take a Bible, a pencil and paper, and prepare three or four questions, to be read and answered at tea. The younger members of the group are allowed considerable licence; the elder are expected to have questions that involve some moral or religious truth. This plan is ever fresh, and exercises both the memory and the religious discernment of the children. Occasionally, I give the name of a mountain or city, and require to know the principal religious events that have occurred in connection with it, noting any lessons suggested by them. I have recently adopted a plan intended to exercise imagination, a very active and important faculty in most children. I give the name of some natural object—as light, or the rainbow—requiring a passage in which it is spoken of literally, with some important fact in relation to it, and then a passage in which it is spoken of figuratively or spiritually; the design being that whenever the thing is seen, or the name heard, the spiritual allusion of Scripture may present itself to the mind. This exercise I have almost invariably found both interesting and instructive.

The principle on which every part of this plan proceeds is, that children, like men, have various faculties, muscular as well as mental, memory, reason, imagination, and feeling, and that, in religious instruction, we best succeed when we occupy and interest them all. There is danger, no doubt, of teaching religion so as to engage the memory and the imagination only; but that danger is not removed by leaving them unexercised. Idle faculties, in truth, are ever apt to be enlisted on the wrong side. Use them, lest they be *abused*, only take care that the whole are made to minister for the time to religious improvement.

Two or three of the questions of last Sunday may explain the plan.

Who built Jericho the second time? (show what prophecy was fulfilled.) What was Job's latter end compared with his beginning? What hardened Pharaoh's heart, God's punishments or God's mercy? Who is called the friend of God? Trace the histories of Gilgal, and of Shiloh: what lessons are taught by them? Light—Gen. i. 3; 2 Cor. iv. 6. Clouds—Job xxvi. 8; Psa. cv. 39. Hosea vi. 4. Besides these subjects, flowers, wind, and rain, were similarly treated.

### A VISIT TO JACOB'S WELL.\*

#### SENTIMENTALISM IN RELIGION REBUKED.

Of all that is attractive about Shechem, there is certainly nothing that can be compared to the fountain or well which Jacob dug in the parcel of a field on which, on his safe return from Padan-aram, he pitched his tent, and which he afterwards bought at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money. "And he drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle," as the woman of Shechem told the Lord Jesus. Jacob's well, however, has become to us what it is, not so much on that account, as on account of the conversation of the Saviour of the world with the poor sinful woman.

I can imagine that you have already anticipated me in thought, and have fancied me sitting at the side of the well with my Bible turned up at John iv. Perhaps you are even somewhat jealous of the privilege I might enjoy in reading and meditating upon the Saviour's words at the very well itself. You doubtless imagine me quite absorbed in holy contemplation. There, on that spot, you will be saying to yourself, must the words of Jesus powerfully penetrate the soul—the very spot where they were spoken. In the repeated perusal of that important chapter, you must have often experienced that in these words there is a depth of meaning which you have never been able completely to fathom.

Such, also, were my own thoughts, my friend! and my heart leaped with joy when I stepped forth to pay a visit to the holy spot. Oh, said I to myself, the dry and thirsty soul shall be abundantly refreshed.

Let us take our places by the side of the well. Is that hole in the ground there, formed of three or four large rough stones, leaving an opening of less than two feet across—is that, say you, the well of Jacob? Yes, my friend, that same hole. Don't allow it to disappoint you too much. In the days of Jesus the well probably had a different aspect; perhaps it was covered over with a vault, or at least furnished with a raised wall of masonry built round it.

It was now about eleven o'clock. It was an hour later in the day that Jesus sat down there, "being wearied with his journey." According to the 35th verse of John iv, it must then have been the month of January, for the harvest comes on here in May, and "there were yet four months" until harvest. The flat portion

\* Abridged from Vandervelde's "Narrative of a Journey in Syria and Palestine;" one of the most spiritual works of modern travel in Bible lands which has appeared for many years, and which the Christian cannot read without instruction and profit. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1854.

of the valley, ploughed and sown in the days of the early rain, in November and December, was already covered with a very promising green carpeting of young corn-stalks. If the well was not at that time covered over with masonry, then must the Saviour, on account of his fatigue, have had his back turned to the sun, and his face towards the north, to the side of Mount Ebal and to Joseph's tomb, standing at the foot of that mountain about eight hundred paces distant from the well. I placed myself in the same position, and could well figure to myself the woman with her pitcher on her head, coming down out of the valley. He who knows all things, and whose free sovereign love has chosen his own to eternal life from the foundation of the world, he beheld her, the poor sinner, for whose preservation he had come down from heaven—he saw her as she came along under the olive-trees, long before she was aware of his being there. And when she saw him, she hesitated, perhaps, whether she should approach him, perceiving that he was a Jew. But what should she be afraid of; she the lost, who had lost all, for whom there seemed to be nothing but despair? Therefore she came on, and—

Thus was I musing with myself, as I sat alone at the side of the well, and had just begun to read the fourth chapter of John, when I was suddenly roused by the blustering voice of a gigantic Arab, who had come up without my observing him, and addressed me thus, with all the characteristic repulsiveness and loathsomeness of the Arabs:—

"Marhabah chawadja! baksheesh, baksheesh!"

This disturbance was most unwelcome. Think what a contrast! To be lost, as it were, in heavenly thoughts, and then all at once to be aroused by such a thief-like clamour for baksheesh. He was a fellow with a face enough to frighten one, filthy and disgusting, so filthy and disgusting as none but an Arab can be. I replied to his salutation, and begged him to leave me alone.

But no, he had no idea of doing that.

"Baksheesh, baksheesh!" he roared, and sat himself down at the well-side, opposite me, at the same time taking out his pipe and lighting it with such composure, as to convince me that he had not the smallest intention to leave me for some time at least.

And before five minutes had elapsed, half a dozen of his fellows appeared, who forthwith placed themselves all round me in a very social circle, so that I had to abandon all thoughts of proceeding with my meditations on the favourite chapter. A chorus of "baksheesh!" with all sorts of variations on the same theme, was now raised about my ears.

Oh, thought I, Dr. Wilson, is your generous reward the cause of the disturbance I experience? No wonder, after having given these money-wolves such a baksheesh as they probably never received before, and no wonder, when other travellers after you, overborne by the vociferations of the Arabs, have paid them as much, that they expect to get the same from me, and from all others that visit Jacob's well.

My troublesome company still kept by me. Now and then, indeed, one would go away muttering with a sigh, "Insh' Allah!" (as God will), as if he would say, "Well, as it cannot be helped, I must go without baksheesh;" still for one that went, there sometimes came two in his place. In short, they remained about me, sitting, smoking, and talking, clamouring and yawning, over the never-ending repetition of "Baksheesh, chawadja, baksheesh!"

Great was my disappointment, and my patience was sorely tried. I had hoped that they would weary of their fruitless efforts, and leave me in peace. But the heart of an Arab seems tougher than leather, and knows nothing of concession. For four hours and a half I held out, and remained quietly sitting at the well; but then I gave it up to them. The "speaking with Jesus" at the well of the woman of Samaria, was not granted to me. I had enough to do to restrain my resentment at these troublesome Arabs, and returned homewards with a very oppressed mind, while disappointment on their side led them to send not a few curses after me.

After my return, I once more turned up the chapter in John's gospel. Nothing disturbed me now. And though cast down at first by what I had met with at Jacob's well, I could now better comprehend what the Lord said: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Not at Jerusalem, not on this Mount Gerizim, not at Jacob's well, not on any of the holy places of Palestine, does God desire to be worshipped. The "God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." "Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?" No; "in spirit and in truth" is the condition he lays down; and what that implies, is shown in many passages of Scripture.

The lesson I had at Jacob's well will, I trust, be salutary to me. I learn from it, that with

all the aversion which may be cherished for the gross idolatry of so many of the tourists in Palestine, our own hearts may be filled with a refined but not the less dangerous sentimentalism in religion, which seeks for a foundation for a holy and godly life, and for a touchstone of the genuineness and sincerity of one's faith, in pious impressions and sensations. We condemn the worshipping of such places by the Greeks and Latins; but we cherish, at the same time, a secret notion that the visiting of these places cannot fail deeply to impress us. The occurrences that happened there must, we think, come vividly before us, when thus transferred to the very spot, and such lively conceptions of them must soften our dead stony hearts. The Redeemer's love will thus, we imagine, come more plainly and more powerfully before our eyes, and the return of love, on our part, towards him, will be awakened even to tears of gratitude! In the awakening of that feeling, we will love the very ground that once was trodden by the Saviour's feet, and it will be a blessed thing for us to be able to pray on such a spot. Call not this any worship of the dust, we further argue; for the dust is endeared to us only through him by whose bodily touch it was sanctified—and in the dust it is thus he alone, not the dust itself, that is worshipped. Who can be scandalized at this?

Oh, lamentable self-deception!

You will not, then, my dear friend, grudge your not having, like me, had it in your power to visit Jacob's well. For my part, I must look back with gratitude on the disappointment I experienced there. May I not likewise recognise in that experience the accomplishment of what the Saviour said to the Samaritan woman: "The Father seeketh such to worship." Truly it was the disturbance occasioned by the Arabs at the well, which prevented my wandering into the error of an excited religious sentimentalism.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF SAUL.

On proud Gilboa's mountain heights the Hebrew monarch stood,  
And marked Philistia's dark-haired sons rush onward  
like a flood;  
With rolling chariots, bristling spears, and gleaming  
swords they came,  
And helmets that in the sunlight glanced and flashed like  
living flame.

He saw, and terror seized his heart, and trembling ev'ry  
limb;  
Yet once their battle shout had been a thing of nought  
to him;  
Time was, in war's tremendous tide, high tower'd his  
princely form,  
Like the brave oak 'mid forest trees, defiant of the  
storm.

Alas! alas! thou erring king! thy God hath left thee  
now,  
And stamped the curse of Ichabod upon thy regal brow;  
He spake—and thou regardedst not, and therefore dost  
thou quail,  
And tremble as the fragile reed before the rising gale.

The march was o'er; unnumbered tents were whit'ning  
Shunem's plain;  
The mighty host lay down to rest and dream of Israel  
slain;  
For night with noiseless step stole on, and hushed that  
noisy crew,  
And inch by inch around the camp her sable curtain drew.

Where is the hapless monarch now? Has he gone home  
to pray?  
With tears of heartfelt penitence to weep the night  
away?  
In the great might of weakness felt, to urge with giant  
strength  
The plea for help in time of need that must be heard at  
length?

Impatient king! beware, beware how thou withdraw'st  
thy suit!  
Say not, by dreams no answer comes—the prophet's  
tongue is mute;  
What tho' the jewelled breastplate yet hath flashed thee  
no reply,  
Besiege thou Heaven with prayers and tears in faith's  
strong energy.

"Let him alone!" the floods arise—the thunder's roll  
he hears;  
Yet, by the swollen river's edge, his fragile house he  
rears;  
Yet, though the Rock of Ages tow'r's majestic, calm, and  
vast,  
Foundation sure, where man may build and smile upon  
the blast.

"Twas when Gilboa's verdant steeps lay bathed in silver  
light  
And the bread, bloodless plain below, slept in the moon-  
beam bright,  
Forth from the camp of Israel's host stole three of  
martial mien;  
Proud was the step, though coarse the garb, of him who  
strode between."

The sorceress by the flick'ring flame perused the rolls of  
fate,  
Thought of her vanished gains with rage, and cursed  
king Saul in hate;  
One of a remnant small was she, whose pestilential  
breath  
Still muttered incantations foul, despite the fear of  
death.

Amazed, she heard strange tones demand admittance to  
her den;  
With secret terror she beheld three stern and stalwart  
men;  
Till he of loftiest stature spake, with mingled pride and  
shame,  
"Woman, I pray thee, call me up the dead whom I shall  
name."

"Hast thou not heard what Saul hath done?" the  
cautious witch replied;  
"Where are the wizards of our land, of late our country's  
pride?"

Are we not hunted from the earth, as loathsome things  
and vile :  
And wilt thou lay a snare for one still left a little  
while?"

With solemn oath the answer came : " No harm on thee  
shall fall ;  
Now, therefore, by thy spirit's aid, the prophet Samuel  
call."  
She turned to work delusion strong ; but ere her lying  
tongue  
One spell had uttered—loud and shrill her shriek of  
terror rung !

It was not that the monarch dread thro' lowly guise had  
shone,  
In word and look and bearing bold as born to grace a  
throne ;  
For lo ! his eagle-glance hath quailed, his valiant heart  
grows chill !  
And lowly to the earth he bends—man of the iron will.

Before them, grave and passionless, the aged prophet  
rose,  
Calm was his godlike countenance, majestic in repose ;  
They saw his form in mantle wrapt, his solemn voice  
they heard,  
That tolled the dreadful knell of hope in ev'ry awful  
word.

It showed how disobedience bold had wrought a nation's  
woe ;  
It spake of crown and kingdom lost, of God himself a  
foe ;  
Of shameful flight in battle's hour, of Israel captive led,  
And the brave monarch and his sons among the  
slaughtered dead.

Poor fallen prince ! the serpent folds of livid, cold  
despair  
Coiled round the heart where Hope still breathed and  
crushed her life out there ;  
Death's chilling damps began to steal around the last  
faint spark  
That glimmered in the lamp of life—and soon would all  
be dark !

Prone on the earth long time he lay, in speechless,  
tearless grief,  
And food and comfort both refused in woe beyond  
relief ;  
Till as from some appalling dream, oppressed with pain  
he woke,  
And list'ning to entreaties kind, his fast in silence  
broke.

The battle's awful morning dawned ; ten thousand hearts  
beat high ;  
The monarch girded on his sword, and knew it was to  
*die!*  
Fiercely the hostile armies closed ; loud rose the dread  
ful fray ;  
Triumphant yelled the savage foe, for Israel's might  
gave way !

Borne backward by the flying host, against his desp'reate  
will,  
The ruined king yet turned and fought—in death a  
warrior still ;  
Three sons as valiant as their sire, he marked around  
him fall ;  
(Alas ! for thee, brave Jonathan ! the noblest of them  
all !)

Sore wounded by the archers' shafts and powerless in  
the strife,  
The king a faithful servant prayed to close his wretched  
life :  
He asked in vain, but louder swelled Philistia's shout  
of pride ;  
And in the presence of his God, he stept—a *suicide* !

On sad Gilboa's blood-stained mount, when day was  
scarce begun,  
The ruthless foe had seized the corpse of Israel's godless  
son ;  
The bloody trophy, cold and stiff, on Bethshan's wall  
they hung,  
And in the houses of their gods the deed exulting sung.

In Jabesh-Gilead, grateful hearts with indignation  
burned ;  
By kindness great, the fallen king their lasting love had  
earned ;  
Across the stream, in dead of night, forth went their  
valiant men,  
And bore the monarch and his sons to Israel's land  
again.

Beneath the flow'ring tamarisk tree, the warriors' bones  
they laid,  
And seven long days, with solemn fast, great lamentation  
made ;  
But sweeter were those thrilling strains, those harpings  
wild and low,  
When Judah's matchless bard deplored the downfal of  
his foe.

" How ~~are~~ the mighty fallen ! how is Israel's beauty  
slain ;  
On the high places of her land her king in death hath  
lain !  
Hide it from Gath ! From Askelon withhold the tidings  
dread,  
Lest the uncircumcised rejoice, and shake the scornful  
head.

" No more, upon Gilboa's heights, let fields of offerings  
wave,  
Nor dew, nor gentle rains descend, where sank in death  
the brave !  
For there the princely warriors' shields were vilely cast  
aside ;  
There, the anointed monarch fell, and there ignobly  
died !

" The bow of Jonathan ne'er turned from slaughter of  
the foe !  
And pow'rful was the sword of Saul to lay the mighty  
low !  
Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death divided not ;  
As eagles swift, and lions strong—ne'er be their deeds  
forgot !

" Daughters of Israel ! weep for Saul ! Let all your  
grief behold  
For him who gave you richest robes of scarlet decked  
with gold.  
How are the mighty fallen ! how was Israel's beauty  
fled,  
When slain upon her places high, brave Jonathan lay  
dead !

" Alas ! my brother Jonathan ! I am distressed for thee,  
For very pleasant hast thou been in friendship unto me ;  
Thy love to me so wonderful—e'en woman's love  
• surpassed !  
How are the mighty fallen, and their weapons crushed  
• at last !"



## Page for the Young.

### A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

SOME months ago we read a touchingly beautiful but very sad anecdote in the newspapers—entitled “An Angel Child”—of a noble little American boy, who rather than tell a falsehood, allowed himself to be whipped to death by a cruel, hard-hearted man.

In the United States it is a very common practice for married couples, who have no family, to adopt little orphan children and bring them up, and in general they are as kind to these little ones in every respect as if they were really their own. A large family of destitute children have been known to be adopted in this manner by various kind persons, and many of them have become great and distinguished characters. But none more truly great, none more truly distinguished, than the little boy we are going to tell you about.

He was in one of the public charitable institutions for fatherless and motherless children, and was remarkable for his exceeding beauty; having large sunny blue eyes and lovely flaxen curls. He was also very gentle and smiling in his manners, and his mind was more than usually amiable. But it was his personal loveliness, and not his angelic disposition that attracted the attention of a person who was visiting the institution, and who took him out of it and carried him to his own home; this, however, was contrary to the wish of his wife, who was a very selfish wicked woman, and did not want to be troubled with him. One day when her husband was out, she had been speaking and acting in a very improper manner, and the little boy gently reproved her by saying that God saw and heard her. At this she was very angry, and when her husband came home she told him he had brought a very wicked little boy to his house, and that he had been speaking very impertinently to her. When his adopted father questioned him, he was obliged to tell what his adopted mother had said and done, though he had no desire to say anything against her; but the woman said he was telling falsehoods and urged her husband to whip him. This he did, after putting a rope round his waist and tying him to a rafter across the ceiling; they were but humble people, and the scene took place in their kitchen. After a little he stopped, and asked the little boy if he would confess that he had been telling falsehoods, but he calmly replied, “No, papa, I have only told the truth, and I cannot tell a falsehood now, even to escape a whipping.”

Again his cruel father beat him—for he believed what his wife said—till his tender skin broke and the blood trickled down his little quivering limbs. When the man saw this, he stopped again, and asked him if he would now confess; but the poor little bleeding child only gave the same noble answer, though his trembling lips were becoming ashy white, and his little heart very very faint; but he prayed to the great God to support him.

The man would not have beat him any more, for he was afraid when he saw him so ill, but his inhuman wife urged him not to stop, for she wished him to die, as she was afraid if her husband discovered he had only told the truth, that his anger would be kindled against her, for her wicked and sinful conduct.

Once more the whip was laid on the suffering child, till at last he feebly stretched out his little arms, and in

a weak and faltering, but sweet, loving voice, said, “Kiss me, dear papa, I am getting very very cold;” and then his little blue eyes closed, and his head, with its clustering golden curls, fell forward—he was dead.

We do not know how our little readers may feel, but when we read the sweet dying child’s simple touching words to his murderer, we wept.

What a brilliant, what a wonderful example he set, not only of the love of truth, but of that forgiveness of our enemies which our dear Saviour so often told us about, while on earth. I never, in all the annals of history, read anything so truly noble; for he was only a little feeble child of nine years, and we could never have expected that in the midst of his agony he would have been able to breathe such words of heavenly forgiveness. Most of our hearts would have been filled with anger and revenge, for even a few bitter words, or an act of unkindness, serves to stir up all the evil feelings in our nature; and it often requires long and violent struggles to overcome them.

We are told of many martyrs, both men and women, who have met with cruel deaths because they adhered to the truth. Some have been tied to a post on the seashore when the tide was out, and allowed to remain till the waves came gradually in; first covering their feet, and then rising higher and higher till they rolled over their heads. Others have been fastened to a stake, wood piled round them and set on fire; but they stood firm in the middle of the flames, and, looking up to heaven, sung praises to the name of God. Again, others have been put to the most frightful tortures, such as make us shudder, and our blood run cold as we read; and yet in the midst of their anguish they prayed for their persecutors. But none, none were brighter examples of constancy to truth and beautiful forgiveness than the lovely American boy, who almost merits the name of “an angel child.”

That country may well exult at possessing two such noble infant martyrs as “Kund Iverson,” the little boy who would not steal, and him who not only would not tell a falsehood, but died with such words of love on his lips towards his murderer.

They were only little “children here,” but they will be bright and glorious stars in heaven, when they are welcomed by the hallelujahs of the rejoicing angels.

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### HOUR OF PRAYER.

Hour of prayer, full well I know it,  
Sweetest hour on earth to me;  
Never would my soul forego it,  
While there need of prayer shall be.

Hour, in which the dews of heaven  
Gently o'er my spirit fall;  
Hour, when all my sins forgiven,  
Lose their wormwood and their gall.

Like the streamlet from the fountain,  
Like the breeze when flowers are near,  
Like the gale upon the mountain,  
Is to me the hour of prayer.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



READING THE LETTER FROM THE LONG-LOST SON.

"THAT TWENTY POUNDS."

PART III.

EXTRACT FROM A MISSIONARY JOURNAL.

"WEARY and worn; sad and solitary; thousands of miles from home and friends; alone in this moral wilderness; apparently labouring in vain, and spending strength for nought! Nay, but 'Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God?' He has said, 'My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper

in the thing whereto I sent it.' Do I not believe this? Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief."

"Another day gone: another day's work done; and not without some encouragement to sow beside all waters. Preached this morning, with a stammering tongue, to the poor heathens, in their own language. Some derided; but others listened and went away thoughtful. The native school flourishes. I went, this afternoon, to see a poor man who is sick of a fever. Many were gathered round the door to see me; and I told them again of the Great Physician. One man followed me to my house, and gives me

reason to hope, with trembling, that the gospel has been made to him the power of God to salvation. . . . Preached to my English congregation this evening; not many present, and not much apparently concerned. A few soldiers from the barracks: something unusual this; a fresh company, I suppose."

"Two or three soldiers at the evening service again. One, I noticed, looked ill; and seemed very attentive. I was enabled to pour out my soul in earnest prayer for my poor fellow countrymen, like me, so far from home and friends; and I think I spoke with more animation and feeling than I have of late. Oh, that I could see some fruits to the glory of God from my poor imperfect labours!"

"Met the soldier to-day whom I noticed last sabbath. Spoke to him, and tried to converse; but he seemed shy and reserved, though civil. He has been some time in the country, he says, though not here."

"Several soldiers at the service last evening, among whom I noticed the man to whom I spoke in the week. He staid behind the rest to speak to me, and thanked me for my sermon. The man says, it is a good many years since he enlisted, and he is now a corporal. I asked him to call on me; but, after some hesitation, he declined: kept back, perhaps, by the fear of man, which bringeth a snare. He seems somewhat superior to the ordinary class of men in the lower ranks of the army; but I could perceive no evidence of piety in his conversation. May God shew mercy to him!"

*[We take up the journal at a date several weeks later.]*

"The soldier whom I have several times mentioned, called on me to-day for the first time. Since I last wrote of him, he has regularly attended the evening service, and though very attentive and serious, has evidently kept out of my way. I was surprised, therefore, to see him. He is in great distress of mind, and seems reluctant to speak of his past history. He suffers, he says, from the climate, and his looks confirm it: but he has suffered more, I judge, from mental anguish. He speaks of himself as having sinned almost beyond the reach of God's mercy. I directed him to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, and reminded him that Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. I prayed with him, and for him, and he went away a little relieved. Oh that there may be a token for good in this! May it manifestly prove to be the work of the Holy Spirit!"

"I have had another interview to-day with the poor soldier. He has told me his history: it is a sad one, but there are many others like it. His name is Franklin; and he is about twenty-eight years of age. He is the son of pious parents,

he says; and when he was about eight years old, his father died. After struggling hard for some years, his mother was reduced to poverty. Instead of being a help and comfort to her, he was led astray by evil companions, and became the chief sorrow of her life. By his youthful excesses, he increased her daily toil, diminished her comforts, and alienated from her the friends who had at one time interested themselves on her behalf. At length, in a fit of rebellion, he entered the army, though he knew that his mother's heart would be rent by the act. It is now more than eight years since he enlisted. For a few months, he kept up correspondence with his mother; but has not now written to her for years, and he does not know whether she be living. He has, according to his own account, led a dissolute life since he became a soldier; and now that he feels his sins have found him out, he is greatly depressed and anxious."

"A laborious, but a happy day. God is, I trust, granting some testimony to the word of his grace. Among the natives are some who are asking, 'What must we do to be saved?' And my poor friend, corporal Franklin, I believe that the Lord has heard and answered prayer for him, and has led him out of darkness into light, as a trophy of Divine mercy. I have seen him to-day, and have listened with much joy to the account he gives of the change which he has experienced. What pleases me best in him is the modesty and humility with which he speaks of himself, and the shrinking abhorrence with which he views his past course, when he was without God and hope in the world. He says that there were a few pious soldiers in a former regiment from which he was drafted; and that he was among the foremost of their persecutors. He is now tasting of the same cup, being a marked man in the barracks; but, from what I hear, he bears it meekly, remembering Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself. He speaks with gratitude of the good providence of God, which led him to hear the gospel. He was lounging about the city, he says, with some comrades, when he heard the sound of singing, and stopped to listen. It was an old tune, which he well remembers as a favourite of his mother; and, attracted as well as softened by the sound, he persuaded his companions to enter our place of worship with him. It was the first time he had voluntarily heard the gospel preached for many years. The service brought old times to his mind, and he came again and again. His comrades, who, for a few sabbaths, continued their attendance, soon gave over, and laughed at him for his constancy; but he describes himself as having been almost irresistibly impelled to continue his attendance; and the word spoken was

conveyed with power to his soul. May he be enabled to follow on to know the Lord! the snares and temptations that surround him are very numerous and strong; but there is One who can keep him from falling. He tells me he has written home. If his mother and sister (for he left a sister behind) be living, it will be to them as life from the dead to know that the poor prodigal has returned to his heavenly Father."

[*Three months later.*]

"Poor Franklin is very ill; but in an enviable state of mind. He has been greatly distressed lest he should have deceived himself; but the darkness has cleared away; and he is able to cast himself on the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ; and to see in God a reconciled Friend and Father. His great anxiety is now respecting his neglected and once despised mother, and his sister. He thinks that if they live, and his letter reaches them, they will not believe that George is converted. He remembers, with deep sorrow of heart, the perpetual sorrow which he caused them, and which must have embittered their lives. He has but faint hopes of seeing them again; but has charged me with messages to them. I have written.

"Corporal Franklin is better, but he will never recover health, I fear. He is ordered home with a detachment of invalids, and he will embark next week. I am glad of it for his sake, though I regret losing him: but this is selfish. His acquaintance has been one of the bright spots of my chequered missionary life. Blessed be God, I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nought; for surely George Franklin has not received the grace of God in vain. If he should be spared to meet his mother, if she lives, it will be a sight for angels to witness with joy."

The widow and her daughter sat in the small room which served both as a workshop and parlour. Time had dealt leniently with one, and generously with the other. The deep lines of care were not removed, indeed, from the countenance of the mother; and hairs of silvery whiteness were to be detected beneath her comfortable net cap; but a gleam of sunshine—the sunshine of faith and hope—seemed to have rested on it all. Tribulation had wrought patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope—a hope that made not ashamed. Emily Franklin, from a sickly pallid girl, had risen to womanly grace and healthful complexion. A blessing still rested on the work of her hands.

Hark! a knock at the door: it was the postman's knock. No mistaking that, though they did not often receive letters.

"Who is it from, Emmy?" asked the mother, in a tone of indifference, as she heard her daughter's step returning—lingeringly first, and then rapidly. The question was asked with indifference, we say; for the wild dream of receiving a letter from him, from George, had passed away.

"Mother, dear mother—a letter from abroad, and his writing!"

The Grecian painter, when he would depict a scene of maternal grief and despair, cast a veil over the mother's countenance. We imitate his example, and draw a veil of silence around the scene of trembling eagerness, undefinable dread, faint and fluttering hope, all rising at last, and lost in exuberant joy and gratitude, when the precious letter revealed that her son, once dead, was alive again; once lost, was found.

"My mother's legacy! my mother's dying words!" exclaimed the rejoicing widow, when glad, happy tears led the way to utterance: "she told me I should never be sorry, for that twenty pounds being set apart for the missionary work—that it would be made up in better blessings! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies!' O Emmy, these are the better blessings your grandmother spoke of!"

Shall we leave off here; or shall we say in few words, that, many months afterwards, George returned to his home and his happy mother, discharged from the service, and pensioned, but an invalid? that, for a time, he rallied under the influence of native air and gentle tending? that he lived long enough to prove the sincerity of his professions, and to evince the marvellous power of Divine grace in the conversion of a time-hardened sinner from the error of his ways; and that, then, he died in his mother's arms?

Need we add to this the lessons which our story teaches? that God is not unmindful of the work of faith and labour of love—that God hears and answers prayer, but not always in the expected manner or time—that men should always pray and not faint—that though God forgives his people their manifold follies, he takes vengeance, oftentimes, on their inventions—that when an idol is set up in a Christian's heart, that idol will often be the cause of that Christian's deepest sorrows; but that, nevertheless, when God wounds, "he wounds to heal."

## GREAT VICTORIES.

BLenheim, Waterloo, St. Vincent, Trafalgar, the Alma! what thoughts these names call up in the mind! They were all "famous" victories. Thousands fell in them; the destinies of empires were changed by some of them. They will give titles to generations yet unborn. There are other victories, however, less costly, but more noble; purely beneficent, and in their results more lasting; victories gained by each man over himself. Let us name a few, and show how they are won.

Franklin has somewhere said, in his quaint style, that, "he who rises late may trot all day and not have overtaken his business at night." Lord Mansfield remarked, after many years' experience, "that among all the very aged men whom he had been called to examine in his court, he could not remember one that was not an early riser." Medical authorities concur in this view, and affirm that lying long in bed is at once a symptom and a cause of feeble digestion, of nervous debility, and of general languor. Dean Swift notes that he "never knew any man come to greatness or eminence who lay late in bed of a morning." Dr. Doddridge owed his Commentaries and most of his other writings to the habit of rising at five in the morning instead of seven—an arrangement that added, as he used to reckon, ten years to his working life. The sixteen volumes which Barnes has published were all written before breakfast, the other duties of the day beginning at nine. Bishop Hall and the "Successful Merchant" of Bristol both attest, that when their hearts were "early seasoned" with the divine presence, the whole day was influenced by it. These are among the fruits of one victory we should be anxious to achieve—business done and done well, health promoted, eminence attained, and above all, holiness, good service to God and man on earth, and growing meetness for heaven. If you wish to be healthful, prosperous, and holy, subdue your temptation to sloth and *rise early*: if you wish to be feeble, poor, harassed and earthly, yield to your temptation and *rise late*.

Of course *early rising* is a comparative term. The West Indian, who has a journey before him, must start so as to leave his saddle by six or seyen. Four hundred years ago, the shops in Paris opened at four in the morning. Seven was the fashionable breakfast hour in the days of the eighth Henry. In the days of Elizabeth, the "quality" dined at eleven, and supped between five and six. We are not pleading for the early rising which these habits imply. For two things, however, we do plead—rise as early as circumstances will allow. For health's sake,

study and work, not at night, but in the morning. Seek the fresh breeze, the pure air, the calm stimulating light of the *rising sun*. This is the first thing. The second and chief is, rise at such an hour as allows time for reading, meditation, and, if necessary, exercise *before* the work of the day begins. Do not go from your bed to your business. Secure at the outset what is necessary for your welfare as a man and as a Christian. This habit is desirable at all times; amid the hurry of business, the competition, the exhausting, dissipating influence of modern social life, it is *essential*. Without it you cannot be happy; you are not even safe.

The habit will cost a struggle. So does every victory. To rise at six, you probably need to be in bed by eleven: to rise at four, by *ten*, (for an hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after it). You may find it difficult to retire so early, difficult to sleep after you have retired, and most difficult to rise when the morning comes. The chilliness of your frame, and the vacancy of your mind when you have risen, will seem at first a poor exchange for the quick pulse and lively fancy of the previous night. But courage! the greater the difficulty of the new habit, the more it is needed, and the better for you to form it. Persevere! Still retire at the appointed hour. Still ask the morning's cold summons; or, better yet, resolve yourself to wake; and, most important of all, use the first moment of consciousness to reach the floor. Second thoughts, where duty is clear, are seldom best; here, never. To parley is to be overcome. It must be added that if the habit be not formed, the fault lies not in physical nature, but in the *will*. The man who resolves to form it will succeed. The man who fails, fails because his purpose has yielded to his desires, and the defeat will be felt through the whole region of the soul. Remember what the habit involves, and resolve accordingly. It adds years to your life; it invigorates your body, improves your mind, secures your safety and holiness; while it will, in the end, prove as delightful as it is useful.

Buffon's history may teach us the means and value of success. "In my youth," says he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his servant) was of great use to me in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give him a crown every time that he would make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to wake me and torment me; but he only received abuse. The next day after, he did the same, with no better success; and I was obliged to confess at noon that I had lost my time. I told him he did not know how to manage his business; he ought to think of his promise, and not mind

my threats. The day following he employed force: I begged for indulgence; I bid him begone; I stormed; but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply; and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works." Higher examples still may be seen in Ps. v. 3 : Mark i. 35. To rise early and hold communion with God before the active duties of the day is the secret of a lively, joyous, and fervent Christianity. May each reader, as he finishes the perusal of this paper, ask himself whether he is living in the neglect or practice of this invaluable habit.

### WHITWELL CHAPEL AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

It is usual for persons, when they pay a visit to any strange town or village, to make inquiries respecting the objects most worthy of notice in its vicinity or within it. We find certain localities rendered so famous by the residence of great and celebrated characters, as to become the resort of their admirers, often at considerable expense. Some old decaying mansion or cottage, the lath and plaster of which persist in holding together, all aslant, in spite of time and weather; some venerable tree, whose trunk bends with age, and is coated with moss; some sloping-roofed attic, the birth-place of genius, with beam and bulkhead of antique date and awkward shape; any object, in short, however insignificant intrinsically, may become invested with a power to charm us according to the esteem in which we hold the character of the departed whose memory hallowes the scene.

Thus, I have gazed with deep interest upon Cowper's house at Weston, and on another which he inhabited at Olney: I have wandered by the side of the Ouse, and tugged at the leathery stem of the water lily with which that river abounds, till, like "Beau,"\* I brought my treasure to land. I have stayed lingeringly about the old iron gate through which a red-brick house of ordinary appearance may be seen at Acton, where that man after God's own heart, the seraphic Baxter, some time dwelt—he who appears to have lived almost in heaven while yet on earth. I once enjoyed a deliberate survey of a humble abode in Westminster, since demolished, where Milton once lived: and I never pass the clump of fir-trees on the tumulus

at Blackheath, without a glance into the "vision of receding years," when multitudes surrounded that mound to hear the glad tidings of great joy, the gospel message of salvation, through Christ Jesus, delivered by Whitfield, with his own native and all-conquering eloquence, and a pathos which, in hundreds of instances, produced the same impression as was made on the heart of that rebel who came to persecute but returned to praise. For, as he himself forcibly remarked, no sooner was the heart of stone melted, than the missile which was to have been hurled against the messenger of mercy fell harmless to the earth.

Such thoughts as these passed through my mind as, after a rapid transit by railway, I approached the ancient walled city of Chester. Much gratification did I anticipate, nor was I disappointed; both the city and the cathedral afforded many objects of great interest. The sombre square gothic pile of rufous-tinted stone, grand and massive, with the surrounding burial ground, raised from its original level by generations there interred, has a striking effect. As I stood on the walls, the shade of Philip Henry, the holy, the heavenly, as he was called, rose in fancy before me. I heard the devout aspirations of the prophet-like man, as he "wrestled for Chester, and Shrewsbury, and Nantwich, and Wrexham, and Whitchurch, etc.—those nests of souls wherein there are so many that cannot discern between their right hand and their left, in spiritual things." While I stood silently meditating, a sweet harmony of melodious young voices rose upon the evening air. I listened, and distinguished the measured sounds and words of a well-known simple hymn, commonly used at infant schools. "The prayer of faith is answered," said I to myself; "could the venerable Philip and his son Matthew, who laboured so long and so earnestly in Chester, have known how much activity would be brought into this field—could they have listened to these lambs thus 'folded and cared for'—how would each soul have exulted in the accomplishment of the great work that lay so near their hearts!"

But I must linger no longer in Chester. The next day we travelled on to Wrexham, also a spot in which Mr. Henry took much interest. Every footway, every meadow, here called up the thought that his feet had pressed those quiet paths, as, Isaac-like, he might wander forth at even-tide, beyond the precincts of the busy town, to meditate and walk with God. Oh! for a taste of that holy unction which pervades every reflection of his—every act and common occurrence related from his youth upwards! What a model of a man after God's own heart was he!

The portrait given in Williams' "Life of Philip Henry" is said to have a rather too mourn-

\* A favourite spaniel belonging to the poet Cowper, who gives an account of the dog's sagacity in procuring one of these lilies and bringing it to his master.

ful expression ; but it is full of chastened composure and sweetness, devoid of all sensual or gross indications, while the well-shaped forehead and eye of open integrity, the spare figure and air of modest dignity, well become the messenger of Christ.

In the same volume is an engraving of Mistress Katherine Henry, his most beloved wife. The black silk hood drawn closely round the face, and the unornamented attire, suit well the matron of seventy-nine. And in the countenances of more than one of the venerable lady's descendants, I could plainly trace the family likeness. A portion of the diary of Mrs. Savage, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry, was kindly lent for my perusal ; and a sketch of Whitwell chapel, which was taken on the spot, was also presented to me by the same lady, who claims Mrs. Savage as her ancestress.

I had not been many hours in Wrexham before I walked out to look upon that church in which Philip Henry had so often proclaimed the way of salvation. The noble structure stands almost cathedral-like, with its mighty tower and rich decorations. It is a choice specimen of art, and as such interested me much ; but far more so as being connected with the memory of departed worth. When the living of Wrexham was offered to Mr. Henry, he declined accepting it, saying that he sought not great things for himself.

This elaborate pile forms a striking contrast to Whitwell chapel, in which Mr. and Mrs. Henry were married, as were also each of their four daughters, and where Mr. Henry held worship after his ejection. The building appears to have included a school-house and also a dwelling for the minister. We read in the life mentioned above, that for several years after he came to live at Broadoak, he went constantly to worship on the Lord's day with his family at Whitwell chapel, if there was a service there. We can readily imagine the grave and attentive demeanour of Philip, and the meek and sober carriage of Katherine his wife, as they listen to the word ; he making notes of the sermon, which was his constant practice, and taking home the preacher, as an honoured guest, to his most liberal table and hearty welcome. How well set-off was the gem of godliness here by the bright gold of a noble nature ! Given to hospitality, his observation was, that he had room for twelve Christian friends in his beds, a hundred in his barn, and a thousand in his heart. When he relieved the poor with money, he would give liberally, and then reprove any failing as he felt it to be his duty, saying that the reproof without the alms would savour of an excuse to deny his charity.

Mr. Philip Henry was born at Whitehall,

August 24, 1631. His father, Mr. John Henry, was page of the back-stairs to James, duke of York, on whom he was also a personal attendant. King Charles I, as he passed the door to his so-called trial, inquired for his old servant John Henry, who was ready to pay his due respects to him, and prayed God to bless his majesty, and deliver him out of the hands of his enemies ; " for which the guards had like to have been sharp with him." The mother of Philip Henry was Magdalene Rochdale, " a pious gentlewoman," dead to the vanities and pleasures of the court, though she lived among them ; she was a devoted mother and wife, and an excellent mistress.

His susceptors in baptism were Philip, earl of Pembroke, who gave him his own name, and was kind to him as long as he lived ; so also was the earl's son, Philip, after him, together with James, earl of Carlisle, and the countess of Salisbury.

Prince Charles and the duke of York being somewhat near of an age to Philip Henry, he was in his childhood very much an attendant upon them in their play, and they were often with him at his father's. He kept a book to his dying day, given to him by the duke of York ; and lamented his loss of two pictures, from the same donor. He was a scholar of the great Dr. Busby. Mr. John Ireland, the editor of Hogarth's works, numbered Mr. Henry among his ancestors ; and when introduced to Dr. Johnson, the emphatic lexicographer said, " Sir, you are descended from a man whose genuine simplicity and unaffected piety would have done honour to any sect of Christians ; and as a scholar, he must have had uncommon acquirements when Busby boasted of having been his tutor."

In 1648, we find the youthful Oxonian, at about seventeen years of age, visiting Whitehall ; and on January 30, 1649, he witnessed the beheading of Charles the First. When about twenty-two years old, he entered the family of Judge Puleston. The judge's lady was one of more than ordinary parts and piety. Mr. Henry was to be the tutor of their sons, and to preach at Worthenbury. A letter, copied from the original in lady Puleston's writing, is a most interesting document ; it is given in the 'Life.' Lady Puleston says : " I wish the gentleman to take his journey on Friday, and rest at my sister Greys on Lord's-day, so he may bee at Emral Hall (their mansion) on Thursday night."

I may observe here that, among other points of great interest to me in my visit to these parts, was the church of Gresford, within a few miles from Wrexham : many ancestors of the Puleston family lie buried in this church, some of their effigies being doubtless accurately copied, so that the features of the deceased

could readily be imagined by the characteristic portraiture and life-like colouring. In this noble family Mr. Henry established a high reputation, both as scholar and Christian; the judge settled an income on him, and the "vox populi" distinguished him as "heavenly Henry." He laid aside a tenth of his income for the poor. Lady P.'s death occurred in 1658, and the judge's in the year following. "She was the best friend I had on earth," says he.

His interest in the Puleston family being now buried in the grave, we find him refusing an invitation to accept the vicarage of Wrexham, because "he sought not great things for himself;" and, for the same reason, he declined other very advantageous offers, choosing to remain at Worthenbury. Mr. Henry rejoiced at the return of Charles II, and made some pious observations upon it. Judge Puleston had built for him a house, and we find a sister of Mr. II. residing with him and attending to his housekeeping; till, having set up his tent, and placed an altar there for the worship of God, his heart was fixed upon Katherine, only daughter of Daniel Matthews of Broadoak, who, perceiving how deeply the honest heart of the young man was bent on Katherine, thought proper to make unreasonable requirements, and tried the patience of the youthful pair.

A letter about this time was written by Philip Henry to his future father-in-law, which is a pattern of good sense and piety, but we have room for one sentence only. After the most disinterested proposals as to pecuniary affairs, he adds: "Sir, I beseech you have some respect in this matter to honest, innocent affections; if not to mine, who am but a stranger, yet, however, to hers, who is your own flesh and blood; and be pleased to consider, the same God who bids your child obey you, bids you also, in the same breath, not to provoke her lest she be disengaged."

All difficulties being at last surmounted, Philip and Katherine become one; the wedding takes place at Whitwell chapel, Mr. Matthews giving his daughter in marriage with full consent. This was on April 26th, 1660. In the following October, Mr. H. for a short time leaves his bride and sends to her from London a letter full of affection, happiness, and piety. After twenty years of conjugal union, he would sometimes write, "We have been married so and so long, and never reconciled"—meaning that there had been no occasion for it! The competence this union secured to him was made a blessing to many faithful ministers of Christ, who were in great straits and poverty.

Such was his house, and such the vine that God graciously planted by the side of his house. They had born to them six children—two sons

and four daughters—John, Matthew, Sarah, Katherine, Eleanor, and Ann; all of them persons of great worth.

Cultivating, cherishing, and bringing forth flowers and fruit, from the germ of vital godliness early implanted in his renewed heart, we see the man endowed with Christian principles shine forth in the minister, husband, father, and friend. The root of his earnest and zealous exercises in his public work is to be found in his *closet* devotion. "This day," he says, "my new closet was consecrated, if I may so speak." He and his wife constantly prayed together, morning and evening, and never, if they were together, at home or abroad, was it intermitted. Early in the evening, before the servants and children were sleepy, he would have family worship before supper; and this morning and evening duty, he said, "was like a hem to all their other work, and kept it from ravelling."

Mr. Henry's carriage towards his children was with great mildness and gentleness, as one who desired rather to be loved than feared by them; he was careful never to provoke or discourage them. He ruled them and kept up his authority; but it was with wisdom and love, not with a high hand. He allowed his children a great degree of freedom with him, which gave him the opportunity of reasoning with them instead of attempting to frighten them into that which is good; by such means, they loved home, delighted in his company, and religion became greatly endeared to them. A covenant, drawn up by the father, was signed by each child, in which they gave themselves up to the service of God; and copies of this, in the beautiful old-fashioned hand of the day, written out in full by the several parties, are found in his 'Life,' constituting an interesting and curious relic. Their father was their only writing-master.

A touching entry meets the eye in his diary on April 12th, 1681: "This day fourteen years the Lord took my first-born son from me with a stroke. In remembrance whereof, my heart melted this evening; I begged pardon for the Jonah that raised the storm; and I blessed the Lord that had spared the rest. I begged mercy—mercy for every one of them."

Does he lose money? he casts himself confidently upon the providence of God. Does he abound in the goods of this life? like a faithful steward he sets himself to use all for the Master's glory. Many who suffered for conscience sake, had to testify of his open-hearted liberality. Is he publicly insulted? he writes thus: "This is a cross, and a cross in our way, and therefore to be taken up and borne patiently; no chafing or fretting—no spite or revenge." Where most falsely accused, hear him: "We cannot expect too little from man, nor too much from God."

The advice of this excellent man was much sought after; and often he settled contentious disputes by his mild and persuasive manner of reasoning and judging. He was noted for neatness in his house and grounds, abhorring the "humour of sloth," and dreading the habits of the man void of understanding. He was wont, indeed, to tell a tale of a matron, whose irregular religious zeal led her to linger in her closet till past mid-day, while her house was sadly neglected, her children unattended, her servants not directed. "What!" said a worthy visitor, "is there no fear of God in this house?" A startling question, which deeply affected the good woman.

Most compassionate to poor travellers and strangers, he was also affectionately concerned for the ejected ministers of Christ's gospel, of whom there were many within a few miles, who were exposed to great hardships. He was firm in maintaining his conscientious belief, yet liberal towards others whose sentiments differed from his own. His usefulness was continued down to his old age, at which we must just glance, and close this rapid and imperfect sketch. Having removed from Worthenbury in 1662, he went with his family to reside at Broadoak; here he spent the remainder of his time, and hence departed to his heavenly reward. For several years after he came to Broadoak, he went constantly on Lord's days to public worship with his family at Whitwell chapel. During the last nine years of his life, Mr. Henry saw all his children married. Never, however, were children more easy and at rest in a father's home than were his. Both his son and each of his daughters wedded with their parent's consent, and became parents in their turn; so that he was spared to see his children's children.

As death's harbingers arrived, in the shape of various infirmities, he met one after another with the humble boldness of one whose accounts are made up, who was all ready, and waiting the great audit; yet his vigour and usefulness in preaching continued even when under bodily suffering. One encouraging sentence dropped from his lips, which we, who have yet to pass through the dark valley, may think upon to stay our fears of the act of dying: "Apt to faint," he says, "and dying is but little more." Writing to his eldest daughter, he says: "Your mother has often told me she could not endure to see me die, and for that reason I was glad that she was away, for I thought all night there was but a step between me and death!" Death he compared to "a safe harbour, where he should put into port, and ride free from the storms of persecution." "The chips fly off apace; the tree will soon fall," was his reply to an inquiry after his health.

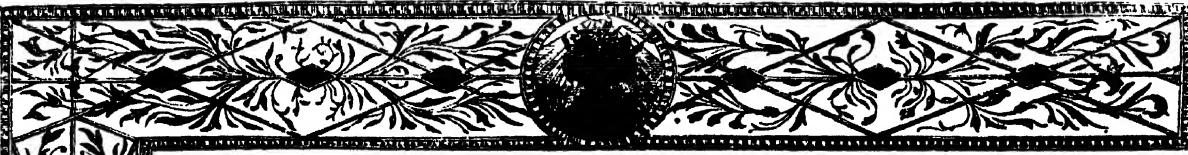
After frequent attacks, the closing scene came, in which his patience shone, though he complained that his sharp sufferings urged an occasional complaint. "Welcome to a dying father," was his remark to his son Matthew, who arrived from Chester, and supported the sinking frame of the aged Christian to the last. He bade farewell to his dear yoke-fellow, with a thousand thanks for all her love, and care, and tenderness, and gave his blessing to his children and their partners and little ones; then sunk into the sleep of death while exclaiming, "O death, where is thy—" Here his voice faltered, and his precious soul ascended to the bosom of his God.

Can it be wondered at that I should have looked with great interest upon Chester, and Wrexham, and Whitwell chapel, rendered worthy of note by such recollections and such associations?

### NAZARETH.

"AFTER breakfast," says Dr. Robinson, "I walked out alone to the top of the hill over Nazareth, where stands the neglected Wely of Neby Isma'il. Here, quite unexpectedly, a glorious prospect opened on the view. The air was perfectly clear and serene; and I shall never forget the impression I received, as the enchanting panorama burst suddenly upon me.

"Seating myself in the shade of the Wely, I remained for some hours upon this spot, lost in the contemplation of the wide prospect, and of the events connected with the scenes around. In the village below, the Saviour of the world had passed his childhood; and although we have few particulars of his life during those early years, yet there are certain features of nature which meet our eyes now, just as they once met his. He must often have visited the fountain near which we had pitched our tent; his feet must frequently have wandered over the adjacent hills; and his eyes, doubtless, have gazed upon the splendid prospect from this very spot. Here the Prince of Peace looked down upon the great plain, where the din of battles so oft had rolled, and the garments of the warrior been dyed in blood; and he looked out too upon that sea, over which the swift ships were to bear the tidings of his salvation to nations and to continents then unknown. How has the moral aspect of this been changed! Battles and bloodshed have indeed not ceased to desolate this unhappy country, and gross darkness now covers the people; but from this region a light went forth, which has enlightened the world and unveiled new climes; and now the rays of that light begin to be reflected back from distant isles and continents, to illuminate anew the darkened land where it first sprang up."



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

JESUS was travelling through Samaria, and reached the Amorite field which forms the entrance to the narrow valley of Shechem, near to the town of Sychar. The mountains of Ebal and Gerizim were lifting up their brows to heaven, clothed with gardens and skirted with vineyards, while the fields, spread over the valley, were giving indications of an approaching harvest. The sun had long been up, and was highly burning in the sky; the air was hot, and the traveller was weary; when, according to eastern custom, he halted at a well hard by, at the foot, perhaps, of one of the rocks, overshadowed by crags, bushes, and trees, and renowned for its fresh clear water, as well as for its historical associations with Jacob and his family, who had opened the spring, and often used it, and then gave it in perpetual possession to the people of the place. Indeed, the history of Jacob and his family was closely connected with other parts of that vicinity. In one of those stony dells, Jacob had seen a vision of angels; in those fields his sons had kept and fed their flocks. Perhaps our Lord was revolving these associations in his mind, as he sat alone beside the well, his disciples having gone forward to the city of Sychar, about a mile distant, to buy food. A woman of the city just at this time came to the well to draw water, little thinking of the momentous results which would issue from that morning's walk to the accustomed spot; while he who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and whose purposes of mercy in relation to her were on the point of being accomplished, watched and welcomed her approach as the shepherd would his stray sheep.

In reflecting upon the memorable conversation between them, among many other things most important, we are struck with the different views of religion entertained by the Samaritan woman, and inculcated by her divine teacher. The grand point in her theology was—the place where men ought to worship, whether at Jerusalem or Gerizim. The central idea of religion in her mind was evidently that of its being a ceremonial service, of its consisting in a reverent and devout observance of forms and rites. Certain outward acts of homage to the Supreme Being are to be performed—a certain prescribed

ritual, divine in pretence or reality, is to be kept sacred, and followed out with punctilious fidelity—that was her religion. But where was this to be done? In what spot was the great object of worship specially present to accept and honour the offerings of his servants? This was her inquiry. The divine prophet answered so as to give another view of religion than that which was uppermost in her mind. While religion with her was a ceremonial thing, he represents it as a spiritual thing. While she looked at it as a formal duty to be done somewhere in particular, he unfolds it as a duty of the heart, to be done everywhere. Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The scenery and incidents of this beautiful story furnished emblems of the two views now indicated. That old well, dug by Jacob among the weather-stained rocks; an object seen and tangible, picturesque and poetical; perhaps in form and appearance appealing to the imagination through the eye, and suggesting to the busy fancy many things analogous—just, the place and scene where the sentimentalist would wile away the hours in pleasant dreams—a place time-honoured, and crowned with associations leading back as far as the days of Israel, unwinding strings of grand recollections, which gathered up many an incident in the history of Samaria, inasmuch as there was a spot where by-gone generations had come and stood, and then passed away—why it was the very emblem of an ancient ceremonial religion, of a venerable ritual worship, in temple, chapel, cathedral, or church. And then the invisible well, with the spiritual water that Christ spoke of—the fountain in the heart, springing up to everlasting life, fed by the supplies which he would communicate—that unseen and untangible reality lying far down in the deeps of human souls, and sending up its streams as high as heaven—there is the true type of spiritual worship, which, so far as it can be expressed outwardly, is to find expression in a form the most simple, having in it nothing of splendour or show.

With this beautiful passage of sacred story in his mind, let the reader now turn and look for a moment at certain forms of worship common in Europe. Whoever has seen high

mass performed in a continental cathedral, and has looked round the magnificent Gothic ~~edifice~~, where all the symbolism of art is gorgeously displayed; where architecture, sculpture, and painting, have done their utmost; where the choicest offerings of genius, in the way of symbolical expression, are brought together to charm the senses, kindle the imagination, and captivate the soul—whoever has watched the richly-attired priests sweeping along the aisles in procession, through the dense mass assembled at the ceremonial, then ascending the altar-steps, moving to and fro, standing and bowing, kneeling and crossing themselves before the gilded tabernacle enclosing the chalice and the host, and surmounted by the glittering crucifix—whoever has inhaled the air laden with fragrant incense, which curls and rolls round the columns, arches, and roof, with magical effect; while the music, rich, deep, solemn, grand, fills the ear, and vibrates through the brain—whoever has been present on such an occasion must have felt in the presence of an essentially ceremonial religion. High mass is only a centre round, which a vast collection of things, all ceremonial in their nature and spirit, are grouped. The necessity of yearly confession, the Easter communion, the stated seasons of indulgence, the high festivals, days of obligation, all these ordinary and routine observances, as well as the extraordinary methods of religious pilgrimages, jubilees, and the like, are mentioned by papal authorities as the grand means by which the church of Rome accomplishes her purposes. Her religion is essentially ritualistic. It is the revival of such things as Paul calls beggarly elements and carnal ordinances—meats and drinks and holy days. It is a retrogression; it is putting back the clock of time. It is sinking from manhood into childhood. It is like an adult going to the infant school to learn his letters in painted boards. Nor is it merely a return to the spirit of Mosaic worship; it is a return to rabbinical worship—to innovations and ordinances of men, such as in the latter ages of Judaism covered and corrupted the primitive ritual worship. Nay, it is a going beyond Judaism; it is more thoroughly ceremonial than Judaism itself. The missal and the breviary, and the pontifical and other books of direction in the papal worship, are far more elaborate, minute, and perplexing than the ritual portion of the Pentateuch. And not only so; but Romanism, beside overleaping Judaism, turns round, and enjoins what Judaism would not tolerate. For when the brazen serpent, which was a precious relic, if anything ever was, received religious honours, and the children of Israel burnt incense to it, the good king Hezekiah brake it in pieces, contemptuously calling

it “Nehushtan—a piece of brass.” But Rome enjoins the payment of religious honours to relics as an important duty; and especially requires reverence to be paid to every bit of wood which, with shameless effrontery and falsehood, she may call a piece of the cross.

Idolatry—and by idolatry we mean not merely the worship of pagan gods, but the worship of the true God through the medium of images; not the worship that was meant to terminate on the block of wood or stone, but to pass on to the divine power there represented; such worship as was paid to the golden calf at the foot of Sinai; such worship as Jeroboam encouraged: against such worship the law and the prophets uttered a unanimous protest. Such idolatry is sternly and awfully condemned; so that no graven image whatever was allowed in the temple, or in any kind of religious service. But Rome enjoins the use of images—not to be worshipped themselves, she says, but as the medium through which God is to be worshipped; that is, she enjoins the use of them in a way which the Old Testament distinctly pronounces idolatrous. The worship of angels and saints would have been utterly intolerable according to the Jewish law, of which the spirit was, “Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve;” but Rome inculcates the invocation of the saints; commands that her children should, above all, honour the holy Mary, in terms between which and the expressions of adoration and prayer to the Most High, it is utterly impossible to distinguish. Romanists do, we know, make distinctions between invocation and worship, between doulia and latria, as they do between the use of images and the worship of them; but such distinctions are too refined and subtle to be of any practical service to the mass of the people. “It would be easier to pass over the bridge of the Mahometans, as narrow and sharp as the edge of a scimitar, in the passage to the other world, than to go to heaven in the successful observance of such metaphysical niceties, if these were to be the price of paradise.”

It follows, from what we have now said, that Rome virtually repudiates the spiritual system of Christian religion and worship. We do not mean by this that spiritual worshippers may not be found in the church of Rome, but we mean that the system of Rome is so opposed to the unceremonial religion of the New Testament as virtually to annul it. Would not any one who can go with us in our previous remarks, say, on witnessing mass in a papal cathedral: “I am now certainly presented with elements of religion different from those I find in the gospel. All this might have pleased the woman of Samaria, but it could not have pleased him who

told her to worship the Father in spirit and in truth. All this may be Roman Catholic worship; it may be the worship of the middle ages; the germs of it may be found in some portions of papistic theology; but it is not the worship performed by Paul—it is not the worship prescribed in the New Testament. In truth, Roman Catholics have no reason to allege for their ceremonies than tradition, custom, and usage. So it has been for ages past in the Romish church. The same arguments exactly are employed by them as the Roman soldier might have urged for the worship of Mars, or the Greek poet for the worship of Apollo.

In opposition to all this vain and worthless appeal to tradition, our Lord's enunciation of the true standard of faith and practice comes forth most luminously and instructively, "Woman, believe me." Against human fashions and customs, against ancient observances, against time-hallowed rites, against papal ceremonies, against rituals and rubrics, it is enough if his word can be shown to be in opposition. Amidst the Babel of human voices, the discord of ecclesiastical controversy, and the contradictions of antiquity, he lifts up his own clear, distinct, and authoritative voice, saying, "Believe me"—not the church, nor tradition, nor councils, nor fathers, nor pope, nor priest; but, "Believe me; the word that I speak unto you, the same shall judge you at the last day. The hour is come when the true worshippers are to worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The subject of our paper is of practical bearing. These four short words, "God is a spirit," shed a glorious light over all our theology, affording inexhaustible materials for thought, reflection, and feeling. They check our natural tendency to conceive of Jehovah as like ourselves, to paint him in bodily form, to confine him to a certain spot, to place him on a throne such as mortals occupy, to assign him emblems of earthly state. All material images of God melt away before this sublime announcement. We are taught that God is an infinite mind, a pure incorporeal mind, so that only mental and moral qualities can be ascribed to him. All this being the case, worship to be acceptable to him must be eminently a mental and moral act; it must be a service full of thought; the offering of intelligent and enlightened purified minds; the fruit of meditation on his created works and ways; a service full of faith—faith in God's existence, government, holiness, truth, mercy, and condescension; a service full of affection, gushing up like a fountain from the depths of the heart, ascending like incense of myrrh and cassia, "from the burning censer of the soul!"

And if God be a Father as well as a spirit—if this blessed truth here beams upon us as a beautiful star—if God be the Father of all men, inasmuch as human minds are the offspring of his mind—and if he be the Father of his believing people in an especial sense, through Jesus Christ having bought them by his precious blood, and renewed and adopted them by his Spirit, and sent the spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying, Abba Father—then ought the worship of God to be filial, unrestrained, free, full, loving, humble, and confident. Are our prayers such? Are they spiritual, loving, fervent, childlike, filial? Is our worship, public and private, free from superstition, from all dependence upon mere professions and words, and external acts—which dependence is of the very essence of superstition? And when we pray and sing, is it, as it ought to be, only giving voice to feelings habitually existing in the soul—feelings that make our daily life a silent holy psalm and litany? Finally, told as we are in Scripture, that neither in this mountain, nor at Jerusalem are men to worship; hearing, as we seem to do, the divine announcement, "Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool; to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word;" are we not all taught to look on every place as the divine presence-chamber, where we may find God's footstool, and present our petitions with acceptance? If even in the day when the temple existed, what prayer and supplication soever was made, he who dwelt in heaven forgave, and did to every man according to his ways, whose heart he knew; if it was so then, surely in these days, every son of poverty, every bereaved husband and wife, every orphan boy, every victim of injustice, every slave and captive, every stranger from a far land, every man and woman with an aching heart and troubled breast, whether with their own, or their families', or the church's, or the nation's, or the world's woe, is welcome to come boldly to the throne of grace, through Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant.

### ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

#### PART III.

MR. M'CHEYNE and his companions left London on the 11th of April, and on the following morning crossed from Dover to Boulogne. On the very first night which they spent in France, they were visited by an inquiring Jew, in a state of great anxiety about his soul—a circumstance which they regarded as a manifest token for good vouchsafed at the commence-

ment of their mission. A Sunday spent in Paris awakened the strongest and most indignant feelings of his heart at the awful profanation of the sabbath which he witnessed. "Alas!" he wrote, "poor Paris knows no sabbath; all the shops are open, and all the inhabitants are on the wing in search of pleasures—pleasures that perish in the using. I thought of Babylon and Sodom as I passed through the crowd. I cannot tell how I longed for the peace of a Scottish sabbath. There is in Paris a place called the Champs Elysees, or Plains of Heaven—a beautiful public walk with trees and gardens; we had to cross it on passing to the Protestant church. It is the chief scene of their sabbath desecration, and an awful scene it is. Oh! I thought, if this is the heaven a Parisian loves, he will never enjoy the pure heaven that is above."

They left Paris on the 16th of April, travelling to Lyons, and thence set sail for Marseilles, where they hoped to have spent the sabbath; but just as they entered the Mediterranean, a storm arose and drove the vessel upon a barren island at the mouth of the Rhone, on which they landed and spent their sabbath in reading the word of God and in prayer. The next morning they reached Marseilles.

The aspect of popery in France could not be otherwise than grievous in his eyes. He wrote: "The first day we landed it was evident that we were in a land of popish darkness. On the height above Boulogne, a tall white cross attracted our eyes. We found on it an image of the Saviour nailed to the tree, larger than life; the spear, the hammer, the nails, the sponge were all there. At the entrance of every village there is a cross, and the churches are full of pictures and images. I went into one church in Paris, the finest in France, where the crosses were all of pure silver, and there was a large white image of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Many, rich and poor, were kneeling on the pavement before the image, silently praying."

Having been too late for the first vessel to Malta, they resolved to sail into Italy, and leaving Marseilles on the 23rd of April, they landed on the 24th in Genoa, of which he writes: "Genoa is one of the most beautiful towns in the world; the most of the houses and churches are of pure white marble, and from the sea look like palaces: but Satan's seat is there; we dared not distribute a single book or tract in Genoa; we would have been imprisoned immediately." On the following day they reached Leghorn, where they found more than ten thousand Jews, whose synagogue they visited, and with some of whom they had most interesting conversations. From Leghorn they proceeded to Malta, and thence to Alexandria. Of

the classic shores by which they sailed, he writes: "We tried to recollect the studies of our boyhood. But what is classic learning to us now. I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. And yet these recollections tinged every object, and afforded us a most lawful pleasure." The effect upon his mind of all the foreign scenes and objects which he beheld is thus expressed: "A foreign land draws us nearer God. He is the only one whom we know here. We go to Him as one we know. All else is strange." Alas! how many are there whom foreign travel, by the scenes of gaiety and dissipation to which it introduces them, leads even further from God than they were before.

Some extracts from his letters and journals will best supply our readers with the interesting particulars of the remainder of his journey. "We left Alexandria on the 16th of May. We and our baggage were mounted on seventeen donkeys, like the sons of Jacob when they carried corn out of Egypt. Our saddle was our bedding; namely, a rug to lie on, a pillow for the head, and a quilt to wrap ourselves in. We afterwards added a straw-mat to put under all. We had procured two tents—one large, and a smaller one which Andrew and I occupy. The donkeys are nice nimble little animals, going about five miles an hour. We journeyed by the bay of Aboukir, close by the sea, which tempered the air of the desert. At night we reached Rosetta, a curious half inhabited eastern town. We saw an eastern marriage, which highly pleased us, illustrating the parables. It was by torch-light. We slept in the convent. 17th. Spent morning in Rosetta: gave the monk a New Testament. In the evening we crossed the Nile in small boats. It is a fine river, and its water when filtered is sweet and pleasant. 20th. At twelve at night left Balteen by beautiful moonlight. Proceeding through a pleasant African wild of palms and brushwood, we reached the sea in two hours, and rode along, its waves washing our feet—very sleepy. We got a rest at mid-day, if rest it could be called under that scorching sun, which I never will forget. Proceeding onward, at three o'clock we left the sea shore, and perceived the minarets of Damietta before us. The mirage cheated us very often when we were very thirsty. We crossed the Nile again, a smaller branch—the only remaining one, and soon found ourselves comfortably reclining on the divan of the British consul, an Egyptian gentleman of some fortune and manners. He entertained us in true Egyptian style, provided a room for us, where we spread our mats in peace, and sent us away next day on board of a barge upon lake Menzaleh. 23rd. We reached San about ten this evening, and

next morning we spent in exploring the ruins of the ancient Zoan, for this we find is the very spot. Wandering alone we were surprised to find great mounds of brick and pottery, and petrified stones. Andrew at last came upon beautiful obelisks. Next morning we examined all carefully, and found two sphinxes and many Egyptian obelisks. How wonderful to be treading over the ruins of the ancient capital of Egypt! ‘Where are the princes of Zoan?’ Isaiah xix. 12. This is the very place where Joseph was sold as a slave, and where Moses did his wonders. 24th. This day our journeys on camels commenced, and continued till we came to Jerusalem. . . It is a remarkable feeling to be quite alone in a desert place. It brings God near. Living in tents, and moving among such lonely scenes for many days, awoke many new ideas. It is a strange life we lead in the wilderness. Round and round there is a complete circle of sand and wilderness shrubs; above, a blue sky without a cloud, and a scorching sun which often made the thermometer stand at 96° in our tents. When evening came, the sun went down as it does in the ocean, and the stars came out in all their glory, and we used to pitch alone with none but our poor ignorant Bedouins and their camels, and our all-knowing, all-loving God beside us. When morning began to dawn, our habitations were taken down; often we have found ourselves shelterless before being fully dressed. What a type of the tent of our body! Ah! how often taken down before the soul is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.”

While crossing the desert, one of their party, Doctor Black, had a severe fall from his camel, by which he was disabled for the after-fatigue of exploring Galilee. This accident, therefore, it was which subsequently led to the return of Doctors Black and Keith, by sailing up the Danube, and so to Vienna, and occasioned their visit to Pesth, where Doctor Keith was detained by a severe seizure of illness until they had ascertained that there was a widely-open door among the Jews in that locality; and hence originated one of the most remarkably successful of the missions to the Jews. Mr. M’Cheyne did not fail to observe and to acknowledge the directing hand of God in all this, and to attribute it, as well as the preservation from numerous dangers of each member of the deputation, to the prayers which they knew were being offered up at home without ceasing on their behalf. On this subject he remarks, “If the veil of this world’s machinery were lifted off, how much would we find is done in answer to the prayers of God’s children.”

At length the travellers entered the Holy Land and drew near to Jerusalem. He writes:

“I must tell you now about Jerusalem. It is indeed the most wonderful place I was ever in. We reached it about twelve o’clock, under a burning sun. The black rocky hills over which we crossed were like a heated oven, but all was forgotten when the city of the Great King came in sight. ‘Your house is left unto you desolate.’ That word was upon every tongue. Almost every approach to Jerusalem gives you this desolate feeling; but when you stay there, and wander down into its deep valleys, or climb its terraced hills, or sit beside shady Siloam, whose waters flow softly, or meditate on Mount Zion, ploughed like a field, the whole current of your feelings is made to flow, and Jerusalem presents the remains of departed beauty such as you seek for in vain in any other land. The scene which might seem of greatest interest is Calvary; but God has so willed it that nothing but pain and disappointment follow the inquirer after the spot where the blood flowed which cleanses from all sin. There is a great church built over the place. The hole made by the cross is enclosed in a star of gold, and a marble slab covers what *they call* the sepulchre. They tell you so many heinous falsehoods that we were all inclined to doubt the whole matter. Gethsemane makes up in interest all that we want in Calvary. The very place remains, and, by its simplicity, convinces the mind that it was the spot that Jesus loved. The road to Bethany passes in front of the garden. The path up the Mount of Olives forms another boundary. It is enclosed with old stone walls, like all the walls of Judea, of rude stones without any cement. Eight very old olives, of a thousand years at least, stand as monuments in the place. It is a sweet and sacred spot, and you will not wonder that we were often drawn to visit it, and to pray on the very spot where Jesus sweated great drops of blood. The Mount of Olives is a hill of which you never weary. As you ascend it from Gethsemane, every step gives you a new prospect. You see the ‘mountains all standing round about Jerusalem.’ The whiteness of the buildings gives it a dazzling appearance. The deep valleys on every side are very remarkable. When you come to the top of Olivet you look to the east, and the Dead Sea seems to be stretched at your feet. Bethany appears on the east side of a declivity near you—a pleasant village. Twice we wandered out as far as Bethany. It was pleasant indeed to sit beneath its spreading fig-trees, and to read over John xi. Returning by the Jericho road, we stopped at the spot where Jesus wept over the city.”

On the 18th June the travellers left Jerusalem, where the plague was raging at the time, and passed by Bethel and Sychar to Mount Carmel, where they had to remain seven days encamped,

under quarantine. Thence they proceeded to Beyrouth, where Doctors Keith and Black separated from their companions on their return to Europe, while Messrs. M'Cheyne and Bonar turned southward through the regions of Phoenicia and Galilee. In this tour, as during their sojourn at Jerusalem, their inquiries and conversations amongst the Jews were most interesting, and caused them much thankfulness and joy with regard to the object of their mission. Mr. M'Cheyne's health seemed also considerably improved, and his strength increased. On his return to Beyrouth, however, where he found himself well enough to expound a chapter at a prayer meeting of American brethren, he paid a visit to a young man from Glasgow, who was ill of fever, and from whom it would appear that he caught the contagion, as he was speedily prostrated under the disease. He left Beyrouth, notwithstanding, by the advice of his medical attendant, for Smyrna; and when off Cyprus, his illness increased to such a height that he lost his memory altogether, and was racked with excessive pain in the head. After having been for three days without medical aid, he arrived at Smyrna, where kind care and attention, with the Lord's blessing, speedily restored him to his former health. He and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Andrew Bonar, returned home through Moldavia, Wallachia, and Austria, in each of which, the latter especially, their souls were stirred within them by the awful idolatries which, under the name of Christianity, they witnessed. He wrote: "The images and idols by the wayside are actually frightful, stamping the whole land as a kingdom of darkness. I do believe that a journey through Austria would go far to cure some of the popery admirers of our beloved land." On the 6th of November he arrived in London, and in a few days after found himself once more among his beloved flock at Dundee, cheered and gladdened beyond measure, not only by their cordial and delighted reception of him, but especially by finding that his prayers and supplications in their behalf, while absent, had been marvellously answered; that the Spirit had indeed been poured out upon them from on high, causing the seed which he had previously been privileged to sow among them, as also that sown by his faithful substitute during his absence, to bear fruit abundantly, in the conversion of numbers, and the spirit of inquiry and anxiety exhibited by very many more. It is almost needless to add that he now laboured, if possible, more indefatigably than before. His season of labour was however brief. He had frequent attacks of illness, and in February, 1843, he was seized with fever, during the delirium of which, as well as in his brief intervals of reason, the one name of Jesus,

and the one topic of his great and free salvation, were unceasingly upon his lips. On the morning of Saturday, 25th February, while his kind physician, Doctor Gibson, stood by his bed, he lifted up his hands as if in the attitude of pronouncing the blessing, and, with a quiver of the lip, his spirit entered into rest. He had returned from Palestine but three years and three months, and was in the thirtieth year of his age.

"Servant of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."

## THE NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

### PART III.

#### THE WORK BEGUN.

It has been often said by those who have best known the spiritual condition of Ireland, that "the Irish language is the key to the Irish heart;" and while it is now generally acknowledged that the English language is likely, ere long, to displace entirely the ancient tongue of the country, (which, wherever secular and religious education under well-trained English teachers penetrates is, as Dr. Edgar expresses it, "dying out,") yet the communication of scriptural knowledge through this medium, by various instrumentalities, has undoubtedly been a pioneer of "the New Reformation in Ireland."

We have briefly alluded, at the close of our last paper, to some of these agencies, by which truth was thus brought to bear on the minds and hearts of the peasantry. But our readers, we believe, will be interested by further information on the subject.

The Baptist Irish Society was one of the earliest in the field. This society was formed in London, at a public meeting, held at the London Tavern, April 19th, 1814, under the presidency of Joseph Butterworth, esq., M.P., for "promoting the Gospel in Ireland; the principal objects being—to employ itinerants in Ireland, to establish schools, and to distribute Bibles and Testaments, either gratuitously or at reduced prices." Native Irish schools were speedily formed "in those counties where Irish is the prevailing speech," and qualified schoolmasters and readers were employed in the darkest districts of the west. These men were necessarily drawn from the Irish-speaking peasantry, and were professedly Roman Catholics; but they were faithful in carrying out the fundamental principles of the society, namely, the teaching of the Scriptures alone. The operation of these schools through a series of years, whilst marked by many difficulties and trials, was yet attended

with happy results. Many of the teachers themselves were brought under the power of the truth which they were rehearsing in the ears of others, and were thus constrained to throw their whole hearts into their work. Although, indeed, the number of converts in any one year, or in any particular place, was small, yet the aggregate success of the labours of this society, during the period of its past history, has been such as may well fill the heart of every Christian patriot with thankfulness and joy. In looking over the reports of former years, in the "Reader's Journal," passages like that given below often meet the eye, forcibly illustrating the statement once made by an Irish mendicant, who, when one of the missionaries of this society entered a farmer's house, and began to read the English Bible, evinced no interest whatever; but when the New Testament in Irish was produced, and the loved accents of his mother tongue fell on his ear, the old man pulled off his hat, and falling on his knees, exclaimed, "The English only spakes to my ears, but the *Irish to my heart!*"

"I read the word of life," says a reader in county Kerry, "to many families that day, and where I lodged at night the man of the house sent a messenger to call his neighbours to hear '*a fine Irish book.*' They all assembled; among whom was a man about eighty years of age. I was a long part of the night reading and expounding the word of truth to them. The old man wept for his transgressions, exclaiming, 'What shall I do? Lord, have mercy on my soul!' I replied, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; trust in him for the salvation of your soul.'"

The Irish Society, and the Hibernian School Society, were both established to diffuse the light of scriptural truth in a land of darkness, and their work was carried forward amid the fiercest opposition from the priesthood. The Irish Society strictly confined itself to the Irish-speaking population, which, twenty years ago, was considered to amount to three millions; one half of whom, however, were partially acquainted with the English language. Probably the most important successes were achieved by this society in the district of Kingscourt, county Cavan, although it was there that, in the beginning of the work, two scripture readers were barbarously murdered in open day, their tongues being cut out by the savage assassins, who exclaimed in a spirit of diabolical triumph, "They will preach no more in Irish!" An "Irish school," conducted by this agency, was not, as the term will suggest to an English reader, identified with the "local habitation" of a school-house erected in a well-known spot, nor were the "scholars" merely to be found among the boys and girls of a particular district. On the

contrary, both the teachers and pupils were compelled, from fear of the priests, frequently to shift their places of meeting; they gathered on a winter night around the fire of different cabins, and in summer assembled on the mountain side, or in a verdant meadow, while the light of the setting sun fell on groups of aged men and women, young men, maidens, and little children, as they eagerly studied the pages of the sacred volume.

The writer has been present at more than one examination of the teachers connected with a local auxiliary to the Irish Society, whose operations extended over portions of two counties. These men and women were the objects of popular hatred, in consequence of priestly denunciations from the altars of the parish chapels. To reach one of their meetings in safety, the teachers were compelled to take a lengthened and circuitous route. On one occasion they were assaulted in a mountain pass by an infuriated mob, with the priest at their head; while at another time, several female teachers were beaten in a most brutal manner, by a number of men breaking stones by the way-side, who struck them with their hammers, and seriously injured them. One woman gave a most thrilling account of the horror and fear into which she was plunged when, on a Sunday, whilst the whole congregation was assembled, her name was publicly read out from the altar as a scripture reader, and she was "cursed with bell, book, and candle."

In 1852, the Irish Society (since amalgamated with the Society for Irish Church Missions) reported "667 schools, 29,119 scholars, 38 inspectors, 60 clerical superintendents, 20 missionaries, 3 lay agents, 166 Scripture readers, several new places of worship, to meet the demands for church accommodation of vast numbers of converts from Romanism; and all this effected and maintained against violent intimidation, with threatened loss of property and life, and endured with martyrs' courage and faith."

Side by side with this society, but extending itself also amongst the English-speaking population, was the Hibernian School Society, now incorporated with the Church Education Society. Many of its inspectors and teachers were converts from popery, through the simple reading of the Holy Scriptures in the Irish language. To this admirable institution, multitudes of the Protestant children of Ireland were indebted for that thorough acquaintance with divine truth, which permanently distinguishes at this hour a large portion of the yeomanry and peasantry, especially in Ulster; whilst among the Roman Catholic youth the seed was sown broadcast, and not without fruit. The opposition of the priesthood checked at times, but by no meansulti-

mately retarded, the prosperity of the schools. As we can testify from personal knowledge; some of the most successful in carrying off premiums for superior answering, were the children of Roman Catholic parents. The anecdote will be, perhaps, familiar to more than one of those who may read these pages, which tells of a boy who was attending the Hibernian school, and whose Bible was seized and burned by the priest, and who exclaimed, as he wiped away the starting tear, "Ah! he may burn my Bible, but he cannot take from me the six chapters which I have committed to memory."

The Mission Society for the Islands and Coasts of Ireland, the Achill Mission, the Dingle and Ventry Mission, the schools established by the synod of Ulster among the Irish-speaking population in Connaught and Kerry, among the mountains of Tyrone and Donegal, and in the glens of Antrim; the Irish Evangelical Society, supported by Congregationalists, with twenty ministerial agents, and thirty Scripture readers; the efforts of Methodism, by its itinerant system, so peculiarly qualified for such a field as Ireland, and one of whose agents, the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, was wont, within the memory of many now living, to preach with great power in fairs and markets in the native Irish tongue; the primitive Wesleyan Mission, with upwards of twenty agents and four hundred stations or congregations; the Birr Mission, originating in the secession of the Rev. Messrs. Crotty, with a considerable body of their congregation, from the church of Rome, and sustained for a series of years by the self-sacrificing and devoted labours of the late Dr. Carlile;—all these agencies contributed powerfully to "prepare the way of the Lord," and to "make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Amid the bitter blasts of "winter in the lap of spring," the buds and blossoms began to appear; with lowering skies above him, and dangers around as real and imminent as those of the eastern husbandman, who trembles lest the "precious seed," on which all his hopes depend, may be snatched from him by Arab robbers, ere he can cast it into the furrows—did many an earnest sower go forth, and "weeping," commit to the soil of the Irish heart the good seed of the kingdom. And far sooner than he dared to hope for, was he destined to fill his bosom with the first golden sheaves of harvest. That seed had been watered by the blood of martyrs not a few. "In one district," says the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, "nine hundred Scripture readers are employed, and the greater number have been beaten or otherwise persecuted. Some have been savagely murdered, their only crime being their endeavour to guide others to the truth which they had found precious to themselves." The bright warm beams of the

Sun of Righteousness, and the gentle dews and rains of the Divine Spirit nourished its life, until in answer to the prayers of thousands, the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear have successively appeared.

#### A LEARNED SLAVE.

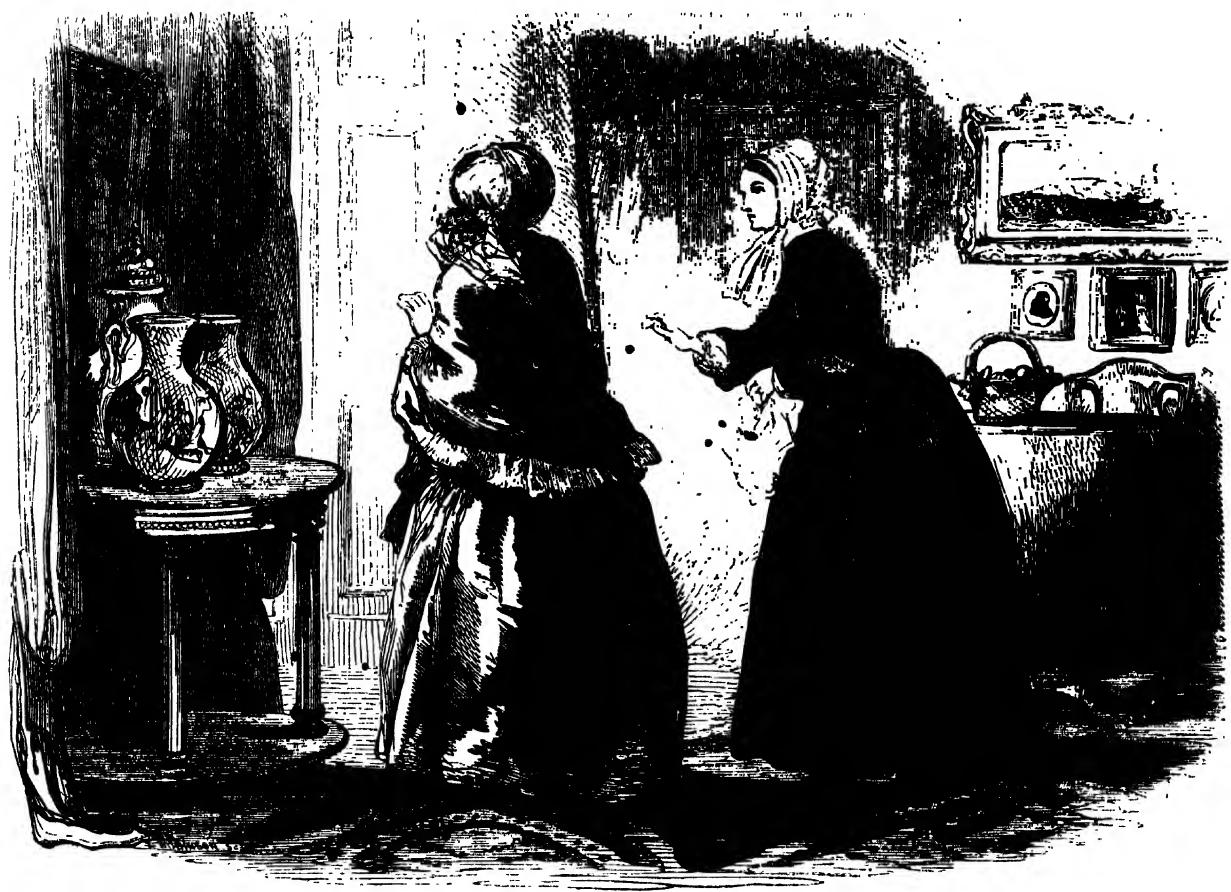
In the state of Alabama lives a coloured man by the name of Ellis, who has a wife and several children. He is a blacksmith by trade, and has worked at this business for many years in the shop of his master. He is believed to be a man of sincere piety, and is a member of the Presbyterian church under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Field Bradshaw. What is particularly noticeable in his case is the state of his education; and, for a man who has been all his life a slave, and hard at work, and who inherited only ignorance, we consider it quite extraordinary. He is well acquainted with reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and some other branches embraced in a common English education; besides which he has made a tolerable acquaintance with Latin and Greek. He has accomplished this mostly without the aid of teachers, and he learned his alphabet without even a book. His plan was, at first, to get his young masters, on their return from school at evening, to make for him the different letters of the alphabet, and tell him their names. These he copied upon his shop door with coal, and continued the process until he had well learned the first elements of reading and writing. They then brought him the spelling book, and other elementary books, by means of which he began to wend his way up the hill of science. We understand that in some of the higher branches he has had the aid of others, and that now he is pursuing his studies under a competent teacher. He still works at the anvil, as he has done through his whole course, during the day, and studies at night. What first prompted him to make the effort to obtain an education we do not know. All who know him, testify that he is a man of uncommon native energy of mind.

About two years since, his case was represented to the synods of Alabama and Mississippi, and they jointly propose to purchase him and family, and send him to the western coast of Africa as a missionary. They have ascertained that his master will part with them for 250 dollars. This sum is equally divided between the two synods, and they are now making efforts to raise it. In the mean time Ellis is pursuing a course of theological study under his pastor. We understand he has read the standard theological works of Dr. Dwight, etc., and others pertaining to a ministerial course.—*New Orleans Protestant.*

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



## MARION MADELY'S IFS.

WHEN first I made Marion Madely's acquaintance, she was a fair, pretty girl of seventeen. Her gentle and unassuming manners won upon me at once. The second time we met, I discovered that there was more in her than mere prettiness, gentleness, and modesty. The pearl of great price was hidden in her heart, and shed its loveliness over what was in itself beautiful. Marion had chosen that better part which enriches its possessor with an indescribable something, that the worldling cannot but appreciate, though he fails to understand its nature and value.

Like most young Christians, her earnest question was, "What shall I do?"—not that I may be saved, for that had already been satisfactorily answered to her heart; and she, with other humble believers, was thankful that the answer had never varied, and is for ever summed up in one word—"believe." But "what can I do for Christ?" was the query that puzzled Marion Madely.

Her natural disposition was active and aspiring. As a child, she would always be laying some plan for herself. "When I am grown up," she would say, "nurse shall live with me, and I will make her so comfortable. Then, when she gets old, I will build her a pretty

little cottage, and furnish it with everything necessary. She shall never want whilst I live. How delightful it will be to see her dear old face beam with pleasure, when ‘her child’ peeps in to ask her how she does!” Many were the castles of Marion’s building; and they were never for herself alone.

How many Marion Madelys are there amongst the old as well as the young!

“Come now, Miss Marion,” old nurse was once overheard saying—“come now, I wish, instead of all these mighty fine ifs, you’d be doing something at once for me.”

“Oh dear, nursey! what can I, a child, with only threepence a week, do for you now? When I’m a woman, then you’ll see; but tell me, I’ll do anything I can with joy.”

“Mind what I tell ye, and that’ll be doing of a great deal more than ye does at present,” was the somewhat sharp rejoinder of old nurse, for she was even then brooding over a recent scolding from missus, arising out of a slight neglect on Marion’s part. Poor Marion! she thought scorn of doing so little, but, being of a gentle nature, she put her arms round Betty’s neck, promising to be more careful for the future. Dear child, she had yet to learn that it is easier to be a hero on a grand scale than in the everyday occurrences of life. And now, in her Christian career, she had to learn that it is easier to take up the cross in the public highway of religion, than bear it quietly in the petty and unseen annoyances of the house. We are all too apt to overlook real duties, which lie like the daisies at our feet, or neglected by the wayside, in our eagerness to grasp fancied ones that decoy us far from the true sphere of duty. But we rarely learn from another’s experience; we must try for ourselves ere we are persuaded; and so would Marion Madely.

Her thoughts were now all turned heavenward, and bred the anxious question, “What shall I do for Christ, for the glory of God, and the good of his militant church?” I had not long known the sweet girl before she sought my advice in this, to her, all engrossing subject. She said, “My heart yearns to spend its best energies for him who has done so much for me.”

“Wait,” I replied; “if the Lord needs your services, he will demand them. If you humbly watch, you will not mistake the voice, ‘The Lord hath need of thee,’ from whatsoever quarter it may come. But be wary, lest in the meanwhile you despise those small duties which are plainly marked out to every Christian.”

Clasping her hands, she fervently exclaimed, “Oh, if those words had been addressed to me, that our Saviour spoke to the young man—‘Sell all that thou hast,’ how joyfully should I have obeyed!”

No one who looked at that earnest upturned face, and heard the eloquent tone in which that wish was uttered, could have doubted the speaker’s sincerity; nor did I, for I felt sure that no sacrifice would have been *too great* for Marion to make, but I feared whether some would not prove *too small*, and I could not help expressing my fear in these words: “I believe, dear Marion, that in your present state of mind, you would sell your all; but having done this, could you follow out the command?”

She gazed wistfully at me.

“What does our Saviour say? ‘Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and come and *follow me*.’ Could you do this? be content to simply follow him! Believe me, dear Marion, to work for Christ (or at least what we call working for him), is far easier than to wait on him—to follow him. There are many who could pluck out a right eye, or cut off a right hand for him, that would not lay their finger to stay an angry word from defiling lips that should be wholly sanctified to his service.” She received this caution very gratefully; but, as before remarked, one heart will not be taught by another’s experience. Ah, Marion, thou art God’s own dear child, and if thou art sincere in thy desire to labour for him, he will give thee work, and teach thee, at the same time, that it must be done in *his way*—not thine.

Marion was a welcome guest at the parsonage house. With almost an envious eye, she watched Mrs. Watson, the clergyman’s wife, in her daily routine of parochial duties. “Oh,” thought she, “how much good I should be able to do, if I was a clergyman’s wife (these dangerous ifs). There would be the village school, I would superintend it myself; there would be the visiting all the poor, the reading to the sick, forming nice little clothing and Dorcas societies. How mysterious that one who so truly yearns to become a labourer in any way (ah, not so, Marion, it must be in thy own way), should be shut up in such a confined sphere, or, rather, shut out from usefulness.” With these thoughts Marion returned home, and neglected to hear her maid read her accustomed chapter from the Bible. “It was useless,” said she, “to call such a trifling good.” Dear girl! Is not a crumb from the Master’s table better than none? Will the hungry man refuse a morsel because he cannot get a loaf? Beware, beware; Satan desires to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat. There is more of flesh mixed with these longings than thou art aware of. There is pride at the bottom, though thou art of so gentle and loving a nature.

I had heard of this wish of Miss Madely’s, and, therefore, thought how good it was of God to give her her heart’s desire (labour for him),

when I one day accidentally took up the "Record," and read as follows, in the list of marriages :—

"On the 25th of September, 18—, at Blank church, by the Rev. J. Watson, the Rev. R. Bidwell to Marion, third daughter of Thomas Madely, esq."

On referring to the "Clerical Guide," I found that Mr. Bidwell had an important parish in a large manufacturing town—important, not for the number of wealthy and fashionable parishioners, but because it contained a vast number of precious never-dying souls that lay in almost heathen darkness. "Now!" I exclaimed, "my Marion will indeed be happy! happy in her devoted ministrations to these poor creatures—happy in teaching them a Saviour's love and his willingness to save all who come to him."

A few days after I received a letter apprising me of the event, and a warm invitation to visit Mrs. Bidwell when she was settled in her new house.

Full of pleasant anticipations, I set out to visit my old friend with a new name. Our meeting was delightful on both sides; Marion was impatient to introduce me to her husband. "Poor dear," she sighed, "the visiting tries him sadly. It is such a wicked place, you can have no idea!"

A reply was on my lips, when Mr. Bidwell entered. He was a delicate-looking man, very tall, slight, and with a most agreeable countenance; but a shade of sadness subdued what would have been a lively expression. He seemed pleased to meet me as an old friend of his wife's single days. During dinner a few remarks passed that led me to suppose that Marion was not quite happy in her long coveted sphere. But I determined to let her be the first to speak to me on the subject. This I felt sure she would do, as she had always made me her confidant in her religious troubles. "It may be," I said, "that the Lord is leading her by a way that she knows not." Some days, however, passed, and still she did not open her mind to me. Some weeks passed, and I was on the point of leaving, yet she did not speak. Of course, thought I, she has now a spiritual adviser in her husband, and would not come to me; but, as I should like to have some talk about it, I will broach the matter to her. An opportunity was soon afforded me. At breakfast the next morning, Mr. Bidwell said, "My dear, old Roberts is now decidedly dying—mortification has commenced—he cannot live beyond to-day. I wish you would go to see him, and say I will be there as soon as possible."

"I will most certainly, if you wish it, love; but," she added, giving a look of great distress, "as I told you before, what good can I expect to do him."

"Leave that to God!" replied Mr. Bidwell,

in a tone that expressed this was not the first time he had had to impress his wife's memory with the injunction—"Leave that to God; be in your path of duty, and leave the result to him. In watering others, the blessing may return to yourself, and that hardness of spirit you now complain of, may be softened by a reviving shower. My wife," he continued, turning to me, "much wants to have a conversation with you. She is sadly depressed. The leaving her friends was a trial she was not prepared for; and the scenes she has daily to witness in my parish seem to have finished the trial. She says she had no idea there was such wickedness in the world before she came here (smiling sadly). She did not know it was so hard to fight the Lord's battles with sin and the powers of darkness, and how great would be the cost!"

"No, indeed," sobbed Marion, "here I am a hindrance instead of a helpmeet to you."

Mr. Bidwell rose, kissed Marion, and left the room, saying, as he shut the door, "I will visit Roberts, dear, that you may open your sorrows to your friend."

Marion did not speak for some minutes; at last she faltered, "Oh, you cannot think how wretched I am! My heart feels hard and cold; this affliction seems to be doing me harm, instead of drawing me closer to God!"

"You speak enigmatically, dear Marion; what affliction? I have noticed how low your spirits are, and what slight interest you take in your work amongst the poor; but I fancied that this arose rather from disappointment than affliction. I was ignorant of your having had trouble."

"And is not disappointment an affliction?" she said, reproachfully; "is it no sorrow to have the soul's earnest craving filled with bitterness, instead of the food which is its life? With all reverence, I can say, that the thought of working for God was as precious meat to my soul."

"I must have been mistaken, Marion, for I always fancied that your chief wish was to have a decided sphere for action—some appointed work; and I congratulate you sincerely when I heard of your marriage to Mr. Bidwell, anticipating the delight you would take in the parish: I must have mistaken you."

"Oh! I never meant in such a place as this, where one can see no fruit to crown one's labour. And I never thought of being entirely cut off from my friends in this way! I might as well be a missionary in a foreign land, as here." I was too surprised to reply. I prayed for grace to be faithful, for it was no time to prophesy smooth things.

"Marion," I said, "this is no affliction, it is a

punishment. God has given you your desire, but sent *leanness* therewith. He has granted you the food you craved, but has taken away your appetite—so that you loathe it."

"Oh! this is not the food I desired," she exclaimed in an agonized tone: "if I (those ifs again!) were in a quiet country parish, where the people would respect my husband, and love me, and if I were nearer my friends, you would see how different I should be—with what joy I should set about my labour!"

"Marion, oh Marion, are we, the servants of the Lord, to *choose* our work? Are we to say, where and when we will do it? If our desires were truly with God, should not we rather rejoice to follow his steps, not only to the beloved family of Bethany, but to the sinners, the Zacheuses, the Mary Magdalenes of his flock? Are not the souls of the poor manufacturers of this district as precious in his sight as those of others, in more favoured situations? Were they not redeemed with the same costly blood? And then you forget, that the worse the darkness of these poor creatures, the deeper need they have of light, the blessed light which reveals a crucified Saviour. How glorious and yet responsible is your position here—the messenger of good tidings!"

"How can I be the messenger, when I need comfort myself? I am in the dark; God's countenance is hidden from me!"

"He does not hide his face from us, my beloved Marion; it is we that turn ourselves from him. If we could see him in our worst moments of mental night, we should find his eye, his pitying eye, full upon us. The child that is under its father's punishment, averts its little face, and trembles at the thought of meeting its angry parent's frown; nay, it says, 'my father would not look at me.' It gives a timid glance around, and it catches the paternal eye melting with tenderness. Marion, let me be faithful. It is your desires (in themselves right) that have formed the cloud which has taken him out of your sight. He is behind the cloud. Pray him to dispel it."

"What is to be the end of this?" she ejaculated.

I could only say, in the language of the poet:

"With quiet mind thy course of duty run:  
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,  
But thou wouldest do the same, if thou couldst see  
The end of all events as well as He."

We were silent for some time. Poor Marion was, indeed, in trouble, but the trouble lay in herself; and I could see no way of escape for her, while she remained in her present state of mind. How truly has one said, that, "Could we bring about the accomplishment of *all* we ask, we should need no other scourge!" If

Marion had known my thoughts, the following question would have remained unasked.

"Will you pray with and for me, that a door may be opened from which we could leave this dreadful place: for even I (how bitterly was that *even I* said!) should not think it right to urge Mr. Bidwell to resign, although he sometimes says he shall be obliged to do so, if I do not get reconciled."

"No, indeed! I love you too well, ever to pray such a thing; I would rather ask that you may be kept here, till God's gracious purpose towards you is fulfilled; for be assured, my friend, that if he did not accomplish it *here*, he would elsewhere, and, perhaps, make your very desires the instrument in his hands. Let me implore you to think again, before you thus ask for what you know not."

"What do you mean?" she asked almost apathetically.

"Why, that, in answer to our prayers, a door *might* be opened, but such an one as you would shudder to pass! It would be trifling with God. Forgive me, dear, if I appear to speak harshly; fears for you have made me speak thus." She extended her hand, and kissed mine fondly. The tears glistened in her eye, she could not venture a word. I silently committed her to the Lord, and we parted.

The next day I was standing by the cab that was to take me to the station, when she whispered in my ear, "Do you remember the young man who was told to sell *all*, and follow Christ? What did he do?"

"Went away very sorrowful!" I replied, wondering what she meant. She grasped my hand in a seeming agony, and went into the house. For some time, I did not comprehend the drift of her inquiry, till a conversation the reader will remember came to my recollection. I then perceived the painful significance of the question.

I wrote several times to Mrs. Bidwell, but never received a letter in return. At last, fearing the worst, I addressed Mr. Bidwell, and begged a line to satisfy my anxiety on Marion's account.

By return of post Mr. Bidwell sent me a kind and courteous note; but the same sad tone appeared to pervade his written words, as were formerly perceptible in his whole manner and conversation.

"Do not, my dear friend," he said, "imagine yourself forgotten. My Marion frequently speaks of you; and would long since have replied to each of your welcome letters, could she have done so without giving you pain. She says, whilst she remains in her present state of mind, she must forego the pleasure of corresponding with you, unless you will be friendly

enough to let the correspondence be all on your side. Indeed, dear friend, this is a sore trial to me--more than my wife thinks. It preys upon my spirits, which are at times so low that unless help came immediately from on high, I should be unable to continue the onerous charge I have undertaken. I have long ceased to argue with her on the subject. I leave her in God's hands. He will restore unto her the joy of his salvation, and uphold her with his free spirit again, the moment he sees fit. He will not chasten her beyond her strength. We must pray for her."

Twelve months elapsed, and I had heard no more of, or from, Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell. Some business called me to the place where I had first become acquainted with Marion. I had been there a few weeks, when a mutual friend told me that Marion was also there, having come for change of air and scene. Half dreading the welcome I might receive, I hastened to the old house, inquired for Mrs. Bidwell, and was shown into her private room. "Missus will be down directly, ma'am; she has been looking for you for days, having heard you were in town." "How is your mistress?" I asked. "She is as well as can be expected," was the reply. Of this I took no notice, thinking the servant referred to the impaired health from which she suffered. I was gazing through the window at the pleasant lawn which spread its verdurous carpet before the side of the house, and thinking of Marion as I first knew her, the gentle yet longing Christian, when a soft touch made me start and look round. I did start! A cold tremulousness ran through me. I could not speak, I could only gaze on the figure before me—a young and lovely widow! She put her arm round my waist, pressed a deep kiss on my forehead, and then led me to the sofa. She broke the dreadful silence. Pointing to her cap, she said, in a low but distinct voice:—

" You were right! God opened a door, and I shuddered to pass through it!"

I could not answer, except with a searching gaze into that pale, sweet face—yes, sweet face. She was herself again; there was no trace left of the gloomy anguish of bygone days. "Those words were blest to me, my faithful friend," she continued; "they were the door that, with God's permission, set free my prisoned soul. They were the arrows of the Lord's deliverance! But flesh and blood, and heart too, had yet to suffer. Ah, how they suffered! in passing that other door, which my own wayward will had opened; and in finding myself free to leave the place I formerly so dreaded. But all is peace, sweet peace, now!"

It was long before she could summon courage to talk of the past. I learnt that she had found

peace in bowing to the Lord's will, and in desiring only to follow where he should lead, about a week before her husband's death. He was rejoicing with her over the re-found treasure, and in the happy thought of their now labouring with one heart and hand in their Saviour's vineyard, when he was called away, to rest from his labours! He broke a blood-vessel, and died in three days. With a smile, full of loving tenderness, he said to Marion, just before his death: "Do not grieve for me, my loved Marion; it is the gate of everlasting joy, and with gladness I enter in; but *you* must feed my sheep." Thus had Marion learnt that "the Lord's ways are not our ways."

She had *now* no wish to leave that dark spot. She returned, and permanently settled there, and became "a widow indeed," working unostentatiously for her Master. She had now heard that voice, "The Lord hath need of thee," and humbly obeyed the summons.

#### CONSCIENTIOUSNESS REWARDED.

In a world in which we see so many instances of professors of religion turning aside to avoid some expected difficulty, or to attain some uncertain benefit, it is delightful to meet with instances of men who have resolved to follow the dictates of conscience at whatever cost, and to perceive that the God whom they served has rewarded them even in the present life, and afforded them the means of greater usefulness, however dark the previous indications for a time, and however severe the trial.

About the year 1815 I became associated in the committee of the London Female Penitentiary with an excellent man, who very shortly afterwards became a visitor at my house, and who related to me his very interesting history, which was as follows.

He told me that in early life he had been placed in the general post-office, whence he had risen to the situation of first clerk in the receiver-general's or accountant-general's office—I think the first—with a salary of 500*l.* per annum; that he was at that time very gay, frequenting, with his wife, the theatre and places of public amusement, and spending, year by year, very nearly the income he received. But he was not happy, for he had an impression on his mind that things were not right between him and God. In the gaiety of his heart he read novels, but he had never been in the habit of reading the Bible or attending a place of worship. In consequence of the disquiet of his mind he began to read the Bible, but being unacquainted with its contents, he knew not where to look for those parts which might be most

profitable to him. He went to a neighbouring church, and some of the prayers seemed interesting, but there was nothing in the sermon which came home to him. He went to other churches, but with no better result. One morning, in passing through White Hart-court, Gracechurch-street, he saw the Friends going into their meeting-house, and he determined to go in too. In the course of the service an aged Christian man spoke with much feeling of the difficulties which some felt in coming to God, stating that it had been his own case, that he had not been religiously educated, and that he had needed some one to direct him, but that God had blessed to him his own word; and he referred to those parts of Scripture which he had found to be of an encouraging nature, and stated how happy at length he was when he found the precious promises of God applied to his soul. The gentleman told me that he was quite thunderstruck at finding the good man expressing the very feelings and referring to the very difficulties of which he had been the subject for some months previous. The address of this aged Friend had excited an interest he had never felt before, and he went home and searched those parts of the Scriptures to which he had referred. On the following sabbath he was there again, and found the service equally profitable, and the knowledge of the Scriptures he had acquired during the week rendered it even more interesting than that of the previous sabbath day.

He then determined to tell his wife where he had been, not having done so on the previous Sunday. He met, as he expected, with sneers and contempt, and, "Oh!" said the good man, "could I expect anything else? If she had taken that course a few months' previous, when my mind was given to vanity, I have no doubt I should have said pretty much what she did." He persevered in attending, notwithstanding her remonstrances, and very soon afterwards purchased the works of the Quaker writers. He little thought at the time, as he said, to what this would expose him; but in his reading he found what he considered very strong arguments against the taking of an oath, which he was required by the course of the office to take once a quarter to the accuracy of his accounts. After a very serious examination of the subject, he came to the decision that he ought not to take it; and the clerk who stood next to him in the office having no such scruple, he requested leave of his principal to change places with that clerk; by doing this he would lose 100*l.* a year; but that he was willing to sacrifice for conscience sake. On mentioning this to his wife, he told me that he brought the most bitter reproaches upon himself for neglecting the interests of his

family, in giving up that of which they ought to have the benefit; and he was charged with cruelty towards her and his children. But this was not his greatest trial, for his principal positively refused to allow of the exchange, wishing, as it afterwards appeared, for an opportunity of placing another person in his office. The quarter-day approaching he again applied, stating that the second clerk had gone over the account with the vouchers, and was prepared to swear to its accuracy; but this was again refused, and, on the day on which they were to be presented, he was called before the principal, asked whether he was prepared to swear to the accounts, and declining to do so, he was at once superseded, and another person put into his place; who swore to them the same day, after an hour's examination.

The storm and the tempest which he had to encounter when he went home and told his wife that he was dismissed, was, as he said, tremendous. The children were presented to him one by one, and he was told that he would be their murderer; and each day only brought fresh reproaches. He immediately made inquiries for any means of obtaining a subsistence, but could hear of none. After a time, the little money he had saved was nearly expended, and poverty seemed to stare him in the face: still, as he told me, he was enabled to trust in God.

One day, as he came out of the Friends' meeting-house, two of the elder brethren took him aside, desiring to speak to him, and they asked him whether it was true that he had given up his office sooner than violate his conscience? He told them it was. They desired him to meet them the next day, and then inquired particularly into his circumstances. He told them frankly everything, and they called at his house and satisfied themselves, by inquiring of the persons to whom he referred them, that his statement was correct; and having done so, they told him they were willing to give him a trial, but that it must be in a subordinate situation; and learning that he had been intended for a chemist, and had begun to learn the business when his father had obtained for him the situation in the post-office, they made an arrangement for his serving in a chemist's shop, and afterwards assisting in the warehouse of a wholesale chemist, each for six or eight months, they allowing his family during the time two guineas a-week, "for which," as he said, "I was thankful." At the end of that time, his employers certifying that he was qualified to go into business, they set him up in a shop, lending him 300*l.* to begin with, and giving him a running credit with a wholesale druggist for 300*l.* more. God prospered him in his business, and when I first made his acquaintance, he was a man of good

property; and his wife, who had long before become a friend, was quite satisfied with the course he had taken.\*

### AN UNLETTERED HYMNIST.

RELIGION, enlightening the understanding, purifying the heart, ennobling the feelings, and sanctifying the intellect, has frequently originated literary productions of high merit and value, even when the parties writing have had no pretensions to scholarship. It did so in the instance of one, originally a mechanic of the humblest grade, and never known to common fame, but whose compositions have edified and cheered lettered thousands assembled for congregational worship, or isolated in the retirement of their homes. Allusion is made to the author of the well-known hymn on the Last Judgment, commencing with the stanza:—

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train;  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus comes, and comes to reign."

Few readers of these pages are unacquainted with these lines, or with the beautiful melody to which they are generally sung. Both are popular in Christian churches through the length and breadth of the land, and have been carried by Christian colonists to far distant regions—to the cities and backwood settlements of America, and the shores of the Australasian islands. Words and melody originated with the same individual, Thomas Olivers, a Welshman, wholly uneducated, and to the last moment of his life a stranger to punctuation, grammatical rules, and scientific musical notation. But he had native poetic talent, and when taught of God, the leisure hours of a laborious ministerial life were occasionally devoted to the composition of sacred lays. It is to be regretted that opportunity for such employment was not more frequently afforded, or that he did not commit to paper the strains mentally composed on many a solitary journey, for no man ever sang the Lord's song with more signal success. It is no easy task to produce a popular hymn. We mean one that

shall establish itself permanently in the esteem of the universal church, have its strains committed to remembrance without an effort, and be as involuntarily recalled for comfort and counsel amid the manifold incidents of life. Such a hymn, besides being richly imbued with evangelical truth and feeling, to impress the heart, must have a unity of sentiment to be easily entertained by the mind, and be so constructed that the syllables, words, and lines flow as naturally after each other as the components of a rivulet, thus facilitating its unconscious lodgment in the memory. A composition of this kind, captivating alike to accomplished circles and to rustic ignorance, is a very rare achievement. The offering is a service of high though unknown value to the household of faith, and puts signal honour upon the individual writer. By it, "he, being dead, yet speaketh" to the thousands of Christendom; and will speak through centuries to come, for their edification and refreshment.

The unlettered hymnist above referred to was born in Montgomeryshire, and brought up as a shoemaker. Owing to youthful irregularities, he separated from his relatives, and pursued his homely calling at Shrewsbury, Wrexham, and Bristol. At the latter place, a sermon by Whitfield, from the text, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" awakened him to a sense of his sinful condition; and on returning to Bradford in Wiltshire, he became a decided Christian. The first thought of Olivers, as a changed man, was to repair, as far as possible, his former errors. Illness and reckless habits had led him to contract debts in various places; and upon reflecting on them, "I felt," says he, "as great confusion, shame, and sorrow, as if I had actually stolen every sum I owed." Resolved to make restitution, he returned for the purpose to his native village, where fortunately some small means came into his possession. This was devoted to paying off a long list of obligations, but of no higher amount in general than sixpences and shillings. So conscientious was he in doing this, that one of his old companions, having defrauded a Quaker of a shilling, he felt bound to return it, as his own example had sanctioned him in the error. "After I had paid every farthing I owed in my own country, I went to Shrewsbury to do the same. But many in that place had quite forgotten me, as well as what I owed them. From Shrewsbury I went to Whitechurch to pay sixpence. I then ~~went to~~ Wrexham, and satisfied every one there." These are little incidents, but valuable as evidence of religious principle. Clear at last of the world, he returned to Bradford, with the view of establishing himself in business, but was diverted from the purpose by a higher mission.

\* The above very interesting anecdote, which has been furnished to us by an esteemed correspondent, well acquainted with the facts, must not be construed into a proof of the unscriptural character of judicial oaths, for which, by the majority of Christian bodies, it is considered there is ample authority in the word of God. The anecdote, however, does unquestionably prove that where an individual, after having endeavoured to satisfy himself as to the propriety of a particular line of duty, acts upon his convictions with a single eye to the glory of God, even his mistakes can be overruled for good. "The integrity of the upright shall guide him." — EDITOR.

A hundred and one years ago, last October, a man might be seen trudging over the Wiltshire Downs, with an old great coat, a stout walking-stick, and saddle-bags across his shoulders containing a few books and linen. This was Olivers, who had accepted an appointment as one of John Wesley's travelling preachers, and was making his way on foot to Cornwall. At Tiverton, in Devonshire, he obtained assistance to purchase a horse. This steed was his companion for twenty-five years; and, according to his own account, they travelled together, comfortably, not less than a hundred thousand miles, from the Land's End to the Grampians, and in various parts of Ireland. His fine hymn, "The God of Abraham praise," expresses sentiments which smoothed the road to him in journeyings often.

"The God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above ;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love :  
Jehovah, great I Am !  
By earth and heaven confess'd,  
I bow and bless thy sacred name,  
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And I'll my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all his ways :  
He calls a worm his friend !  
He calls himself my God !  
And he shall save me to the end  
Through Jesus' blood.

He by himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend ;  
I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,  
To heaven ascend ;  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore."

The hymn, containing eight additional stanzas, is one of the noblest odes in our language, remarkable for severe and simple loftiness of style, elevated thought, and well-sustained imagery. Two more verses may be quoted—

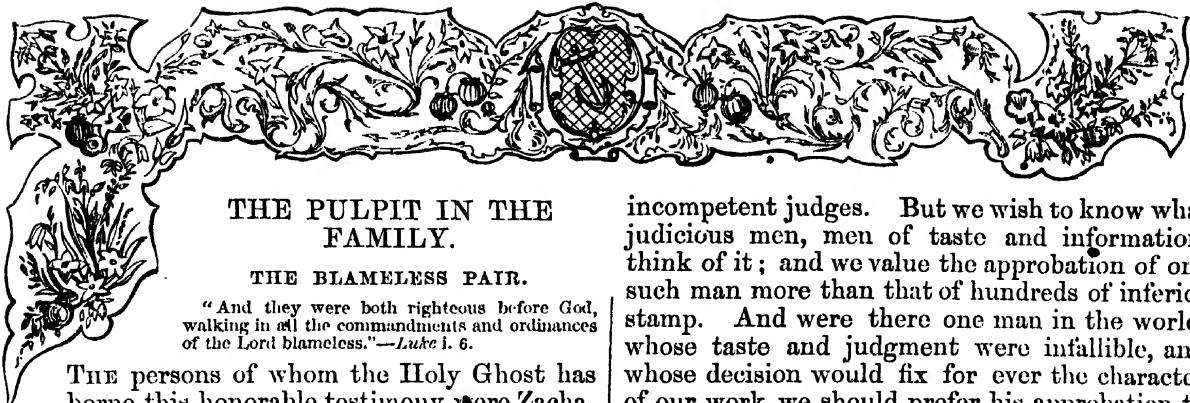
" Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
At his command :  
The watery deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view ;  
And through the howling wilderness  
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty bless'd ;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest :  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd."

Olivers finally settled in London, in order to superintend Mr. Wesley's printing. But he had no aptitude for punctuation, orthography, or syntax, and did not shine in the revision of proof-sheets. So numerously did errata accumulate in a few years, that he was superseded in the engagement. He died in 1799, and lies buried in Mr. Wesley's tomb, behind City-road chapel.

One further incident of his life may be mentioned. Reflection having been cast in print upon his obscure birth and artizan employment, by a party who ought to have known better, he thus commenced a reply : "Honoured Sir—On Monday, Feb. 15th, I attended the evening prayers at St. Paul's. The psalm for the day was the seventy-eighth. The sublime description of God's power and glory there given, as displayed in behalf of his people throughout all generations, greatly affected me. I was also much affected at the account the royal penman gave of himself. 'He chose David also his servant,' said he, 'and took him away from the sheepfolds. As he was following the ewes great with young ones, he took him that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance.' In this account I scarcely knew which to admire the most, the providence of God in raising a shepherd boy to the dignity of so great a monarch ; or the piety of this renowned people in not rejecting and despising him ; or his own amazing humility at a time when he had reached the very summit of worldly glory, in transmitting to future ages such an explicit account of his mean original. On these reflections, all within me cried out, 'Lord, shall I, shall any servant of thine, after this, be ashamed of a humble birth, or of a mean employment ? Forbid it, gracious God !' This was dignified, poetical, and Christian.

**ONLY BELIEVERS VALUE THE BIBLE.**—The Bible is a precious storehouse, and the magna charta of a Christian. There he reads of his heavenly father's love, and of his dying Saviour's legacies. There he sees a map of his travels through the wilderness, and a landscape, too, of Canaan. And when he climbs on Pisgah's top, and views the promised land, his heart begins to burn, delighted with the blessed prospect, and amazed at the rich and free salvation. But a mere professor, though a decent one, looks on the Bible as a dull book, and peruseth it with such indifference as you would read the title-deeds belonging to another man's estate.—BERRIDGE.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### THE BLAMELESS PAIR.

"And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."—*Luke i. 6.*

THE persons of whom the Holy Ghost has borne this honorable testimony were Zacharias and Elizabeth, the parents of John the Baptist; and the first thing which demands attention in the character of this truly excellent and happy pair is, that they were righteous before God. This, my readers, is a great thing. It is, indeed, very easy to be righteous in our own estimation; nor is it very difficult to be righteous in the estimation of our fellow creatures; but it is by no means equally easy to be righteous in the estimation of God. He is constantly with us; he sees our whole conduct; nay more, he reads our hearts. To be righteous before him, then, is to be really, inwardly, and uniformly righteous. It is to be the same persons in every situation, and on all occasions: the same at home and abroad, in solitude and in society. But much less than this will suffice to make us righteous in the estimation of our fellow creatures. They are not always with us; they do not see the whole of our conduct, and of our hearts, our motives, they know almost nothing. Of course, they know very little of our real characters. How little, for instance, do the nearest neighbours really know of each other. How many characters, which now stand fair, would be blasted in a moment, were every part of their outward conduct only laid open to public view? And how many husbands and wives who are generally supposed to live happily together, would be found mutual tormentors, were they fully known to the world! How wretchedly then are those persons deceived, who flatter themselves that they are righteous before God, merely because their characters stand fair in the estimation of men. And yet how many flatter themselves in this manner. How many feel and act as if they were to be judged by men only, and not by the heart-searching God; as if that part of their conduct only which is known to the world was to be brought into judgment, and not every secret action, thought, and feeling.

If we perform any work which requires the exertion of mental abilities, or of manual skill, we do not much desire or regard the applause of ignorant,

incompetent judges. But we wish to know what judicious men, men of taste and information, think of it; and we value the approbation of one such man more than that of hundreds of inferior stamp. And were there one man in the world, whose taste and judgment were infallible, and whose decision would fix for ever the character of our work, we should prefer his approbation to that of all the world beside. Why, then, do we not thus supremely prize and labour to obtain the approbation of God, the only being who really knows us; whose judgment is infallible, on whom our destiny depends, and whose sentence will stamp our characters with a mark which can never, never be effaced! Thus did the pious pair, whose example we are contemplating. They studied to approve themselves to God: and he declared, in return, that they were righteous before him; and had the whole world known them as perfectly as he did, the whole world would have assented, with one voice, to the truth of this declaration.

They did not select duties that were easy, or reputable, and neglect others. Nor did they observe those only, which they had little temptation to omit; but, to use the language of the psalmist, they had respect to all God's commandments. Hence their characters and conduct were blameless, or irreproachable. Not that they were absolutely perfect. Some imperfection, doubtless, attended all their moral and religious performances; but there was nothing particularly blameable, no allowed insincerity or neglect. In the sight of men, their characters were spotless; and in the sight of God, they possessed that simplicity and godly sincerity, which entitled them to the honourable appellation of Israelites indeed, in whom was no guile.

Such is the example here presented for the imitation of all, especially heads of families. But in order that the example should produce its full effect, it is necessary to show more particularly what is now, under the Christian dispensation, implied in walking in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless.

1. It implies the exercise of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. These are the two first and great commands of the gospel, on obeying which our obedience to all other commands, and our acceptable observance of all Christian ordinances,

depend. This was the sum of St. Paul's preaching; these were the first duties which our Saviour directed his disciples to press upon all their hearers, and which he himself inculcates upon all. When the Jews asked him, What shall we do, that we may work the work of God? his answer was, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. Until we begin to perform these duties, we cannot be righteous before God, nor walk in any of his commandments or ordinances; for inspiration hath declared that without faith it is impossible to please him.

2. Walking in all God's commandments and ordinances blamelessly, implies great diligence in seeking a knowledge of them. No man can regulate his conduct by a rule with which he is unacquainted. No man can walk in all God's commandments and ordinances, unless he knows what they are; nor can any man know what they are, unless he is familiarly acquainted with the Scriptures. That copy of the Old Testament which Zacharias and Elizabeth possessed, was doubtless worn with frequent use. It must have been their daily counsellor and guide.

3. Walking in all God's commandments and ordinances blamelessly, implies a careful performance of all the duties which husbands and wives owe each other. These duties are summarily comprehended in the marriage covenant, in which the husband solemnly promises, before God and men, that he will love, provide for, and be faithful to his wife; and the wife, that she will obey, love, and be faithful to her husband. This covenant has the nature of an oath, and as such involves all who violate it in the guilt of perjury. The duties which they thus solemnly bind themselves to perform are no more than God requires of them in his word. He there commands husbands to love their wives, even as they love themselves, and wives to be subject in all things to their husbands. He commands them to make this union resemble that which subsists between Christ and his church. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it. Wives, be subject to your husbands, as the church is subject to Christ. There must be but one will in a family; but every act of that one will must be prompted by love, love like that which Christ displays for his church. In no family are all God's commands obeyed, in which this love on one part, and this submission on the other, are not found.

4. Walking in all the commandments and ordinances of God blamelessly, implies a careful performance, on the part of parents, of all the parental duties which he has enjoined. He requires us to give them a religious education; to bring them up in the nurture and admonition

of the Lord; to teach them diligently his revealed will, speaking to them of it, in the house and by the way, when we lie down and when we rise up; and to restrain them when they would pursue vicious courses.

5. Walking in all God's ordinances and commandments blamelessly, implies the maintaining of the worship of God in the family. Besides its reasonableness and propriety, the happy effects of family worship show it to be a duty. It is reasonable and proper, for families have mercies in common to ask for, and they receive favours in common for which they should unite in expressing their gratitude. And the happy effects which result from a right performance of this duty are innumerable and inestimable. It has a happy effect upon the head of the family himself. It tends to make him circumspect, to produce watchfulness over his temper and conduct through the day; for how can he indulge sin or give vent to angry passions in presence of the family, when he recollects that he is a priest in his own house; that he prayed with them in the morning, and that he will again be called to pray with them at night? He cannot but feel that, if the rest of his conduct is not of a piece with this, his own children and servants will despise him for his inconsistency. This practice has also a most salutary influence upon the happiness of domestic life. If any unpleasant feelings arise between members of the same household, such feelings can scarcely outlive the return of the next season for family devotion. Affection and peace must return when they next meet around the family altar, unless one or the other is a hypocrite. Thus dissensions are prevented, and domestic peace and harmony are perpetuated. I may add, that it always tends to produce, and often does produce, the most happy effects upon the children of the family. At least, it is certain that a much larger proportion of children are moral, and become pious, in families where this duty is properly performed, than in those where it is wholly neglected, or only occasionally attended to.

6. Walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blamelessly, implies a suitable concern for the present and future happiness of servants, apprentices, and dependents. Their health must be regarded. More labour should not be exacted of them than we would be willing should be exacted of our own children, were they placed in similar circumstances. Their rights must be held sacred. We are commanded to give unto our servants that which is equal and right, remembering that we have a Master in heaven. Their feelings must not be trifled with. If they are faulty, let them be told of their faults with mildness;

but passionate, contemptuous language should never be addressed to them. Ye masters, forbear threatening, is the command of Jehovah.

7. Walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blamelessly, implies a proper use of the temporal good things which are entrusted to our care. Nothing should be wasted, for God will require an account of all. Nothing should be employed to gratify the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life; for property so employed is much worse than wasted. We must use the world as not abusing it, and employ every portion of our property in a manner which God will approve, and to the purpose for which it was given. He that wastes his possessions, wastes God's property, and the poor's patrimony; he that consumes them upon his lusts, gives them to swine.

Lastly: Walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blamelessly, implies a sacred observance of the sabbath, a diligent attendance on the public worship of God, and a commemoration of Christ at his table. All these things are God's ordinances, which he has appointed under the Christian dispensation. Heads of families, who neglect either of them, cannot be said to walk in all God's ordinances blamelessly.

[To be continued.]

## THE NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

### •IV.—THE FAMINE.

DURING the awful famine of 1846–47, the clergy of the Irish established church, and the ministers of other Protestant churches, won their way to the hearts of multitudes who previously had been embittered against them. At a time when impoverished landlords were totally unable to pay the "rent charge" on which the support of the clergy depended, the clergyman's house was every day surrounded by troops of men, women, and children, who were perishing of hunger. And to save them from death, books and plate were often sold, and every luxury abandoned; nay, in the heroic self-denial of a heaven-born benevolence, the minister's household scarcely reserved for themselves the bare necessities of life! The houses, also, of Presbyterian ministers, as well as of the agents of the various missions supported by Wesleyans, and by Protestant dissenters, were at once almshouses to feed the famishing, and dispensaries to furnish medicines for the fever-stricken. And could the warm Irish heart be insensible to such kindness, as contrasted with the selfishness of the priesthood? In truth, the power of the Romish clergy now received a fatal blow. "The priest," says Dr. Edgar, "in his usual pretensions

to miraculous power, sprinkled holy water on the potato stalks, yet there settled down on them a thicker gloom, the blackness of death." Government gave £10,000,000 to feed the dying. Hundreds of thousands, in charity, were sent from all parts and all denominations, and committed to the charge of Quakers, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Baptists, but scarcely anything to the Romish priest; and what little he did receive, he too often gave to those who could repay him in fees (the priests' "dues"), or made it subservient to his own selfish ends.

In the meantime, death was doing a wholesale work. "Multitudes were gone to their long home, and no priest had been near their bed. Here was a corpse on the roadside, another there, thrust into the bog, and near at hand a whole family dead in their hut, over whom '*the hunger*' had crept with a cold and deadly torpor; but all of these had gone unanointed, unshriven. The wife was too weak to rise from the side of her dying husband to go for the priest, and when the little child did totter forth to bring him to the home of the dying Romanist, there was no money to pay for last rites, and it was driven with curses away. Thousands were dead, and no holy clay had been put on their coffins; no ceremonies deemed essential to salvation had been performed over their cold remains; but their widows and orphans lived, and they could not believe that for the covetousness of selfish priests the souls of their dear relatives had perished. No, no; natural affection rose high over all the teachings of priestcraft; and those who had tried the man of the whip, and of the altar's curse, and found him in the hour of trial heartless and harsh; and who, in the hour of sickness and sorrow, were visited, and fed, and comforted by those whom he called agents of hell, *could not but see and feel the contrast—could not but feel in their inmost hearts, that Protestantism cannot be bad when its fruits are so generous and good.*"\*

These are the words of one who wrote from facts, and whose name will always be cherished as an eminent benefactor of his country. Having visited Connaught in the autumn of 1846, and having seen the first ravages of famine in the west, he addressed to the public such powerful appeals that, in concert with "The Belfast Ladies' Relief Association," founded by him, he raised and distributed a sum of 12,500*l.*, and thereby saved many in Connaught from death. Towards the close of 1847 he commenced raising funds for enabling young females in Connaught to earn a living by their own industry, and while teaching them a trade, giving them

\* "Ireland's Mission Field;" a paper read before the Evangelical Alliance in Dublin, August, 1852, by John Edgar.

an unsectarian education in scripture truth. The greatest difficulties stood in the way of this noble enterprise. Many of the girls, on the brink of starvation, were obliged to go with their families into the workhouse; many never had a needle in their hands, were habitually idle, and grossly ignorant; a large proportion of them were orphans; and besides all this, "the great opponent and difficulty was the priest of Rome." But before faith and love and holy courage, the great mountain has become "a plain." Persecution was braved by the Connaught girl. "While athletic men," says Dr. Edgar, "quailed before the blow or frown of the priest, the delicate little girl forgot her timidity while maintaining her rights, in defiance of the priest's whip, and with the curse of the altar and denunciations of eternal vengeance ringing in her ears, continued her attendance on the scripture schools."

A large number of well-instructed and pious young women were sent from Ulster to conduct these industrial schools; and placed under the patronage of resident ladies of rank and high Christian character, they have introduced into nearly one hundred districts the sewed muslin and knitting trade, for which wages are now being paid at the rate of more than 20,000*l.* a-year.

And besides all these, Dr. Edgar instituted "a students' mission" for Connaught, cherished, supported, and made prosperous by the young candidates for the Christian ministry under his own immediate training as a theological professor. Their first missionary was Michael Brannigan, one of themselves, whose conversion from popery amid the wild mountains of Tyrone was the result of his reading for the first time, in an English Testament, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we can be saved." "What!" he said to himself, "can this indeed be God's word? if so, my religion is not of God, for I have been trusting in Mary and the saints instead of Christ. I have read, 'Neither is there salvation in any other'; perhaps the text is but a Protestant forgery." He hastened to procure an Irish Testament, and found the text there also. Alarmed, he sought out a faithful minister, Mr. Allen, long an active friend of the work of Irish scripture-reading in Ulster, and now presiding over a large number of scriptural schools in the west; and the result was that Michael Brannigan became not only a Christian, but a Christian missionary to Connaught. "He went alone into the wilderness; he bearded the Romish lion in his den; he went everywhere, preaching the word to Romanists in the Irish tongue; he established schools; he introduced industry; he was agent in the time of famine and pestilence for a large and varied district; he was

the breaker-up of the way over whole counties for others who now profit by his labours."<sup>\*</sup> Fifteen more of the students of the Belfast Theological College have followed him to the same field as volunteers. "Their aim," says Doctor Edgar, "is to convert Romanists, not to a sect, but to Christ; hence some of them labour under the special patronage of pious Episcopalians, and some preach in houses of worship built for them by pious Episcopalians; and all of them have so endeared themselves to the poor Roman Catholics of the west, whose children they teach, and whose houses they visit in the hour of sickness and death, that wherever they go they are received with a thousand hearty welcomes; and so open are the fields and so multiplied the opportunities for doing good, that their prayer and cry is that God would send forth labourers to cut down the ripe and ready harvest."

Speaking of these operations, a recent and well-informed writer says:—"Sixteen missionaries, ten catechists, and fifty teachers, labour among the Roman Catholics. The gospel is steadily preached in twenty-three different places, to more than two thousand hearers, above five hundred of whom are Romanists. In forty-five schools the average attendance for the past year was fifteen hundred and fifty pupils. Several new districts have been added to the mission, where new schools will be planted; and already have five thousand young persons passed under the spiritual training of our mission. We could tell of conversions singularly illustrative of the free love of God, of holy wells and confessionals forsaken, of churches becoining self-sustaining where a few years ago the gospel was unknown, of the growth of knowledge among seeking souls, and of communion sabbaths made glad by the Lord adding to the church. The mission-stations are jets of light in the night of Irish superstition. The Spirit is working there. We read, with swimming eyes, of a pupil made the instrument of her Romish

\* At a recent meeting, held in Edinburgh on behalf of Turkish missions, the Rev. Dr. Candlish read a letter from an Irish soldier in the Crimea, who had been converted from Romanism by Mr. Brannigan. Driven by persecution from the work of a mission-school teacher, he had left Ireland, and become a soldier. He went to the East with his regiment, the 7th Fusiliers, and while there had acquired such a knowledge of the Greek, Turkish, and Russian languages, that he was placed on Lord Raglan's staff as a confidential interpreter. In his letter he stated, that if spared to come home, he would return to the East to do good to the followers of the false prophet. "I think," he says, "that the fruitful seed of the word of life and truth has already taken root in the stony hearts of some Turks. I think I have handled the plough of salvation, and dug deep into their hearts; and I only wish that the rain and dew of heaven may descend and water the seed, and that missionaries from our Presbyterian Church may be sent here also."

mother's conversion—of a poor woman replying to the priest's curse, 'Rather than take my children from the school, I would make them five bags, and send them into the world to beg'—of a young man who, on leaving the papacy, and teaching two hundred children the Bible, being asked why he did it, made answer, 'For the love of God'—and of a dying convert exclaiming, 'It is all light to me. I am a sinner, a great sinner; but Christ is all and everything to me.' Our bosoms thrill as we hear a dying Romanist exclaiming, 'Are you going, and without a prayer? Oh, I am hungry for prayer!'—of another, who cried out, 'Oh, that others could know what it is to have God for their Father and friend and Jesus for their Saviour!—and of yet another, who could say, in the tone of triumph, 'The Spirit has breathed on me; I feel it; I am changed; I was dead, but he quickened me; I have eternal life.''\*

But the society which, above all others, has successfully cultivated the Irish mission field, as well as attracted the largest amount of public attention, is "The Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics." We shall, in our next paper, give a detailed account of its extended operations, and of the enlarged blessings with which it has pleased God to crown its labours.

#### THE SUNDAY BOWER.

ELLEN was a young girl who had been mercifully brought to a knowledge of God, and of his great love to sinners in sending his only-begotten Son to die for them. There was nothing that she liked better than reading, talking, or thinking of all that her kind Saviour had done for her; and to her the sabbath was, therefore, truly a delight, because it afforded her opportunities of doing so without interruption. She had an uncle, who resided in a cottage about a mile from the town where Ellen lived; and as he was always ready to converse with her, and give her instruction on the subjects which she liked best, she visited him whenever she could.

One fine Sunday, in summer, after returning from worship, when the other young persons of Ellen's family went to take a walk, she, as usual, set off to pass the day with uncle John. Her way was mostly through the fields; and as she bounded with a light step over the grass, enjoying the perfume of the newly-cut hay, and fragrant woodbine that grew in the hedges, she thought of his goodness who had made the world so pleasant a place for man to dwell in; and then lifted up her heart to thank him for having instituted his sabbath, thereby affording

to many an opportunity of enjoying the beauties of his works and praising him for them, who would otherwise be excluded, in a great degree, from this high and holy pleasure.

On arriving at her uncle's residence, she did not seek him in the house, for she knew where he was wont to pass the Sunday afternoon. There was a bower at the top of his little lawn, well shaded from the sun, while it admitted every fresh breeze. There was a stream running near, on whose banks wild meadow-sweet grew in profusion; indeed, altogether, uncle John's Sunday bower was a very pleasant retreat.

As Ellen approached it, she saw him seated, with a little table before him, on which was placed an open Bible. He seemed as if so deeply engaged in thinking over what he had been reading, that he did not perceive his niece till she spoke; and she observed that, though there was a happy smile upon his countenance, his eyes were moistened with tears. He welcomed Ellen with his usual kindness; and when she expressed a fear that she had interrupted him, replied, "No, my child; I have had pleasant thoughts over this blessed book, and am willing to share them with you."

"Thank you, uncle. What part were you considering?"

He answered: "A scene of such touching beauty in the history of our Lord, that every time I read it, I think I discern some point of interest which escaped me before. It is the story of the Saviour's interview with the Samaritan woman by the well."

"And will you kindly tell me what thoughts were suggested by it?"

"With pleasure, dear Ellen, though I do feel that there is danger, as was once observed to me, of sometimes brushing off the bloom of a Scripture, as it were, by too much handling of it; as one might, in the same way, damage some delicious fruit. Let us desire grace to taste the sweetuess of this passage, though I am holding it in my hand, and turning it over and over. I was thinking to-day, dear niece, that though our Lord Jesus Christ was indeed a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief during his pilgrimage on earth, yet we may sometimes track a current of joy in his spirit which it is happy to notice. For instance, when, as related in the tenth chapter of Luke, the disciples return with joy to tell him that the devils were subject to them in his name, his soul seems to be at once filled and elevated, and he utters its feeling in these words, 'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven'; his spirit then finding, as it were, vent for its emotion in communion with his God—'I thank thee, O Father.' This world was usually to Jesus a dry and barren land, where no water was; but at a moment

like this his spirit seems borne along in a flow of joy. He was given to anticipate the overthrow of Satan, and the accomplishment of the 'good pleasure of his Father.' Oh! that we felt the opening of such mysteries like refreshing springs for our souls in the same dry and barren world. But there was another source from whence gushed reviving draughts for the spirit of Jesus—the conversion of sinners. This is seen eminently in the passage I have referred to—the history of the Samaritan woman. He revealed himself to her as her Redeemer, and sent her away happy in the discovery—so happy that she forgot her water-pot."

"Well, uncle, I have before noticed this. Does it not seem as if her heart were so filled with the spiritual things which she had just learned, that she had no regard, no recollection of temporal things?"

"Indeed it does; and no wonder. This poor outcast had just learned strange lessons. First, she had been taught to know herself; to look well and carefully round on 'all things that ever she did'; and her conscience was fearfully dismayed. But soon the unclean Samaritan finds that he who speaks to her is the Son of God—the Lord of the well of life; he who could give her that living water of which she might freely drink and thirst no more. This was joy, and the power of love to her; and she hastened to communicate it to her friends. It separated her from her own pitcher; but it filled her spirit and her lips with a testimony to her Saviour's name. But it was chiefly to consider the joy of the Lord himself, that I wished to lead your attention to this passage."

"Yes, uncle; you said that the conversion of a sinner was to his soul one of the few refreshing springs of which he was given to taste during his toilsome journey below."

"I did; and if we have seen that the joy of the woman was great, it was not so great as his. It is true that she forgot her pitcher; but he forgot his thirst. We gather from this deeply-interesting narrative that when Jesus, after his fatiguing exertions sat upon the well at Sychar, he was not only weary, but hungry and thirsty. Oh! how apt are we to be absorbed by the feeling of our own wants, and to make that feeling an excuse to our consciences for inattention to the wants of others. But it was not so with him. In the joy of having brought a poor ruined sinner to the knowledge of himself, whom to know is life, all privations, all sufferings were forgotten: he had been refreshed with spiritual food, and to his returning disciples was able to testify, 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.' To accomplish his Father's will in the recovery and life of a sinner was meat and drink to him. Truly may we exclaim, 'herein

was love'—love unspeakable! Is it not encouraging and delightful to think of it, my child?"

"Indeed it is, dear uncle. I have sometimes thought how good, how condescending it was of the holy happy angels in heaven to rejoice in the conversion of a sinner, as we are told they do; but what is it compared with this incident in the life of him who is so far above the highest of them? You may well call it encouraging, uncle; after hearing of it, the very vilest sinner need not fear to come to Jesus."

"We may also be humbled," continued the old gentleman, "when we reflect how little there is in us of the same mind that was in Christ. How seldom do our spirits rest, like his, on th<sup>e</sup> earthly journey, to taste the virtues of such living waters as cheered his drooping soul; and yet how pure; how divine, such joys and refreshments. Did we but love Jesus as we ought, we should be 'instant in season and out of season,' trying to bring our fellow sinners to him, and finding our meat and drink in doing so. To triumph in the present salvation of a soul, and in the coming overthrow of the great adversary, and the accomplishment of the Father's good pleasure—

"These are the joys that satisfy

And sanctify the mind:

That make the spirit mount on high,

And leave the world behind."

### THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

A work\* throwing much light on the workings of scepticism in the popular mind, after having had a large sale in America has recently been reprinted in this country. On perusing it we were struck with the truthfulness of the following remarks, which singularly illustrate an observation often made—that infidelity is a disease of the heart rather than of the head.

"A man may stand on the side of a precipitous mountain, and long for the top, yet the impetus of an ounce will push him further down than many times that force will cast him up. One who desires the valley below, can go there without a struggle. The man who has sinned, may desire the summit of truth, but he stands on the declivity of a sinful nature. Every transgression or sensual indulgence has added to the darkness of his soul without his knowing it. Some examples of this must be given to make the fact easily understood.

"An English traveller, Brydone, wrote and published a description of Mount Etna. He describes her craters, and her extended slopes, covered occasionally for twenty miles or more, along the side of the mountain, with vines,

\* Infidelity: its Cause and Cure. By the Rev. Dr. Nelson.

villages, and luxuriance. These are sometimes destroyed by the river of melted lava which issues from the mountain above, many feet deep and a mile—perhaps more, sometimes less—in width, bearing all before it, until it reaches the sea and drives back its boiling waves. After this burning stream has cooled, there is seen, instead of blooming gardens, a naked, dreary, metallic rock. Sometimes many eruptions occur in the course of a year, breaking out at different parts of the mountain, and sometimes none for half a century. The traveller found a stream of lava congealed on the side of the mountain, which attracted his notice more than others. He thought it must have been thrown out by an eruption, which was mentioned by perhaps Polybius, as occurring nearly seventeen hundred years since. There was no soil on it. It was as naked as when first arrested there. The particles of dust floating through the air had not fallen there, so as to furnish hold for vegetation, and these vegetables had not grown and decayed again and again, thus adding to the depth of the soil. Such a work had not even commenced. He tells us that on some part of that mountain, near the foot, if you will sink a pit, you must pass through seven different strata of lava, with two feet of soil between them. Upon the supposition that two thousand years are requisite for the increase of earth just named, he asks how seven different layers could be formed in less than fourteen thousand years. The chronology of Moses makes the world not half so old. The Englishman was jocular at this discovery, and his admirers were delighted at what seemed to them a confutation of the book of heaven. How many thousands through Europe renounced their belief of revelation with this discovery for their prop, the author of this treatise is unable even to conjecture. It seems that many parts of Europe almost rang at the news of the analogical theory. True, the traveller only *conjectured* that he had found the lava mentioned by the ancient writer; but no matter—supposition only was strong enough to rivet their unbelief. The author has conversed with those in America, and on her western plains, who would declare they believed not a word of the Bible, because there was no soil on a stratum of lava, which, in all probability, had been there long.

"Another learned Englishman, an admirer of the books of Moses, wrote to those who seemed to joy so greatly in their new system. He told them that, inasmuch as they seemed fond of arguing from analogies, he would give them an additional one. He reminded them that the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried by the eruption in which the elder Pliny lost his life, near seventeen hundred years since. Those cities

have lately been discovered; and in digging down to search their streets, six different strata of lava are passed through, with two feet of earth between them. And the famous Watson tells them, that if six different soils near Vesuvius could be formed in seventeen hundred years, perhaps seven might be made elsewhere in five thousand years.

"Might we not suppose that those who had renounced their belief of Christianity, after reading some *conjectures* concerning Etna, would have resumed their faith as soon as these Vesuvian *facts* were placed before them? No, it was not so. It was easy to descend, but they never reascended. *Men love darkness rather than light.* Thousands who snatched at the objection with joyful avidity never read the confutation. They never inquired for an answer. Those who read were afterwards silent, but remain unaltered. A lawyer, who stood so high with his fellow-citizens for worth and intelligence that he filled many offices of trust, had his credence of the sacred page shaken by reading the imaginary system built on the surface of Etna's lava streams. He took the book to a friend, to show him what reason we have for casting off our reverence for the Bible. This friend turned over a few pages of the book, where this same traveller, after telling how many eruptions sometimes happen in the course of a month, goes on to narrate the following history:—

"Our landlord at Nicolasi," he says, "gave us an account of the singular fate of the beautiful country near Hybla, at no great distance from hence. It was so celebrated for its fertility, and particularly for its honey, that it was called Mel Passi, the Honey Land, till it was overwhelmed by the lava of Etna; and having then become totally barren, by a kind of pun its name was changed to Mal Passi, the Mean Land. In a second eruption, by a shower of ashes from the mountain, it soon reassumed its ancient beauty and fertility, and for many years was called Bel Passi, the Beautiful Land. Last of all, in the unfortunate era of 1669, it was again laid under an ocean of fire, and reduced to the most wretched sterility, since which time it is known again by its second appellation of Mal Passi."

"The lawyer was asked if his difficulties were in any way obviated by this rapidity of change from soil to nakedness, and from nudity to soil again, narrated by the same original discoverer of the whole theory. He answered in the negative, and continued obstinately to cast away the book of God. Thousands of cases happen continually, where the individual is as readily and as speedily turned into the path of infidelity, and when once there, continues to trace it with invincible pertinacity. *Men, without knowing it, love darkness rather than light.*"



## Page for the Young.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

54. The wise man says, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;" give an example of the truth of this.
55. What striking illustration can you find in Scripture of the truth of the promise annexed to the fifth commandment?
56. Who was the first Christian martyr?
57. Which of the apostles suffered martyrdom first?
58. When was John the Baptist spoken of as Elias?
59. How did he resemble Elijah the prophet?
60. How was he superior to him?
61. Give examples of parables in the Old Testament.
62. Give a prophecy that Christ should speak in parables.
63. Which is the first year recorded in Scripture?
64. Prove that God searches the heart.
65. Do you find Omnipotence ascribed to Christ?
66. Where did Solomon build the temple?
67. Why was that spot chosen?
68. Did any other remarkable occurrence take place there?
69. What standard did Christ give as the measure of the love Christians should feel towards each other?
70. Prove that the kingdom of Christ shall be spread over the whole earth.

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### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Joshua xviii. 1.
2. 1 Kings xvii. 21-24; 2 Kings iv. 32-36; xiii. 21.
3. Three. An only daughter—Matt. ix. 24, 25; an only son—Luke vii. 14, 15; an only brother—John xi. 43, 44.
4. Acts ix. 40; Acts xx. 9, 10.
5. Our Lord's miracles were wrought by his own power; those performed by others were wrought in his name, or, in the case of the prophets, by prayer to God; showing that the power to work miracles was in the one case inherent, in the other derived from God.
6. James v. 16; 1 John v. 16.
7. Genesis xviii. 23-32, with xix. 29; Acts xii. 5, 11, 12.
8. Genesis xviii. 2; xix. 1-3; 12-16.
9. Exodus xvii. 14.
10. The mighty God, the everlasting Father—Is. ix. 6; I am—John viii. 50; and Jehovah our righteousness—Jer. xxiii. 6.
11. John v. 23; x. 30.
12. Lydia—Acts xvi. 14.
13. Rom. xii. 13; Heb. xiii. 2; 1 Pet. iv. 9.
14. Gen. xviii. 1-8; xix. 1-3; 2 Kings iv. 8; Acts xvii. 7; 3 John 5, 6.
15. Acts v. 41.
16. Prov. vi. 17; viii. 13; xvi. 5; 1 Pet. v. 5.
17. Holy men.
18. 2 Pet. i. 21.
19. 2 Tim. iii. 15.
20. John v. 39.
21. Ps. xix. 7; cxix. 130.
22. James i. 5, 17.
23. Ps. cxix. 18.
24. James i. 21.
25. 1 Cor. xiii. 2.
26. Judas.
27. James i. 22.
28. Joshua i. 8; Col. iii. 16.
29. To gold—Ps. cxix. 72, 127; to honey—Ps. xix. 10.
30. To fire; to a hammer—Jer. xxiii. 29; and to a sword—Heb. iv. 12.
31. To a lamp and light—Ps. cxix. 9, 105.
32. Milk—1 Peter ii. 2; food to eat—Jer. xv. 16; Job xxiii. 12.
33. The sword of the Spirit—Eph. vi. 17.
34. Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10.
35. Matt. xxii. 29.
36. Matt. xxiv. 35; Luke xvi. 17; 1 Pet. i. 25.
37. Matt. iii. 17; xvii. 5; John xii. 28.
38. Ezra iii. 12; Haggai ii. 3.
39. By the presence of Jesus there.—Comp. Haggai ii. 7; Luke ii. 27-32.
40. The father of them that believe—Rom. iv. 11; Gal. iii. 7.
41. The friend of God.
42. In leaving his native country for an unknown home—Heb. xi. 8; in dwelling as a stranger there—Heb. xi. 9; in waiting for the promised son—Rom. iv. 18; in offering up Isaac—Heb. xi. 17.
43. Gen. xx. 2; xxvi. 7.
44. The history of Lot.
45. The history of Moses—Heb. xi. 24-26.
46. Joshua vii. 21; Gen. xxxvii. 26, 28.
47. Luke xxii. 3-6.
48. Envy—Gen. iv. 5, 8.
49. 1 John iii. 12.
50. Gen. xxvii. 41; xxxvii. 4, 20.
51. Gen. xxx. 27; xxxix. 5.
52. Luke xxiii. 34.
53. Acts ii. 41.
54. Esther iii. 5, 6; vii. 10.
55. Jer. xxv. 19.
56. Stephen—Acts vii. 59.
57. James—Acts xii. 2.
58. Malachi iv. 5.
59. In external appearance and habits—2 Kings i. 8; Matt. iii. 4—in his faithfulness as a prophet. Compare 1 Kings xviii. 18, with Matt. xiv. 4.
60. Matt. xi. 11—As living in gospel times.
61. Judg. ix. 7-20; 2 Sam. xii. 1-9; 2 Kings xiv. 9.
62. Psalm lxxviii. 2.
63. Genesis xiv.
64. 1 Sam. xvi. 7; Jer. xvii. 10.
65. Matt. ix. 4; Luke vi. 8; ix. 47; John ii. 24, 25.
66. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
67. 1 Chron. xxi. 18; xxii. 1.
68. Gen. xxii. 2.
69. John xv. 12—"As I have loved you."
70. Ps. ii. 8; Is. ii. 2-4; xi. 9; lii. 10; lx. 1-8; Mal. i. 11.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



## A SUNDAY ON THE NILE.

ONE Saturday, while sailing up the Nile, I had reminded the captain of our little two-masted vessel, that all the next day we must stop, according to an arrangement we had always abided by. The reis, accordingly, urged the sailors to increased exertions, so that we might reach a village on Saturday night. He ordered twelve of the crew to tow the vessel by a long rope from the shore, and in this way we slowly ascended the river, until it was quite dark, and the men were very tired. Suddenly a loud shriek was heard, and a gang of about twenty

robbers rushed from behind some reeds, cut the towing rope, and seizing upon the sailors, began to tie their hands, so that the banditti might rob the vessel without hindrance. After a good deal of firing on both sides, the robbers decamped. Such an attack, I may observe, seldom happens, if the banditti are aware that the travellers are English.

How peaceful and joyous, after all this disturbance of the night, did the early beams of a Sunday's sun arise next day! Without moving my head on the pillow, I could see the sculptured tombs near Keneh. It is in one of these that Joseph's servants are supposed to

have been buried ; and I noticed among the pictures on the white-rock wall of the tomb, a procession of Jews, with two little children and a donkey, marching into the presence of a prince. Whenever the Jews are sketched in Egypt, they are found clothed in long robes, and their countenances are really very like those of the Jews one sees in England.

I got up at seven o'clock, and found all the flags hoisted on our masts ; for as we had allowed the reis to dress the vessel on his Sunday (the Mahomedans keep the sabbath day on Friday), he lent his flags in addition to ours for the *real* Sunday. The crew, I noticed, appreciated the day's rest, and worked harder than usual for the rest of the week. They also, every one, went through their ignorant devotions in the open air, after having first washed in the river, and spread out a carpet on the deck. The captain sometimes asked me to point out by compass the precise position of Mecca (the town towards which they turn when praying), for as we proceeded on our voyage we gradually passed this "sacred" spot, and at last left it far behind. Ah ! how naturally does the carnal heart rob the Lord of his glory, and vainly try to make him more comprehensible by assigning places and times in which he is to be found, whereas "his ears are ever open," and "his eyes are in every place."

After morning worship, I took a walk along those solitary banks, so unlike the banks of any other river. There was the quaint-looking pelican floating down the stream, its pouched throat distended with fish. This seemed to be a more serviceable species of the bird than the "pelican of the wilderness" to which David compares himself. White eagles and storks were on all sides, and the buffalo-bird was very common, being always found close to a great black buffalo. This bird catches the flies buzzing round the animal's nose ; and in return for this good office, the buffalo protects its feathered friend. Even from these instances we may learn a lesson of the advantage of mutual kindness.

Far away in the distance I saw a little red fluttering thing, which, as I came nearer, turned out to be an English flag, denoting another boat with British travellers.

There were four Scotchmen on board, and the boat was quietly moored during the sacred day of rest ; but I could not hear of any other out of the eighty boats which ascended the Nile that year with travellers, having esteemed the privilege of the day of rest as precious, and the day of the Lord as "honourable." These gentlemen were at their morning prayers ; they afterwards gave me some numbers of "The Pulpit," in which I found some sermons that

were very acceptable to one who had been seven months absent from home.

In returning to breakfast, I passed a funeral with a long procession of women, tearing their hair and loudly shrieking. Death must be a cold grim enemy to those who "have no hope," that is, no well-grounded hope of "a blessed resurrection." In proportion to our faith in Christ will be our union with him ; and it is a life-giving union which causes the soul to live in this world, and both body and soul to live together in heaven.

The Egyptians of old carried their dead across the river to bury them, so that nearly all the tombs are on that side of the Nile opposite to the towns they belong to. What a wonderful amount of trouble they took about their mouldering bodies, both when living and dead ! They were rolled up with costly spices, enclosed in priceless coffins, and carried far away and buried in deeply excavated tombs, which it must have taken many years to prepare and decorate ! Yet how little attention did the never-dying soul receive, while the contemptible body was thus treated ! Surely these mummies of Egypt (and we can see, as my readers are well aware, some of them in the British Museum) ought to speak to us even in their silence, saying, "Attend, oh Christian, to thy soul, for the body withers as the grass ; and it is the soul which is to be judged for the deeds done in the body." This custom of embalming bodies was used, we know from Scripture, in the case of Jacob and Joseph. It seems also to have been employed in the time of our Saviour ; for the women who came to his tomb on the first bright Lord's-day morning, brought spices ; but they were told, "He is not here ; he is risen." The Lord is before us, even very early on his own day.

Soon I came upon a black Nubian, who was laboriously irrigating his master's fields with water raised from the Nile by the "shadoof," consisting of a pole or lever, balanced with a ball of clay at one end, and a leather bucket at the other. This, and the "Persian wheel" driven by asses, are the only machines used for raising the necessary supplies of water from the Nile. An enormous amount of labour is spent in irrigation, for in these parts rain seldom if ever falls, and the Nile flows for 1200 miles without one single tributary stream ; so that the crops are entirely dependent upon the periodical overflows of the river, and the water supplied artificially during the rest of the season.

From the top of the machine, the stream flowed to the various plots of ground along little channels ; and when enough had gone along one or other of these, the husbandman closed the channel by pressing the earth with his foot, at

the same time opening another by similar means. Probably this was so in Moses' days, for we find God telling his people that in Palestine they would not find it needful to water with the foot, but that streams from the mountains there refreshed the soil. Deut. xi. 10, 11.

I much felt, on this occasion, the want of a regular assembly with which to join and worship God in public, just as the parched land wants its accustomed showers. However, the private reading, prayer, and meditation which a traveller can enjoy on a quiet Sunday, although only a very imperfect substitute for his "going up with the great congregation," may yet be like the channel carrying the Nile water, for it is the grace conveyed by the ordinance which is really valuable, and, without this, the means must be only an empty vessel.

Here I came upon the islands where crocodiles abound. These dreadful animals are not met with until you have ascended the river nearly four hundred miles, where there are the ruins still existing of an ancient town, named Crocodilopolis, the inhabitants of which worshipped the scaly monster as a god in bye-gone days. More than twenty thousand carcases of crocodiles are embalmed and buried in huge subterranean caves near this place. I descended one day into one of these sepulchres with great difficulty, and found a mass of preserved bodies, each of them wrapped in matting made of palm-leaves, and piled one on another, to the depth of perhaps thirty feet. One of these Leviathans had just been captured when I came to the town of Siout, which is said to be the place where the Saviour resided in Egypt, when Joseph "took the young child and his mother" from the territory of the cruel Herod. Before he was captured, this crocodile had killed three men by a stroke of his tail, reminding us of the description in Job: "He moveth his tail like a cedar." Job xl. 17. The skin of the crocodile resists a musket-ball, and I often observed bullets glance off his sides harmlessly. "He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee; sling-stones are turned with him into stubble; darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of the spear." Job xli. 27—29.

Even on this Sunday, travellers from various boats were hunting the crocodiles; but only five were secured during the whole season, of which I killed three, and, singularly enough, always on Mondays. In the stomach of one of these was about a pint of pebbles, and amongst them a leaden bullet. "His heart is as firm as a stone, yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone." Job xli. 21.

At the above-mentioned town of Siout, I met a young Egyptian, who had been converted to

God and instructed by the English missionaries at Cairo. He had set up a small school, where I found a number of children reading the Scriptures; and they pointed with pleasure to the words, "Out of Egypt have I called my son." Matt. ii. 15. No doubt God, in his own good time, will call many people to love and serve him on the banks of the Nile; and perhaps one result of this present war will be, to secure liberty for the missionaries of the gospel to preach Jesus to the poor people who dwell in this land of darkness.

In early times, a number of martyrs lived and died in the ruined towns of Egypt. On one of the walls of a tomb at Thebes, I saw some inscriptions, written in black chalk by these suffering Christians. There was a rude picture, drawn by some trembling hand, representing a disciple of the Lord praying in a standing posture, with hands stretched out. This appears to have been the usual manner of prayer amongst the first followers of Jesus; and oftentimes you may see it represented in the dark cells of the catacombs at Rome, where whole families lived underground, and were slain by the ruthless Roman emperors whenever the people clamoured for a victim. How forcibly these things recall to us the pathetic description which St. Paul gives of God's persecuted people: "They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth" (Heb. xi. 38); and then his tribute of praise—"Of whom the world was not worthy;" to which he adds, "God having provided some better thing for us, that they, without us, should not be made perfect."

#### LOST BUT FOUND.

TRUE NARRATIVE.

EVERY profligate is chased by the furies of remorse and self-reproach, and minglest in his cup those elements of bitterness which illustrate the truth of the Scripture statement, that "the way of transgressors is hard." On the other hand, a life of virtue and piety is ever marked by inward peace, and, in ordinary circumstances, exerts so blessed an influence on a man's outward condition and worldly fortunes as to prove that to be pious is to be wise for both worlds; or, as Scripture expresses it, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Some there are whose history is an exemplification of both these principles. While they lived in sin and sought lying vanities, they forsook their own mercies, and by their recklessness and folly were the authors of their own wretchedness. But having been reclaimed from their vicious ways and brought under reli-

gious influence, prosperity and comfort, hand in hand with mental peace, followed their steps, and misery and moral debasement were succeeded by wealth, honour, and affluence.

The following narrative, though in some of its particulars singular and striking, supplies an instance of a moral and social transformation of which the history of many a family in Britain could supply a parallel illustration.

The Rev. Mr. P., of Leeds, who was for many years in the practice of occupying for a succession of sabbaths the pulpit of the Tabernacle in London (morning and evening services being held on certain of the intervening days), was, on the occasion of one of these visits, sauntering through one of the streets in the west part of London, on a Monday forenoon. His object was relaxation, the exertions of the previous day having been followed by a degree of lassitude and exhaustion which unfitted him for mental labour. During his stroll, he was politely accosted by a gentlemanly stranger, who addressed him by name, and asked permission, though personally unknown to Mr. P., to accompany him for a short distance. After they had leisurely traversed one or two streets, Mr. P.'s companion paused before a large and handsome mansion which stood in one of the squares of that part of the metropolis. "May I use the freedom," asked the stranger, "of inviting you, as a Christian minister in whom I feel a deep interest, to enter my dwelling; and as this is the hour of luncheon, to join me in taking some refreshment?" The minister, who had engaged with some degree of reserve in conversation with this unknown individual, was on the point of declining, but an irresistible impulse made him lay aside all hesitation and distance, and accept the invitation as frankly as it had been given. He found himself forthwith in a spacious and well-furnished dwelling, where every object that met the eye gave proof of the opulence and taste of its occupant.

Luncheon having been served, during which Mr. P. did not fail to perceive the intelligence and piety that were indicated by his stranger host in the course of their conversation, which had become less and less restrained, the latter said:—"You will, doubtless, Mr. P., think my conduct strange in accosting you as I did in the street, though unknown, and inviting you to be my guest in this fashion."

"I do think it very remarkable," was the reply, "and am at no little loss to account for this incident."

The explanation was furnished in the following auto-biographical narrative.

"I was sent to London, when a lad, to prosecute my business, my parents having been induced to remove me from my home by a

tempting offer of a situation which was made to me by an influential and wealthy firm. I was blessed with a religious education and training, under the eye of my parents, both of whom were pious; and I took with me, when I left the parental roof, the principles and impressions which the instructions of home and the sabbath school, and the consistent example of my father and mother, had left upon my youthful mind. I had excellent prospects of rising in the establishment with which I was connected, for I had, from the first, secured the confidence of my employers, and circumstances had led one of the principal partners to take a special interest in me. The conversation of those into whose company I was thrown, however, gradually obliterated from my mind the influence of Divine truth; I felt more and more reconciled to the spirit and ways of ungodly youths, whose profanity and recklessness at first filled me with grief and horror, until at length, imbibing much of their feeling, and yielding to the influence of daily intercourse with them, I lost my habits of prayer, sabbath observance, and Scripture reading, and forsook the house of God.

"As yet, however, I was attentive to my business, sober, regular, and punctual; and having got repeatedly a rise in my emoluments, I at length entered upon married life. Ere the birth of our fourth child, my career had become one of rapid degeneracy. I was the slave of dissipation and intemperance. Strong drink had thrown around me its ruinous spell, and occasionally for days together I would be absent from my employment with associates of kindred tastes, spending the earnings which should have been bestowed on the maintenance of my wife and family. As may be supposed, I lost the respect of my employers as well as my own; and in course of time I was dismissed and disgraced. This was the commencement of a series of misfortunes which dragged me down to the depths of penury and ruin. The little ornaments which I had given to my wife in the days of our courtship, and which she had treasured with fondness as memorials of my affection, went one by one to the pawnbroker, to procure the means of buying a scanty meal, and by-and-bye our furniture and clothing, and our very articles of dress, were thus parted with. Words fail me to picture the abject wretchedness of my condition. My sins now pierced my soul with the sting of a scorpion; remorse haunted me night and day; I saw a virtuous wife broken in heart, and crushed in spirit by my vicious follies. My tender babes were in want because, in my unnatural cruelty, I threw away on my lusts what should have gone to maintain and cherish them. My home, which was once the abode of peace and joy, had now become a haunt

of desolation and despair. Hell was in my breast, and I sought a refuge from my self-accusations and intolerable anguish of mind in a purpose of suicide.

"With the view of finding for myself a grave in the waters of the Thames, I one morning left my miserable home, while yet my wife and children were asleep. I well remember the conflict of emotion through which I passed on that dismal morning, and the sullen repose which my fiendish spirit felt when it settled down into the fixed resolve of rushing unbidden out of life into eternity! Thus hating myself, and all the world, and breathing defiance to the God of heaven, I wandered on, half unconscious of every external object which I passed. I came to a large building which a number of persons was entering. From a mysterious impulse which I cannot explain, and which I can only now resolve into the providence of God, who has access to the minds of his sinful creatures in a way which we are unable to comprehend, I joined these individuals, and immediately found myself in a large and well-filled place of worship. It was the Tabernacle, and you occupied the pulpit. Some expressions which dropped from your lips during prayer arrested my attention. A chord which had long been silent in my breast was thereby struck. I resolved that I would meantime wait a little longer; although I did not depart from my resolution to seek a termination to my earthly misery in self-destruction. It was still my fixed resolve that within an hour or two—the sooner the better—my wretched life should be cut short. Yet, almost in spite of myself, an unseen power held me to that spot. You gave out a text, from which to discourse to your audience. Well I remember the words: 'When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth them for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them, I, the God of Jacob, will not forsake them.' You closed by an appeal to your hearers who were not at peace with God. Never can I forget the soothing and tender tones in which you besought them to turn away from earth's broken cisterns and seek happiness in God's favour. 'Put the God of Jacob,' you said, 'to the test. He will make you drink of the cisterns of earthly prosperity, so far as he sees this to be for your well-being. But, what is more, he will make you drink of the cisterns of spiritual enjoyment; and he will make you partakers of the hope of drinking of the river of the water of life, which proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb: the river of God's pleasures by which the soul shall for ever be refreshed.' The Lord directed to my heart the word of heavenly mercy. • It was touched as it had never been by the grace of

him who is ready to pardon. I saw that there was mercy even for ME. I stood convicted—ruined—helpless! but even for me there was hope in God and in the gospel. I resolved, with tears of penitence, but yet of joy—such tears as I never before had shed—to put the God of Jacob to the test; to look to the Lamb of God; and, fallen and abject as I was by my iniquity, to return unto the Lord.

"I left the chapel, and turned my steps towards my miserable home. I acquainted my broken-hearted wife with my state of feeling, and revealed to her, who, in my days of stupidity and reckless folly, had ever sought to point my steps to virtue and piety, the hopes and aspirations of which my breast was now the seat. We took out from a chest the fragment of the only Bible which was in our possession. We read aloud a portion of Scripture; and for the first time knelt together before the throne of grace, asking pardon and blessing, spiritual guidance and eternal salvation. The Bible, till then neglected, became from that hour my companion and counsellor. That instance of family prayer was the commencement of a practice, which, through the help of God, I have continued till now. I rose from my knees on that occasion, a changed man. It proved the crisis of my history: strong drink I have ever since abjured. That forenoon, the postman knocked at my door, just as I was revolving the perplexing question how to procure a meal for my starving wife and children. He put into my hand a letter. It proved to be a remittance of five pounds from a friend to whom, in my straits, I had some time before applied for assistance. It enabled us to provide for our immediate wants. It supplied me with decent clothing. I made application for employment, and succeeded. I resumed my attendance at the house of God. Being a skilful workman, I gave much satisfaction to my employers, and by my sobriety, steadiness, and industry, established myself in their confidence and good opinion. I gradually rose in the establishment with which I was connected, and in about three years, on the death of the foreman, was appointed to his place. Some time thereafter, I was admitted as a partner; and on the retirement, a few years subsequently, of the head of the firm, of whom I was the only surviving partner, I succeeded to his share of the business. Thus, in the good providence of God, he has, during a succession of years, filled my cup of earthly prosperity to overflowing; and I am sure that you, whom God employed to be the instrument of my spiritual change, will rejoice to know that one who was LOST, is now FOUND."

The wealthy merchant, who had latterly spoken with tears, closed his narrative.

"Striking instance, indeed!" said Mr. P., "of the free and wondrous grace of God, who is found of them that seek him not; you put the God of Jacob to the test, and he has made you to drink of the cisterns of earthly enjoyment; but I trust you can testify that he has also made you to drink of the cisterns of spiritual blessing."

"By the grace of God," was the rejoinder, "I am what I am: and to him I give the praise for that hope which cheers me, of realizing 'the fulness of joy which is in his presence, and of the pleasures which are at his right hand for evermore!'"

If the reader be one who, sick of sin's ways, is, in the spirit of a penitent, putting the God of Jacob to the test—one who, when his tongue fails him for thirst, calls upon the Lord who has promised "not to forsake" the suppliant "poor and needy"—let him be assured, that though he may not obtain the measure of outward prosperity which was reached in the instance of a return to the ways of virtue just narrated, he will know and feel that in seeking God's face, he returns to happiness. Once lost, he will be found.

#### SMYRNA AND ITS MARTYR.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."  
—Rev. vi. 10.

THESE words are inscribed above the pulpit of the English chapel at Bonja, and are read by the traveller with a thrill of peculiar interest. This picturesque village, a favourite resort of the English residents at Smyrna, lies at the distance of three miles from the city. Leaving Smyrna, we cross a bridge thrown over the little river Meles, renowned as the stream on the banks of which Homer was born, and travelling through a pleasant valley, quickly reach Bonja, a lovely place, redolent with the beauties of garden and shrubbery surrounding its villa homes, and boasting an abundant foliage even in its common streets, where great, wide-spreading trees stand between the houses, under the shade of which the inhabitants spend many a social hour. The neighbouring scenery is grand. Mount Corax rises near the village, and in the distance beyond are seen the magnificent heights of Imolus; on the north stands Mount Sipylus; and over all breaks the quiet, solemn light of the Lord's day morn, just as it did eighteen centuries ago, when near this very spot the Christians used to assemble, to whom the words written over that pulpit were originally addressed.

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame," is the distinction earned by the churches of Smyrna and Philadelphia. They alone drew

from the Master words of unqualified approbation. Sin and imperfection were, doubtless, to be found amongst them, yet so worthily did they bear the name of Christ that he, while "searching the heart," found it needful to mingle no sound of reproof with the language of pity, encouragement, and promise in which he addressed them. And this while corruption had been making sad progress all around—love waxing cold—false doctrine and unchristian deeds so prevailing amongst the churches of the Lord, as to elicit even from his gracious lips the message of stern rebuke and awful threatening.

Smyrna has escaped the fate of its ancient contemporaries in Asia Minor, and still exists in a flourishing condition. The stately grandeur which it boasted in the old days of Ionia's magnificence has indeed vanished; nevertheless it continues to be an important city. And truly "beautiful for situation" is this great emporium of the trade of the Levant, once "the queen of Anatolia," "the crown of Ionia," "the ornament of Asia." Worthily bestowed names, the traveller thinks, as he sails up its fine gulf, and gazes on the fair scene before him, where, just at the curve of the bay, the city stretches along, its buildings partly concealed by a moveable screen of tall cypress trees.

It is difficult to ascertain what the present number of inhabitants may be; it is stated at various figures, varying from 130,000 to 200,000. In the same way the Greek portion of the population is set down, by some writers at 20,000, by others at 50,000.

In fine harmony with the character of the first believers at Smyrna, and beautifully illustrative of obedience to the Saviour's command, "Be ye faithful unto death," is the immediately succeeding history of this church. In the persecution under Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Christians of Smyrna, in common with those of many other places, suffered severely. A beautiful letter addressed by them to the neighbouring churches, relates the tale of their trials, and how their brethren had proved themselves "faithful unto death"—a death of cruel torture. Some were cast to the wild beasts; some passed through the flames; and others were compelled to lie upon sharp spikes. Polycarp, the disciple of John, and probably "the angel of the church in Smyrna," to whom the apocalyptic message was sent, was now a very aged man. Yet when the infuriated cry arose, "Away with the atheists; let Polycarp be sought for!" the brave veteran of the cross would willingly have remained and faced the storm. But his friends eagerly urged him to withdraw from the city for a time, and persuaded him to remove to a country house at

a little distance. His retreat was discovered, and he passed to another refuge. But when this also was found out, he refused to make any further attempts at escape, calmly saying, "The will of the Lord be done." His pursuers "he saluted with a very cheerful and gentle countenance, ordering a table to be spread for them, so that they wondered to behold so venerable a person, of so great age, and so grave and composed a presence; and wondered what needed so much stir to hunt and take this poor old man." A prayer followed, so solemn and affecting, that the hearts even of his enemies were touched. It was the Lord's day when, seated on an ass, the martyr was conducted into the city. On his way he was met by the irenarch, who, taking him up into his chariot, endeavoured to persuade him to make the concession necessary to save his life, representing how trivial a thing it was to sacrifice a few grains of incense to the emperor. "It is not for me to do what you advise," was the mild but firm reply of the Christian, whereupon he was thrust out of the chariot with such violence as to fall and wound his leg.

Arrived at the stadium, crowded with a fierce and yelling multitude, the confessor stood quiet, and unmoved. Then, sounding loud and clear above the frightful din, was a voice heard saying, "Be strong, O Polycarp, and play the man." No one knew or could ascertain by whom the words were spoken, and we need not wonder that the poor harassed and excited Christians should have regarded it as a voice from heaven. Polycarp was again urged to deny his Lord.

"Regard thy great age," said the proconsul; "swear by the genius of Cæsar; repent, and say with us, Take away the impious!"

"Take away the impious!" repeated the venerable man, glancing on the idolatrous crowd around.

Mistaking Polycarp's meaning, and encouraged by what seemed to him a concession, the proconsul quickly added, "Swear, and I will release thee! Renounce Christ!"

"Eighty-and-six years have I served him," was the indignant reply, "and he never did me any harm; how can I then renounce my King, my Saviour!"

Still reluctant to condemn, the magistrate endeavoured to shake his resolution by dilating on the frightful tortures which awaited him—thrown to the wild beasts or burned at the stake. But with divine joy beaming in his face, the aged saint replied, "Why delayest thou? Bring forth whatever thou hast a mind to?"

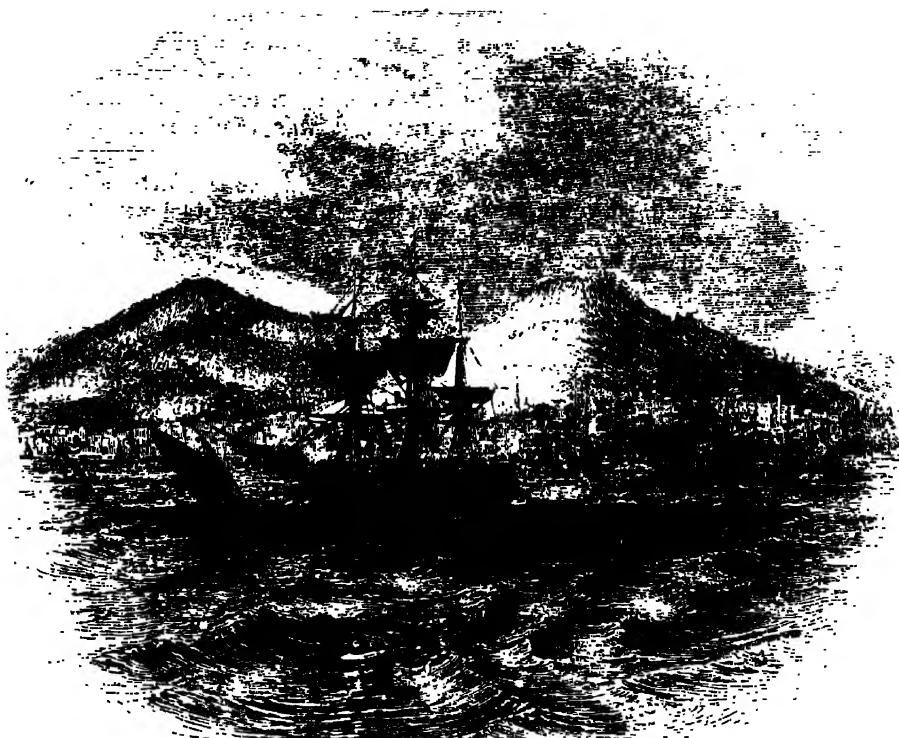
At length the decisive proclamation was made, "Polycarp has confessed himself a Christian," and the great stadium rung with the

shouts of the idolaters: "This is that master of Asia—that father of the Christians—that overturner of our deities—who teaches so many not to offer sacrifice nor to worship the gods." A demand was made that he should be delivered to the wild beasts, but this was refused, as contrary to the order of the games. Then the cry arose that he should be burnt alive, which being acceded to, materials were quickly gathered to form a pile—the Jews, with bitter hatred to the Christians, and also no doubt to mark their separation from them, taking care to be specially active in the work. When all was ready, it was proposed to nail him to the stake, but he begged that this might not be done, saying that God would give him strength to remain unmoved. When bound, prayers, such as a martyr hastening to his crown might offer, ascended from that pile, which was speedily after enveloped in flames. The death of Polycarp took place A.D. 167.

The scene of this and many other martyrdoms occupies a site on the side of a hill, which is strewn all over with the architectural remains of various ages and various races. Bartlett visited the spot, in company with the American missionaries resident in Smyrna. Having gained the summit of the hill, "my companions," he says, "pointing to a green hollow in the mountain, but a short distance below, exclaimed, 'That is the spot; it was there that Polycarp suffered.' We now descended to it."

"The stadium, or amphitheatre, hollowed out in the hill side, on a site which catches every breeze that blows, commands a wide and glorious prospect over Smyrna and its far-stretching gulf. Here were wont to assemble the thoughtless multitude of Asiatic idlers—how vacant and how silent is it now! Its sides and hollow are as thickly covered with turf as the surrounding hill, through which appear here and there the marble seats, or the orifices of the dens in which the wild beasts were confined." "It stands," says the deputation from the Church of Scotland, describing the same scene, "on the face of a hill, the sides of a concave valley forming a natural amphitheatre for the accommodation of spectators. The space may be about five hundred feet long on each side, at either end of which rose seats for the spectators. Near it is a range of broken arches, which formed part of the vaults where the wild beasts were kept."

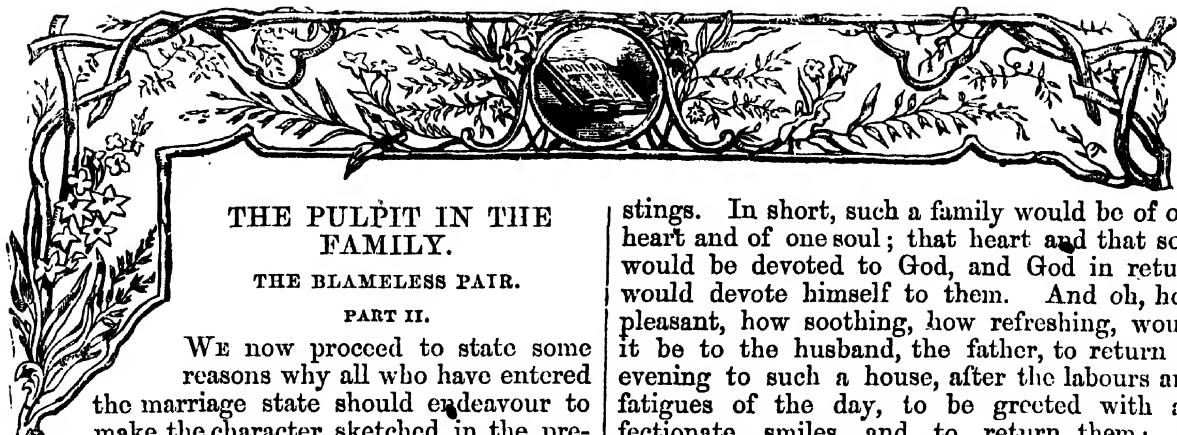
Our fidelity to Christ is subjected to no such tests as that endured by the ancient Christians of Smyrna, the modern Christians of Madagascar, or even the Bible-loving inhabitants of some parts of our own Europe. Nevertheless we, even we, in this free, happy, privileged England, have need to take heed to the admonition, "Be thou faithful unto death." With us, too, it is a possible thing to be false to our Lord.



The temptation to deny his name is not indeed great. But this is not the only mode of being unfaithful to him. Fidelity requires a heart earnestly devoted to him, and a life which we honestly seek to mould in all its circumstances to the pattern set before us, and to have pervaded in its every action by a loving desire to promote his glory, and to extend his kingdom in the hearts of men. Less than this is unfaithfulness to him. It is misrepresenting his service; it is driving from him those who ought to be his subjects; it is detracting from the sum total of goodness which blesses the world and which he came to produce, and adding to the dark mass of evil by which it is oppressed and which he came to remove. How great a sin! And we are allured into habits and mental states which involve it, by temptations varied, constant, and pressing. The health of this man's soul is injured by the whirl of commercial excitement, the goading cares and anxieties of business—unavoidable business; others, still less excusably, permit the quieter engagements of private life so to fill the heart and thoughts that the spiritual life languishes. The weariness of constant labour, and the depression induced by looking through a long vista of toil—toil ever—toil ceasing only with life, and little else than toil—ofttimes blunts the spiritual sensibilities and weakens the faith and hope, the love and joy of the poor Christian. He forgets what his Saviour said to the afflicted

saints in' Smyrna, and what he says to every poor Christian yet—"I know thy poverty, but thou art rich."

The opposite temptations of pride, pleasure, luxury, and indolence, tend to drag downwards a different class. They are so occupied with adorning their tents, so busy tasting the rills which flow by their path, that they are in danger of forgetting their pilgrim condition—pilgrims who ought indeed to be thankful to the bounteous Friend who has provided them with these refreshing rills, and sweet flowers, and convenient tents, which he intends them to enjoy, but not so to enjoy as to forget him, his service,<sup>a</sup> and their eternal home with him. Not that in any of these circumstances *successful* temptation must necessarily be found. But all of them will furnish such, if we be careless in "keeping the heart." It shall not endure for ever. It extends only over the interval which lies between us and death. This is a chequered state, furnished by the gracious Creator with many sources of enjoyment, but with some dark clouds in each man's horizon, in that of the Christian as well as others. But to him all these clouds have "a silver lining;" consoling and sustaining grace, he knows, shall never fail to accompany their breaking. And then there is the eternal future, over whose surpassing brightness no shade may pass; and the crown of life, including all that we can imagine "the fulness of joy" to mean.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### THE BLAMELESS PAIR.

#### PART II.

We now proceed to state some reasons why all who have entered the marriage state should endeavour to make the character sketched in the previous paper their own. But is this necessary? Can any of our readers need reasons or motives to persuade them to the acquisition of such a character? Does it not commend itself at once to the understanding and to the conscience of every man who is possessed of either? If, however, any need such reasons, they can easily be assigned.

1. God approves, and requires you to possess, such a character. He commands you to be righteous before him. His language is, "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." All the commandments and ordinances which have been mentioned are his. They are sanctioned by his authority; a neglect of them will be punished by his power; a performance of them will be rewarded by his grace. The curse of the Lord, we are told, is in the house of the wicked; but he loveth and blesseth the habitation of the righteous. And is it not reasonable that we should obey his commands? Is it not desirable to avert his curse from our dwellings, and to have his blessing in our habitations? Who, that believes there is a God, would not have his family one of the few faithful families on which God looks with approbation? Who would not wish that the eye of God should discover in it nothing displeasing to him?

2. Consider how much it would promote your present happiness to possess such a character. Where can happiness be found on earth, if not in such a family as has now been described? Mutual affection and harmony, peace and contentment, would dwell in it. All the gifts of Providence would be enjoyed with a double relish, because they would be received as the gifts of a Father, and be sanctified by his word and prayer. Almost every cause of domestic unhappiness would be excluded. There would be no room for anxiety, uneasiness, and alarm; for such a family could cheerfully trust in God to supply all its real wants, and to shield it from all real evils. Even if afflictions came, they would come as mercies, and deprived of their

stings. In short, such a family would be of one heart and of one soul; that heart and that soul would be devoted to God, and God in return would devote himself to them. And oh, how pleasant, how soothing, how refreshing, would it be to the husband, the father, to return at evening to such a house, after the labours and fatigues of the day, to be greeted with affectionate smiles, and to return them; to shut out the world with its follies and cares, and to feel, while rejoicing in the circle of those whom he loved, that God was looking down upon them with approbation and delight; that an unseen Saviour was rejoicing in the midst of them, to see the happiness which he had purchased, and which his religion bestowed! How sweet, to close an evening thus pleasant, and a day spent in the service of God, by uniting around the family altar in an offering of prayer and praise to their great benefactor, and then lie down to rest with that feeling of security and safety, which filial confidence in heaven inspires! Some may, perhaps, choose to call this representation, religious romance; but it is sober reality; it is no more than has been actually enjoyed; and if we see few families in which it is realized, it is only because there are few in which both heads of the family walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

3. Permit me to remind you how greatly such a family would honour God and adorn religion. It would, indeed, in such a world as this, be like one of those ever verdant islands, which rise amidst the wide ocean of Arabian sands, and whose constant verdure leads the weary and thirsty traveller to seek for the hidden spring which produces it. It is, perhaps, impossible for an insulated individual to exhibit all the beauty and excellence of Christianity; because much of it consists in the right performance of those relative duties which he has no opportunity to perform. But in a religious family, a family where both husband and wife are evidently pious, religion may be displayed in all its parts, and the fulness of its glory and beauty; and one such family will do more to recommend it, and to soften the prejudices of its enemies, than can be effected by the most powerful and persuasive sermon.

The subject is very far from being exhausted. Many more powerful arguments and motives in favour of imitating the character here recom-

mended might easily be urged; but the length to which the preceding remarks have been extended, compels us to omit them, and to conclude with a short address by way of application.

Permit us to commence this address by asking each married pair, whether their family is such as has now been described? whether they resemble the parents of John the Baptist? Are you both righteous before God? and do you walk in all his ordinances and commands blameless? If not, whose fault is it? Is it the husband's? or the wife's? or the fault of both? In some families, doubtless both are in fault; neither is righteous. Alas, that there should be such families, and so many of them among us! Alas, that persons should ever enter the married state, so totally unqualified to discharge all its most important duties; that immortal souls should be committed to the care of those who know not their worth, and who will do nothing to effect their salvation! Is this the character of any fathers or mothers reading this? and if so, shall it continue such? Remember, ye who are in this state, especially ye who have just entered it, that, however happy you may now be, affliction will come, sickness will come, death will come; and what will you then do, ye who have made no provision for such events, ye who have no God to support and comfort you? Be assured, the time will arrive, even in the present life, when you will feel the need of religion; feel that everything besides is comparatively worthless. Remember, too, ye who now love and rejoice in each other, that you must meet in another world; and that the fate of each in that world will depend much upon the conduct of the other. If you now encourage each other in neglecting religion, you will then meet as the bitterest of enemies, and load each other with reproaches and execrations. Each one will then say, "Oh, that we had never met! Had I not been connected with you, had I possessed a religious partner, I might now have been happy. But you tempted and encouraged me to live without God, and to neglect my Saviour; and now I must, in consequence, be miserable for ever!" On the contrary, should either of you now become truly religious, you may be instrumental in effecting the salvation of the other; and then with what joy will you both meet in heaven! Oh then, live together in such a manner, that you may hereafter meet with joy; live as it becomes two immortal beings travelling hand in hand to judgment and eternity. Live together in this world as heirs of the grace of life, and you shall live together in heaven, as happy participants of its bliss."

But there are probably other families in which the fault lies on one only of the partners. Perhaps, husband, it is your fault, that both

are not religious. You have a pious partner, one whom you cannot but acknowledge is pious. But you refuse to unite with her in making your habitation a temple of God, the abode of religion, of peace and happiness. You do not, perhaps, oppose her; but you afford her no assistance in her journey to heaven. In this respect she is a widow. She is deprived of one of the greatest blessings which a wife has a right to expect from a husband; and she must pursue her way solitary, alone. When she rejoices, she cannot impart to you her joys; when she is sad, she cannot make you understand the cause of her sadness, nor receive from you any consolation or relief. Nay more, you are the chief cause of her sorrows. She mourns with a heart almost broken, because she is compelled to leave you behind, to fear that you will perish for ever; and the more kind you are in other respects, so much the more does her grief increase. Yet she, probably, does not express it, lest she should give offence, and be reproached for indulging needless apprehensions. And while you give all this pain to her, of what happiness do you deprive yourself—happiness here, and happiness hereafter! Oh, then, let it no longer be your fault that religion is not enthroned, adorned, and enjoyed in your families; but now, while the Spirit and the bride invite, come and taste of the water of life freely.

In other cases it is, perhaps, the fault of the wife; and if so, how great a fault! What hardness of heart, what inexcusable obstinacy, does it evince, to stand out not only against the authority of God, and the invitations of the Saviour, but the arguments, persuasions, and entreaties of her nearest earthly friend! What cruel unkindness, to plant thorns in the breast of him who looks to you for his chief earthly consolation; to seal up his lips when he wishes to give vent to the feelings of his heart; to compel him to feel that, when he prays in his family, he prays alone; and to see that his labours for the salvation of his children are rendered almost fruitless for want of a partner to assist him. Oh then, let no wife, no mother, who reads this, be so unmindful of what she owes to her husband, her children, her Saviour, her God, as to continue in an irreligious state. And wherever either partner is pious, let both become so; and then shall the voice of joy and rejoicing be heard in your habitation, as it is in the tabernacles of the righteous.

Blessed be God, there are many pious families in our land—families in which, as we have reason to hope, both the husband and wife resemble the parents of John the Baptist. Let those who are thus highly favoured show their gratitude to God, by striving to become eminently holy. Let them quicken and assist

each other in the good work, and be mutual helpers of each other's faith and joy. Consult together, and inquire whether there is any commandment or ordinance of God in which you are not both walking—any duty which you are neglecting—any thing in your families which is displeasing to Christ. If any thing of this kind is discovered, put it from you instantly, however dear. Thus you will each have increasing reason to bless God through eternity, for giving you a pious partner; and when you meet in heaven, you will love each other with pure and immortal affection, as instruments employed by God to fit each other for that world, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of God.

## THE NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

### PART V.

#### PROGRESS.—THE IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

WHEN that Providence whose "kingdom ruleth over all" has a great work to accomplish, men suited for the crisis are always raised up, and are clothed with the wisdom and energy which its importance demands. It was so, in an eminent degree, in the case of the reformers of the sixteenth century, the variety of whose gifts contributed to one of the mightiest moral revolutions which the world has ever witnessed. And so right-hearted and able men have been found ready to throw themselves with enthusiasm into the hallowed and hopeful enterprise of the evangelization of Ireland. From the ranks of Irish Protestants, from natives of the Irish soil, these champions for the truth and Christian patriots have generally been drawn. • But the future historian of the "New Reformation in Ireland" (and the writer feels the more liberty in making the admission, as he is not himself a member of the established church) will not fail to chronicle, with special honour, the name of an Englishman, the Rev. Alexander Dallas (rector of Wonston, Hants), as the chief instrument of commencing and advancing that great work which is now identified with the remarkable labours and successes of "The Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics."

"In 1845, Mr. Dallas visited the chief towns and villages of several Irish counties, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact views of the Romanists with reference to Popery. On his return to England, eight special 'messengers' were dispatched, whose duty, for many months, it was to go, two and two, through certain districts assigned to them, and ascertain the feelings of the people on religion generally, what education their children received (if any), and

never to part company from those with whom they conversed without conveying the knowledge of the gospel, and testifying that Christ was the only and all-sufficient Mediator;"\* 90,000 copies of three tracts, printed in English and Irish—"A Voice from Heaven to Ireland," "Irishman's Rights," and "The Food of Man," "produced," says Mr. Marrable, "a most extraordinary effect on the people. Only Romanists received them, respectable tradesmen and farmers. No one knew whence they came, or by whom they were sent. Great numbers of persons who were suspected to have received a letter, took every possible means to conceal the fact, lest the priest should denounce them from the altar, and demand that the tracts should be burned. The messengers were to take special notice of the manner in which the 'tracts' issued during their mission had been received. Through their instrumentality, the most favourable positions to be occupied hereafter by missionaries, visitors, and schoolmasters, were easily ascertained. It was with solemn prayers that these messengers and tracts were despatched, and soon such tokens of success were granted as to make it necessary to give publicity to THE GRAND MOVEMENT about to be made by a newly-constituted society, which the circumstances of the country called into existence."

"The great point of difference," says the English Review, "between the Irish Church Missions and all other societies is, that the former is the very first machinery set in motion since the reformation, which openly professes to carry the gospel as such to the Romanists as those that have it not. Other societies approach the same object in a circuitous and in (a good sense) a covert manner, as distinguished from an open and avowed mission, for the purpose of converting Romanists from error to truth. This, we believe, accounts for the great and rapid success of the Irish Church Mission."

It has been customary since the revival of evangelical religion in the Irish established church, for a large number of her ministers to attend the anniversaries of the religious societies held in Dublin, in the month of April. On these occasions private meetings of the clergy are held for mutual conference as to the spiritual condition of the country, and consultation as to the best modes for advancing the cause of true religion. At the anniversaries in Dublin, one or two English clergymen of well-known piety and ability have usually been present. In April, 1849, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth and the Rev. A. R. C. Dallas, the honorary

\* "Sketch of the origin and operations of the Society for Irish Church Missions." By the Rev. William Marrable, A. M., Secretary. London 1853.

secretaries to the newly-formed Society for Irish Church Missions, undertook to visit Dublin. Without any concert with this deputation, but led by the Spirit of God into the same mind and the same judgment, the Irish ministers had appointed the following subjects for consideration: "1st, Their duty as ministers, especially at this time, to stand fast in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the gospel; 2ndly, that no portion of the population of the country should be regarded as out of the sphere of their ministration; and, 3rdly, the most prudent and efficacious means of bringing the truths of the gospel to bear upon the minds of the Roman Catholics." The English deputation being present at the conference held on these important topics, a special meeting was convened to hear the statements, and, as the result, resolutions were passed, thanking the deputation for coming over to help them, expressing the conviction that great openings were occurring for preaching the gospel to the Roman Catholic parishioners, and that such aid as could be afforded by the Irish Society, and that for Irish Church Missions, should be gladly received. About two hundred of the clergy present signed these resolutions, and the deputation proceeding to Cork, a similar manifestation took place there. The latent fire of holy and patriotic zeal, through the fervent appeals of the apostolic Bickersteth, and the encouraging assurances given by Mr. Dallas that "a great door and effectual was opened," now burst forth into a flame, which has grown brighter and brighter ever since, and which we trust; "by the grace of God, shall never be put out" in Ireland.

The first scene of permanent operations by the Irish Church Missions was Castlekerke, on the shores of Lough Corrib, in West Galway. There Mr. Dallas had already prepared the way, so that in the summer of 1847 upwards of 300 adults and young persons agreed to attend the ministrations of a resident missionary, and Mr. O'Callaghan, who had laboured as a lay agent, was in the following spring ordained over them. The reformation spread rapidly over other districts in Galway, amid violent opposition from the priests and their followers. "In Oughterard," says Mr. Marrable, in his narrative, "a solemn event occurred. When the mission was first commenced, the priest called on the people, from the altar of the chapel, to join him in cursing the jumpers (the contemptuous name given to the missionaries and their adherents), adding that if 'they did not drive them away as the froth of the river, the vengeance of God would come upon him or them.' On the following Wednesday he was struck with paralysis. This caused considerable excitement; and the

missionary praying for him softened the hearts of many, and conciliated them; the contrast being so marked between the cursing priest and the praying minister."

In the parish of Oughterard was a "holy well," long the resort of superstitious devotees; but as the consequence of the new reformation, the holy well is entirely abandoned, the parish church has been enlarged to five or six times its original dimensions, and the schools are very numerously attended. At Clifden, missionary agents began their labours under the direction of Mr. Dallas, in January, 1848, and five scriptural schools were speedily opened. An Irish teacher heard one of the mission agents lecture on the passage, Acts iv. 12, "Neither is there salvation in any other," etc. As in the case of Michael Brannigan, already mentioned, this text was the "power of God unto salvation" to his soul. He saw that it struck at the very root of Romanism, in its exhibition of "the ONE MEDIATOR between God and man;" and wherever he went he repeated the glorious statement, and thus many others, led to believe on Him who saith, "I am the way, no man cometh to the Father but by me," were filled with joy and peace. The Spirit was poured out abundantly; "the common people" listened "gladly" to the "joyful sound;" new churches and school-houses were built; the congregations were immense, and the schools full.

In what gross darkness the county of Galway has long been sunk, may be gathered from the following statement, which appeared about two years ago in a London morning journal from the pen of an English tourist in Ireland. Referring to the town of Galway it is said:—"We yesterday turned, after leaving the government college and schools, into the parish chapel, a dim, large, solid-looking building, with an old woman on the steps, selling rosaries, and four blind and decrepit persons within—two telling their beads on their knees, and two asking charity. All this we should have expected, and the dressed altar, and the confessionals. But there was more, which we could not have anticipated. Panelled in the wall there was a barbarous image of Christ, for the most part hung with cobwebs, but with one leg and foot black and shining—no doubt with the kisses of worshippers; and worse, there was another panelled image of God the Father, as a hideous, bearded, mitred old man; and God the Son, as a lamb with a human face equally hideous. We turned away, and when in the open street again, we felt as if we had passed, with one step, from the recesses of a pagan temple."

Writing of another locality (Lower Balla) where a mission was commenced in June, 1852, the missionary says: "The blackness of dark-

ness pervaded the Romanist population. Some of the more heathenish superstitions of Rome, that usually disappear before the march of Protestantism and civilization, are commonly practised by the people and countenanced by the priests. Besides the 'holy well' at Balla, there is a place in this district called 'Lough Keeran,' where superstitious rites and practices are performed that are hardly surpassed in absurdity over the wide realms of paganism. Many of the people believe that the blessed Virgin Mary is the Holy Ghost. Others think she died on the cross for sinners. Several, it might be said vast numbers, do not know who is Jesus Christ. A man once told the missionary, in answer to the question, who is Jesus Christ? he is 'the mother of God.' There are many, it is true, who are not so grossly ignorant as this, but it is a melancholy truth that there are vast numbers who are. The great bulk of the people are ignorant of their own religion, and but few of them can give a shadow of a reason for anything taught by Rome. They think it must be true, for some reason that they do not know; a state of mental feeling that erects the most impenetrable barrier behind which error was ever entrenched."

So the earl of Roden, in his "Progress of the Reformation in Ireland," speaking of the islands of Inniskea says: "Here the absence of religion is marked by the open practice of pagan idolatry, as fearful to contemplate as that prevalent on the banks of the Ganges. In the South Island, in the house of a man named Monigan, a stone idol, called in the Irish 'Necvougi,' has been from time immemorial religiously preserved and worshipped. This god resembles in appearance a thick roll of home-spun flannel, which arises from the custom of dedicating a dress of that material to it whenever its aid is sought; this is sewed on by an old woman, its priestess, whose peculiar care it is. Of the early history of this idol no authentic information can be procured, but its power is believed to be immense: they pray to it in time of sickness; it is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some hapless ship upon their coast; and, again, the exercise of its power is solicited in calming the angry waves, to admit of fishing or visiting the main land."

"But now," says Mr. Marrable, "the society's missions in West Galway have, under God's blessing, been the means of rendering a district, extending fifty miles in length and thirty in breadth, characteristically Protestant, which but a few years ago was characteristically Romish. In that district, until lately, there were not more than 500 Protestants, whereas now there are 6000 converts attending church services."

"In the stations of the west," he adds, "the bishop of Tuam has confirmed 1948 converts

from Romanism since October, 1849, not including the converts confirmed in the missions of the Irish Society of London, at that time a distinct society. As many as eleven new churches have been erected, and fifteen new school-houses, where divine service is performed on Sundays. Thus twenty-six places have now the benefit of a church; and, in addition to the above, within the last two months, fourteen new school-houses have either been completed or commenced, each of which will serve as a church." These are erected at the time we now write, and thus there are eleven new churches, and twenty-six new school-houses, in a district where formerly there were only two new churches, and scarcely a school-house of the humblest kind. These neat and commodious edifices now meet many an English traveller's eye, provoking the continual inquiry as to their origin and object, and calling forth the oft-repeated testimony to the vast change which it pleases God to produce, when he opens the Scriptures to a whole people from whom they have long been hid. These may be said to be the vessels holding the lamps which the Lord has kindled over that district, and to which he is constantly communicating the quickening spark from heaven, making them the means of turning the people from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

Of the reality and spirituality of this great movement, one striking proof is furnished in the fact that the converts have borne the brunt of persecution, without being turned away from the cause which they had espoused. Again and again have both adults and children been subjected to violent outrages, for which Roman Catholic magistrates, under priestly influence, refused to give any redress. In the town of Clifden, in June, 1850, Mr. Dallas was burned in effigy; Mr. D'Arcy, the magistrate, in a mob of nearly a thousand persons, was struck; the missionary was knocked down and nearly murdered, and about four hundred children were cruelly beaten with sticks and stones. Similar outrages were perpetrated in the town of Tuam, where the well-known Dr. M'Hale, the Romish archbishop, resides. But the result has been, as in the days of old with the oppressed witnesses for truth, "the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew." Within a year from the scene of violence at Clifden, as already mentioned, when Doctor M'Hale was actually in the town with a strong body of priests, not an insult was offered to the Protestant bishop, Mr. Dallas, or his friends. At Derrygimla, Doctor M'Hale was received by about forty persons, in a place where he was almost worshipped; nor would his congregation have increased, had it not been for the accession he received from the neighbouring

union workhouse, to which a message had been sent, summoning their attendance. As he was driving away, the Protestant bishop reached the mission school-house, in which were 170 children. All the converts remained steadfast.

Towards their persecutors, the converts have often exhibited a truly forgiving spirit. Thus, an "*eye-witness*" testifies to two instances of this kind occurring in Connaught:—

"Mr. Reynolds (reader), on the 12th July, 1852, was walking peaceably and silently past my house, about two o'clock in the day, when he was violently assaulted. He was knocked down and severely hurt. The police, who saw all, arrested the assailant. He was committed at once, and brought before the magistrates at petty sessions. They were going to fine him for the assault, when Reynolds said he forgave him, and begged he might not be punished. He was discharged accordingly."

The other case is as follows:—"Two of the readers bought some turf, and employed two carmen to draw it from the bog. The priest met the men in the act of drawing the turf, and said, 'I will not allow you to draw turf for the jumpers; throw it out of your carts.' They did so, and it was stolen. The head constable of police, a Romanist, shortly after called on the readers, and told them to summons the priest, and he would have to pay for the turf so stolen. They said they forgave them."\*

The undue influence exercised by the priests to gain the children back to popery, and the constancy and courage of the young converts, is forcibly illustrated in the following account, given in a reader's journal:—

"A lad, named C——, attending the Cleggan school, was supposed to be quite an orphan, as his father was known to have died of famine; and it was reported that his mother, who had gone to America some time before, had died on the passage. C—— had been at the school about two years. About a fortnight ago, the priest received a letter from the boy's mother, with five pounds to send him out to her. When the priest sent for the boy, he was overjoyed to hear that his mother was still alive, and that he should see her again. But the priest said he could not give it to him, because he had forsaken the faith; but if he would now repent, and come the next Sunday to mass and confession, he would forgive him and give him the money. The boy refused, and said if he gave him fifty pounds he would not; he would trust God to provide for him. A few days afterwards the priest sent his two uncles to persuade him; but still he refused. When the priest found him

steadfast in his purpose not to return to Romanism, he gave the money to a shopkeeper in Clifden to give to him—and he is gone off in great delight. The day he left the school, he clasped his Bible to his heart, and said he would never give it up. 'And who knows,' said he, 'but God may make me the means of bringing my dear mother, and many others in that distant land, to the knowledge of the truth.'"

The fact is, that the violence of the priests has produced in many districts a powerful reaction in favour of free inquiry. Thus, in the district of Graigewamanagh, one of the missionaries writes:—"The priest is doing our work very well here too; he has employed two men to whip the people whenever they see them talking to the readers; this of course irritates them, makes them vexed with the priest, and attaches them to our men. \* \* A man called on the readers at the mission-house, in presence of a number of Roman Catholics, and said that he would not submit to be whipped like a slave; that he would argue with the readers whenever he thought proper. He accordingly went into the mission-house and sat down, and talked a long while, comparing the Protestant and the Douay versions of the Scriptures. On going away, he took several controversial tracts and a Douay Testament."

It is an interesting fact, that the children of the mission schools have become successful missionaries in the conversion of the adult population, and especially of their own relatives. Thus, in the island of Achill, we read of "an aged widow, who used to be incessantly using her beads, and going to chapel to hear Latin prayers; her son came to school, and, among other portions, learned Matt. vi. 7; 1 Cor. xiv. 19. These he often repeated aloud to his mother; the former led her to see that the beads were of no use, so she burned them; and the latter, that Latin prayers are no good, and so she gave up going to chapel. She is now a very exemplary convert, never absent from the house of God." Again, we are told of "an old man on the verge of the grave, aroused to a sense of his lost condition by his grandchild repeating John iii., in Irish; he learnt this portion by heart, was then drawn by the child to come and hear Irish prayers, instead of Latin; so he found out the great High Priest who alone can forgive sin.\*

The children of the schools in Connaught take great delight in sacred music, and one of their favourite melodies, as they are busy with their needlework or knitting on the Romish holiday, while others are idle at the command of the priest, is the well-known hymn beginning—

'We won't give up the Bible,  
God's blessed book of truth, etc.'—

a sacred song, to whose freedom-breathing accents Erin's harp, so long hung upon the willows in the season of her bondage, now swept by youthful fingers, responds in notes of hope and joy.

And inasmuch as the Irish people are now beginning to assert their birthright, and to "see and ask for the old ways," may we not confidently anticipate a bright future for Ireland, and say, in the words of one of her own bards, and in a higher and holier sense than he contemplated—

"Though nations are fallen, yet still thou art young,  
And thy sun is but rising when others have set;  
And though slavery's chain long around thee has hung,  
Yet the full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

So shall it be when the gospel triumphs in the land, even the word of him who hath said, "If the Son make ye free, ye shall be free indeed." For

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves besides."

### "TO PREACH PROVIDENCE."

The Rev. J. Mortimer was an eminently zealous minister, who lived in the seventeenth century, and often preached in some of the deserted churches in London, during the prevalence of the plague. After this he removed to Exeter, where he was so greatly reduced in his circumstances, as to be compelled to leave home on account of his being in debt. As he was walking along the road, he met a man driving some sheep, whom he endeavoured to avoid. But the man came up to him, and put a paper into his hand, which contained a sum of money. He immediately returned to his wife, who had been greatly dejected, and gave her the paper. On opening it, they found nothing written but these words—"To preach Providence." The whole family, as might easily be supposed, were greatly affected on receiving such a seasonable supply in so remarkable a manner.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

71. Which of the apostles saw Jesus after his ascension to heaven?
72. How many judges of Israel were there?—Who was the last?
73. What proofs can you find of the poverty of Jesus?
74. What reason is given in Scripture for his becoming poor?
75. Give instances of impatient prayer being answered in anger.
76. Which of the apostles were the most constantly with Jesus?
77. Which of the kings of Judah served God?
78. Which of the kings of Israel?

### Poetry.

#### THE CHILD'S RAMBLE.

"NURSE, you remember Bricket Wood,  
And where the woodman's log-hut stood;  
And how once, on a summer's day,  
I and my brother lost our way?  
He was not, I am sure, to blame,  
From me the whole misfortune came.  
Fair bushes, with red berries bright,  
Hung out their colours to my sight;  
And other fruits beyond them grew,  
Still more attractive to the view.  
I filled my apron with their store,  
And then went on to gather more;  
Dear Harry warned me not to stray,  
And told me we should miss our way;  
And he was right—for turning back,  
Too surely we had lost the track.  
Oh, nurse! it were in vain to tell,  
As shadows grim more darkly fell,  
How I and little Harry felt,  
Or how to God in prayer we knelt!  
I'm sure he heard us when we cried,  
And sent poor Tray to be our guide—  
The woodman's faithful dog I mean,  
Who knew each path in that wild scene;  
To him God gave the sense and sight  
To lead us safely back and right,  
Till underneath the old beech tree,  
His master's cottage we could see.  
He seated us upon his log,  
Then patted his trustworthy dog,  
And bade him take us on to you;  
And well kind Tray his errand knew.  
Oh, nurse! how happy you were then,  
To have your darlings back again.  
For very happiness you cried,  
For oft in tears our joy we hide.  
Your lesson still I recollect,  
And how you bade us not forget  
That this world, like a forest wide,  
Is full of paths that turn aside—  
A dreary and entangled wood,  
With prickly thorns and briars rude.  
No wonder, nurse, we lose our way,  
Or in wrong paths so often stray."  
"Yes, dear, Christ warns us to take care,  
And of its dangers to beware;  
But he has been upon the road,  
And all its ruggedness has trod;  
In each dark corner now he stands,  
The lamp of life within his hands,  
To guide poor wanderers far abroad,  
Who in the gloom have lost their road."

ELLEN ROBERTS.

#### A MORNING HYMN FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

MAY this sweet sabbath we behold,  
Which God has kindly giv'n,  
Devoted be alone to him,  
And bring us nearer heaven.  
  
We cannot tell how many more  
Blest sabbaths we may see;  
Thousands who liv'd when last we met  
Are in eternity.  
  
Then should this day the last one prove  
With any of us here,  
If God is ours and we are his  
We nothing have to fear.

L. M. THORNTON.

## Religious Intelligence.

THE first day of the month of October will long be memorable in our history, from the excitement which it witnessed in the metropolis, and in our large principal towns and cities, in consequence of the reported capture of Sebastopol. The day—the Lord's day—had been devoted to thanksgiving for the abundant harvest, and, in many of the churches and chapels, this alleged victory was adduced as an additional cause for devout praise. After some days of anxious waiting for full particulars of the battle and the victory, we at length discovered that though the allied forces had been successful at the heights of Alma, the alleged capture of Sebastopol was a gross fabrication. It is a most painful instance of the degradation of our nature, that an invention which perhaps might be regarded as the greatest achievement of man's intellect, should be degraded as is the electric telegraph into an instrument for the circulation of falsehood. The "flame of fire," which God often employs as his "messenger," is no sooner brought under human control than it is employed for the propagation of falsehood! So closely are man's glory and his disgrace allied, and so feeble is the power of science as a means of improving our moral state!

The details of the battle of the Alma are deeply affecting and most instructive to the Christian reader. What remarkable specimens they afford of the various motives which overcome the fear of death; and how do those marvellous incidents we have read reprove our apathy, who have "not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin," and our want of devoted loyalty to our heavenly king in having shrunk from danger in our conflict with spiritual foes. Very distressing are the exhibitions of depravity given in the detail of events after the battle of the Alma, when our people went among the wounded Russian soldiers to give them drink and to bind up their wounds, and when some of these sufferers employed the strength they had acquired from this kindness only to kill those by whom it had been administered. It will be well, in reading the facts which have been, and we fear will yet be, recorded in connection with this war, to observe the illustrations they furnish of the depravity of man's heart, out of which wars and fightings proceed, and the full extent of which is known to God only.

It is gratifying, at the same time, to observe the sympathy which is shown by the people at home for their fellow countrymen who are fighting their battles abroad. The nation is now engaged in creating a patriotic fund for the support and comfort of those who will require its assistance in consequence of the present war; in addition to which, another large fund of more than ten thousand pounds was subscribed to in a few days for the purpose of furnishing assistance and comfort to the sick and wounded in the hospital at Scutari. We trust that the Lord will soon break the rod of the oppressor and make wars to cease to the ends of the earth; and, in the mean time, we hope there will be a large number of men of sound evangelical views who will volunteer their services to our wounded soldiers, to make known the "only name whereby they may be saved," and that the dying will not be left in the hands of those of any church who will teach them to rely for

salvation on the inherent efficacy of confessions and absolutions and sacraments.

We have now ascertained the final and most painful history of Sir John Franklin and the officers and men by whom he was accompanied in his fruitless polar expedition. Dr. Rae has communicated the painful intelligence which he had learned from the Esquimaux, that the ships were crushed by the ice, and that, after wandering about in search of food, they perished from starvation, having previously resorted to cannibalism as a means of prolonging their existence. The articles found in possession of the Esquimaux give too much confirmation to their painful narrative, and furnish the names of the principal officers and the commander of the expedition. We have here again to "weep with those who weep," and while we pray for the widows and orphans of those who have perished in the polar seas, we trust that their wants will be promptly met by the country in whose service they have fallen. Again, too, does the zeal of men in prosecuting scientific enterprise reprove the coldness of our Christian ardour in diffusing the gospel.

In the early part of this month, several days were devoted to the eighth conference of the Evangelical Alliance, during which matters of the greatest interest connected with the kingdom of God were brought forward and discussed. Among the various papers presented, was one of great beauty by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, the "Memorials of Departed Brethren," in which the pious eulogist faithfully described the characters of those members of the Evangelical Alliance who had departed to their eternal rest during the preceding twelve months;—Revs. J. Stratton, Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. Gordon, W. Jay, Dr. Newton, and James Montgomery, esq. The Alliance proceeds quietly in the course on which, eight years since, it entered, and is doing much to promote unity among Christians of all churches, and to assert the claims of conscience in other countries where its rights are not recognised. Among these countries we are obliged to mention several of the Protestant states of Germany. The Alliance is also actively engaged in trying to save our country from the dishonour of supporting Roman Catholic institutions, and from further desecration of the Lord's day by the Crystal Palace throwing open its grounds on that interval of sacred rest.

Very encouraging news have reached us this month from Geneva. Hitherto it has been compulsory to use the Arian catechism in the schools belonging to the national church; for refusing to subscribe to its dogmas, good men have been driven out of its pale. A resolution has at length been issued allowing all parties and teachers to select any catechism they prefer, and to use the Bible in schools, until the evangelical authorities shall have succeeded in compiling a catechism purged of the errors in that which has been laid aside. The church of Geneva has also just received into its bosom fifty new converts from Romanism, which, added to the numbers previously admitted this year, make 150 Romanists who have passed from darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel.

Our Wesleyan brethren speak of the glorious triumph of the cross at one of their mission stations in the Feejee Islands, where a violent opponent of the truth has become a willing captive of the Prince of Peace.

THE  
**SUNDAY AT HOME:**  
A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE PLAGUE-BEARERS ON THEIR WAY TO BYAM.

**CHRONICLES OF A SMITTEN  
VILLAGE.**

• PART I.

**THE OUTBREAK OF PESTILENCE.**

THERE is something very fascinating to the cultivated mind in the appearance of rural scenery, especially when viewed under certain aspects, as from the summit of one of our many green and wood-crowned hills, and with the freshening radiance of a summer morn or the chastened lustre of sunset resting upon it. Commonly a village may be seen more or less distant, and a church tower or spire pointing to

the sky, with trees and hedgerows interspersed among the homesteads; while a stream wanders quietly through the meadows, cattle rest or pasture as quietly upon its banks, and the light smoke from the peasant's hearth-stone is distinctly pictured on the neighbouring foliage, by contrast of colour. In other localities, the landscape presents different though not less captivating features. We may have before us a romantic dell, scooped out of the very heart of grand mountain masses, with clear sparkling rills descending on either hand to a central water-course, in which a hamlet nestles, seemingly cut off by the enclosing heights from the strife of

life and the tumult of the world. The beautiful tranquillity of such scenes is apt to have, for the moment, a misleading effect upon the mind. We do not readily associate with them ideas of passion, distress, and guilt; but rather think of innocent enjoyment, contented simplicity, and unruffled domestic peace. But upon a miniature scale, the experience of the little hamlet is identical with that of the dingy and widespread city. It has its share of sin; and therefore enjoys no immunity from the needful discipline of sorrow. Thousands have mentally exclaimed, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest; lo! then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness; I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." But this is an ebullition of human restlessness pointing to a consummation not to be realized in this world. No change of place will take us out of the reach of disturbing events, or can ever of itself bring peace to the mind. The windy storm blows with equal freedom in every locality. The chastisements of the Lord find us wherever we may be, on fruitful plains, in smiling valleys, and secluded glens; and unless reconciled to God by Jesus Christ, we are really as remote from happiness and true content in the fairest of external scenes, as in the least inviting.

These remarks are suggested by a chapter of country life, full of interesting and tragic details, and fraught with salutary admonition; particularly at a time when the pestilence, though mercifully checked in its ravages, still lingers in some parts of the land. The village to which we are about to refer, is Eyam, in Derbyshire, locally styled, with some degree of partiality, the Queen of the Peak. A few words, in the first instance, respecting the place itself.

Leaving London, with its crowded thoroughfares, for the north, the change in almost every feature which arrests the eye is most complete, on arriving in the wild country of the Peak of Derbyshire. It was before railroads made their appearance that our acquaintance with this district commenced, since repeatedly revisited. Proceeding by coach from Derby to Bakewell, a walk of about five miles took us to Stoney Middleton; and thence, after passing up the picturesque cleft of Middleton Dale, a sudden breach in its almost perpendicular ramparts took us to the smitten village. Eyam forms a long street, winding between limestone hills and high moorlands, some of which are wood-clad, while others present only a surface of scanty grass, moss heath, or naked rock, broken by monotonous lines of rude stone fences. The general level is not far short of a thousand feet above the sea; while the highest point of the parish, the Sir William mountain, rises to the

height of nearly fifteen hundred feet. It is thus in the region of pure air. In winter, the scenery must have a somewhat sternly desolate aspect; for we have only seen it in the season of blooming flowers and tuneful birds. It seems strange that a community should have been gathered in such an out-of-the-world place, at a time when large tracts of more accessible and fertile country were comparatively unoccupied, for it was a peopled district long anterior to the historic age of England. Doubtless the secret of its early population is explained by the veins of lead which traverse the limestone, and have been worked from time immemorial. A druidical circle of upright stones, with barrows or tumuli, in which urns have been found, carry back the mind to the ancient paganism of the kingdom, as do some observances of the more ignorant inhabitants at present; among others, the custom of anointing weak and diseased children with May-dew, carefully collected at day-break. The Romans occupied the spot, for many coins of the emperors silver and copper, have been met with; and the very remarkable fact has been attested by an intelligent resident, still alive, that perfectly unlettered persons in the village invariably use *quantum* for quantity, with other Latin words, as, to *planct* hay or corn, meaning the transport of such produce, from *planstrum*—a cart or wagon. The Saxons followed; and an unchanged verbal memorial of them remains. *Lich* is a Saxon word signifying a corpse; and *Lich-gate*, or vulgarly *Light-gate*, is the common designation of the gate of the church-yard through which the funerals pass.

Few places in England retained an antique stamp so long as Eyam. The people kept themselves distinct, by inter-marriages, down to a late period, and tenaciously preserved their genealogies—usages common to isolated districts. To keep watch and ward at the gate is a practice which dates from the primitive ages of society. It is referred to in the early books of Scripture; and little more than a century ago it was maintained at Eyam. Every effective man who was a householder, was bound to stand in succession at a strong gate on the principal road into the village, from nine o'clock at night to six in the morning, to question any person who might present himself before it for admission, and to give alarm in case of danger. The watchman was furnished with a large wooden halbert, or watch-bill, for protection; and when his duty terminated, he took the halbert and reared it against the door of the person whose turn to watch succeeded his own.

These particulars have little claim to notice of themselves; but they acquire interest, and are introduced to our pages, because of their connection with a spot, once the scene of a

mighty woe, appointed by Providence, of which history and tradition speak appallingly and instructively; and of an act of magnanimous self-sacrifice, which, we have reason to believe, religious principle mainly prompted. The village at present, though like another far more renowned, "little among thousands," will not be deemed an unpleasing one by the visitor, if the weather is at all auspicious, and his own mind has not been ruffled. There are plain, neat, and cheerful-looking cottages, mantled with ivy, adorned with gardens, and shaded with sycamores; while above the foliage of some beautiful linden trees, the unobtrusive tower of a church rises to view. Especially if acquainted with local incidents, that tower, with the church-yard, and the entire vicinity, will not fail to awaken lively feeling and sober thought.

"Shall there be evil in the city"—or in the village (the evil of affliction, not of sin)—"and the Lord hath not done it?" The answer must be in the negative. It is his doing, when grief is caused by pining sickness and bereaving death, as well as when joy is inspired by happy social and domestic circumstances. Meek submission, therefore, to the divine will in the hour of chastisement is the duty of man, because of its appointment by unerring wisdom for a gracious purpose. It is his obvious interest also, for then may the comforting thought be confidently indulged that the process which is painful in the experience of it will be profitable in its issue. The enlightened Christian needs the corrections of Providence, to preserve his religious sensibilities from being impaired by the deadening influences of the world; and much more the careless sinner, whose heartlessness to eternal concerns would only be strengthened by immunity from disturbing incidents. These are some of the revealed purposes of the Almighty, in smiting with the rod; and when it is used upon a portentous scale, there is doubtless a corresponding need to be for it in the existing state of society.

It was towards the close of summer, in the year 1665, while the great plague was raging in London, that a box, containing patterns of woollen cloth and some old clothes, was sent from the metropolis to Eyam, for the tailor of the village. Probably in their sequestered abode among the hills, when communication was difficult and slow, the inhabitants knew little of the calamity in the capital. The box travelled, we suppose, by one of the long trains of pack-horses which traversed the country with goods and passengers; for the huge wagons which had then just begun to compete with the older mode of transport, were confined to smoother districts. It safely reached its destination, but immediately placed the villagers in jeopardy, for its contents conveyed

the seeds of pestilence from the banks of the Thames to the glens of the Peak, through a hundred and fifty miles of intermediate uninfected country.

"The plague,  
O'er hills and vales of gold and green,  
Passed on, undreaded and unseen;  
Foregoing cities, towns and crowds,  
Gay mansions glittering to the clouds,  
Magnificence and wealth,  
To reach a humbler, sweeter spot,  
The village, and the peaceful cot,  
The residence of health."

The box seems to have been opened by an apprentice or journeyman, George Vicars, whose name first occurs in the register of burials. On removing the clothes, he remarked upon their dampness, and placed them before the fire to dry. Sickness and other symptoms of violent disease soon assailed him. On the second day he became delirious; on the third the ominous red spots appeared; on the fourth he died; and was interred in the church-yard on the fifth day, September 7th. Thus began a catastrophe in Eyam, which, in proportion to the population, was far more fatal than the Black Death of the fifteenth century, the overthrow of Lisbon, the desolation of the Calabrias, the destruction of Caraceas, or the contemporaneous pestilence in London.

An interval elapsed before the inhabitants were aware of the destructive pest that had stealthily found its way among them, for the second funeral was rather more than a fortnight after the first. Its real nature was revealed in the following month by the havoc it occasioned, and men's hearts failed them for fear at the discovery.

"Out it burst, a dreadful cry of death;  
'The Plague, the Plague!' the withering language flew,  
And faintness followed on its rapid breath;  
And all hearts sunk as pierced with lightning through.  
'The Plague, the Plague!' no groundless panic grew;  
But there, sublime in awful darkness, trod  
The pest; and lamentation, as he slew,  
Proclaimed his ravage in each sad abode."

It was long remembered in the neighbourhood, that the visitation commenced a few days after the village wakes, which attracted an unusual concourse of people from adjoining localities, as if involuntarily moved to visit friends and relatives about to be laid beneath the sod. In the infancy of medicine, when perhaps nine out of every ten practitioners were incompetent, and general ignorance prevailed on sanitary subjects, the metropolis could ill defend itself against the malady that assailed it. But in a much more defenceless state, as far as human skill was concerned, was the solitary village, though it had the advantage of having no pent-up alleys, and of being open on every hand to the fresh mountain air. There are many tem-

poral blessings of high importance with which we are familiar, yet little appreciate, because of their commonness. Such is the possibility of obtaining competent professional assistance in the season of sickness, consequent on improved medical science, which, either by legislative provision or public benevolence, is placed within reach of the remotest hamlet and the humblest subject. It was far otherwise in bygone days. Even wealthy burghers in the towns, at the time to which we are referring, could purchase no enlightened medical aid to heal their diseases, comparable to what may now be universally obtained, but gave gold for counsels without skill and nostrums of no value. This change of circumstances for the better deserves thankful notice. Eyam, however, at this fearful period, was peculiarly favoured in having two ministers of religion resident, who memorably signalized themselves by heroism and energy, for they braved the pestilence in all its horrors to administer spiritual consolation to the afflicted, encouraged the healthy not to abandon their dying neighbours, and adopted successful measures to confine the plague to the locality upon which it had seized. The one was William Mompesson; the other, Thomas Stanley.

Mr. Mompesson was the rector, a comparatively young man, with a younger wife, and two children of very tender years. Upon the scourge becoming severe and terrible, the wife earnestly entreated the husband to fly with her and the children from the devoted spot. But such entreaties were in vain. He had no thought of deserting his flock, now needing his care more than ever; and determined boldly to face death in the service of his Divine Master. But in his turn he became the suppliant, and besought his wife to depart with the little ones till the visitation had passed away. She refused to accede to this proposal; and both agreed to abide together the danger of the dispensation, committing themselves to the care of God, and sending the children to some friends at a distance. Mr. Stanley, somewhat advanced in life, had been the rector of Eyam for nearly twenty years, till the Act of Uniformity, to which he could not conscientiously subscribe, deprived him of the benefice. But he continued a resident in the place; and his lengthened and evangelical ministry had, doubtless, prepared many for the time of trial. Reference will hereafter be made to the labours and Christian character of both these excellent men. Like Mr. Vincent, "the preacher of the plague," whom we have alluded to in a former number of this journal, they had counted the cost, and were prepared, in dependence on the divine will, to meet death itself, if needful, in the path of duty. Oh! what a blessedness it is to be

delivered from the fear of this the last enemy, and through a living faith in the atonement of Christ, to see the grave itself stripped of its gloom, and invested with the cheering light of immortality

## THE NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

### PART VI.

#### THE REALITY AND EXTENT OF THE WORK.

As we have already indicated, the west of Ireland, and especially the province of Connaught, are the scenes where scriptural knowledge has been most abundantly diffused. The triumph of truth has been the more remarkable from the fact, that the people of this district of the country had long been enslaved by the grossest superstition; and it has been here also that the progress of the gospel has encountered the most violent opposition. Satan has, however, been signally spoiled and defeated in his own stronghold; the fires of persecution have tested and established the reality of the work; and in the dying hour, the soul of the convert has clung with unwavering confidence to the pure faith which he had embraced. In vain have priests pronounced the most fearful curses from the altar—a practice which has been followed even in London itself; in vain have poor widows and others been violently ejected from their houses, and compelled to "suffer the loss of all things," because the Roman Catholic landlord, instigated by the priest, and in the fury of blinded zeal, was determined not to have "a juniper on his property;" in vain has doctor M'Hale, the popish archbishop of Tuam, employed every means, by public processions, by "holding confessions" in different districts, and by sending out missionary priests—fathers Renoldi and Lockhart, the latter a pervert—throughout the diocese, who denounced the Protestant Bible as "a lying, dangerous, and infamous book;\*" *the converts as a body* have resisted these varied attempts to lead them back to Rome. Referring to "the mission of the priests," just noticed, we are told that it "closed with a confirmation by doctor M'Hale, at which a large number assembled, some from a distance of many miles, to witness, as they supposed, the re-admission of the lapsed into the fold of the church. The confirmation was held in the burial-ground of Headford, amid the ruins of the ancient church of St. Foreus. A platform was erected with gay decorations; doctor M'Hale himself appeared, gorgeously attired, and full of expectation of

\* Father Lockhart's sermon at Headford. A Franciscan monk openly burnt the Bible at Cappaduff, on the 23rd of Nov. 1851, saying, it was "the devil's book."—*Banner of Truth*, 1852, p. 61.

a fruitful harvest. But great must have been the disappointment amongst the numbers who thronged together on that occasion, when *not one single convert* was found to ask for re-admission into that apostate church, which God had given so many grace to abandon for ever.”\*

Of Galway, as well as of the town of Tuam itself, where doctor M’Hale resides, as the Romish archbishop, and where the Scripture readers and converts have been repeatedly treated with violence and cruelty, it is gratifying to hear of a school in the former, full of intelligent children, well instructed in the truth that maketh wise unto salvation, whilst Mr. Dallas here met one hundred adult converts adorning their profession of faith in Jesus; as to the latter also, he attended, with the bishop of Tuam, a meeting of more than one hundred converts, where a great work is now going on.

In the placards which the missionaries and agents have been accustomed to post through the streets of those towns where they labour, the Roman Catholic (Douay) version of the Scriptures has been appealed to as not sanctioning the doctrines of the Romish church. The attention of those who were bitterly prejudiced against the authorized version of the Scriptures has been thus arrested, and they have been led to read for themselves, in many instances with the happiest results. The following is an example of this, as well as of the secret and silent spread of the leaven of scriptural truth.

“A gentleman of the town of N—, a very bigoted Romanist, met the priest, who said, ‘Do not read those placards which are posted through the streets; turn to the other side.’ ‘But,’ said Mr. K., ‘they are on both sides of the road.’ ‘Then look neither to the right or left, look straight on.’ He promised to obey; but as he walked up the street, his eye caught the startling words, ‘The religion of Roman Catholics is not in the Douay Bible.’ These words fastened on his mind, and he could not rest till he had obtained a Douay Bible. This he read and read again, till at length it pleased God to shed the bright beams of his Spirit into his hitherto dark soul, and revealed to him Jesus as all his salvation and all his desire. He rejoiced in the treasure he had found, but had not courage to tell even his wife ‘that old things had passed away, and that all things had become new.’ He went on for some time timid and wavering, but at length he felt he must no longer dare to conceal what God had so graciously done for his soul, and after spending some time in earnest prayer for strength, he walked with a trembling step to the breakfast-room, determined to break the truth to his wife,

and to brave her indignation and reproaches. ‘My wife,’ said he, ‘I am a Protestant.’ She arose from her seat, ran to him, and threw her arms around his neck. ‘Oh, how can I thank my God for his great mercy!’ she exclaimed; ‘let us praise him together. I, too, have been a Protestant for two years, but I had never courage to tell you.’ The husband was greatly overcome, and begged to hear by what means this wondrous change had been wrought in her. ‘Do you remember,’ she said, “when we had a lodging, more than two years ago, at —? A Protestant family had the apartment next ours. I one day went into the china closet, which united the two rooms, and I heard words which I found were those of prayer. Curiosity induced me to listen, as I expected to hear imprecations on the Virgin and curses on Roman Catholics, but no such sounds reached my astonished ears. I thought the prayer so good, I determined to go again to the closet in the evening. I heard Scripture read, and earnest prayer offered in the name of Jesus, and so interested was I that I went every morning and evening to listen, and at length I knelt down in my hiding-place and earnestly joined the prayer, till God was pleased to convert my heart; and I have longed for strength to tell you of the change wrought in me by God’s blessed Spirit.”

Another illustration of the power of divine truth, even when mingled with such perverted and erroneous translations as are found in the Romish version of the Scriptures, and coupled with a courage which could brave the terrors of a bishop’s curse, is as follows:—

“The only child of a widow, a very respectable young man, was led to obtain a Douay Bible by reading the placards in a street, and after much study became convinced of the errors of Popery, and came out truly converted. His mother was in despair, and persuaded two Roman Catholic bishops to go to him. They spent upwards of two hours conversing kindly with him, and using argument and persuasion to induce him to recant, but in vain; with the sword of the Spirit he fought and conquered. At length, when they found they could not prevail by kindness, one of the bishops, a tall, commanding man, said to the other, ‘It must be done; yes, I see it must be done!’ and rising, with great dignity and solemnity, he took off a signet ring, and pointing it at the young man, he began to pronounce the most fearful curses upon him; he stood meek and unmoved. At length the bishop brought in his widowed mother in his list of curses, saying, with terrible emphasis, ‘May the curse of a widow’s broken heart wring your soul with untold agony!’ The poor fellow could bear no more, but covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud, and the

bishops thought they had accomplished their end. The young man perceived that he had been misunderstood, and, uncovering his eyes, he arose, with great decision, and said, ‘Gentlemen, you thought to win me back to error by cruelly wringing my heart, but you have failed; I am only more thoroughly convinced that yours cannot be the religion of Jesus. Such curses could not come from lips that had felt the power of his love; but I have been taught of him, and his blessed word is, “Bless them that curse you, and do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.” Oh, sirs, I will ever pray that his choicest blessings may descend on you, and when you come to die, God grant, for Christ’s sake, that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may be yours for ever and for ever! They left him, and he is doing all he can to draw men out of popery, and to win souls for Christ.\*

The earl of Roden, in his notice of what came under his own observation in the different stations occupied by the “Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics,”† referring to the schools at Fakerragh, near Clifden, in county Galway, records an interesting account, given by a little girl, of an encounter between herself with some of her youthful companions and archbishop M’Hale and some priests.

“As I was coming from Clifden, in company with two other converts, I was met by bishop M’Hale and a number of priests. The priest of Clifden pointed at us, and coming near, we were asked the following questions:—

“Are you jumpers?”

“I said we were, and that we were not ashamed of the name.

“Have you left the church you were born in?”

“Yes,” said I.

“What made you leave it?”

“The same grace that made St. Paul leave the church he was born in.”

“The eleven priests who now accompanied bishop M’Hale surrounded us. He then said it was because I got a bit of stirabout.

“I said, ‘What doth it profit me if I gain the whole world, and lose my soul?’

“He then said, ‘Surely, my child, you do not mean to live and die in that religion?’

“Indeed I do,” said I.

“He then said, ‘Were your father and mother Protestants?’

“I said, ‘My father is dead, but my mother lives, and is a Protestant.’

“Had your father the priest when dying? and was he anointed?”

\* “Missionary Scenes, by an Eye-Witness.” Nisbett and Co., 1854.

† “Progress of the Reformation in Ireland.”

“‘He was,’ said I, ‘and I am sorry for it.’

“‘What reason can you give for leaving the church of Rome?’

“‘Because she teaches false doctrines, and contrary to the word of God.’

“‘Tell me one,’ said bishop M’Hale.

“I said, ‘She teaches that the priest can turn the bread and wine into God.’

“‘And where does the Bible say he cannot?’

“I told him 1 Cor. xi. 26, ‘As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord’s death till he come.’

“Bishop M’Hale looked at the priests, and the priests at him, and said, ‘What does that prove?’

“‘That it is only in remembrance of his death that we are to receive it.’

“‘You are a devil,’ said bishop M’Hale; ‘and if you do not come back to your own church, you will be lost for ever.’

“‘I shall never go aside,’ said I.

He then told the priests to kneel down and offer a prayer to the Virgin Mary for God to convert me.

“When their prayer was over, I referred them to Eccles. ix. 5: ‘For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything.’

“There was a great crowd of people, but not the least insult was given, with the exception of one of the monks’ scholars who pelted a few stones.

“The bishop entreated of me to go to mass the next morning. I again told him, ‘I shall never go;’ so we were all dismissed.”

While we are called on to give praise to God that thus, in the very presence of the enemies of the truth, “out of the mouths of babes and sucklings” he is pleased to perfect praise, we are at the same time reminded that the secret of such “a good confession,” on the part of young children, is to be found in the rich and full scriptural knowledge which they have acquired in the mission schools. Many proofs of this were furnished to Lord Roden in various examinations held in his presence. Thus at Ger-tacurragh he found one school containing fifty-six converts reading the Irish Scriptures; and another, where there were about ninety children. The following is an extract of the notes of an examination of the boys and girls:—

“Q. What is the original state of man?

“A. The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?”

“Q. What is grace?

“A. The favour of God.

“Q. What are we told is the gift of God?

“A. Eternal life.

“Q. Through whom is it to be obtained?

"A. By Jesus Christ.

"Q. Is there any other mediator?

"A. 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'

"Q. What does St. John say if any man sin?

"A. We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ.

"Q. Is your salvation in him complete?

"A. Yes.

"Q. How do you know?

"A. When he bowed his head on the cross, he said, 'It is finished.'

"Q. How do you know your salvation is not to be purchased with money?

"A. St. Peter says, 'Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.'

"Q. Is there any other sin for purgatory to cleanse?

"A. St. John says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

"Q. Can you give any proof from Scripture that there is no such place as purgatory?

"A. St. Stephen said, when he was stoned, 'I see heaven opened, and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God,' and he added, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

"Q. How was St. Paul converted?

"A. The Lord Jesus spoke to him by the way.

"Q. Why was our Saviour called Jesus?

"A. Because he saves his people from their sins.

"Q. How are they saved?

"A. By faith.

"Q. Can you give me any Scripture proof of our justification by faith?

"A. Rom. v. 1, 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Q. How do we get the Holy Scriptures?

"A. 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.'

"Q. What did our Saviour say as to the Scriptures?

"A. 'Search the Scriptures;' and 'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures.'

"Q. How many sacraments did Christ ordain?

"A. Two, baptism and the supper of the Lord.

"Q. What does a sacrament consist of?

"A. The outward and visible sign, and the inward and spiritual grace.

"Q. Whom are we to worship?

"A. God alone.

"Q. What answer did our Lord give to the devil respecting worship?

"A. 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'

We have many proofs furnished of the genuineness and reality of the work of conversion in the case of both the old and the young. Thus at Omey Island, near Clifden, we read of a visit paid last year to a woman about ninety years old, lying on some straw and rags in a dark and smoky hovel. She had lost the use of all her limbs, and could not move hand or foot. She could not speak a word of English, and Mr. Connerney, the missionary, addressed her in Irish. He asked her if she was happy. "Oh! yes; I am going home! Jesus is my all. He is everything to me. Oh! I am longing to be with him for ever. I shall soon be at home. He is my all."

Another aged convert, in Achill, was a poor man one hundred and four years old, who had walked ten miles to make a public profession of his faith, at a confirmation held by the Protestant bishop of Tuam, in September, 1853. Mr. E. had a most interesting conversation with this aged man. He said, "I lived one hundred and three years and six months in total darkness, knowing nothing of the way to heaven—blind and ignorant." "And now," said Mr. E. "what is your hope?" "My hope, sir, is in the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Oh! to think that I should have gone on one hundred and three years and six months caring not for my soul, and then that this blessed truth should have burst upon me! How can I praise him enough for his wondrous love towards such a poor old sinner!" The following is the case of the conversion of an adult in the same island:—

"A Romanist strolled into service one Sunday, and Mr. Connolly preached in Irish from the text (John iii. 16) 'God so loved the world,' etc. He enlarged much on the love of Jesus to the chief of sinners. The next Sunday the man came again. The text was (Rom. v. 1) 'Being justified by faith,' etc. The following Sunday found the man in the same place, and the text was (Ephes. ii. 1) 'You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.'

"A few days after, Mr. Connolly was sent for to a dying Roman Catholic. He went, and recognised this man. He said, 'Sir, I never read one word in the Bible. I never heard more than those three blessed texts from it; but it is enough—I believe! Christ is my Saviour. He is my all. All my trust is in him. All my hope is in him. Oh, sir, tell me more about his great love to poor sinners! I want to hear nothing else but about his great love! I have nothing else to trust to; speak of nothing but of Christ to me, sir!' Mr. Connolly says he has visited many dying beds, but he never saw a more triumphant end than this man's, who had received every word of his three

texts in the simplicity of childlike faith. So full was he of the exceeding love of Jesus, that he seemed to forget the probability of the priest coming in to harass him; he seemed quite lost in happiness, filled with Jesus and his wondrous love; and thus he died. Mr. Connolly was moved to tears when he told me of this monument of abounding grace!"

Among the adult converts, there are several to whom their own dying children have been the messengers of salvation. A poor widow, residing at Oughterard, being left with several children after the famine, implored them to go to the workhouse, and leave her to earn her scanty pittance alone. They refused to leave her, and with her persuasion went to the Protestant school. There a single meal in the day was given them to keep them from starvation, in the spirit of that loving Saviour, who fed the starving multitude whom he instructed. Their minds soon took in the blessed truths of Scripture. The eldest girl used to repeat her loved texts to her mother, and read her Testament at night. One of them soon became ill. "Consumption made rapid strides, and when death approached, the mother said, 'My child, I don't know which is right, we or the jumpers, but I will refuse no request of yours; which will you see, the priest or the minister?' 'Oh, dear mother, thank God for your kindness! I want no priest; my great High Priest is in heaven. Jesus, my Saviour, he is my all. But, mother, dear, will you make me one promise, and I will die so happy?' 'Well, I will, child.' 'It is that you will come to Jesus.' 'My child, I will; you must teach me how.' 'Oh, mother, I spent all last night in praying that you might come to Jesus, and now I die happy, God has answered my poor prayers.' She died. The mother, in her great ignorance, fell on her knees and prayed that God would bring her to Jesus, and he graciously heard and answered her prayer; she became a decided Christian, and her boy also a convert."

With one further illustration of fidelity to the Saviour in the case of a dying boy, at Clifden, we must conclude these references to individual cases of Scriptural piety among the converts in the west. "K—," said the lad to a schoolfellow to whom he had sent a message to come to him, "do not leave me; sit by me. If I should lose my speech, the priest might say I had recanted; or if I should lose my eyesight, he might come and try to deceive me. Oh, sit by me, that I may not be allowed to deny my Saviour; do not let a priest come near me!" For three days and nights the little boy sat patiently, and would not move from the dying bed of his Christian schoolfellow. His mother was obliged to bring him his food; at last he

ran out, and meeting a Scripture reader, joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, he's safe, he's safe! he is dead half an hour; he has not denied Jesus!"\*

### THE CHRISTIAN CONTEST.

THE swift competitor who sought  
The stadium's course, of yore,  
All efforts unavailing thought  
While others were before.  
But he who in the Christian race  
Sees nobler ends designed,  
Contented keeps a backward pace,  
So others are behind.

Olympia's boasted prize was made  
Of humble oaken bough,  
Whose perishable leaves decayed  
Upon the victor's brow.  
The Christian eye a crown surveys,  
Unrivalled and divine;  
Whose glories never fade, whose rays  
Shall never cease to shine.

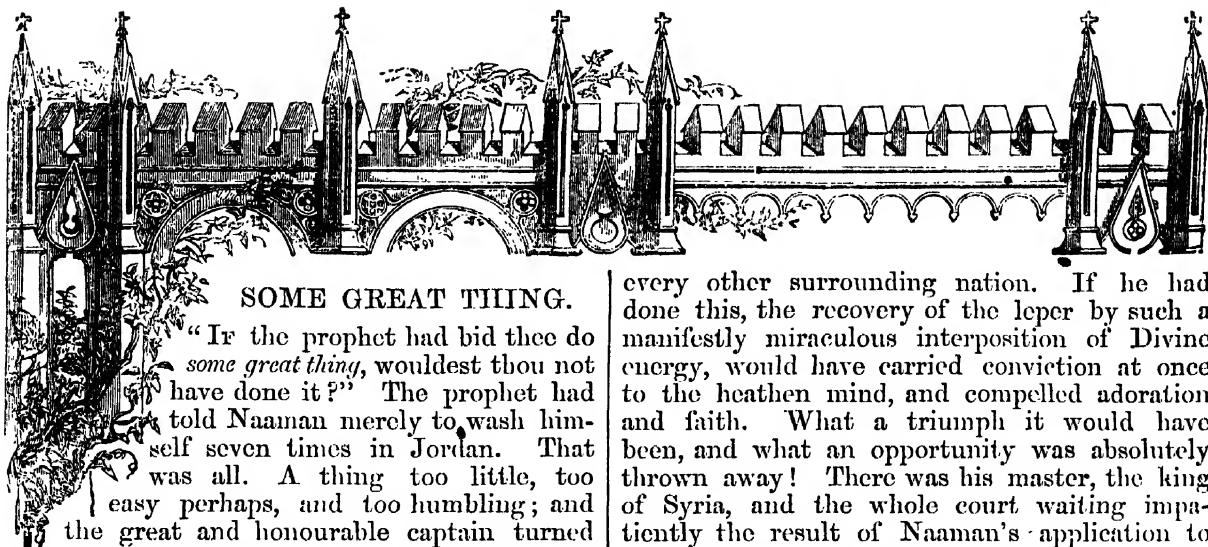
By some puissant umpire's hand  
The Grecian wreath was given,  
While crowds, convened from every land,  
Sent up their shouts to heaven.  
A hand omnipotent supplies  
The Christian's nobler meed;  
And what seraphic voices rise  
To celebrate the deed!

The cautious Greek his will o'ercame  
His body to prepare:  
Inured to labour was his frame,  
And frugal was his fare.  
Christians in name their present care  
On present need bestow,  
Nor, e'en the joys of heaven to share,  
The joys of earth forego.

The Greek with steel-clad bosom went  
To meet the hostile blow,  
And kept his wary eye intent  
Upon the wily foe.  
How oft unarmed the Christian's breast,  
Unguarded is his eye,  
As if no peril round him pressed,  
As if no foe were nigh!

And doth he then no danger dread,  
Apparent or concealed;  
The snare that is in ambush spread,  
The phalanx in the field?  
Oh, trifler, mend thy laggard pace,  
Brace on thy armour bright,  
Else wilt thou falter in the race—  
Wilt perish in the fight!

**COMING CLEAR OUT.**—Ko-San-lone, one of the Chinese converts lately brought to America, having on one occasion noticed the style in which many professing Christians in that country live, and of the little difference that exists, in too many instances, between Christians and people of the world, making a large sweep with his arm, said, "When the disciples in my country come out from the world, they come clear out." What a call upon Christians to remember the words of the apostle, "Be not conformed to this world."—*Religious Herald.*



### SOME GREAT THING.

"If the prophet had bid thee do *some great thing*, wouldest thou not have done it?" The prophet had told Naaman merely to wash himself seven times in Jordan. That was all. A thing too little, too easy perhaps, and too humbling; and the great and honourable captain turned away scornfully and contemptuously, all but determined to carry his leprosy with him to the grave, rather than be urged into so paltry an act of obedience and homage to Israel's God.

Besides, what good would it, could it do? The Jordan indeed! That turbid and insignificant river! If river-water and bathing were essential to his cure, why not Abana or Pharpar, rivers of Damascus? He had no faith in it, no patience with it.

Naaman's servants were wise in comparison with their master. "Father, if the prophet had bid thee do *some great thing*, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash and be clean?'" Possibly, the servants had not much greater faith in the remedy than had their master; though we fancy they had a glimmering, uncertain appreciation of the great prophet's power—power with his God, we mean—and a limited degree of reverential awe for his character, which Naaman wanted. At all events, they thought there could be no harm in trying the remedy, now that the great captain had travelled so far out of his way to obtain advice. He would be none the worse for it, certainly, and he might be much the better.

And the thing was so strangely simple! True; and therein lay the germ of Naaman's proud rejection of the advice. Two courses, in his opinion, had been open to Elisha. He might have removed the leprosy by a word and a stroke. "I thought," said he, "he will surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of Jehovah, his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." Here would have been a fine opportunity, looking at it from Naaman's point of view, for the prophet of Israel to exhibit the boasted superiority of Israel's God over the gods of the Syrians, and

every other surrounding nation. If he had done this, the recovery of the leper by such a manifestly miraculous interposition of Divine energy, would have carried conviction at once to the heathen mind, and compelled adoration and faith. What a triumph it would have been, and what an opportunity was absolutely thrown away! There was his master, the king of Syria, and the whole court waiting impatiently the result of Naaman's application to the prophet; and now, what was it all to end in?

On the other hand, the prophet might have laid some heavy and onerous work on the leper, commensurate, in part at least, with his magnificence and resources, and with the prestige of his master's name and his own. He might have demanded of Naaman heavy contributions to be applied to the peculiar services of Israel's God; he might have required and directed a series of costly sacrifices to propitiate the Deity; or he might have commanded the leper to practise and submit to a round of painful bodily mortifications, in order to his cleansing. In short, and by whatever means, it seemed to Naaman incumbent on Elisha to have sought from him *some great thing*, some extraordinary labour, or some large and princely bounty, as a sort of purchase of his cure.

And instead of this, "Go, wash seven times in Jordan!" That was all! And so uncere monious too! Why, if the applicant had been a miserable beggar, instead of an honourable captain, he could not have been treated with less homage. The proud general, therefore, missed the slavish deference he had expected. We cannot for a moment suppose that the prophet was deficient in proper courtesy, for that is an element of true religion; but there was no servility, no bowing the knee to mere worldly appearances. Naaman would not be thus trifled with: "he was wroth, and went away."

"My father, if the prophet had bid thee do *some great thing*;"—but we will not follow the narrative further.\* Looking around us, we may haply discover other Naamans, who wishing, or imagining that they wish, to do "*some great thing*," think contemptuously of what they deem

\* See 2 Kings, chap. v.

small things. And to these we desire to address the humble remonstrance of Naaman's servants.

There is the spiritual leper, who knows that he is a leper, and who dislikes his condition, if he does not absolutely loathe himself because of it. He feels the inconveniences to which it exposes him; and he suspects, at any rate, that these will eventually terminate in deeper degradation, misery, and ruin. He sees that he is unclean and vile; and he wishes the fatal plague-spots were removed. Such an one apprehends, partially at least, that his leprous condition cuts him off from the friendship of the pure and holy God; and will inevitably, unless removed, banish him from heaven, into which can enter nothing that defileth.

When the mind has advanced thus far, it is disposed seriously to reflect and to inquire; to study the Scriptures and to hear the gospel; to regard the voice of providence, and to listen, as the Syrian captain listened, to the advices of friendship. It is well that the mind, which was before dormant and insensible as regards its highest interests, is now roused from its torpor, and susceptible of deep impression, for the first step towards soul-cure is a conviction of soul-disease; and it is not every leprous soul that sees the loathsomeness of its condition, or is aware of the imminency of its danger.

"What must I do to be saved?"\* is the natural cry of such an one; and probably he asks further: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?"† In other words, his impression is that he must do *some great thing*—make costly sacrifices, and thus bring about reconciliation with God, and *earn* a right to the tree of life, and entrance into the holy city. Shall he build temples for worship; endow hospitals; give all his goods to feed the poor; submit to a course of rigid self-inflicted tortures; enter upon a life of dark austerity?‡

Behold, a greater than Elisha is here! Listen to the response of Divine compassion, directing the leprous sinner to "the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness;" the far-off from God, to the way of peaceful approach; the hungry and thirsty and destitute, to the means of unfailing and bountiful supply; the weary and heavy laden, to rest. "Repent and believe the gospel." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,"‡

Acts xvi. 30.

† Micah vi. 6, 7.

+ Isaiah i. 18.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."\* "Ye who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."† "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access into this grace wherein we stand."‡ "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."§ "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."|| "If any man thirst, let him come unto ME and drink."|| "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever."\*\* "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come: and let him that heareth, say, Come: and let him that is athirst, come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."†† "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."‡‡

"Why then," says the Naaman of whom we speak, "there is nothing for me to do!"

"Yes; to believe and obey. 'By grace are ye saved,'"

"But I thought——"

"My brother, if THE PROPHET had bid thee do *some great thing*, wouldest thou not have done it?"

"Yes, no doubt I shoud; it was what I wanted and expect'd," replies the dissatisfied spiritual leper.

"Ah, how much rather, then, when he saith unto thee, 'Wash, and be clean!'"

*Some great thing!* "We take another case.

"Oh," exclaims a professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ—"oh, that I could do *some great thing* to show my attachment to my Saviour! If I were but rich, with what overflowings of gratitude would I lay all my wealth at his footstool. How would I have rejoiced had I been, like Mary, permitted to break for him the box of ointment, very precious, to anoint therewith his feet! If I could only, by some great exercise of self-denial and humiliation, prove that I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord!"

The speaker here is a suffering fellow-disciple

\* Acts xvi. 31.

¶ John vii. 37.

† Ephes. ii. 13.

\*\* John vi. 51.

‡ Rom. v. i.

†† Rev. xxii. 17.

§ Eph. ii. 8, 9.

‡‡ Matthew xi. 29, 30.

|| Is. lv. 1.

--a brother or a sister in Christ—very poor and afflicted.

"Ah, if I were but able to do some great thing, there should be no poor and afflicted of Christ's flock whom I would not succour and relieve; but—"

"The world around us lies in ignorance, dear friend, and a Bible, nay, even a tract—"

"If I could but do some great thing, such as my heart aches to perform, there should not be—"

"Remember the widow's farthing which was cast into the treasury."

"Ah, true," sighs the respondent; "but a farthing! How very insignificant!"

"Your Saviour did not think so. 'Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury.'

"Yes, certainly; it was all that she had; but then we are not, in these days, exactly called upon to do *that*."

"Nay, but you sighed to do *some great thing*!"

"Oh yes; if I could but do some great thing!"

"And yet, friend, you will not do that which is small. The cup of cold water to a disciple, because he is a disciple, how chillingly and reluctantly has it been handed—how churlishly refused! The helping hand and the willing heart when a little thing has been, not demanded, but implored—where have they been? You speak of great sacrifices, brother, sister: but have you practised daily self-denial in that which is small? the taking up of the cross daily."

"Ah!"—it is another Naaman who speaks now—"If we suffer with him, we shall reign with him." Blessed and encouraging words; and how often have I felt willing to bear reproach for his name! If *some great thing*—"

"For instance, dear friend?"

"Such, for instance, as persecution for his cause. A martyr's prison and a martyr's grave! how glorious the path, and how enviable the reward! 'These are they that came out of great tribulation.' Oh that I could do, or were called to bear, some great thing!"

"Do you remember one who said, 'Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both unto prison and to death?'"

"Yes, but poor Peter was presumptuous and self-confident. He did not lean upon Divine strength then, and so he fell when the trial came."

"And you think, dear friend, that you would lean upon Divine strength if fiery trials should come! God grant that you might: but think. How do you bear daily reproach for the name of

Christ? Has it sometimes happened that you have been taunted with being a disciple, and instead of bearing patiently, and rejoicing in heart that you have been counted worthy to suffer shame for his name, you have been vexed, irritated, mortified, nay, possibly, have returned railing for railing?"

"Such petty vexations and insults! Well, it is enough to make any one angry; but you do not surely mean—"

"Brother, brother! If the Master had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather then when he calls thee to endure a little thing! 'Be not high-minded, but fear!'

*Some great thing!* "If I had but great talents! if I had but the eloquence of an Apollos! if I had the pen of a ready writer! if God, in his providence, had so ordered it that I had been a minister of his gospel, or a missionary to the heathen world, my sanctified ambition would have been met. What positions for usefulness are theirs who have nothing to do but to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ? whose daily business it is to study the oracles of God, and to call sinners to repentance." Thus thinks in his heart one whose daily occupations are in the field, perhaps; or in the shop, or the counting-house, or at the mechanic's bench. Wherever they may be, it is some great thing that is unapproachable, on which his mind is set. Nothing else will suffice.

"Well but, friend and brother, if your Master had employment for you in his vineyard, as a preacher of his word, or a missionary of his cross, or as a writer of imperishable truths, he would, don't you think, have made this matter clear to you? But you are not an Apollos; and your talents—well, admit that they are small, and that you cannot do great things."

"It grieves me to think it," exclaims the dreamer, sadly.

"But, be cheered; your Master has a great number of little things to be done; and, brother, if you are not called upon to preach the gospel to the heathens abroad, you are to live the gospel in the sight of heathens at home. Come now, think of the words you sometimes sing perhaps:—

"So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.  
Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honour of our Saviour God;  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin."

**SOME GREAT THING!** We all want to do some great thing. If we feel that we love him, because he first loved us, it is not to be wondered at nor lamented that we desire to do large

service for the Saviour. Well, let us take courage, and remember that he does not despise the day of small things. And then—

If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.  
  
Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all to espy  
Their God—in all, themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk.

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves—a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:  
The secret, this, of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

#### THE MONUMENT OF A MONUMENT.

THE fire of London in 1666 included among its ravages the monuments of many great and good men, of whom they were intended to be the lasting memorials. How many such memorials perished in that awful conflagration we have not the means of ascertaining, but it is affecting to contemplate the failure of the attempts made by filial piety to perpetuate the virtues of parents; by parents to record their sorrows for those who were cut down just as the early beauties of youth were beginning to expand and become the ornament and the promise of the domestic scene; and by the hand of friendship to celebrate the fidelity of faithful servants, the liberality of munificent benefactors, the integrity and bounty of wealthy citizens, and the tried friendship which was “stronger than death.”

We have happily sufficient acquaintance with the monuments of the seventeenth century to be able to estimate them with some degree of correctness. They may be seen in those churches which were not reached by the flames, such as Westminster Abbey, St. Saviour's, Southwark, and the chapel in the Charter-house. The productions of which we speak are destitute of all claim to classic beauty; in many cases the figures with which they are adorned are quaint

and sometimes grotesque, while generally the inscriptions are distinguished by the peculiar thought and raciness of expression which is so often found in all the literature, and especially the religious literature, of the seventeenth century.

Many of our readers have seen or read of the remarkable monument in St. Saviour's, erected to the memory of Richard Hunble, his two wives, and children. It is famous for the following verses, which as they are so applicable to ourselves at all times, may be repeated:—

“ Like to the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower of May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—  
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.”

In some cases the monument has been revived after the fire, and we may yet learn where the dust of some venerated man was deposited before the dreadful calamity of 1666 destroyed the memorial and calcined his remains.

Near the door of the school-house of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, in Church Entry, is a large marble pilaster, erected by Mrs. Meliora Prestley, in pious memory of her dear father and worthy ancestors: and among those ancestors we meet the honoured name of “Dr. William Gouge, minister of this parish, who died December 12, 1653, aged 79,” who, as this pilaster informs us, was interred “in the place which, before the fire of London, was the porch of the church of St. Anne, Black-friars.”

In the times of superstition, when the Dominican monks, who, from their black dresses, were called black friars, had possession of the district which still retains their name, their church became a fashionable place of interment for people of rank; and to be buried in the habit of the black friars was thought to be a sure defence against all the attacks of the wicked one. Among the changes of opinion which were wrought during the five hundred years that elapsed between the age of these black friars and that given on the monument of Dr. Gouge, none is so remarkable or so important as that of which this parish was the scene. The great end of the teaching of this faithful minister of Christ was to show the people that, instead of finding their security in wearing the black robe of the Dominican after death, their only safety was in wearing the crimson robe of Immanuel during their lives, so that each believer might say, “My soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness and

the garments of salvation." We ought to be thankful that our lot is not cast in the mediæval times, in which the superstitions of the black friars were taught instead of the pure gospel of Christ.

Happily the name of Dr. Gouge needs no monument for its preservation, his history being faithfully recorded in the evangelical biography of those faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, from the time of the Reformation down to our day, have fed the bright lamp of truth which it was the work of the reformers to revive when its light had nearly expired.

His ministerial career began very early in the seventeenth century (1608), and ended, as we have seen, about its midst, 1653, and was principally devoted to the parish of Blackfriars. The record tells us that the height of his ambition was to go from Blackfriars to heaven; and, in his case, the promise seems to have received its fulfilment, that "the desire of the righteous shall be granted." He was evidently one of the bright and shining lights of his time, and many were willing to rejoice in that light. For five and thirty years, besides preaching twice on the Lord's day, he preached every Wednesday morning, and his lecture was so much valued that it was constantly attended by many city ministers, and by sundry pious and judicious gentlemen of the inns of court, besides many citizens from other parishes. Yea, such was the fame of Dr. Gouge's ministry, that when the godly Christians of those times came out of the country to London, they thought not their business done unless they had been to Blackfriars' lecture.

This learned doctor was one of the venerable assembly of divines at Westminster, and had the great honour of assisting in the composition of the excellent larger and shorter catechisms, which are, perhaps, unequalled in any language for the comprehensive views they give of the whole counsel of God—the truths to be believed, and the duties to be performed. Among the numerous works in which "he, being dead, yet speaketh," one of the most valuable is his contribution to some annotations on the Bible, his portion of which extends from the first book of Kings to Job, in which he displays an intimate acquaintance with the original, and a deep insight into the mind of the Spirit.

It is interesting to notice the high estimation in which this good man was held by those who knew him best, and the delight with which they do honour to the excellencies which shone forth in his character. Thus we read of him that he was accounted "the father of London divines, and spiritual oracle of his time;" though "he was not a justice of peace, he was a minister of peace: and, if he could not hinder dissensions

from being born in his parish, he usually hindered them from being long-lived." In the list of the beatitudes, the godlike work of the peacemaker holds a conspicuous place; and in this sinful world, and in the imperfect state of the church, there is great necessity for the functions of the peacemaker. Many of the most eminent servants of God have devoted much of their time to this blessed work, in which some of them have met their deaths, as was the case with the great Martin Luther. We are more than once told by the admirers of Dr. Gouge, that "he was a great peace-keeper and a great peace-maker, having a great dexterity in composing differences." Intimately associated with this feature of his character was his careful attention to all who went to him with afflicted consciences, for "he was a great comforter of troubled consciences, where he was exceedingly skilful and dexterous, as many hundreds found him time after time, being sought unto far and near by such as groaned under afflictions and temptations, many of whom were restored to joy and comfort out of unspeakable terrors and torments of conscience."

When we read the lives of eminently wise and holy men, it is most important that we should notice those means which, under the divine blessing, led to the eminence which they were permitted to reach. It is in this way that sacred biography acquires the greatest practical value, and exerts a most beneficial influence. In the case of Dr. Gouge we are amply furnished with the means of knowing how his mind was moulded into the holy and beautiful form which it acquired.

He appears, like Obadiah, to have feared the Lord from his youth. When he was a scholar at Eton, he walked in the fear of the Lord; he practised secret prayer, sanctified the sabbath, and looked with much pain and grief at the profanation of that sacred day by the idle sports and recreations in which others around him were accustomed to waste its precious hours.

His theology had for its leading characteristics, deep conviction of his own sinfulness, and the most exalted views of the power of Christ to save. He was often heard to say, "When I look upon myself, I see nothing but emptiness and weakness; but when I look upon Christ, I see nothing but fulness and sufficiency." In his advanced years, when he suffered much acute pain, it is said of him that he was never heard to call himself *great sufferer*, but *great sinner*; and he would not stop there, but add *great Saviour* for his comfort. This was his faith throughout his life, and the source of his holy energy; and when he came to die, the great theme of his conversation was the grace of God and the riches of his mercy in Christ Jesus.

He was very diligent as a student, applying his whole mind to study ; and besides acquiring the various kinds of learning for which King's College, Cambridge, was famous, he ardently devoted himself to the study of the word of God. He used to rise long before he went to the chapel at half-past five, and so gain time for his secret devotions and for reading the Scriptures. Every day he read fifteen chapters in the English Bible—five in the morning, five after dinner, before he went to his ordinary studies, and five before he retired to rest. And as he read the word of the Lord by day, so did he meditate therein by night ; and when he could not sleep, he, from his great acquaintance with the holy Scriptures, was able to go through successive chapters in their order as if he had heard them read. He was so intimately acquainted with the Bible, that if he heard any part quoted, he knew the place in which it was to be found.

His habit of early rising began when he was a youth, and continued with him through life. It is said that if he heard any at work before he entered his study, he would say, as Demosthenes said of the smith, that "he was much troubled that any should be at their calling before he was at his." Diligently did he redeem the time, and so highly did he value this gift, that when a little before his death his intellects began to fail and drowsiness prevented his reading, he cried out, "Alas ! I have lost three days." It was soon after this period that he had to leave this humble state, in which, eminent as he was among his brethren, he "understood as a child, and spake as a child," and to pass into that high and holy region of eternal light where we shall "know even as we are known." "Now," he said, "I have not long to live in this world, and the time of my departure is at hand ; I am going to my desired haven."

The mural monument which is designed to supply the place of the original memorial, and to hand down the name of Dr. Gouge to posterity, carries on its face the marks of age, and reminds the very few who give themselves time to read it, that these things soon wax old and are ready to vanish away ; while viewed in contrast with the immortal fame it fails to preserve, it warns us to see that our names are "written among the living in Jerusalem," "in the Lamb's book of life," from which no hand of time shall ever efface them.

## THE SUNDAY BOWER.

### PART II.

On the evening of the next sabbath, Ellen was glad to find herself again at liberty to repair to her kind uncle in his Sunday bower, and she

lost no time in doing so. She found him, as she had done the last time, seemingly absorbed in meditation on the sacred volume outspread before him.

"Dear uncle," she said, "you remind me of what I have been reading about those who are employed to delve for treasures in a mine, and look as if you had just found a very precious gem, which would enrich you for the rest of your life."

He smiled, and having welcomed his niece affectionately, and seated her beside him, replied: "I never delve in this mine without finding something precious, and am ever ready to share such treasures with my beloved Ellen."

"Thank you, uncle. Oh, how I do wish that I were a more worthy recipient, and profited more by what you so kindly impart : but, indeed, I feel it to be very pleasant to hear you talk about God's holy word ; so please tell me what part of it has particularly engaged your attention this evening."

"An impression of a very happy character has been made on my mind at present," he replied, "by reading the four first verses of the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel. It is simply this. I think it is evident from our Lord's words here, that he assumes that his ministry had brought the Father so near to the disciples that they ought to have concluded, without being directly told so, that the Father's house was their home. This idea is full of consolation ; it tells us that the Lord's ministry during his sojourn on earth had expressed throughout so much affection for his people—had been so distinct a revelation of his Father's love to them—as to teach that he did not design or conceive anything less than *eternal companionship* with "them, and that too in the Father's house. All family privileges were insured to them ; and, of course, the family mansion was their home."

"These were, indeed, glorious privileges, uncle," Ellen observed ; "but please tell me, from what do you infer that our Lord assumed that his disciples ought to have been aware of them, before his gracious assurance was given that he would prepare a place for his people in the Father's many mansions ?"

Her uncle answered : "Because of his words, 'If it were not so, I would have told you.' The whole character of his ministry among them had been such—so full of deeds of grace, and sayings of love, healings, and invitations in mercy—that it could not teach them anything less than their having a home in the Father's house. How could it be that a bosom fraught with such affection as all he had ever said and done disclosed, could be less than those of a Father who had a full welcome, as well as large

room for them in his own dwelling-place? So that he might well say, ‘If it were not so, I would have told you.’ I would not have caused expectations to arise in your minds which were never to be realized. But no; he could not give his conduct towards his people a lower character; he could not so depreciate the glory and grace of his ministry, as to have any hesitation in assuming that the disciples of it must have concluded that the Father’s house, though even in the brightest highest heavens, was nothing less than their home.”

“I believe I understand why it was that an impression of so happy a character was made on your mind, by this view of the passage, uncle,” said Ellen; “does it not show us, much of the glory and the loveliness of the Lord’s ministry?”

“I think so, my child. What a course it must have been, when faith was entitled to draw such a conclusion from it, without direct instruction! yea, to be charged with dulness, if it did not draw it! But we learn still more of the Saviour’s love from these few verses. The home which he had promised his people should be got ready for them—fit for their reception. He would go before, and do this service for them in the very same love that had made that house their home. Even further; he would, after thus getting it all ready, come back to be their guide and companion in the road that leads to it. From all this they might have inferred, as they ought to have done, their future establishment in their Father’s house; but the Lord tells it to them, that they might gain even a richer taste of love than their fondest hopes could have conceived; a taste of considerate careful love which the affection of a brother as well as of a father alone could account for. To this the Lord adds, ‘Whither I go, ye know, and the way ye know;’ for if his ministry had been a revelation of the Father’s love to them, so had it ever been a plain declaration of this, that God’s love, and all the fruits of it, *was their’s only through Jesus*; his work was their title, and their way to the Father.”

“Thank you, dear uncle,” said Ellen; “it is very pleasant to dwell upon the wonders of redeeming love, and I think that it must be profitable.”

“It ought to be so, Ellen; but it is well to remember that there is such a thing—and a woeful thing it is—as understanding the gospel plan of salvation, admiring the beauty of the system, feeling a sort of sentimental admiration of the character of the Lord Jesus—and all this not hypocritically, but under the influence of a self-delusion which would fain persuade that it is Christianity; while the heart is wholly unchanged, and has never been warmed with one

spark of love towards him of whom the tongue can speak so glibly.”

“Oh! uncle, this is indeed fearful. How can we ascertain that it is not our own case?”

“It is to be done, my child, by a faithful application, in humble dependence on him who can guide us into all truth, of the test which the Saviour himself has given us: ‘If ye love me, keep my commandments.’ Unless we are earnestly striving to do this, let us not deceive ourselves, however great our knowledge or warm our feelings, by supposing that we belong to him. Weak and imperfect will be our best endeavours to serve him; but let us seek that help from above which he has promised, and when we feel discouraged by our own unworthiness, re-assure our hearts by dwelling upon his love.

Oh! had I not that story  
No mortal pen could write,  
Till by the Eternal Spirit  
‘Twas dipped in living light;  
Could fancy’s wildest dream have feigned,  
Such love could ever be?  
Such unimaginable grace,  
That Christ would die for me!

#### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

71. St. Paul; 1 Cor. xv. 8. “Last of all, he was seen of me also.” And St. John; Rev. i. 12—18. “I saw . . . one like unto the Son of Man.”

72. Fifteen—Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, Deborah and Barak, Gideon, Abimelech, Tola, Jair, Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon, Samson, Eli; the last was Samuel.

73. Luke ix. 58. “The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.” Matt. xvii. 24—27, containing the account of the miracle wrought to procure a piece of silver for the tribute money. Also Luke vii. 3: “Certain women with him, . . . which ministered unto him of their substance.”

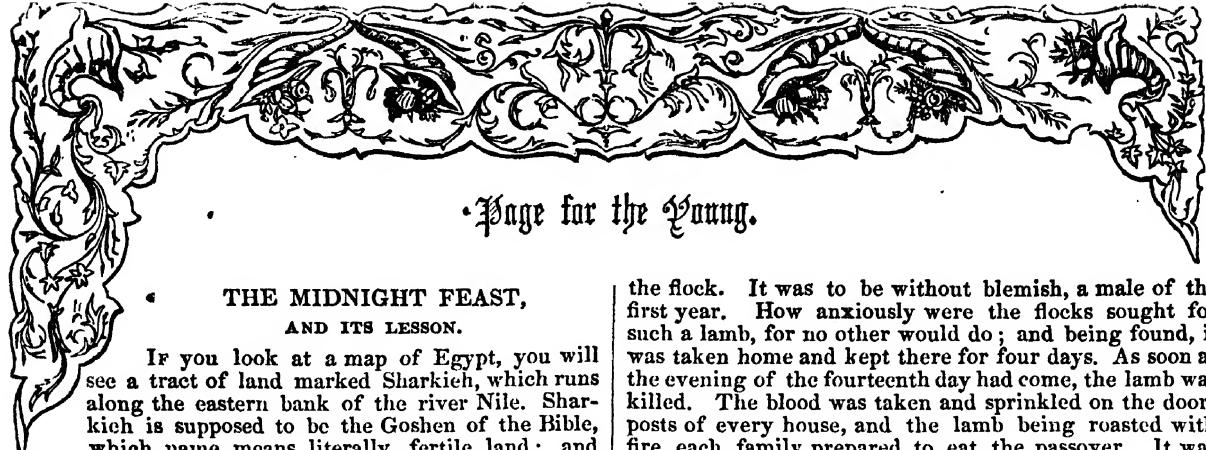
74. 2 Cor. viii. 9. “Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.”

75. Ps. cxi. 14, 15. “But lusteth exceedingly in the wilderness, and tempted God in the desert. And he gave them their desire, but sent leanness into their soul.” See the history in Numbers xi. 31, 33. “There went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea; . . . and while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague.” 1 Sam. viii. 19, 22; xii. 17 “Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel, and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us. . . . And the Lord said to Samuel, Hearken unto their voice, and make them a king. (xii. 17.) I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain, that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king.”

76. Peter, James, and John.

77. Five—Asa, Jotham, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, and Josiah.

78. Not one.



## Page for the Young.

### THE MIDNIGHT FEAST, AND ITS LESSON.

If you look at a map of Egypt, you will see a tract of land marked Sharkieh, which runs along the eastern bank of the river Nile. Sharkieh is supposed to be the Goshen of the Bible, which name means literally, fertile land; and here it was that in the days of Jacob, when the children of Israel went down from Canaan to buy corn, and found their long-lost brother, Pharaoh gave this fertile spot to the old patriarch and his children. Here he lived and died; and his children and grandchildren lived and multiplied here also. They were so prosperous indeed, that it is said in the Bible, "they waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them."

But time passed on; Jacob and Joseph were dead; a new king had arisen who knew not Joseph, and whose first thought when he came to the crown was that the Israelites, now so powerful and numerous, might from being subjects aspire to be conquerors. To subdue the Hebrews' spirit, and to reduce them at once to a state of complete bondage, was the new monarch's first step.

Tasks and hard labour, oppressions and burdens of every kind, followed this resolution; and then went forth the cruel edict, which filled many a mother's heart with woe, that every male child should die as soon as it drew breath. But God willed otherwise. The simple mother of Moses, as she wove the ark of bulrushes, and placed it by the river's brink herself, knew not that the sleeping babe should one day be the deliverer and leader of her own persecuted people, and that the powerful and proud Pharaoh was helpless as her boy, if God should interpose. Moses was saved; and the same eye that watched the cradle by the river's side, and followed him through the temptations of his youth in an idolatrous court, was with him when he stood before the great king, to demand, in the name of Jehovah, the release of his enslaved brethren from bondage.

The warnings and threatenings which preceded each plague were disregarded; the tempest, while it raged, frightened and disturbed, but it did not soften the hard heart. The pestilence and the thick darkness also failed to subdue it; at length Moses bore the last fearful message: "Thus saith the Lord, About midnight I will go out into the midst of Egypt, and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die; from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, to the first-born of the manservant that is behind the mill; and all the first-born of beasts."

And now in the land of Goshen everything was in preparation for a journey. The Israelites, who had not for a long time taken any money for their labour, boldly demanded gold and silver of their employers. It is said they borrowed it; but the word might have been as correctly translated, asked, or required. And He who ruled the hearts of all men gave the people such favour in the Egyptians' eyes, that they willingly complied with their request, and richly supplied them. Thus was their bitter toil recompensed.

The month called Abib (or an ear of corn, answering to the end of our March) was come, and the tenth day of that month dawned, when, according to the orders already given by Moses, every family took a lamb from

the flock. It was to be without blemish, a male of the first year. How anxiously were the flocks sought for such a lamb, for no other would do; and being found, it was taken home and kept there for four days. As soon as the evening of the fourteenth day had come, the lamb was killed. The blood was taken and sprinkled on the door-posts of every house, and the lamb being roasted with fire, each family prepared to eat the passover. It was eaten with bitter herbs and unleavened bread. They did not sit down at the feast, but they ate it in haste, each man bearing a staff in his hand and dressed as for a long journey. And while they ate, there was a great cry heard. It was midnight; the eldest child of the king was dead, the first-born of the captive in the dungeon was dead, and from house to house echoed the cry, "I have lost a child, my eldest child, my hope, my joy." Yes, it was even as the Lord had said; but in the house where the blood was sprinkled, there was neither death nor crying; in the homes where the passover feast had been kept, and the lamb without blemish killed, all was safety and peace.

It was a happy daybreak for the Israelites, as, urged by the terrified king to depart, they, with their little ones and their wives, and all that they had, left the land of bondage for that promised country of Canaan, where many of their forefathers lay buried, and for which they had often longed in the days of their captivity. Well might Moses say unto the people, "Remember the day;" and we would say to you, dear children, Remember the passover; for the death of the paschal lamb may teach us. As the lamb was to be without blemish, so was Jesus sinless and without spot. As the Jews were saved by the application of that blood from suffering the death of their first-born, so are we saved by application of the blood of Jesus Christ. Mind, it is by its *application* alone that this benefit accrues. It would have been of no use to kill the lamb, or to shed its blood merely; it was the application of the blood, the sprinkling on the door-posts, which was the sign for death's angel to pass over. So, unless you believe in Christ, and apply his blood to yourself *in faith*, you will have no benefit from his death; for *you* his blood will have been shed in vain. It will not save *you*. So, again, the whole of the lamb had to be eaten. It is of no use to believe only a part of what Jesus says; you must receive the entire Saviour into your heart. You must not fancy that you can do a little, and leave the rest to him. He must save, and he alone. The paschal lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs. We must mourn over our sins, and farn from them. Those who really love Christ, do not love sin. Sometimes they may yield to it, but it is bitter, not sweet to the taste. And as the Israelites ate as travellers ready for a journey, so must we likewise. You should learn in early youth that your life is a *journey*, not a rest. You are travelling to the promised land, from the cradle to the grave.

Now, what will you learn from the story of the passover? Will you not ask yourselves the question—has the blood of Jesus been really sprinkled on my heart? I know that he *has died*, and *that* his blood was shed; but was it shed for *me*? Without shedding of blood, the Bible says, there is no remission; and indeed there is no other way of being saved than that which God appoints. And how much clearer is that way shown to you than to the Jewish children of old.

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



MOLE BY WHICH SUPPLIES WERE CONVEYED TO THE PLAGUE-STRIKEN VILLAGERS.

## CHRONICLES OF A SMITTEN VILLAGE.

PART II.

### THE DESOLATION.

For the space of nine months the plague went to and fro in Eyam, and was somewhat fitful in its movements. It struck one here, and, after a pause, another there, occasionally proving more destructive; but its full malignancy was not exhibited till the expiration of the period named. It then assailed the hapless people as if to destroy them utterly at one fell swoop. In September, when the calamity commenced, the deaths were

6, as appears from the register of burials; in October they rose to 23; in November they fell to 7; and in December they were 9. During this last month the snow lay deep upon the ground, accompanied with a hard frost; and at the beginning of the new year the weather was exceedingly severe. This had some effect in abating the mortality; but the expectation naturally excited by it of full relief was grievously disappointed. In January, 1666, there were 5 deaths; in February, 8; in March, 6; in April, 9; and in May, 4. Thus out of a population estimated, at the outbreak, at 350, and in the space of nine months, 77 had perished—a dreadful loss. It

reduced the number of the living to 273. But this was only the beginning of sorrows. Warm and sultry summer weather brought with it a terrible aggravation of the distemper. In June the deaths were 19; in July, 56; in August, 79; in September, 24; and in October, when the plague was stayed, 14. The total number is 269, leaving little more than eighty for the remnant that survived. But, perhaps, as several of the inhabitants had fled the place, the living in it at last did not amount to more than one half the number stated, or 40 souls.

*"How doth the village sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become a widow!"*

So rapidly did the minister of death at length execute his dread commission, that no decorous interment was possible; no funeral service was performed; no passing knell was rung; and, for a time, the sound of the "church-going bell" ceased to be heard. Houses stood forlorn, noiseless, and empty, long after the calamity; grass overspread the streets; kingcups and other wild flowers grew in the middle of the road; hares and rabbits roamed through the gardens; and a mournful silence prevailed, with little to interrupt it but the sighing breeze.

*"Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth."* Thus it is written, that we are to mark the operation of his hand who maketh void, and filleth up the waste places. This is a duty, even though no other reason could be assigned for it than "Thou didst it." But every dispensation of providence—sorrowful, alarming, or otherwise—is fraught with important instruction, and ministers profit to the thoughtful contemplatist. It is a sad event when death comes rapid and storm-like upon a community, making awful breaches in the ranks of the living. But this is a proclamation not less needed than urgent, of the authority of God, the dependence of man, the certain changefulness of our lot, and our character as sinners, whose duty it is to repent and apply to the blood of sprinkling for forgiveness. It is adapted, therefore, to arouse the mind to high considerations, upon due attention to which our welfare in eternity hinges, but which are too often either wholly banished from remembrance by the cares and vanities of this world, or not reflected upon with sufficient seriousness. The pestilence going forth asserts the power of the Almighty, who by it unerves the strength and wastes the beauty of an entire population as readily as that of an individual. It manifests his sovereignty, seizing some, and passing by others in precisely the same circumstances, and apparently less likely to escape. It signifies his holiness, as part of the penalty of transgression. Thus, "stand in awe and sin not" is its impressive lesson. At

the same time the value of religion is strikingly exemplified in public calamities, rendering the Christian superior to the enervating influence of depression or alarm, and so graciously supporting his mind that, while a common victim with others, the painfulness of outward events is lost in the impression of his holy peace and happy end.

The desolation of Eyam was, to some extent, an act of self-sacrifice. This circumstance argues the existence of strong religious feeling and principle among the inhabitants. In the spring, some families of substance precipitately left the place; and as the danger of remaining became imminent and evident, flight was in the minds of almost every one in possession of the power to flee; but by scattering they might carry away contagion, and be instrumental in devastating the whole of the surrounding country. Mr. Mompesson saw this, and energetically opposed the dispersion. Assembling his parishioners, he stated his views and wishes with reference to their conduct.

*"Alas! beloved friends! alas! where strays Your wonted mind? What mean those signs of flight Is God unpitying, though he wrath displays? Is the sun quenched when clouds obscure his light? Oh! earn your trembling souls, be strong in Christian might."*

*Here we may strive and conquer, and may save Our country from this desolating curse; Some few, perchance, may fill an earlier grave; But if ye fly, it follows, and ye nurse Death in your flight; wide, wider ye disperse Destruction through the land. Oh! then, bow down And vow to Him to virtue ne'er averse, To stand unshrinking 'neath death's fiercest frown, Then heaven shall give us rest, and earth a fair renown."*

The minister was successful in his expostulations and appeals. Thoughts of flight were given up; his hearers agreed to follow his directions, avoiding intercourse with the neighbourhood; and thus, by remaining at their posts, many doomed themselves to a pestilential death, rather than imperil adjoining districts. This was true heroism, and we have ground, in some instances, to regard it as the fruit of a truly Christian faith. There is something singularly sublime in the spectacle of a people thus girding up the loins of their mind to brave a dreadful danger for the general good, reverently bowing down to "bear the indignation of the Lord," in order to shield it from others, and practically obeying the high command in trial, to which natural feeling is antagonistic—"Be still, and know that I am God," while rapidly falling like the leaves of autumn before the blast.

But how was food with other requisites to be provided for, the restricted band in the time of sore distress? This difficulty was obviated in the way then usually adopted with reference to

plague-struck places. Addressing himself, by letter, to the Earl of Devonshire, who was then at Chatsworth, about six miles from Eyam, the rector engaged that if, through his influence, provisions could be daily placed at certain spots on the adjoining hills, not one of his parishioners would pass the boundary. That nobleman responded nobly to the appeal, and remained at his seat personally superintending the arrangement through the whole time of the calamity. A line was defined around the village by particular features of the landscape, at the distance of about half a mile from it, which was not to be transgressed; and at two or three points of the line, marked by well-known stones or rocks, the provisions were deposited. It was a strange thing to the villagers, with the summer sun looking down upon them as brightly as ever, and the fresh air of their native hills playing as briskly about them, while the moon and the stars shone out by night with unchanged benignity, thus to be cut off from intercourse with the outlying world. Strange and mournful was it for those employed upon the errand to tread the moors to the appointed places to which the supplies were daily brought, while the parties who had conveyed them thither stood cautiously aloof, not venturing to come, in general, even within speaking distance of those they served. Yet no man sought to pass the boundary stones. Messengers came out to them, and retired within, carrying away the supplies furnished, and leaving a written record of the progress of the disease, the number of deaths, and other particulars, for the information of their helpers. The inhabitants thus voluntarily confined themselves to a certain range, and Eyam was as much shut up as if it had been circumscribed with walls and battlements, or invested by a beleaguering army. The arrangement had the desired effect of restricting the plague to the scene of its outbreak. It was there "hemmed in," and in a dreadful and desolating struggle, destroyed and buried with its victims. Some stone troughs might recently be identified, which were placed at the points of silent visitation, and filled with water, in order to purify the money put into them as payment for particular articles; for the provisions were contributed by the neighbourhood, chiefly at the cost of the Earl of Devonshire. A small rill also, which replenished the troughs from time to time, long retained the name of Mompesson's brook.

Of those who had retired previous to the cordon being established, some took up their abode in the precincts, where they erected temporary huts. There is a curious and interesting anecdote related of a man named Merril, who appears to have had no family. He withdrew and built a rude hut near the summit of the Sir William

Mountain, taking a favourite cock with him as a companion. He often descended to the point of the hill which commanded a view of the fatal place, and could mark fresh graves opened in the fields; for the churchyard ceased to be used. Owing to the numbers of the dead and the difficulty of removal, hurried burials became necessary, without shroud or coffin, at the most convenient spots. One morning, after a somewhat lengthened sojourn in the retreat, Merril's companion strayed from the hut into the heath, flapped his wings, and, taking short flights, made off in the direction of his former home. The man looked in vain for the return of the deserter. In a day or two he resolved to follow the example, having pondered upon the fact that, when the dove returned not again to Noah, he prepared to leave the ark, knowing that the deluge was over. He quitted his asylum on the mountain and repaired to his former residence, met with the truant bird, and found that the plague had abated.

The havoc made with families is fearfully attested by the records of the register. Thus, at an early period of the pestilence, there are the following entries of burials:—

"Sarah Sydall, Sept. 30.     Ellen Sydall, Oct. 15.  
Richard Sydall, Oct. 11.     Elizabeth Sydall, Oct. 22.  
John Sydall, Oct. 14.     Alice Sydall, Oct. 24."

Thus were a father, son, and four daughters, swept away in the short space of little more than three weeks. They occupied a thatched cottage near the church, in which were left as survivors, the mother, and a daughter named Emmot. But a few months afterwards the entry occurs, "Emmot Sydall, buried April 29." This was a peculiarly affecting case. Emmot stood engaged to be married to a youth named Rowland, living in Middleton Dale, when the stroke of calamity fell upon her family, and put an end to the thought of marrying and giving in marriage. It terminated also the personal association of the parties. Soon afterwards the youth heard a vague rumour of the fate of his betrothed. But he could do no more to ascertain the truth than gaze anxiously upon Eyam at a distance, from the brow of a contiguous hill. General infamy would have attended his name, and bitter self-condemnation have been incurred, if, to terminate suspense, he had ventured farther, and brought back the plague to his own household village. But upon the place becoming accessible, he was one of the first to enter it, and had not proceeded far, when a boy, wandering solitarily, accosted him with "Ah! Rowland, Emmot's dead and buried in the Cupy Dell." On repairing to the well-remembered abode, it was entirely empty, the sole surviving mother having been received into the dwelling of some companions in common

affliction. The chairs and tables stood in their usual places; but metal pans and plates, once brightly burnished, were clotted with rust; while the grass was growing in every chink of the floor; and the linnet lay dead in its cage.

It will illustrate the Lord's mercies to ourselves if a few more details are given.

A little to the east of Eyam there is a hill known by the name of Riley, a great ornament to the landscape, its steep slope on the side of the village being clothed with wood. Near the summit there resided the two large families of the Talbots and Hancocks, whose habitations were about two hundred yards asunder, and were the only dwellings on the hill. They farmed the land between them. Owing to the elevation of the spot, and its complete detachment from the plague-infected place, it might have been imagined that its occupants would escape. Perhaps they thought so themselves; and for ten months the high and airy situation seemed an efficient safeguard. Perhaps, too, some in the valley below, where disease was rife, often looked up to the hill, and envied its possessors their position, mentally saying, "Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them." But there came a change, which the Talbots were the first to experience, and one as sad, solemn, and rapidly consummated as ever happened in family history. July the 5th died Bridget and Mary Talbot, two daughters, who had romped amid the blooming heather, and were hastily buried beside their home; on the 7th, Ann, another and last daughter, shared their fate; on the 18th, Catherine, the mother, went to the same grave; on the 24th, Robert, a son, followed; on the 25th, Richard, the father, was added; and on the 30th, Jonathan, a son, was consigned to the sod. This last victim must have been interred by the neighbouring family, for his death extinguished the race of the Talbots, and rendered the name extinct at Eyam. There is now a farm-house on the hill, which occupies the site of their dwelling; and in the orchard, the common grave of the household is marked by a stone, with the nearly erased brief record, "Richard Talbot, Catherine his wife, 2 sons, and 3 daughters, buried July, 1666."

Four days after this family was thus utterly cut off, the extinction of the adjoining one commenced, and was nearly completed. On August the 3rd, John and Elizabeth Hancock, a son and daughter, were buried near their house, and according to tradition, by the mother, no one else being able to perform the office; on the 7th, John, Omer, and William, the father and two sons, were committed to the grave by the same hands; on the 9th, Alice, a second daughter, followed; and on the 10th, Ann, a third

daughter, was laid beneath the heath. Thus in the space of seven days, seven members of the same household were laid low; and the hapless mother, after burying her dead, was left alone upon the hill. It is traditionally said, that some inhabitants of Stoney Middleton watched her from a distance with profound awe, morning after morning, digging graves. Can imagination conceive of a more bitter cup than that which this hapless woman had to drink, or a position more truly pitiable than the one in which she was placed when the last alive on the Riley mount? She struggled through the time of trial, and subsequently joined a son who had previously left home, one of whose descendants, a Joseph Hancock, contributed to the commercial prosperity of Sheffield by re-discovering the lost art of plating metal goods. A tabular tomb and six head-stones, not exactly in their original positions, and now enclosed with a heart-shaped stone wall, remain as memorials of the deceased. The tomb has an inscription, with some quaint lines.

The six head-stones merely record the names of the children, and the dates of interment. We have sought, but to no purpose, for some indications of the mode in which these individuals faced the awful and sweeping form of death which they had to encounter; but no account of the last moments of any of them have been preserved. From the experience of what has transpired in other places, however, imagination can easily fill up the void. Terrible, indeed, must it have been for those who had no hope beyond the grave to find themselves chained down in a position from which there was no escape, and compelled to stand face to face with the grim destroyer. How light upon the balance must have weighed all the pleasures and profits of time! How incalculable on the other hand must have been a living faith in Christ, and the hope of a blessed inheritance hereafter! Then was the season for faith to triumph and to experience the comfort of the Divine promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

And why have we, during the late visitation of the pestilence, not been visited in a similar manner with these inhabitants of the Peak? The proud pharisaism of the human heart has often dwelt with complacency upon immunity from particular perils, as an evidence of merit, or a proof of lesser sinfulness. But our Lord's striking words have for ever condemned this imagination: "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered such things? I tell you, nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The judgments of the Lord are abroad in the earth, visiting public delinquency by

bloody and expensive wars, political dissension, scarcity, and also the pestilence "that walketh in darkness." It is solely of his mercies that we are not consumed. With contrition, therefore, as a guilty people, and devout thanksgivings as a spared people, it becomes us to mark the adversities of which others have had sore experience, while we have been graciously preserved from them.

### ANECDOTES FROM THE GERMAN.

#### JULIUS, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

It is usual with a certain class of Christians to think and speak as if their religion cost them too much. Not only must they give up many an opportunity of making money, if they want to keep a character for being religious, but also deny themselves many a pleasure. However much inclined to take advantage of a man in straitened circumstances to their own gain, or to take a pleasure trip or attend to business on Sunday, or to prevaricate, or to be revenged on some one who injures them, they dare not venture on it lest it should cost them their religious character and standing. They must also give many a contribution, and devote many an hour to charitable purposes, while their hearts say that religion—meaning the name of being a religious man—costs more than it is worth.

There is another class, with whom it is of small consequence whether they are considered religious or not, provided only that the Lord Jesus would graciously own them as such. These care little how much religion may cost if they can only enjoy it. Of this last class was Julius, the third son of Henry, duke of Brunswick. His father was a zealous Roman Catholic, who, in the sixteenth century, spent blood and money in support of the Roman Catholic cause. After having fought upwards of twenty years in the cause of Rome and Austria, and against the Reformation, he discovered that the principles of the gospel had entered his own family, and not being able to account for the conscientious firmness of his younger son otherwise than by the supposition that he was a Protestant, he put the question to him, and Julius boldly acknowledged that he was. This confession was as much as his life was worth. His father, his brothers, the court, and the whole town hated him with a deadly hatred. He dared not show himself in the street for fear of being stoned. At home, none of the servants paid him any attention, or brought him anything he required. The necessities of life were refused him, and he would have died of hunger and cold had not his sister secretly brought him food and clothing. At last, when his father

saw that he would not renounce his faith, he ordered him to be built alive into a niche in the wall. The place was prepared, and the time was nearly come for the horrid deed, when a servant took pity on the prince, and as he could give no other intimation, merely wrote with the tongs in the ashes, "fuge! fuge! fly, fly!" The prince immediately slipped out, and fled to his brother-in-law, John the Wise, margrave of Brandenburg, where he found protection.

The father did not cease to persecute; and, in the year 1555, when the two eldest sons fell in battle, he did his utmost to shut him out from the succession to the government. Julius was quite satisfied to bear whatever his heavenly Father appointed. To reign as a prince, or wander as an exile, was to him all the same, if the Lord Jesus, who loved him and died for him, ordered his lot.

In the year 1568, as duke Henry was on his death-bed, he was persuaded to send for Julius. When the messenger came, the young prince asked whether on his honour he believed that there was any danger in going. The messenger could make no reply farther than to express a hope that all was right. To this unsatisfactory reply, the prince rejoined, "Well, I will trust your word and my father's, and commit my righteous cause to God. In the name of the Holy Trinity, I will go to Wolfenbüttel, at my father's command, and show myself an obedient son; and the Lord do as seemeth right in his sight! My life and death are in his hands, and he can guide my father's heart as he will. But so long as I live and breathe, I shall abide faithful to God and the holy gospel, come what will." In this faith he went to Wolfenbüttel, prepared, if necessary, to give up all, even life, for the gospel. And his faith was not in vain. His father received him kindly, gave directions that every attention should be shown to him, in the hope of winning him back to the church of Rome. But as the terror of death could not persuade him, so neither could blandishments. On his father's decease, he assumed the government as the first Protestant prince of the land. He had been faithful to his God, and he never thought that his religion cost him too much; for all that he endured, he received more than a full reward.

#### THE ATHEIST.

The great astronomer, Kirchner, had a friend who denied the existence of God, and would listen to no arguments calculated to convince him of his fatal error. This friend called once on the astronomer when he was busy at work. Kirchner did not allow himself to be disturbed, and the friend amused himself by examining what he found in the room. Seeing a small celestial globe in a corner, of rare beauty of

construction, he inquired whose it was, and who had made it. "It is not mine," said the philosopher, "and I don't think anybody made it; it must have come there by chance, and of its own accord." "Ridiculous!" said the friend, in a tone of irritation, "what is the use of such a reply?" "Why," rejoined the philosopher, "you cannot believe that this little imperfect piece of workmanship sprung into existence of itself; how then can you imagine that the glorious heavens, which this merely represents, could have sprung into being of their own accord?" The arrow entered the heart. The proud infidel acknowledged his folly, and turned to the word of God to learn from him whom he had so long despised.

#### GENERAL MANDERSTIerna.

After the last Polish revolution, the confiscated estates were bestowed on distinguished generals upon condition of educating their children in the Greek church. The Protestant general, Manderstierna, was among those to whom an estate was offered. But though he was poor, and had a large family, it did not once suit him to enrich his family at the cost of their religious principles. Some of his friends represented to him the danger of provoking the emperor by declining the gift. He merely replied that he had cast his children on God for support and protection, and he could not think that the emperor would punish him for being conscientious. And his faith was not put to shame. When the emperor learned the reason why his faithful general declined the gift, he immediately ordered the estates to be handed over to him without the limiting clause. And what was more, not only to Manderstierna, but also to five or six others was the same privilege accorded. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

#### THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

WE must ask the reader to let us carry him back to a period about sixteen years before the beginning of the present century, and to set him down at a little distance from the "wide and varied" village of Tisbury, in a landscape abounding with lovely and picturesque scenes, "and the sweet interchange of hill and vale and wood and lawn." The usual quiet of the spot is disturbed by industrious occupations, in which the numerous workmen before us are engaged—the stone-mason, the bricklayer, the carpenter, and the corps of labourers, all toiling at their different tasks, and each one contributing his share to that proud structure which is to be occupied by the richest commoner in England, and to display the taste and magnificence of its

owner. That building is the celebrated Fonthill Abbey, which will cost in its erection more than a quarter of a million sterling.

Leaving, however, without further notice, this stately mansion, and Beckford, its mysterious owner, let our attention be given to that ruddy youth, who, under his father's guidance, is diligently plying his chisel and mallet, as he strives to reduce to proper size and fashion that fine block of Bath-stone which has been consigned to his skill. Right well is the young mason executing his task. His hand is acquiring a perfect control over the chisel, and his work gives promise of eminence by the time that the diligent apprentice becomes free. Ere he is twenty-one, WILLIAM JAY, for such is his name, shall have acquired a high position, not indeed as a mason, but as "a wise master-builder" in that "habitation of God" which is being erected on the true foundation, and composed of living stones polished after the similitude of a palace. It is a Spanish adage, that *the stone that is fit for the building shall not be allowed to remain in the road*; and it were too long for us to count up the list of great men in whom this proverb has been verified. Amongst them, however, we must write the name of him who forms the subject of our present biographical sketch.

In reading the memoir of this excellent man, recently issued from the press, it is interesting to contemplate him as an instance of early piety—not, indeed, one sanctified from the womb, nor one who was without indications at an early period of the necessity of being renewed in the spirit of his mind. To quote the language of his autobiography: "All are sinners, and all have come short of the glory of God; but all are not profligate; not in this sense do all speak of themselves, as if they had been the chief of sinners." "I cannot (he adds) speak as some do of going great lengths in iniquity, and thereby rendering a work of grace more sure and more Divine. I bless God, I was from my childhood free from immorality. But though free from vice, I began to see and feel deficiencies with regard to duty, and to be dissatisfied with the state of my heart towards God."

The youthful apprentice, as he returns from his day's work at the abbey, is now often met by a kind Christian lady, who converses with him, as they walk to his home, on "things which pertain to salvation;" and he says, "her information and addresses were more useful than many of the sermons I heard, as she adapted herself to the state she found I was in, and to the present kind of knowledge I required." The husband of this Christian lady, Mr. Turner, had just purchased and licensed a house for the preaching of the gospel in the native village of young Jay, and we find the latter on one Satur-

day evening attending to hear the "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners"—a truth which he found like rain on the mown grass, or cold water to a thirsty soul. His young mind was earnestly "hungering for the bread of life." Indeed, after hearing the gospel that night, he could scarcely sleep for weeping and for joy, so much so that the next morning at seven o'clock he was the first to enter the building in which the sacred services were to be resumed. In this spirit, too, did young Jay continue to attend the means of grace. After about a year from the time at which he first comes under our notice, we see him on another Saturday evening, sitting in his accustomed place, in his village dress, with his apron drawn around him, when at the close of the service he is sent for by the preacher to go and see him in the vestry. That preacher was the eminent man whom Bishop Jebb described as "that celestial creature, Cornelius Winter." "He talked with me (says the narrator) in a manner which disarmed me of fear concerning several things, and especially of my religious views and feelings. I again waited on him, and he again prayed for a few moments; and then began to inquire whether I should not like, and did not long to communicate to others what I felt myself. He observed that he had a small academy of young men for the ministry; and kindly invited me to join them, if after reflection and care my heart should be inclined, and my parents should be disposed to give their consent." His heart was "inclined," and the consent of his parents was given, and the announcement was soon after conveyed to his kind spiritual father and friend, whom he addressed in a letter which has a peculiar interest from its rustic simplicity, and from the early indications it gives of the peculiar talent which was from this period to be faithfully improved in the service of his heavenly Master. It has also an interest in a literary point of view, as forming the starting-point in a career of authorship which has placed the young scribe among the most popular and useful of those "that handle the pen of the ready writer."

This interesting document, dated Tisbury, January 30, 1785, is addressed to his "dutiful friend," and, in the true village style, "comes with my kind love to you, hoping it will find you in good health, as it left me and all my friends at Tisbury." The writer goes on to give "thanks to God for his mercy and goodness in preserving us to the present moment in health and strength," and says that "health is the honey that sweetens every temporal mercy; to be well in body is a great blessing, but to be well in soul is a much greater blessing than this. What is the body when compared with the soul? It is no

more than the candle's slender light to the great illuminary the sun in its meridian splendor and beauty."

About sixty years later, in speaking of his style as a public teacher, he says, "I have used similitudes;" and we see how he was led to this method of illustration by the native quality of his mind, which, unlettered as it was, when he wrote to his "*dutiful friend*," furnished him with three appropriate metaphors in the paragraph we have quoted. The religious state of the heart shown in the next paragraph is highly gratifying to contemplate. "My experience (he says) is that I desire to serve the Lord above all, and desire to live more to his glory and honour. I hope I can say, that he is the chiefest to my soul of ten thousand and altogether lovely. I desire to know nothing but Jesus, and desire to be found in him, not having on my own righteousness, which is polluted with sin and impure, but the righteousness which is of God, which is for all, and upon all, that believe in him."

Very soon after this correspondence, the turnpike-keeper near the village greeted the stripling, as he passed the gate, with his little bundle slung over his shoulder, making his way in the early morn to the academy in Marlborough, and furnished a nine days' wonder by the announcement that young Jay had gone through to Marlborough, "to be made a parson on." His future course showed that he was "called of God, as was Aaron," and from the time at which we now see him entering on his career as a student, he applied his mind most diligently to the pursuits which were to fit him for his great work. "At first," he tells us, "the difficulties were not only trying, but seemed insuperable; in a little time, however, I felt encouraged, and soon found pleasure in even the languages." He says, "Mr. Winter's library was not large, but it was large to me; and every moment I could spare from my studies I was searching in it, as for hidden treasures." With the prophet Isaiah, he might say, the Lord "wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned;" and soon he might have added, "The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary."

The spiritual condition of the surrounding villages and hamlets did, indeed, loudly call for the help of all who could "speak a word in season." The boy-preacher, therefore, had to teach almost as soon as he began to learn, and, as he is his own biographer, he must tell us how he went forth when a mere stripling, not clad in the ponderous armour of the mailed warrior, but like another stripling taking such simple missiles as he could control, and hurl, in the

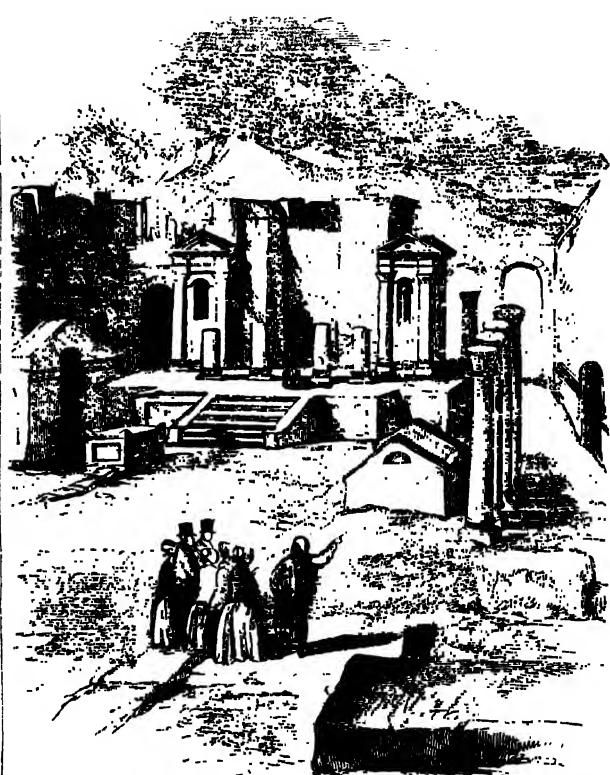
strength of the God of Israel, against the gigantic foe.

The state of the country then was very different from what it now is, as to an evangelical ministry. The real labourers were few. The spiritual condition of many of the villages was deplorable, and the people were perishing for lack of knowledge. No one cared for their souls. Mr. Winter, therefore, obtained and licensed various private houses to preach in, and not only went as often as he was able himself, but also sent his young men to instruct these poor creatures, and show unto them the way of life. "In the milder seasons which would allow of it, we often addressed large numbers out of doors; and many a clear and calm evening I have preached down the day, in the corner of a common, or upon the turf before the cottage door."

A note of his first sermon has been preserved, the text being 1 Peter ii. 3: "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." The division was, 1, The Lord is gracious. 2, The best way to know this grace is by tasting it. 3. Such knowledge will have an influence over the possessor; for if, explained the young preacher, we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, it will induce us to love him, it will draw our desires out after more, it will make us anxious to bring others to partake with us, saying, "that which we have heard and seen declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us." There is in the scheme of this first sermon a clearness of method, and a natural perception of the relation of ideas to each other, which would have found a meagre substitute in logical training; as well as a power of educating and marshalling truths, such as many a profound scholar might look at with feelings approaching to envy.

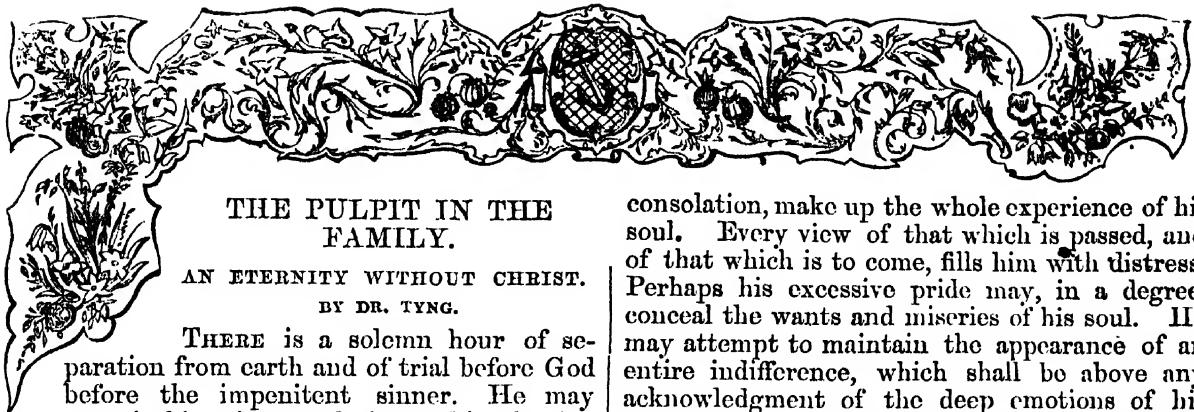
The juvenile preacher had for some years to endure the reproach of youth, a fault which he neither sought to deny or extenuate. He was mindful, however, of the counsel of Paul to Timothy, although we must observe that he guarded himself with a severity which it may be presumed "such a one as Paul the aged" would not have approved. After preaching at Melksham, he called on the following morning on an old gentleman, whom he describes as "a very wise man, at least in his own conceit." "He received me (says 'the boy-preacher') rather uncourteously. He did not censure my preaching, but rudely said, he had no notion of beardless boys being employed as preachers. 'Pray, sir, (said I,) does not Paul say to Timothy, 'Let no man despise thy youth?' And, sir, you remind me of what I have read of a French monarch, who had received a young ambassador, and complaining, said, Your master should not have sent me a beardless stripling.' 'Sir,' said the youthful ambassador, 'had my master supposed you

wanted a beard, he would have sent you a goat.'" The impression produced by this repartee may have been that the beardless boy had already read too much, or remembered too well; still it would have been well that the young preacher, in consideration of the age of the complainer, had remembered the spirit of the apostolic injunction, "Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father."



TEMPLE OF ISIS.

This engraving represents the temple of Isis, which is thus described by a visitor to the excavated city of Pompeii:—"One group of ruins, in good preservation, was pointed out to us as being all that remained of the temple of Isis—a building in the Roman Doric order, possessing some fine mosaics. At the further extremity of the interior stood the altar, from which a statue of Isis had been removed when the building was uncovered. We were conducted into some apartments behind, and were here shown a recess, where the priests of the temple were concealed when they uttered the oracular responses supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The accommodations for the priests had been on an extensive scale, and included cooking, dining, and sleeping apartments. When the kitchen was explored, it was found well provided with cooking utensils and different articles of food. The skeleton of a man, supposed to have been the cook, was found in the kitchen, with an axe in his hand, near a hole in the wall, which he had made in order to effect his escape. In the temple, the skeleton of a priest had been also found, with a bag of money in his hand. His avarice, or carelessness, in remaining to secure the treasures of the temple, had been the cause of his destruction."



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

AN ETERNITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

BY DR. TYNG.

THERE is a solemn hour of separation from earth and of trial before God before the impenitent sinner. He may trust in his vain speculations, while the day of evil is postponed. He may bury his convictions of danger in pressing occupations, while occupation may be pursued. He may riot in his rebellion, while an avenging God seems to stand afar off. But in the hour when he is compelled to yield up his spirit, to be judged by God who gave it, the fears of his awakened conscience will rarely be suppressed. Then he will be unable to conceal from himself, his actual condition. The awful dangers which encompass him will be acknowledged. And in a death-bed without Christ he will stand out as he is, to perceive and to display the real character and tendency of the principles and course which he has adopted. There is an overwhelming majesty in the near approach of God

—so h<sup>oly</sup>, so mighty—which causes the unconverted soul to sink in desperation. The heart of guilty man cannot brave out the terrors of that approach. He feels his separation from that glorious being, and his misery, his insignificance, and his guilt, while thus separated. He trembles while reflecting upon himself. He feels that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. There is then no room for flattery, and no covering for truth. The awakened conscience testifies; and appetite, and indulgence, and worldly lusts, have lost all their power to repel the charge, or to alleviate the pain. The sinner will cry out in the anguish of his soul, “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” What expressions of sorrow and remorse does the approach of death often extort from the guilty man, in a review of his abused and wasted life! How earnestly does he wish that he might but have his time again—a single further opportunity of knowing and doing the will of God! Deep anguish agitates his soul. The midnight hour has come. The voice of the bridegroom standing at the door, is heard. But he is entirely without a readiness to meet him; and trembles at the prospect of beholding his offended God, face to face. Lamentations, without

consolation, make up the whole experience of his soul. Every view of that which is passed, and of that which is to come, fills him with distress. Perhaps his excessive pride may, in a degree, conceal the wants and miseries of his soul. He may attempt to maintain the appearance of an entire indifference, which shall be above any acknowledgment of the deep emotions of his awakened spirit. He may profess full dependence in his own integrity, and go forward to the judgment-seat, avowing his own innocence, and refusing all acknowledgments of guilt. Perhaps he may be allowed ignorantly to slide into an everlasting world, while deluding friends around combine to conceal the awful fact. Earthly trifles may be presented to his view, to divert him from a possible thought of the eternity which is before him. The glad tidings of the gospel may be shut out, because they will make him anxious and gloomy. Men and devils thus often conspire to destroy a soul that Christ has purchased and would gladly save. But even here, the revelation of the vengeance of God upon his guilt is but for a little postponed. Soon he will awake to discover the real wretchedness of his condition; and in eternal rage and anguish, utter forth his useless imprecations upon his own folly in being thus deluded, and the enormity of the guilt that is combined to deceive him. But even these temporary delusions are exceptions in the history of man. The sinner’s death is generally a violent tearing of him from a world beloved—an awful avulsion! He clings to every hope of life, like a drowning man. He cannot bear to die. Hell is stirred up to meet him at his coming. Go, grasp a man, and drag him to the mouth of a heated furnace, and attempt with force to plunge him into the flames! Take him to the giddy height of a precipice, and try to throw him headlong down! with what desperate vehemence does he shrink back from a certain ruin! Thus is the sinner driven away in his wickedness; a resistless force constrains him. He dare not go on—he cannot stop. His sins are all lying upon him. He is unpardoned, pressed down with an intolerable load. The nearer he approaches to the presence of God, the more he dreads him, and the more anxiously he labours to avoid him. What wretchedness can be greater! What suffering more insupportable! It is all because he is without Christ. An accepted, trusted Saviour would have

removed all this load, and filled him with perfect and eternal peace. But he has lived, and he dies, without him ; and his soul is far off from peace.

But he has another anticipation still. He must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Dragged from every pleasurable scene and possession, he has nothing there but despair and anguish. He may call in vain upon rocks and mountains, to hide him from the face of God and the wrath of the Lamb. Conscious of his utter inability to stand in that fearful day, he would gladly shrink into annihilation, in the prospect of its solemn retributions upon his guilty soul. But God cannot be mocked. They who have sowed to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption. The sinner can look upon that crucified one, whom he heedlessly despised and trampled upon, only with the most overwhelming fear and alarm. He would gladly avoid him, and fly from him if he could. He would delight to overturn his power, to destroy his right to judge, and to break up the authority before which he trembles in dis-  
may. He sinks in the prospect of meeting him, in unutterable despair. He has no claim which will stand the test of God's examination ; no garment of righteousness, in which he may wrap himself ; no argument to plead against the sentence of condemnation from his Judge. His own conscience confesses the justice of the divine determination. His mouth is speechless from all excuse. And God is proclaimed righteous in his judgment upon the ungodly. It is a judgment seat, with Christ upon the throne ; but without Christ in the sinner's soul. Oh, could he there have this righteous Advocate with God, all would be well. His crimson sins would be forgiven, and his guilty soul rejoice in the peace of God. But he is without Christ ; this he has chosen as his portion, and he now reaps the harvest he has sown. He is condemned for ever. There is now a final separation, and another solemn anticipation. He is to be without Christ for ever. Banished from God, and from the fellowship of the redeemed, he is driven into endless woe. The result of his choice is now unchangeable. Eternity will but continue unceasingly to reveal the consequences of his folly. Consigned to an eternal rebellion, there is an endless punishment for an endless iniquity. He will never be brought to repentance. Though suffering for ever for sin, he will have no true sorrow for it. He will mourn for his misery, not for his guilt. He will hate God for ever, more and more, but he will never be grieved that he has sinned against him. The presence of Jesus gives all the peace which eternity can bring to man. He goes from the throne of Jesus, cast out from his presence for ever. The

compassion of God shines upon him no more. He looks around upon others, without comfort. He is alone in the midst of a multitude. Without sympathy or support, he sinks into the abyss of eternal sorrow and despair. There is before him no ray of hope. He lies under the everlasting condemnation and curse of an avenging God. Without the possible attainment of relief, he has this at the Lord's hands, that he lies down in sorrow. It is an eternity of darkness —an eternity without Christ. A fearful, awful doom ! Oh, may every reader think of it, and flee from it—**AN ETERNITY WITHOUT CHRIST !**

## THE NEW REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

### PART VII.

#### CONCLUSION.

A FURTHER proof of the genuine character of this "new reformation" movement is furnished in the remarkable change in the habits and conduct of those who have come out from the church of Rome. "The results," says Lord Roden, "which have followed these missionary efforts have fully justified the opinion which I always held, that nothing could really benefit our wretched country, by improving the character of our people, but the diffusion of scriptural knowledge among them. Surely the success of this work is a cause for gratitude and praise to God, to whom alone the glory is due. *A total change takes place not only in the appearance of the people, but in their habits and conduct* ; even those most opposed to the mission are obliged to confess that no jumpers (as the converts are called) have been convicted by the magistrates at the sessions for thefts or other crimes ; some may have been maliciously accused, but I am told no instance of conviction has taken place."\*

Among four handbooks for Ireland, prepared by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall (who generally omit all reference to religious topics), there is one devoted to "the West and Connemara," in which the following passage regarding the converts occurs : "In the streets you may know one of them by an aspect of cleanliness and comfort, in contrast with the filth and wretchedness around him ; and in the lessons they are taught to praise God and be thankful. . . . We spoke to one person, a countryman, who was bitter against the converts, and he very unconsciously pronounced a most emphatic laudation on the system. The following conversation occurred : 'Would you know a jumper if you saw him ?' 'Oh ! yes, at once !' 'How ?' 'Why, you see he

\* "Progress of the Reformation in Ireland," p. 84.

looks healthy and clean, and better dressed than the people about him.' 'And would you know a jumper's house?' 'Oh yes!' 'How?' 'Why, you see it's whitewashed, and there's many bits of things; and there'll be no dung-heaps at the door.' And certainly the tourist will find many opportunities of testing the accuracy of this view of the case. Whatever else conversion may do, it will certainly improve the habits of the people."

The reader will be reminded by the foregoing of the well-known passage by Macaulay the historian, in which he refers to the thriving, cleanly aspect, and the industrial activity and prosperity, of the Protestant, in contrast with the Popish cantons of Switzerland; nor will he forget the kindred testimony borne, by Köhl, the German traveller in Ireland, when, with delighted surprise, he suddenly passed from among the wild hills and the degraded population of the province of Leinster, into the midst of the fruitful fields and intelligent yeomanry of Protestant Ulster. The right hon. Joseph Napier, M.P., late attorney-general for Ireland, at the annual meeting of the Society for Irish Church Missions in London, in April last, said: "Since the missionaries commenced their operations, and the Bible has been promulgated, there has not been a single instance of a convert, or of a person brought fairly under the hearing of the gospel, being connected with or accused of crime. During the ten or eleven months I held office in Ireland, I cannot bring to mind a single instance of even an accusation against any one of the persons brought over to accept the gospel, in any of the missionary stations in Ireland. But I can state, from the most accurate sources of information, that you can form no idea of the persecutions and trials these poor people have to undergo, testing in the most severe manner the sincerity of their faith."

Of these persecutions we have given some illustrations, and viewing them in connection with that great moral change in the character of the converts, which has even extorted the acknowledgments of their adversaries, they furnish the best reply to those accusations of bribery and intimidation which have been so recklessly brought by Mr. Wilberforce and others against the Society for Irish Church Missions, and which Mr. Dallas has so triumphantly refuted.\* The question was put by

a Romish priest to an aged convert on his dying bed: "Now, Bourke, is it not true that you left the church of Rome for lucre sake?" The answer was a remarkable one. Raising his voice as high as his declining strength would admit of, he exclaimed: "True for you, sir, I did leave it for lucre sake; but it was for the lucre of everlasting life that I left it." Another priest, addressing a convert, said: "Confess what you get for leaving the true church, and I'll give you more for turning back." "Neither more nor less than, since you must know it, than a crown each, and every one of us," was the reply. "A crown, Paddy Connor! only a crown!" said the priest; "you shall have that, and more too." "Oh but," said Paddy, "the crown we are looking for is a crown of glory, reserved in heaven for us by the only Intercessor between God and man!"

In concluding our notice of the Galway and Connaught missions, we must remember that, according to the bishop of Tuam's statement to Lord Roden, ten thousand persons had then left the church of Rome. The prospects for the future are encouraging, from the number of scriptural agencies at work. There are various societies engaged in this great movement, each occupying a different locality, and none interfering with the other. "The schools that we have visited in Connemara and West Galway," says Lord Roden, "are under the Irish Church Missions; those in Erris and the islands adjoining are under the Irish Society, and the Island and Coast Society; those I visited last year at Dingle and Ventry, in Kerry, are under a separate mission of their own. I must not omit to mention our Presbyterian brethren, who have also a mission in the west, where they are not less zealous and active, under the Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast.\* All these societies, together with others, in their several spheres, have one great object in view—to make known to thousands in darkness and ignorance, the blessings of the gospel of peace."

In Dublin, the reformation movement has been of a very extensive and decided character. The writer had an opportunity, a short time since, of making personal inquiries and observations, during a recent visit to that metropolis. It is very true that the papacy is making vigorous efforts to maintain the supremacy which it has there so long exercised.

\* See "Proselytes in Ireland;" a correspondence between the Rev. Alex. Dallas and the Rev. H. Wilberforce. Abp. Whately, to whom an appeal was made by a Romanist as to bribery being used, says: "None such had come to his knowledge; he was prepared to prove that a great number of the converts had not only obtained no temporal advantage, but had been exposed to the most merciless persecution;" and when a Roman

Catholic gentleman making the charge was asked to specify any case, he adduced one, and only one, such case of supposed bribery, which was alleged to have occurred sixteen years before the famine began.

\* In addition to this, there are a church and school mission, as well as a model farm at Ballinglen, supported by a Ladies Association at Edinburgh, and for which the Rev. Dr. Duff made an eloquent appeal in London in 1852.

English clergymen, who have become priests of the church of Rome, have been brought over to preach controversial sermons; and, as we ourselves are cognisant of, the Jesuits have been making special efforts, by festivals in memory of some of their martyrs, and by the proclamation of special "indulgences," under the express sanction of archbishop Cullen, to arouse the zeal and to attract the attention of the people. Against the converts, also, a system of persecution, similar to that which has prevailed in Connaught, has been systematically waged. It is still true that in Dublin superstition holds its power over the masses. Miraculous medals,



pictures of the Virgin, with Romish catechisms, lives of the saints, publications setting forth the saving virtues of the "scapular," and story books filled with error, and addressed to the young, are on sale in numerous Roman Catholic book-shops, and oftentimes on the steps of the Roman chapel itself; yet it is impossible for one who, like ourselves, has visited Ireland after an interval of several years, not to see and feel that a great change is in progress. The eagerness for political discussion which formerly characterized the Irish people, and especially those of Dublin, is now succeeded by a spirit of religious enquiry. The controversial classes held by the agents of the Irish Church Mission and other societies, the controversial sermons preached on Lord's day, and frequently during the week, and the Sunday and daily scriptural schools, have been, and are still, very numerously attended, and with decided spiritual results. "I was asked on one occasion," says Mr. Napier, in his speech at Exeter Hall, in April last, "by a young friend who takes a great interest in the work in the city of Dublin, to come and see how it was going on in the mission house recently purchased. I never was more astounded: I could hardly have believed such a work possible.

The house was filled in every part. It was difficult to get in. The poor ragged creatures, carrying their infant children in their arms, were listening most attentively to the pure and simple word of God. It reminded me of the time mentioned in Scripture, where it is said the common people heard the Lord gladly."

One very singular mode of spreading the truth in Dublin is by placards, which cannot but arrest the attention of every English visitor to that city, as they did our own.

The following are specimens of these placards, which are not only exhibited at the door of the office of the Irish Church Missions, and on the walls, but also carried through the streets.

"**A VITAL QUESTION.**—From how much sin are true believers cleansed by the blood of Christ?

"**ANSWER.**—'From all sin.' For St. John saith, 'The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' 1 John i. 7—*Douay Bible*. If so, what need of purgatory, penances, absolutions, indulgences, extreme unction, mass-sacrifices, etc., etc."

"**A GREAT FACT.**—Stop! All the Protestant religion is in the Roman Catholic Bible, but none of the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion are in the Roman Catholic Bible. Who, then, will remain a Roman Catholic?"\*

Besides placards, which, in the course of one year, were exhibited in Dublin to the number of 44,750, there have been 766,000 handbills, within the same period, circulated in that city, every one of which, says Dr. Cullen, "contains poison enough to poison a soul against the Roman Catholic church." The courage, perseverance, ability, and, above all, the spirit of love with which the Dublin mission has been carried forward, have been crowned with a large measure of success. "In Dublin, thanks to God," says Mr. Bickersteth, "we know of upwards of a thousand converts." That a great work has been already accomplished in Dublin, with promise of abundant increase, is evident, from the admissions of Roman Catholics themselves. "We repeat," says the 'Tablet,' of the 8th Nov., 1851, "that it is not Tuam, nor Cashel, nor Armagh, that are the chief seats of successful proselytism; but this very city where we live. . . . We learn from unquestionable Catholic authority, that the success of the proselytizers in almost every part of the country, and we are told in the metropolis, is beyond all the worst misgivings we could have dreamt of." "Few Catholics," says

\* Referring to the placard, "A GREAT FACT," as above, the Rev. Robert Bickersteth says: "I heard the other day of a poor man whose labour called him to pass every morning, whose eye was attracted by it on the angle of a building. There was a question asking the priest to come forward to deny the statement. The man, after passing the corner for three months, said his confidence was entirely shaken in Romanism, for the placard had been on the wall for three months and had not been answered yet."

the 'Tablet,' July 22, 1854, "have any conception of the extent to which this system is carried in Dublin. Turn where we will, whether in our public streets and thoroughfares, or our byeways and alleys, and we behold those emissaries of heresy engaged in some shape or form in the prosecution of their nefarious designs." "We see," says Dr. Cullen, at a Roman Catholic Ragged School meeting, as reported in the 'Tablet,' July 15, 1854, "placards of the most insulting nature, and containing the grossest lies, everywhere on the walls of our city."

Besides the extended operations of the Irish Church Missions in Dublin, it was gratifying to us at the period of our visit to find the congregation of the Rev. Dr. Urwick sustaining a ragged school and a class for Roman Catholic enquirers, and also that the Irish Presbyterian Assembly had lately established a special mission to Roman Catholics in the Irish metropolis. While, however, with ample funds, more numerous agencies, and over a wide field, the Society for Irish Church Missions carries on the work of reformation,\* and while the Christians in Ireland of various denominations are putting forth vigorous efforts also, we trust that English Protestants will begin to feel that "Ireland is the common property, the common mission-field, of all the churches"—a mission-field which, if diligently and prayerfully cultivated, may speedily yield, with a comparatively small expenditure of means, an abundant harvest. It is far from our design to leave on the reader's mind the impression that more than the first-

fruits of that harvest have been gathered. Popery is still powerful in Ireland, and even now is making vigorous efforts to regain its former empire. But surely enough has been stated to cause us "to thank God and to take courage." Emigration has carried away tens of thousands to foreign lands, where very many of them have shaken off the yoke of priesthood. Into our English towns a large body of Romanists have poured (in London there are nearly 100,000), and many of these are brought under the influence of Christian truth, by the visitation of Scripture readers, city missionaries, and ragged schools, and Ireland herself wants but the gospel to make her prosperous and happy. Let British Christians then pity her necessities and respond to her claims. Heartily do we unite with an illustrious Irishman in his earnest appeal:—

"Knowing, as we do, that for all Ireland's ills there is a remedy in the preaching of the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and hanging all our hopes of civil and religious prosperity on the word of God, and the efficacy of the Spirit, let us scatter over the land the preserving salt of Christian institutions; let us put forth our energies for her moral renovation; and to create and cherish a public sentiment, faith, and practice, consonant with Christ's own gospel, let sabbath-schools, Bibles, and Bible-classes, pastors, and teachers, be multiplied, till the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the land, and his saving health be made known to all the people.

"Thus the work of Ireland's reformation, already so auspiciously begun, will go onward and onward still, accompanied by fervent prayer, strengthened by unbounded generosity, and followed by unceasing, enlarged, and glorious outpourings of the Holy Spirit of God; nor will the triumphant Jesus draw back his arm till he has perfectly fulfilled his word, 'Behold! I make all things new.'"*—Dr. Edgar's Ireland's Mission Field.*

\* The revenue of the society for the year ending March, 1854, amounted to £28,931; its agents were 403; and missions are established in 27 out of the 32 counties of Ireland. We believe that British Christians will best advance the interests of Christ's kingdom in Ireland by aiding with liberal offerings those agencies already in operation, and by which every section of evangelical Christendom is represented. And to their offerings let them add in behalf of Ireland their earnest and continued prayers. We subjoin the following

#### HYMN FOR IRISH MISSIONS.

The truth of God has sounded  
Through Britain's wide domain,  
And gallant hearts have bounded  
To hear its heav'nly strain;  
But Erin's sons were sighing,  
They heard no cheering sound,  
In bitter bondage lying,  
With Papal fitters bound.

While loud as ocean billows  
The joys of Britain roll'd,  
"Their harps were on the willows,"  
Their sorrows were untold;  
But now their chains are breaking,  
Their harps are off the trees,  
And music, soul-awaking,  
Is floating on the breeze.

Some sing, in strains of glory,  
The Father's lofty plan,  
Or sound the wondrous story  
Of Jesus' love to man;  
And longing hearts designing  
To reach immortal fame,  
Their idols are resigning  
For great Messiah's name.

May Erin's children singing,  
Like angel-choirs above,  
Keep hill and valley ringing  
With music of his love;  
And this our dearest nation,  
In cot and courtly hall,  
Hear full and free salvation.  
Through Jesus, Lord of all.

## OLD HUMPHREY AT HASTINGS.

Bear with an old man's prattle, for his heart  
Beats lovingly for thee, and all mankind.

"STANDS Hastings where it did?" said I, trying to be cheerful, as I hobbled along with difficulty, supported by two porters, from the railway to the vehicle engaged to carry me to my place of destination; but no, it would not do. I was too much subdued and exhausted by my transit from "the mart of all the earth," to be cheerful. I had been carried, on account of extreme weakness, from my cab at the London Bridge Station, to the carriage that was to bear me onwards; and some feared that I should sink by the way, and never reach Hastings. It pleased the Father of mercies that it should be otherwise.

But, if not cheerful, I was at least grateful, for I was not unmindful that in all my preceding visits to this delightful locality, the sea and land breezes had gathered round me with healing on their wings, and I was sanguine enough to hope and trust that I should again be benefited with a like result. I looked around with a thankful heart to the great Giver of all good; and with kindly feelings for my fellow-passengers, as well as for the porters bustling about me, and the driver and his horse waiting for my accommodation.

As I moved onwards in an open carriage, the fresh, gentle breeze much revived me, and familiar objects presented themselves. Two of the three windmills, near the West Hill, were at work; the old castle, in ruin, reminded me that, like my own, the best of its days were passed. The sea was rolling along its sparkling billows, as it was wont to do thousands of years ago; bathing-machines stood on the shore, their wheels partly in and partly out of the water. The Marine Parade was peopled with visitors; the great dial, hanging over High Street, pointed to a quarter-past five; the magnolia, for such I take it to be, covering the front of the house of Earl de Waldegrave, was adorned with magnificent flowers. All things appeared as I had before seen them, only that the old man, the knitter of night-caps, who for so many years had occupied a corner at the entrance of the London road, was no longer an inhabitant of the world.

For the first few days of my sojourn at Hastings, I could not go from one room to another, even with help, without difficulty; but now, with a stick, and a friendly arm, I can walk a hundred yards, and perhaps two hundred. This is to me a source of great enjoyment and thankfulness, and it has suggested a thought to me that would afford me much satisfaction if it could be rendered practical; and I see no good reason why it should not.

What is the use of our *feeling* grateful, unless we embody our emotions in useful or benevolent action? Deeds of love to man are the very soul of thanksgiving to God. When Simon Peter declared that he loved the Saviour, the latter required some proof of his assertion, "Feed my sheep," and "Feed my lambs."

The number of visitors to Hastings is great, and it is not unreasonable thence to conclude that the greater part of them must derive health, or pleasure, from their temporary residence. For this they are, or ought to be, grateful; why not, then, make manifest their gratitude by some act of kindness to a place that has so largely contributed to their benefit? Some opulent visitors have the means of doing good on a large scale, while most of us can do it only on a small one. It is not, however, the amount, but the motive of the giver, that ennobles the gift. Hastings has charities whose funds are low; schools that require support; poor fishermen, who, from shipwreck, want of success, and other causes, suffer much; and sick and poor people standing in need of assistance. Now, if every grateful visitor, in a spirit of thankfulness, would do ever so little in the way of philanthropy, the aggregate would be very considerable. Were a moiety only of the long lists of visitors that appear in the newspapers, to act upon this suggestion, what a desirable accession it would prove to the cause of humanity, and what a noble number of good Samaritans might thereby pour oil and wine into the wounds of the afflicted!

It is said that on the overland passage across the desert to India, there is a tree covered with fragments of dress, and other articles, hung there by pilgrims and travellers, to show their gratitude for the protection and safety vouchsafed them; and in Roman Catholic countries, it is a common thing for such as profess to have been cured by miracles, to leave behind them their crutches, or other manifestations of past infirmity, by way of thankfulness. Let us not, then, be outdone by Mahomedans and fanatics; but, as Christian people, show our thankfulness in a Christian manner.

In one of my walks in the Hackney Fields, London, before my illness, I found a poor beetle in my pathway, on his back, vainly struggling and striving to recover his feet. "Friend sable-coat," said I, playfully, "the proverb has it, that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed,' and I have arrived just in time, it seems, to verify the adage; but as thou art really down, there will be no harm in my prodding by thy fall:" so taking out my glass, I attentively examined his curious formation; after which I gently laid across him a blade of grass, which enabled him once more to get on his legs, and hide himself in

a hole in the ground. Whether he thanked me, or not, I cannot say, not knowing the way in which such creatures express their thanks; but I felt quite certain, whether I had increased his happiness or not, I had added some little to my own.

Now in Hastings there are human beetles on their backs, or, in other words, cases of distress which need assistance. Gentle reader, let me beseech you to act upon my suggestion. I wish neither to apportion the stream of your benevolence, nor to direct the express channel through which it should flow, but only urge you to do something, be it much or little, of a useful or charitable character; not ostentatiously, but modestly; and if your name remain unknown, so much the better. Should you be at a loss how to proceed, not knowing suitable objects for your sympathy, ministers of the gospel, as well as the conductors of newspapers, with other influential and well-known benevolent parties, would most, if not all of them, doubtless, willingly and faithfully assist in the disposal of your bounty.

While we offer to God thanksgiving for our abundant harvest, and pray that the sword may be scabbarded, and the pestilence stayed, let us be neither unmindful of our own particular blessings, nor ungrateful for them. In penning this paper, I have three objects in view. First, kindly to reprove a spirit of repining in which too many indulge; next, to call out thankfulness in the heart; and lastly, to move the hand to gentle deeds of charity.

Having just forged a fable in my mental smithy, on the subject of discontent, I will with it close my present remarks.

A well-shaped horseshoe, as it hung against the wall in a blacksmith's shop, bitterly complained of the ill-usage to which it had been subjected. "No one," said the shoe in a whining tone, "has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed without any respite being allowed me. The hard-hearted sledge-hammer and anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated, and found no pity. I was beaten by them unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox; as I said before, no one has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed."

"Hold your foolish tongue," said a plough-share, which had been sent to be repaired, "unless you can talk more wisely. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed, and are valued highly by those who once might have despised us. Once we were useless pieces of iron, but now you are a useful horseshoe, and I a respectable ploughshare."

Thus seasonably admonished, the horseshoe

became silent, and was never afterwards heard to complain.

We seldom commit a greater error than that of repining at our trials and afflictions, for our heavenly Father often renders these the medium of his greatest mercies. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are excised thereby." The complaining horseshoe, though a fiction in the fable, is a fact when applied to mankind, for multitudes of repiners have become dumb, when experience has proved the value of their bitterest trials. Fear the Lord, love him, and trust him, and then—

If properly improved, thy grief and pains,  
And heaviest losses, all will turn to gains;  
Hope, peace, and joy from trouble will arise,  
To bless thee, and prepare thee for the skies.\*

### THE HODMAN'S ROPE.

He felt the ladder swaying underneath him, and as he turned to descend, he found that the cord which bound in its centre the spliced ends of the two pieces of which it was composed, was slowly unwrapping. Certain destruction was before him, for ascent and descent were alike impracticable, and his height was such that a fall on the flags beneath, for it was a five-story granite building, would have dashed him to atoms. But at this moment he saw a rope tossed out to him from a window above. There was nothing behind that he could see, because the window was high and the descent almost vertical. He caught it, and hand over hand mounted upwards till at last he was safe. Two things saved him. *Faith* in the unseen hand that extended to him the rope and kept it afterwards firm, and human effort to first seize and then hold tightly on. So, reader, it is with you. God's hand, it is true, is unseen in the tender of salvation made to you from the pulpit, in the reading of the word, in the working of affliction; but it is unseen because it is past our vision, not because it is beyond our reach. But it serves you not without your faith; you must grasp it in order to hold it. And when you grasp it once, you must grasp it ever, hand over hand until heaven be reached. Hand over hand, ever grasping, ever rising, dependent on grace alone, and at the same time by the very energy of your dependence mounting upwards.

\* A melancholy interest attaches to this communication, as being one of the latest, if not the very last, production of George Moggridge, esq., whose writings, under the sobriquet of "Old Humphrey," have delighted and profited such multitudes. He died at Hastings on November the 2nd. Ere long we hope to publish a biographical sketch of this useful and greatly beloved Christian man.



## "Page for the Young."

### THE CHILD'S TRUST.

"Look, Emma, at these sleepy flow'rs,  
Which close their eyes for midnight hours;  
When morning comes again, they'll wake,  
Nor their appointments ever break!"

The little birds are in their nest,  
And folding up their wings to rest;  
The cattle, too, are in their shed,  
And you, dear child, should be in bed.

See! the bright day is getting dim,  
And weary Nature ends her hymn;  
Come, fold your hands and kneel to pray,  
That God will bless the closing day."

"Mamma, I've made my ev'ning prayer,  
And asked for God's protecting care;  
But still I have a strange cold dread,  
A fear to be alone in bed."

Oh, must you now put out the light,  
And leave me with your last good-night?  
Sit longer by my little bed,  
Your arms still underneath me spread."

"Dear child! a feeble human arm  
Is no defence from midnight harm;  
Look to the guardian pow'r above,  
The shelter of a Saviour's love.

Remember little Charlie, dear,  
He went to bed without this fear,  
Nor ever cared to be alone:  
*God came, he said, when I was gone.*

Will you like little Charlie be,  
And feel as safe alone as he?  
Kind angels, with their wings outspread,  
Encamped around your lonely bed?

See, now, as I put out this light,  
God kindles up a lamp more bright;  
Behind those clouds there is a moon,  
And it will shine upon you soon.

Ah, watch it bright'ning more and more,  
And streaming on your chamber floor:  
Now through the curtains of your bed  
The silver beams are softly shed.

Ah, dear, it was this living light  
That shone upon that wondrous nigh  
Which in the garden Jesus spent,  
When to Gethsemane he went.

Within his bosom, wrapt, you'll lie,  
And watched by his unsleeping eye:  
Now kiss me, darling, just to show,  
You're not afraid to let me go."

ELLEN ROBERTS.

### REV. BERNARD GILPIN.

WHEN this zealous minister was on his way to London, to be tried before the popish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion, from this circumstance, to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "That nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good;" asking him "whether he thought his broken leg was so?" He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, queen Mary died. Being thus providentially preserved from probable death, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and blessed God for his deliverance.

### A CHILD'S ESCAPE FROM A SIEGE.

THE following incident was related by a Mr. Smith, who was engaged in the battle of Minden, 1758, and who saw the child as here described:—When the allies invested the town, the besiegers erected their batteries at a small distance from a water-mill, which stood exposed in the direction in which they were to fire. On the day when the bombardment began, the family fled; but in their fright they left a child behind, about four years old, in a house which joined to the mill. When the battle was over, some of the English soldiers went to examine the premises. The upper part of the mill, which was of wood, and the lower part of the house, were very much damaged with a number of shot-holes; but their astonishment was great, when they found a child there, and much greater when they perceived that it had not been hurt. Its clothes were nearly all shot away; but the skin of the child had not been even grazed!

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

79. What is the meaning of the word Satan? To whom was that name once applied by Jesus?
80. Where are the sufferings of Jesus called his "passion?"
81. Prove that the death of Christ was a voluntary act.
82. Prove that the service of God ensures a present as well as future reward.
83. Give an example of a rash vow.
84. How many times during the lifetime of Jesus do we read of his attending the passover?
85. Give examples of the custom, still practised in some countries, of offering presents to great men.
86. Where have we in Scripture a full account of a shipwreck?
87. Prove from Scripture that humility is specially pleasing to God.
88. Give examples of the exercise of this grace.
89. Where do you find a poetical description of old age?

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE WORSHIPPERS OF CUCKLET DALE.

## CHRONICLES OF A SMITTEN VILLAGE.

PART III. .

### THE MINISTRY.

At midsummer the sound of sabbath bells ceased to be heard at Eyam. The rector closed the church, deeming it imprudent and dangerous for the people to assemble in a confined building, especially as the weather was very warm. Another was chosen, which had stood the wear and tear of centuries. It was open to every breeze that blows, not having been made with hands, but formed by an Almighty architect.

A short walk from the village brings us to Cucklet-dale, a romantic and narrow dale or dingle, bounded on one side by craggy rocks, and overhung on the other with trees, a babbling rill running along the bottom. There is the edifice in question, still remaining as it then stood—Cucklet church. This is a rock projecting from the side of the dale, perforated in various directions, so as to present several natural arches, from twelve to eighteen feet high. Under one of these, at a considerable height above the level, Mr. Mompesson took his station, and thence, as from a pulpit, he led the devotions of the people, and spoke the words of

eternal life. His congregation, with disease or death in their dwellings, sorrow at their hearts, and the grave in view as their own speedy bed, occupied the greensward below. But each member of it, in accordance with directions given, was isolated—a yard asunder from his neighbour—lest contagion should be communicated by contact. At this spot, three times a week, were prayers read, and twice on the Sunday was the regular service of the church performed. Imagination can hardly conceive a more impressive and awfully affecting yet sublime spectacle than this gathering. There was the secluded dale, its rippling stream, and craggy tors, with the assembly, strangely disjointed, yet united by the ties of common calamity, faith, and worship. There would be outwardly strong men present of the hills and moors, with weather-beaten faces and brawny limbs, yet saddened and bowed down into the weakness of infancy by the havoc and the fear of the raging pestilence. All jarring passions would be subdued by the greatness of the affliction, while a solemn voice perhaps read the words of the psalmist, “Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return ye children of men;” or the words of the apostle, “I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others that have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again from the dead, even so them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him;” or repeated the prayer from the Litany, “Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers, neither take thou vengeance of our sins. Spare us, good Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.” But the real scene of 1666 must have surpassed all conception of it.

It was once said, and an apostle sanctioned the affirmation, “Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.” This was not spoken beneath any

“ High embowed roof  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light,”

but in a private house. It would have been true had the spot been the unsheltered shore or the mountain side. The law of convenience and order dictates public worship in appropriate buildings at stated times; but the highest of all duties, the noblest of all services, is not restricted

to localities and seasons. Christ’s promises to the church—“Lo, I am with you alway”—“Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them”—allow its members, under human prescription, or as their circumstances may decide, to meet in dens and caves of the earth, nature’s own enduring temples, and in the depth of night, when deep sleep has fallen upon the oppressor, to pay their vows. “Where do you assemble?” said the prefect to Justin Martyr. The reply embodied the genuine Christian spirit, and expressed the glorious liberty of the gospel: “Where each one can and will; for the God of the Christians is not shut up in a room, but, being invisible, he fills both heaven and earth, and is honoured everywhere by the faithful.” Often have they collected by stealth in the grey dawn, or beneath the moon’s pale light, on dreary moor and in secluded glen, to worship the Father, and have received his blessing. Cucklet church, put together without the sound of tools, and exhibiting nothing of art or man’s device, but the rude grandeur of nature, was an acceptable temple to the Most High—the “house of God” to the distressed villagers of Eyam—a spot invested with peculiar solemnity, owing to the scourge which drove them to it. The scene of the dauntless minister, standing beneath the picturesque arch in the dell, instructing and consoling his afflicted flock, is inferior only in its interest to that of Paul preaching at Athens and the Baptist crying in the wilderness.

In all his attentions to his flock, Mr. Moupperson was faithfully sustained by his more experienced predecessor, the ejected Mr. Stanley. The latter, indeed, appears to have been the real author of the measures adopted to mitigate the sufferings of the inhabitants, and prevent the spread of the malady. This is the general belief. Bagshaw, the apostle of the Peak, a contemporary, in his *De Spiritualibus Pecci*, a tract “concerning the work of God, and some of those who have been workers together with God in the High Peak of Derbyshire,” quotes the Earl of Devonshire as saying, that “the whole country should, in more than words, testify their thankfulness to him, who, together with the care of the town, has taken such care as no one else did to prevent the infection of the towns adjacent.” It is only giving honour to whom honour is due to mention this circumstance, as well as to supply some particulars of the individual. Mr. Stanley was a native of North Derbyshire, and did the work of an evangelist in various villages till settled in the rectory of Eyam, in the year 1644. This was soon after the commencement of the great civil war. During that unhappy contest, many scenes of violence

occurred in the nooks and bye-ways of the kingdom which are not noticed in general history. On one occasion, the rector of Eyam had to flee for his life, his house being entered by a party of royalists, who seized his goods and divided them amongst them. "The first time," says Bagshaw, "that I had any cognizance of this excellent person was in a troublesome season, when there were more than rumours of wars, and he for a night put to lodge in a house where I was tabled." Concerning him, he states that "he was, by the best men that knew him, noted for one of those that were called Puritans;" and that, though not "charged with nonconformity before the wars, the best of those that carried that character did highly esteem him." The same authority remarks upon his "diligence in studying, and his zeal in sound plain practical preaching;" and notices his many "week-day lectures," with the "flocking of choice hearers from several parts to his ministry."

The public ministry of Mr. Stanley lasted eighteen years. During that time he was the lawyer and medical adviser of his flock, as well as a religious guide. Testamentary documents in his handwriting are still extant, and deeds of conveyance with his signature as a witness. Upon being deprived of the benefice by the Act of Uniformity, and officially silenced, he taught the truth as it is in Jesus to his neighbours, in his capacity as a parishioner merely; and, according to the tradition of the place, he was supported by the voluntary contributions of two-thirds of the inhabitants. He survived the plague a few years, and died in the scene of his labours in 1670. The dwelling in which he lived was called Stanley's house till it was pulled down; and for more than a century after his decease he was invariably referred to as the "great good man."

Our Lord's words respecting two persons intimately associated in a time of desolation, the one taken and the other left, were verified in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Mompesson. The husband was preserved in his usual health; his man-servant was attacked and recovered; but his wife was fatally assailed. It is related that, while returning from a morning's walk in the fields near the rectory, she exclaimed, "Oh! Mompesson! the air! how sweet it smells!" But there was no freshness in the breeze. It was the breath of the pestilence; and apprehending the truth, the words went as an arrow to the heart of the husband. Being of consumptive habit and enfeebled by it, as well as by the troubles and anxieties of the time, she rapidly succumbed to the disease. On the 22d of August she was out of doors in the flower of life. On the 25th she died, and was buried the same day. Happily, Mrs. Mompesson had not

deferred to a delirious struggle with death the all-important work of seeking the Lord. When certain of her seizure, she reflected with much compunction upon the errors of her past life, and often exclaimed. "One drop of my Saviour's blood to save my soul." She earnestly desired her husband not to attend upon her, lest he should receive harm thereby. "But, thank God," he remarks, "I did not desert her, but stood to my resolution not to leave her in her sickness, who had been so tender a nurse to me in her health. Blessed be God, that he enabled me to be so helpful and consoling to her, for which she was not a little thankful. During her illness she was not disturbed by worldly business; she only minded making her call and election sure; and she asked pardon of her maid for having sometimes given her an angry word." It was noticed that, while under the influence of delirium, she became composed on being asked religious questions, returning as rational answers as could be desired. On being asked respecting her state, a little before she died, she replied, that she was "*looking when the good hour should come.*" It came at last; and the released spirit departed to a world where there shall be no more death.

The above extracts are taken from a letter which the bereaved father addressed to his motherless children, one of the most pathetic in the whole range of literature. Some further passages will illustrate his pious and affectionate spirit.

"To my dear children, George and Elizabeth Mompesson, these present with my blessing.

"DEAR HEARTS, " Eyam, August 31, 1666.

This brings you the doleful news of your dearest mother's death — the greatest loss that could befall you. I am deprived of a kind and loving consort, and you are bereaved of the most indulgent mother that ever poor children had. But we must comfort ourselves in God, with this consideration—the loss is only ours; our sorrow is her gain, which should sustain our drooping spirits. I assure myself that her rewards and joys are unutterable. Dear children, your blessed mother lived an holy life, and made a comfortable end, though by means of the sore pestilence; and she is now invested with a crown of righteousness.

"I do believe, my poor hearts, that she was the kindest wife in the world, and think, from my soul, that she loved me ten times better than she did herself, for she resisted my entreaties that she should fly with you from this place of death.

"Farther, I can assure you, my sweet babes, that her love for you was little inferior to that which she felt for me, since she prayed ardently

for my longer continuance in this world of sorrows, only that you might have the protection and comfort of my life. You little imagine with what delight she used to talk of you both; and the pains that she took when you sucked your milk from her breast, is almost incredible. She gave a strong testimony of her love for you when she lay upon her death-bed. A few hours before she expired, I brought her some cordials, which she told me plainly that she was not able to take. I entreated she would take them for your dear sakes. At the mention of your names, she, with difficulty, lifted herself up and took them, which was to let me understand that while she had any strength left, she would embrace an opportunity of testifying her affection to you.

"I question not, my dear hearts, that the reading of this account will cause many a salt tear to spring from your eyes; yet let this comfort you—your dear mother is now a saint in heaven. I could have told you of many more of her excellent virtues; but I hope you will not in the least question my testimony, if, in a few words, I tell you, she was pious and upright in all her conversations.

"Now to that most blessed God who bestowed upon her all these graces, be ascribed all honour, glory, and dominion, the just tribute of all created beings, for evermore. Amen!"

"WILLIAM MOMPESSON."

In the prospect of his own death, Mr. Mompeson addressed a letter to the patron of the living—whose chaplain he had been—requesting him, in the event of his decease, to appoint a pious successor. We have room only for one clause of this document.

"Dear sir, let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and your family, that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears, like living a pious life; and pray ever remember this rule—never do anything upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God."

How different would be the condition of society, and how few the real ills of life, if the rule obtained prevalence, never to do anything upon which God's blessing might not be sought!

### THE WAR.

THERE is, perhaps, scarcely an inhabitant of this land who does not, in some degree, share the common feeling of interest which animates England, as she gazes in the direction of those regions where our armies are at present engaged in mortal strife. How much is at stake that involves the interests and security of Europe! How much, too, especially affecting the spiritual

prosperity and happiness of men! Touched by the scenes enacting around him, the heart of the Christian is pained with deepest anguish by considerations that more peculiarly affect those who desire the establishment of the kingdom of peace and righteousness on the earth. Such minds are averse to *all war*; and with troubled thoughts they kneel to pray, perplexed how to give utterance to the emotions which oppress them; and in what way to express the longings which cannot find ready utterance, because connected with subjects so incongruous with those which usually occupy them, when approaching the throne of their Father in heaven. They hope, and may even cherish the belief, that Christ's kingdom will be advanced by the results of this contest; but their part is rather that of "watchers," who "keep silence," and observe what transpires around them. Their position seems indicated in the 46th Psalm, verses 8, 9, 10, 11. When they behold the "desolations which are made in the earth," they are "still," because they know that God is the ruler of the nations, and that it is in his hand to give the award, and to determine the destiny of the peoples upon the face of the whole earth.

There are, however, some gleams of light, some indications of a hopeful character, which may encourage these servants of the Prince of Peace. Small things indicate the movement of the tides. Great changes begin with gentle undercurrents, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible in the beginning; and it requires careful observation and attentive consideration to weigh the probable operation, and anticipate the coming results of such influences. There is one remark commonly made by good and observant minds at the present time. It is, the manifest reluctance, the earnest disinclination of men to engage in strife and warfare. So strong, indeed, was this feeling, and so protracted were the negotiations entered into for the purpose of averting, if possible, the present contest, that many of the more impatient thought the thing was carried too far, and even to the verge of impropriety, so as ever to risk unduly the honour of this nation. Is there not in this fact a pleasing and encouraging promise of good? May not the Christian mention it before God as a plea in favour of his beloved country at this juncture of her affairs?

We were struck and interested, the other day, while reading the life of the venerable Mr. Jay, to find him giving this testimony to the improvement and progression of things during his lifetime: "I have," he says, "a better opinion of mankind than I had, when I began my public life. I cannot, therefore, ask, 'What is the cause why the former days were better than these?' I do not believe in the fact itself.

God has not been throwing away duration upon the human race. The state of the world *has* been improved, and is improving. What noble efforts are made, in this day, to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free! How is the tendency to war, on every slight pretext, giving way to reference and negotiation! . . . . I cannot look at these various progressions without exclaiming, ‘What hath God wrought!’” Our venerable friend proceeds to say that, when he first went to London, there were no missionary societies, but those of the Moravian and Wesleyan brethren; “nor had we then that noblest of all institutions since the apostolic era, the Bible Society, nor the Tract Society, nor the Anti-Slavery or Peace Societies, nor the many other kindred institutions which are, at present, all sending forth the truth as it is in Jesus—all carrying on their operations with prayer, and all crowned with encouragement and success, proportioned to their means and endeavours.”

In harmony with these hopeful opinions, are many things which a good man may hail as the legitimate results of such labours. There are not wanting these indications even in the current worldly literature of the day: a different and more modified tone is now adopted. Courtesy and mutual forbearance among those who meet each other on the field of contest are recommended and praised, and the appeal is made no longer to brute force, but to higher and better influences. Pleasing, too, and cheering beyond all that we have yet mentioned, are the evidences that among men of war there is a better spirit than there was of yore. Many, very many, among our officers and commanders are men who fear God, who sincerely deplore the evils of that profession which they follow, and whose faithful endeavour it is to mitigate to the utmost of their power the horrors of war. Is it a small thing to know that Christian officers in the Madras Presidency can now assure us, that there is not one of their regiments in which there is not at least one decided Christian officer, and that there are many which have several? Can we forget, too, the striking intelligence connected with the last campaign in the Punjab, that there were held in the camp large prayer-meetings of united bodies of pious officers and men, and that in her majesty’s twenty-fourth regiment, which suffered so severely at Chillianwallah, a large number of the men, amounting to upwards of two hundred, were communicants, and many of them devout believers?

Already there have been presented some encouraging prospects of usefulness through the medium of the Bible and Sailors’ Societies, and the Tract Society, in connection with the operations of our countrymen in the present war. An interesting letter from Captain H. C. Otter,

H.M.S. Alban, was published in the Monthly Extracts of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on July the 31st of this year. After stating that the grant of Bibles made by the society has been very useful, especially those in the Swedish language, which is spoken in the greater part of the Baltic, the captain says: “As every man and child I have met, can read the tracts and Bibles which have been dispensed, I trust there are good hopes of much benefit being derived from them.” In Turkey, also, kindred movements have taken place.

Among those, too, who are opposed to our arms, we have occasion thankfully to acknowledge instances of kindly feeling, and some even of true devout goodness. Such cases are not unfrequent, blessed be God! and they are sometimes unexpectedly brought to notice. Perhaps our readers will find pleasure in reading the following cheering instance of the blessed influences of piety and goodwill between men unhappily engaged in strife and blood-shedding.

Few events have excited more interest in the course of the present war than the wreck and capture of H.M.S. Tiger, near Odessa. A narration of this disastrous affair has been recently given by the first lieutenant, Alfred Royer, who was himself an actor in it, and who went as prisoner of war to St. Petersburg, where he saw the grand duke Constantine as well as the emperor, from whom he received his liberty, and permission to return to England. After the capture of the ship, and the night after the crew of the Tiger had been landed at Odessa, the lieutenant says: “It may afford some consolation to our friends at home to know, that, in the confusion of disembarking, there were many who brought away with them their prayer-books and Bibles, in preference to other property which remained on board.” Ay, truly, it may and does afford consolation to the Christian’s heart to learn that these poor captives, amid the haste and terror of those scenes, forgot not the treasure of the heavenly word—nay, even preferred it before the goods of earth!

The Russian general, Osten Sacken, showed great kindness to the unfortunate prisoners during their detention at Odessa. He paid daily visits to the captain and officers, and also to the hospital, and seemed much gratified when he saw William Tanner, (one of the men who had been wounded, but who recovered,) engaged in frequently reading his Bible. The general was evidently a man of kindly nature and of religious feelings. “He never visited the establishment (the lieutenant says) without going to the graves of his enemies, and there he might often be seen, absorbed in meditation, offering up supplications to the Lord of Hosts.” The amiable lady of this kind general also manifested no less kind-

ness and considerate attention towards the prisoners and the wounded. She supplied them from her own house with various delicacies and necessaries, and when the poor boy, Thomas Hood, died, she caused an iron-railing to be placed around his grave, and planted trees to overshadow it. She had, not long before, lost a son about the age of this lad, and appeared deeply interested for the parents of the deceased, and also for those of the young midshipman, who also died; and to the mother of the latter, she sent a gold locket containing some of his hair.

Our limits do not permit us to add any further details from this very interesting narrative. The compassionate benevolence evinced by these kind individuals towards our countrymen, whom the "chances of war" had consigned to their tender mercies, naturally leads us to ask how have their countrymen, who have been taken prisoners by our arms, been cared for? And it is some consolation to know that a favourable answer may be given to this inquiry. The Russian prisoners, while at Sheerness, were visited by Mr. Hahn, the excellent agent of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and supplied with copies of the Scriptures, which they accepted with alacrity. Divine service, too, was performed on board one of the vessels, at which the men readily attended.

Surely every friend of humanity must applaud the attempts of the learned and excellent Grotius to blend maxims of humanity with military operations, and thus to mitigate the woes of the most awful scourge that Providence employs for the chastisement of man! "Instead of showing our love to our country by engaging eagerly in the strife of parties, let us choose to signalize it rather by beneficence, by piety, by an exemplary discharge of the duties of private life, under a persuasion that *that* man, in the final issue of things, will be seen to have been the best patriot, who is the best Christian." These are the words of that eloquent preacher, Robert Hall, in his sermon, entitled, "Reflections on War," from which wise, beautiful, and pathetic address, we will give one more short passage as a conclusion to this paper.

"To acknowledge the hand of God is a duty, indeed, at all times; but there are seasons when it is made so bare, that it is next to impossible, and, therefore, signally criminal, to overlook it. It is almost unnecessary to add that the present is one of those seasons. If ever we are expected to 'be still, and know that he is God,' it is on such an occasion as this, when we so evidently behold 'the works of the Lord, and the desolations which he maketh in the earth.' It is surely of the utmost consequence to see to it, that our humiliation be deep, our repentance sincere, and the dispositions we cherish, as well

as the resolutions we form, suitable to the nature of the crisis, and the solemnity of the occasion; such, in a word, as Omniscience will approve."

#### ANECDOTES.

**A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.**—An old and esteemed friend of the writer was in the habit of illustrating this subject by a reference to a circumstance in his own history. In the earlier years of his business as a coachmaker, he lived with his family over the business premises. It was the habit for one of the men to ring at six o'clock, when, putting on some light clothing, he went down, opened the door, and then returned to dress. One morning he was awoke by the bell; he thought the night seemed to be hardly spent, but rose. In descending the stairs, he was alarmed by the crackling of burning wood in the room immediately under that in which he had left his wife. On opening the street-door, his man immediately began to beg his pardon for having disturbed him an hour before the time. He stopped him, telling him it was well he had come. The servants were roused; every one brought water, and then the door of the room was opened, and water being plentifully applied, the fire was extinguished just as it was approaching the part allotted to various articles of a combustible nature, the ignition of which would have rendered the room above dangerous, and the passage by the staircase impracticable. Probably there is not one of our readers who has not some special interposition of Providence to record.

**WHAT HAST THOU DONE?** Genesis iv. 10.—The Rev. Rowland Hill preached from the above words at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in the year 1815. He commenced his sermon as follows: "On my way to your island I visited the county gaol" at Winchester, and there I saw many accused of heavy crimes, but who appeared careless and indifferent, and to have little sense of their awful situation—some of them being about to take their trial for their lives; but one young man attracted my attention, who kept separate from the rest, and whose countenance betrayed deep emotion. I went up to him, and said: 'Well, and what have you done, young man?' 'Oh, sir,' said he, deeply affected, 'I have done that which I cannot undo, and which has undone me.' This, my dear friends," said the venerable man, "is the situation of every one whom I now address. You have each of you done that which has undone you, and which you cannot undo." He then proceeded to show their awful state as sinners, and to direct them to the Saviour of the lost.

**THE GIRL OF VERITY.**—Robert Pasfield, a servant, became mighty in the Scriptures, though

he could neither read nor write. He made a leather girdle sufficiently long to go twice around him. This he divided into several parts, assigning each book in the Bible to some one of these divisions. For the chapters he affixed points or thongs of leather to the several divisions, and by other points he divided the chapters into verses. This girdle thus arranged, he used instead of pen and ink, in hearing sermons. By means of it, he could, on coming home, repeat the sermon, and quote the texts of Scripture to his own comfort and the benefit of others. After his death, the girdle was hung up in the study of his master, who used pleasantly to call it the girdle of verity.

### CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

#### THE FOWLER.

'When they shall go, I will spread my net upon them; I will bring them down as the fowls of heaven; I will chastise them as their congregation hath heard.'—*Hosea viii. 12.*

THIS is a threat denounced against Israel, because, instead of seeking shelter under the protection of Jehovah, they had, like a silly dove, without heart or understanding, been fluttering in every direction in quest of safety. But whilst they were endeavouring to escape the chastisement due to their sins, God brought them, as it were, down in his net, and consigned them to a forlorn and wretched captivity.

The practice of catching birds with a net is very ancient, and was in all probability as old as the other exercises of the chase. The net represented in our engraving indicates its high antiquity, from the simple plan of its construction. A thin web is stretched upon a frame, which is fastened to two pegs stuck in the ground. Upon these it turns laterally, like a door on its hinges. A chain is attached to one end of the frame, which the fowler takes in his hand, while he sits down behind the fantastic trunk of some old tree in quiet watchfulness for his prey. His position is oblique in reference to the net; and hence, by a sudden jerk of the chain, the frame is made to revolve from one side of the hinges to the other. The lackless birds, allured by the mimic call of the fowler, alight in front of the net, and there, while hoping to find the songster whose voice had so woefully enticed them to the spot, a rapid whirl of the treacherous gin makes them all prisoners. The feathered creatures which are represented in the picture as the objects of the fowler's chase, are swallows, those children of summer, which haunt the regions of China.

The Chinese, we may observe, are great bird-fanciers; and hence, though the lark, the starling, the thrush, and the butcher-bird, are treated

as chief decoys, other birds obtain a share in their complacencies.

The basket behind the fowler in the engraving is of a very easy manufacture, with its wickers just far enough apart to let him see what is going forward within the prison, without running the risk of losing his prisoners. It is empty; by which we may infer that the fowler is only at the commencement of his labours.

The net in our engraving is copied from a Chinese work of great antiquity. The fowlers, however, that we now sometimes meet with in China, are not furnished with a net like that of their forefathers. They provide themselves with a basket, which they fasten about their loins. This holds their prey, or their game, as the case may be. The instrument for catching the birds is made up of two long poles, which by an easy junction are changed into one. The upper end of the lesser of the twain is freely smeared with bird-lime, which by cleaving to the feathers of the bird prevents its escape. While the fowler is occupied in searching for birds, he carries the two poles in his right hand, and utters at intervals an exact and lively imitation of the bird's voice. The little creatures, half afraid, and yet charmed with the notes, so often and so vigorously repeated, continue to flit from bush to bush, in the wildness of fascination, till their crafty pursuer judges them within the range of his pole, when all on a sudden he joins the two poles, and thrusts the end by them with as much celerity as the tongue of the woodpecker, when it glances at some unsuspecting fly. The pole is instantly withdrawn, and the poor struggling bird is released from its confinement with the loss of not a few of its feathers, and placed in the basket by the side of its victorious pursuer. This method is very well calculated for the chase of little birds that delight in thickets, and would suit the naturalist, if it did not occasion so much injury to the plumage. The natives make no account of this, and tell the buyer, if he complains at missing the tail or the best part of a wing, that others will grow in the room of those that are lost.

When birds of a gregarious kind, such as the Chinese robin (*Leiothrix furcatus*) and different kinds of finch, are the objects of the fowler's search, he adheres to the ancient plan, and brings down his net upon the unwary flock. But whether he resorts to the net or the "limed" pole, he is a fit emblem of that great fowler who is ever lying in wait for souls, which he too often contrives to charm into self-forgetfulness by the syren melody of sinful pleasure. How often is a young man caught in the vortex of giddy mirth among the votaries of revelling and gaiety, half bereft of his wits and self-possession by the lure of flattery! and how often does he lose him-



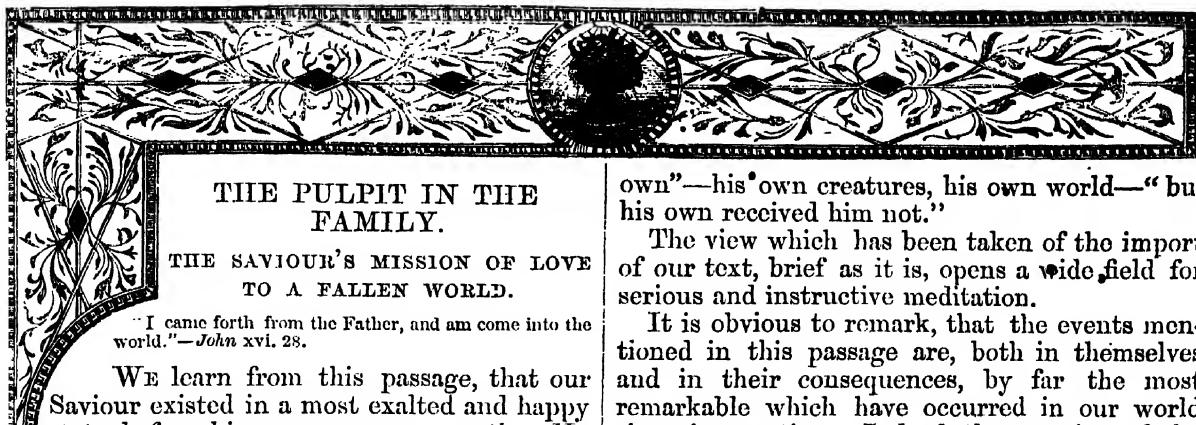
self in the oblivious bed of sloth and listlessness! "For man knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them." Eccl. ix. 12. "For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men." Jer. v. 26.

"As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they are become great and waxen rich." Jer. v. 27. By reflecting upon the context, we ascertain the reason why a *cage full of birds* is mentioned in connection with the fowler's works. This cage was, as we infer, in use, and perhaps in form, like the one that is represented in our engraving. Into this "cage" the fowler put his birds as they fell into his hands. It was the appointed receptacle of his prey. Hence we see a forcible and striking reason why the houses of the extortioners were likened to this cage. They were full of rapine, and contained nothing which had not been caught by cunning and violence. As the word *kelub*, rendered cage, is of solitary occurrence in the Bible, a question has been raised as to its exact import. But, without wandering among the dry and often unprofitable paths of verbal criticism, we may put it to the reader, whether

the basket, that stands behind the fowler, ready to receive the prey, does not suggest the best commentary he has seen upon the phrase, "as a cage is full of birds."

"Deliver thyself as a roe from the hand of the hunter, and as a bird from the hand of the fowler." Prov. vi. 5. This is a serious caution against hasty and inconsiderate engagements, whereby the inexperienced, yea, and even those who have had an insight into the instability of mundane affairs, are reduced to poverty. He that is become security for another is compared to the bird already within the reach of the net; the fowler has only to pull the string, and the bird is caught. He is, therefore, exhorted to make the best speed he can to get out of circumstances so fraught with danger to himself.

"That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." 2 Tim. ii. 26. What a picture does this present us of the whole world, as the wretched captives of Satan. Oh! reader, awake, arise, burst the fastenings that tie thee down to thine eternal ruin; or, rather, call upon him who is able to cut the meshes of the net of the fowler; cry to the Saviour for the aid of his blessed Spirit, to break the yoke of every besetting and ensnaring sin.



## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### THE SAVIOUR'S MISSION OF LOVE TO A FALLEN WORLD.

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world."—*John xvi. 28.*

WE learn from this passage, that our Saviour existed in a most exalted and happy state before his appearance on earth. He was then with the Father; or, as another passage expresses it, in the bosom of the Father. The same truth is elsewhere taught with at least equal clearness. In the first verse of this book we are told, that he was in the beginning with God; and in the prayer which immediately follows this chapter, he says, "Father, I come to thee; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me, with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Unless we suppose that he could utter falsehood, even in an address to heaven, we must then believe that he not only existed with the Father, but that he possessed glory with the Father before the world was made. And what was he then? He was not a man; for he became man when he was born into our world. He was not an angel; for an apostle asserts, and brings many arguments to prove, that he was not. Unto which of the angels, he asks, did God ever say, as he did to Christ, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. But if he was not a man, not an angel, what was he? Let inspiration answer. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Nor did he cease to be God when he became man. No, he was God manifest in the flesh, God over all, blessed for ever.

Our Saviour farther teaches us in these words, that from this pre-existent, exalted, happy state in the bosom of the Father, he came into our world. "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world." This truth also is, in other places, largely insisted on both by himself and his apostles. In several passages he says, expressly, "I came down from heaven." "Being in the form of God," says an apostle, "he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross." "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his

own"—his own creatures, his own world—"but his own received him not."

The view which has been taken of the import of our text, brief as it is, opens a wide field for serious and instructive meditation.

It is obvious to remark, that the events mentioned in this passage are, both in themselves and in their consequences, by far the most remarkable which have occurred in our world since its creation. Indeed, the creation of the world itself was an event far less wonderful. That a Being possessed of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, should create a world, or many worlds, is nothing very wonderful or surprising. But that, after he had created it, and after its inhabitants had revolted from him, he should visit it—visit it in a human form, in the likeness of sinful flesh; that he should enter it, not as the Ancient of days, but as an infant; live in it, not as its Sovereign and Proprietor, but as a servant, a dependant on the bounty of his own creatures; and above all, that he should die in it—die in it as a malefactor, on a cross, between two thieves; that this earth should not only have been pressed by its Creator's footsteps, but wet with his tears, and stained with his blood; these are wonders indeed, wonders which would be utterly incredible had not God himself revealed them; wonders which will still be regarded as incredible by all, who forget that God is wonderful in working, and that as high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are his ways above our ways, and his thoughts above our thoughts. No wonder that angels should desire to look into these things. No wonder that they left heaven in multitudes to visit our world when their Creator and their Lord lay an infant in a manger. No wonder that raptures and ecstacies, unfelt before, swelled their bosoms, and called for new songs to express them. The wonder is that man, stupid, insensible man, should be no more affected by this event, that he should regard it without interest, and almost fall asleep while he hears it described. It is not thus when events comparatively trifling solicit his attention. Let the queen of Great Britain visit her Irish and Scottish dominions, and the nation rings with it. Let a comet blaze athwart the sky, and thousands of sleepless eyes are open to watch the ethereal stranger. But let the Creator, the Eternal Sovereign of the universe, by whom and for whom all things were made, come in the most interesting form, to visit this rebellious province of his dominions,

and how few are found who even trouble themselves to ask whence he comes, or what is his object; how much fewer to give him the welcome which he had a right to expect! My readers, how strange is this: and how strange it is, that we cannot see and blush at our own stupidity. Why is this event, which will cause the name of our world to resound through the whole created universe of God, and to be had in everlasting remembrance, regarded with such indifference? This world itself will soon, with all its works, be burned up. But the fact mentioned in our text will preserve its name from oblivion, and through eternal ages it will be remembered as the world which its Creator visited, and for which he died. And for similar reasons its inhabitants, the posterity of Adam, may be objects of intense interest and curiosity to holy beings through interminable ages. Show me a man—show me one of that race for which my Creator died—show me one of those whom he redeemed by his blood, will, we may suppose, be one of the first exclamations of all who, through the ages of eternity, shall from various parts of Jehovah's dominions enter heaven; and when they wish to see what sin can do; when they wish to behold it in its most dreadful effects, in its blackest forms, they will turn and contemplate, with shuddering wonder, those who perished in consequence of neglecting this great salvation, and receiving this unparalleled grace of God in vain. These, they will exclaim, were some of the inhabitants of that highly favoured world. And how could the inhabitants of such a world perish? How could they resist such love—such mercy—such a bright display of all the divine perfections, as was exhibited to them! How could they break through so many sacred obligations, resist the influence of so many most powerful motives, and win their way to hell over the body of a crucified Saviour—of such a Saviour too as died for them? My readers, if, as our great Teacher assures us, much will be required of those to whom much is given, it seems certain that the responsibility, the sinfulness, and the guilt of those who perish after hearing of what Jesus Christ has done and suffered for them, will be greater than those of any other creatures; for surely, without intending to limit God, we may venture to say, that he never will, that he never can, do more for any race of beings than he has for ours.

But it is not sufficient to simply contemplate this great event, wonderful as it is. We must look also at the motives which prompted it. Indeed, when we see the Creator leaving heaven itself, and the bosom of his Father, descending into our world, assuming and suffering in our nature, we are naturally led to ask, what motive impelled him? what object could in his view be

of sufficient importance to induce such humiliation, such suffering as this? It must have been a great object, a powerful motive, which could have induced him to visit our world, even had he come in the form of God. But how much greater must have been the object, how much more powerful the motive, which induced him to visit it in the form of a servant, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and to die as a malefactor. What could induce him to exchange heaven for earth, the bosom of his Father for the body of an infant, the celestial throne for a manger and a cross, the adoration of angels for the scoffs and insults of men? It evidently could be no personal object, no selfish motive, no motive such as those by which we are naturally actuated. It could not be to gain anything for himself; for he already possessed all things, and he knew that, by coming into our world, he must sustain a temporary loss of almost everything dear to him. It must then have been for others, and not for himself, that he came. And it was for others—it was for us. He came to be the light of the world. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He came to save his people from their sins. He came to redeem them from the curse of a violated law, by bearing it in their stead. He came to die, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us back to a forsaken God. In a word, he came to rescue immortal souls, beings capable of containing inconceivable happiness or misery, from moral blindness, and sin, and guilt, and death, and hell; and to open a way by which they might ascend to the heaven from which he came, but whose gates their sins had for ever barred against them. Such was the object for which the Creator did and suffered all this. And, oh, how puerile, how trifling do the grandest objects of human pursuit, and the most splendid human enterprises, appear when compared with this! All succeeding ages have combined to admire and extol Columbus, embarking to seek, over a pathless ocean, a then undiscovered quarter of the globe. But what was this in comparison with our Saviour's descent from heaven into the grave, to seek a lost, to bring back a wandering, to save a ruined, self-ruined world? This was, indeed, an enterprise for a God.

But still the question returns, if this was the object, what was the motive? Why did he wish to save such a world? He needed it not. He could have made a thousand worlds at less expense. And he had every reason to abhor and renounce our race, both on account of what they had done, and on account of the manner in which he foresaw they would treat himself. My readers, there was but one motive, but one principle in his breast, sufficiently strong to prompt him to this; and that principle was

ove, pure disinterested love. And now I have mentioned its name, many of you will not understand me. You cannot conceive of such love, because you never felt it. According to a trite and homely but just remark, you judge of others by yourselves. When you hear of missionaries leaving their native country, and going to spend their days among the heathen, among savages, far from all the enjoyments and conveniences of civilized life, some of you can scarcely believe that they are prompted by love, love to the souls of men whom they never saw. Many of you probably suspect that they are secretly actuated by some more selfish motive. How then can you expand your narrow views sufficiently to grasp, to comprehend that immeasurable love which Jesus Christ displayed in his mission from heaven! The Christian, in whose breast a spark of the same celestial fire has been kindled, can conceive something of it; but those who are destitute of this love, as all impenitent sinners are, form no conception of it, and hear of the love of Christ, and of all its astonishing effects, with a kind of stupid amazement, or with perfect indifference. But, my readers, whatever any of you may think of it, all the love which was ever felt on earth, and all that was ever felt by angels, could it be collected into one bosom, would be as nothing compared with the love which Christ displayed, and would leave that bosom cold in comparison with the fervour which glowed in his breast. His love was a love like the deluge of Noah, such a love as we might expect could be displayed when the windows of heaven were unstopped, the fountains of its great deeps broke up, and all its treasured stores of love poured down at once upon us. To think of such love is like trying to think of existence which has no beginning, or of power which makes something of nothing. Tongue cannot describe it, finite minds cannot conceive it, angels faint under it, and those who know most of it can only say, in the language of inspiration, that it passeth knowledge.

The appearance of such a person as Jesus Christ in our world gives us an appalling view of the moral state and danger of its inhabitants. If it was necessary that such a being should come from heaven to save us, our situation must be deplorable indeed. How dark, for instance, how black, must have been that night of ignorance which nothing less than the descent of the Sun of Righteousness from his celestial sphere could illuminate. How strong must have been those bands of sin which none but an Almighty deliverer could break. How incalculably great must have been that guilt, for which nothing but such a sacrifice could atone. In a word, how incurable, how desperate must have been the spiritual maladies of our race,

when such a physician was necessary to heal them, and when even he could find no remedy sufficiently efficacious but his own blood. Well may we say, with an apostle, that if one, if such an one, died for men, then were men dead. My readers, it is not those passages which speak of the blindness of the human mind, the desperate wickedness of the human heart, and the vast amount of human sinfulness and human guilt, that give me the most appalling views of our situation. No, it is the means which were thought necessary by infinite wisdom to save us from that situation. I know that God would not leave heaven for a slight cause. I know that the Creator would not be born, and suffer, and die, unless some most tremendous exigency demanded it. And when I am told that the situation of man was so hopeless, so deplorable, as to render such means necessary for his deliverance, then, then I view our situation as terrible indeed. I see the dreadfulness of our fate in the means employed to rescue us from it. My readers, you would in other cases reason in a similar manner. Were either of you sick, and should your friends at a vast expense send to a great distance for a most skilful physician, you would conclude at once that they considered your disease as exceedingly dangerous; your fears would be excited, and you would readily submit to every means which might possibly effect a cure. Why then, when you see, not a prophet, not an angel, but the eternal Son of God, the Creator, Upholder, and Governor of the world, sent from heaven to cure you, will you not reason and act in a similar manner? Why not say, if my own merits, if a man, if an angel could have saved me, Jesus Christ would never have come forth from his Father into this world to do it? Why not believe that there is none other name given under heaven among men, whereby you can be saved? And why not receive thankfully, and at once, this great Physician, and submit to the means of cure which he prescribes? Remember, that if you neglect to do this, you will, you must be left in that awful situation, and exposed to that tremendous doom from which Jesus Christ came to save sinners. Remember, that that doom will be awfully aggravated by your neglect of such a Saviour. Remember that, if you reject him, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. To-day, then, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

## THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

## PART II.

At the age of nineteen, having come in contact with the Rev. Rowland Hill, the youthful

preacher was invited up to London to preach in Surrey chapel; and the favour with which this first visit was received, shows that his adaptation to the great work on which he had entered was clearly recognised by the church at Surrey chapel, as well as by multitudes in London. That large chapel was soon crowded to excess; and when he preached his last sermon, the yard before the dwelling-house was filled with the lingering multitude, who would not disperse until he had bidden them farewell from the window. At this period Mr. Jay received many applications to settle as the pastor of large congregations, which he very wisely declined to accept. He gave indeed large promise of eminence and usefulness, but he well knew how necessary it was for him to secure more preparation for his work before he entered on an extensive sphere, in which there would be constant demands on his intellectual stores. It was his wish to give much "attention to reading," as well as to exhortation, and, with admirable prudence, to withdraw from those flattering scenes in which an inexperienced youth might easily have been puffed up with pride, and so fall into the condemnation of the devil.

The conduct of Mr. Jay at this period of his life shows the Christian prudence by which he was guided, and which marked the whole of his course. It is necessary that those who are to be public teachers should be endowed with the qualities which, if duly cultivated, will fit them to secure attention and speak with effect; and it is well if these attributes of the orator are discovered at an early period. They may, however, become a snare by their abuse, and they are abused when made a substitute for study. There is such a thing as "a fatal facility of utterance," and not a few have admired instead of cultivating the gift that was in them, so that the natural fluency and the natural genius, which should have furnished the motive to study, have become the excuse for its neglect. There are men of vast learning who are comparatively useless, because they are not "apt to teach;" and there are others, naturally endowed with aptness for teaching, who are equally useless, because they fail to collect the material required by the instructor. An invaluable lesson indeed may to be learnt by young men, and especially by young ministers, from the example of this popular young preacher, on whom, perhaps, unparalleled honour was conferred by the crowd assembled under his window, and who hurried away to the seclusion of the small, but to him interesting, village of Christian Malsford, near Chippenham. He went thither, not to hide his light under a bushel, but to feed his lamp "with fresh oil," and to be ready for the time when his Lord

should call him forth to illumine a larger sphere.

In less than two years Mr. Jay was guided to the city of Bath, which was to be the scene of his ordinary labours for more than sixty years—the rest of his useful life. There are some eminent ministers of Christ, whose residence in the places to which they were divinely directed has associated their names with those scenes so inseparably, that the name of the place suggests that of the person, and that of the person the name of the place. In the mind of the religious people of this country, and of all countries to which our religious literature extends, the names of Jay and Bath are thus indissolubly united, and the one immediately calls up the other. We can almost see the Divine hand that planted this candlestick in its appointed place, and kept it there diffusing its "burning and shining light," not for a short "season," like that of John, but for a protracted age, guarding it from the rude blast that would extinguish it, or the mist that would impair its brightness. His own feelings were in perfect harmony with the Divine will which thus determined the bounds of his habitation; referring to this he says: "I never felt that I was where I ought to be till I became, as a preacher, an inhabitant of Bath; but, from that time, I said, 'this is my destination, whatever be its duties or trials;' and it was additionally satisfying to understand that this was the conviction of all my friends and brethren in the gospel."

If in all our ways we acknowledge the Lord, he will direct our paths, not by such a miraculous star as he created for the Eastern magi, not by dreams and visions and mysterious impulses, but by his word, his Spirit, and his providential leadings, which, whether at the first pleasing or the reverse, will command our willing and grateful submission. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." In answer to prayer, we shall not only find what he would have us to do, but where he would have us to be. How must the prophet have trembled when he heard the voice of Jehovah saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" How cheerfully must the disciples have departed when Jesus said, "Arise, let us go hence." Still is it promised to faithful servants of God that they shall hear a voice behind them, saying, "This is the way wherein ye shall go," when they would turn to the right hand or to the left.

As we have traced the progress of our preacher to his settlement in Bath, we may mark the characteristics of his discourses and writings—a part of our work which we can perform with comparative ease, as his excellence consisted not of some one extraordinary feature, which is difficult

of description, but was the result of the combination of many elements of great simplicity, that by their union formed an admirable whole.

It has been properly said that "there was in his style comparatively little of the grandeur and sublimity of the great masters of eloquence, but a constant succession of chaste, tender, and smiling allusions. His preaching did not produce the effect of the lofty and fervid utterances of Robert Hall, which, with their elegant diction, mighty conceptions, and glowing imagery, raised the hearer into a fellowship of rapture with the speaker's own mind; nor did it bear any resemblance to the gorgeous language, exuberant fancy, and dazzling splendours of Chalmers, which overwhelmed with its mental opulence." It is not necessary now to inquire whether Mr. Jay, had he chosen it, could have sustained the sublime flights which seemed natural to these elevated minds; certain it is that he did not try to do so, and that he chose a method of teaching which, while it was delightful for its heavenly and spiritual character, never carried him beyond the reach of the many to whom he delighted to convey his Lord's message.

His object was to combine in due proportions the various attributes, in some one of which others excelled, and this object he was enabled to secure. He tells us that when he went first to London, and was all anxiety to hear the preachers of the famed metropolis, he was told by a friend that if he wished to hear a good doctrinal sermon, he must hear Mr. ——; if an experimental, he must hear Mr. ——; if a practical, he must hear Mr. ——; whereupon he enquired whether there was no minister in London who preached all these, as he should like to hear him. His *beau ideal* of a good preacher, he was enabled to exhibit in his own person. It generally occurred that every variety of hearer heard something in any one of his sermons which gave peculiar gratification; while the attention was kept alive, and the mind refreshed and benefited, as the preacher intermingled narrative and doctrine, reasoning and pathos, the dogma of the theologian and the ethics of the Christian moralist. We may sometimes compare a particular preacher to some one of those precious stones forming the foundation of the New Jerusalem. Here is a chrysolite (a carnelian), there an emerald, and there again an amethyst; but William Jay was a beautiful mosaic, formed of portions of them all, arranged with careful regard to the laws which regulate the harmony of colours, so that there is nothing wanting which can please the eye or gratify the taste. Many preachers are remarkable for inequality in their sermons, and some are said rarely to preach two discourses of the same excellence on the same day; we have

never heard this said of this venerable man, though his ministerial course extended over a period of more than sixty years.

We have had the privilege of hearing him discourse at an ordinary week evening service, in Argyle chapel, with as much of holy fervour and heavenly wisdom as could have been anticipated at either of the services of the Lord's day. There was the same kind of excellence in his familiar expositions of Scripture at the Monday evening prayer meetings, when the venerable pastor took his seat in an arm-chair at the table, "like a father in the midst of his children," and brake to them the bread of instruction. It is said that he prepared for these services only by fixing on a portion of Scripture before he left his home, which he turned over in his mind as he walked to the chapel. The few specimens which have been furnished from the notes of friends induce the wish that these precious fragments were all collected, and incorporated with those other valuable remains of the preacher, by which "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

Method has always been regarded by the highest teachers as an important element of instruction, and the want of method could never be charged on Mr. Jay, who frequently enjoined it on others, and invariably displayed it himself. One of his constant and most intelligent hearers observes, that "the simple and clear way in which Mr. Jay divided and explained all his sermons, added to the attractive style of delivery, made all he said easily remembered; and, indeed, so attractive was his mode of preaching that numerous individuals whom I have met with during my life-time, have been at the end of years able to give the substance, if not the divisions, of the only sermon they ever heard from his lips." It is not essential that the order of the preacher should always be announced by numerals, although Mr. Jay chose to have recourse to such assistance for the sake of the hearers, who found them most material helps to memory. If a sermon be worth hearing, it is worth remembering, and aids to memory are not beneath the regard of the wisest teacher.

The discourses of Mr. Jay were remarkable for the manner in which they were adorned with the language of the sacred Scriptures. They were in their structure formed on the text, that text being the ground plan of the whole, and then the discourse throughout was enriched with the "words which the Holy Ghost speaketh," introduced in a manner which showed the intimate acquaintance of the preacher with that word, and his earnest desire that it should dwell in the minds of his hearers "in all wisdom."

One great source of his usefulness, as well as of his unfailing popularity, was the simplicity which marked his thoughts, and the style in

which they were presented. The kind of simplicity to which we refer was not the result of inability to assume the style of the philosopher, which he uniformly avoided, but was the effect of his deliberate determination, as well as of his natural taste. His object was to imitate the mode of teaching pursued by the sacred writers, of whom he observes that, " instead of defining, they describe ; and instead of describing, they exemplify. They hold forth all things, not in the nakedness of abstraction, but clothed with their attributes, and palpable in their effects. To show us what the power of religion is, they tell us what it does. The believer *comes* to Christ. The penitent looks on him whom he has pierced, and *mourns*. We have not the rules and tactics of the war, but we see the warrior, from his arming till he has triumphed. We have not the representation of the pilgrimage, but we have the pilgrim, and follow him step by step from the City of Destruction up to the celestial abode."

The discourses of this interesting preacher were often remarkable for their graphic character, and not only for the occasional introduction of pleasing imagery, but for the attention paid to pictorial effect in the mapping out of the whole sermon. There is great beauty in the following plan, which we do not remember ever to have seen in print. Mr. Jay was discoursing on the lament of Jacob over the supposed death of his beloved Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 33), when he received his son's coat dipped in blood, and said, " It is my son's coat ; an evil beast hath devoured him : Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." Here, said the preacher, we see :—

1. An old sufferer with his wounds bleeding afresh.
2. Folly smarting under its own rod.

He should not have provided that coat of many colours, which excited the envy of his other sons.

3. Grief drawing conclusions in the dark.

" Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces."

It is truly said of Mr. Jay by his biographers, that " he was a master of the true pathetic. His voice gave him great advantages here. His very intonations touched and opened the springs of feeling. When the people were in a prepared state of mind, he has sometimes melted them by his manner of repeating an interjection, or a single word." We remember witnessing his power in this respect in a remarkable manner. When describing the brethren of Joseph sitting down to their meal, after they had cast him into the pit, he uttered, but in little more than a whisper, the word *wretches* in such a way as most deeply to move the whole congregation. He was preaching for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Great Queen Street, London, and his text

was, " We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

This faithful preacher had an ardent love, not only for his work, but for the duty of preparation—that preparation, as to the number of sermons he planned out being considerably beyond his actual requirements. His son-in-law, Mr. Bolton, mentioned to us, that he has known him during a single morning form the scheme of as many as sixteen sermons, all of which he could probably have preached with very little additional labour. There is literal truth in the statement of his biographers, that " at home and abroad, when travelling or recreating himself at some watering-place, he was in one sense always sermonizing. He rarely returned to his own house, after a retreat for awhile to the coast, without bringing back with him some plans of sermons or texts that had struck him, in his reading or meditations, during his season of innocent relaxation from pastoral duties. To be a useful preacher was his aim ; and it was thus by constant and unwearied effort he became one."

## THE PLANTS OF SCRIPTURE.

### THE THISTLE.

THERE are many varieties of this well-known offensive plant growing in Palestine, as well as in other parts of the world. The Hebrew word " dardar," which occurs twice in Scripture, is thought to be derived from a root signifying " round," from its spherical form, or from its being encircled with a downy sphere, on which it easily rolls along with the wind—so easily, indeed, that we should live in a world of thistles, were not man's industry continually on the alert. It is curious to observe how the seed is furnished with means for rapid dissemination, having a wing to waft it to a distance, and a hook to attach it to any moving substance which may help it on its journey. " I have seen the air perfectly filled with the down of this thistle for miles together," says Mr. Miller, " flying along in windy weather till it was intercepted by a hedge, a bank, or rising ground. The greatest part of it, indeed, is down without seed ; and for this the husbandman is obliged to the goldfinch, and other small birds, who, nevertheless, generally leave enough to stock the ground ; and the misfortune is, that let a farmer be ever so neat in himself, if he happen to live near a slovenly neighbour, he will be stocked annually from the other's neglected banks and fallows." It has been calculated that one seed of the common spear thistle would produce in the first crop two thousand four hundred, and, consequently, five hundred and seventy-six millions in the second.

The Talmud mentions abundance of thistles growing in a valley near Bethlehem, and Dr. Richardson speaks of an immense species which he and his fellow-travellers met with, on their way from Nazareth to Acre, with which this part of the country was overrun, and which reached the saddles of their horses, and annoyed them exceedingly. And in the plains around Mount Carmel, writes M'Cheyne, "the quantity of weeds is quite remarkable, and all of them are of a briery, prickly nature. I counted eleven different kinds of thistle, some of them of gigantic size. In a field where barley had been sown, there were more of these thorns and briers than of the barley."

"Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,  
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born."

The growth of thorns and thistles, which reproduce themselves in so great profusion, forms an emphatic part of the curse pronounced upon the primeval transgressor. They are generally found to grow in soils of a good quality, where the inconvenience and injury produced by them is most sensibly felt; and if the notion is not too refined, the prickles and spiculae with which the thistle is armed indicate something of peculiar hostility to the cultivator of the land. Matthew Henry, commenting upon this effect of the curse (Genesis iii. 17, 18), and pointing at the misery involved in the sentence, observes: "Had not this curse been in part removed, for aught I know, the earth had never produced anything but thorns and thistles;" and again: "Adam was not *himself* cursed as the serpent was, but only the ground for his sake, for God had blessings in store for him; therefore he was not directly and immediately cursed, but, as it were, at second-hand. This curse upon the earth, which cut off his expectation of happiness in things below, might direct and quicken him to look for bliss and satisfaction only in things above. . . . . Observe also, that labour is our duty, which we must faithfully perform; we are bound to work, not as creatures only, but as criminals; it is the part of our sentence which idleness daringly defies."

In the promise to Noah, this curse of barrenness was mitigated; it is, however, impossible to ascertain the exact state of the earth from the fall to the flood; but we have great reason to suppose that it required much harder labour to cultivate it than at present, especially before man was helped by beasts, for now he is relieved from the worst parts of it by instruments of husbandry, etc.

This noxious weed appears to have been the stigma of God's denunciation against the altars that had been defiled by the Israelites in Bethaven, which were left to be overgrown by

thorns and thistles, as a condition demonstrative of the utter desolation to which they were to be abandoned. "The high places also of Aven, the sin of Israel, shall be destroyed; the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars." Hosea x. 8. These idolatrous altars were as offensive in the sight of God as the thorns and thistles, those fruits of sin and the curse, could have been in theirs.

In the course of our Lord's sermon, recorded in Matthew vii. 16, we find this worthless plant set in striking contrast to the fig—a tree of much value—to exhibit more forcibly the dependence of action on principle. The differences of character in these plants is analogous to the differences of character in men. From the plant which imbibes the coarser juices of the soil only, little or nothing can be expected, but from the fig which absorbs the richer parts of the ground, a valuable and refreshing fruit is the consequence; and so the fairer productions of character proclaim their heavenly origin and the secret sources whence their constant supplies of grace are drawn.

The only passage which remains to be noticed is Job xxxi. 39, 40, where he imprecates barrenness upon his land, if he had been guilty of defrauding his dependants of their just dues. "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley"—useless and injurious weeds, the product only of an uncultivated soil, in the place of a grain almost essential to the support of man. How unconsciously descriptive was his inspired pen of the unhappy fate of the once "delightsome land" of Syria, where M'Cheyne found in the corn-fields more of this weed than of the grain. The short-lived verdure indeed with which this country is drest up after the showers of spring, exhibits a mortifying contrast to its ancient fertility.

Stay, fleeting verdure, stay awhile,  
Nor mock with a delusive show  
A land which only sees thee smile  
Upon its doom of sin and woe:  
It may not be—a curse enwraps the ground,  
And throws its veil of sadness all around.

Ah, linger yet, ye with'ring flow'rs,  
Breathe yet again your fragrance round;  
The tenure of your transient hours  
Prolong to this deserted ground:  
Ah no! the sweeping curse, with pois'nous breath  
Sheds on each drooping flow'r the dew of death.

Oh that faith's disencumber'd sight  
Could stretch beyond these scenes unblest.  
To prospects of a brighter hue,  
On which no frown can ever rest;  
But where God's smile eternal bliss bestows,  
And Sharon's flow'r without the thistle grows.

Poetry.

MY BROTHER.

I LIKE to think my brother's tomb  
Is near this ruin'd wall,  
Where from the trees sweet voices come,  
And slumb'ring shadows fall.  
  
Soft is his little couch serene,  
Watch'd by the old grey tow'r;  
While overhead the branches green  
Enweave a verdant bower.  
  
For often has he check'd his play  
When near this grassy plot,  
With solemn eye and voice to say  
How well he loved the spot.  
  
And how he wish'd when he should die,  
That we would place him here;  
And make a bed for him to lie,  
Where birds and trees were near.  
  
I never lik'd this serious talk,  
But, in a peevish tone,  
I told him he had spoilt my walk,  
And I should play alone.  
  
Ah, well! I now can recollect  
That when all this I said,  
His gentle eyes with tears were wet,  
His hand upon his head.  
  
The evening sun was sinking fast  
When I turn'd slowly back,  
And once again the grey tow'r past,  
In my poor brother's track.  
  
He, lone and feeble, home had crept;  
But on his fev'rish bed,  
Through that long night, he never slept,  
Nor still'd his throbbing head.  
  
The morning came: I hurried down;  
The house was strangely still;  
And when I ask'd where he was gone,  
They told me he was ill.  
  
I stole up to his silent room,  
And crept along its floor;  
Then drew aside the curtain'd gloom,  
And softly closed the door.  
  
My brother, at my step, awoke,  
And beckon'd me more near;  
Then said (and cheerfully he spoke),  
"I shall not long be here."  
  
"But, dearest brother, tell me why  
You look so very sad;  
And from the only subject fly  
Which ever makes me glad.  
  
"For though this world to you seem fair,  
And offer much to love,  
Its scenes are nothing to compare  
With brighter lands above.  
  
"And often I recall that day,  
When by my mother's side,  
With folded hands I knelt to pray,  
And heard how Jesus died.  
  
"Then grace first taught me to despise  
These paltry things below,  
And make my home above the skies,  
Where now I long to go."

I watch'd beside his bed of death,  
And held his sinking head;  
Then caught his faint expiring breath  
When the freed spirit fled.  
  
Alas! how little do we guess  
The price our blessings cost,  
Or know the treasures we possess,  
Or value them till lost!

ELLEN ROBERTS.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

79. "Satan" means "adversary." Jesus applied the name to Peter, Mark viii. 33. "He rebuked Peter, saying, Get thee behind me, Satan."

80. Acts i. 3. "He showed himself alive after his passion."

81. John x. 17, 18. "I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself."

82. 1 Tim. iv. 8. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

83. Jephthah's vow. Judges xi. 30, 31, 35.

84. On four occasions—1. When he was twelve years old, Luke ii. 41—52. 2. At the commencement of his ministry, John ii. 13—25. "Now when he was in Jerusalem at the Passover," etc. 3. John v. 1. "After this there was a feast of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem." 4. Before his death, Matt. xxvi. 19, 20; Mark xiv. 16, 17; Luke xxii. 13, 14.

85. Jacob gave a present to Esau. Gen. xxxii. 13. Jacob sent one to Joseph, as ruler of Egypt. Gen. xlivi. 11. The Israelites to Eglon. Judges iii. 15. Saul to Samuel. 1 Sam. ix. 7, 8. All who came to hear Solomon brought them to him. 1 Kings x. 25. Asa to Benhadad. 1 Kings xv. 19. Benhadad to Elisha. 2 Kings viii. 8. The king of Babylon to Hezekiah. Isaia xxxix. 1. The wise men to Jesus. Matt. ii. 11. 86. In Acts xxvii.

87. Ps. xxv. 9. "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." Ps. cxxxviii. 6. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." Prov. iii. 34. "He giveth grace unto the lowly." Is. lvii. 15. "I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit," etc.

88. In David, 1 Chron. xxix. 14. "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort?" In Job xlvi. 6. "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." In Isaiah vi. 5. "Then said I, Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." In John Baptist, Matt. iii. 11. "Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear." In the centurion, Matt. viii. 8. "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof." In the Syro-Phoenician woman, Matt. xv. 27. "Truth, Lord; ye the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

89. In Ecclesiastes xii. 2—6. "When the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders shall cease, because they are few, and they that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low," etc.

THE

# SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE PHYSICIAN EXAMINING THE PLAGUE-SUSPECTED PATIENT.

## CHRONICLES OF A SMITTEN VILLAGE.

PART IV.

THE PLAGUE STAYED.

THE Lord will not "always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever;" for "he does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." In wisdom and mercy he appoints chastisement, determines its measure and duration, strengthens the hearts of those who seek him under it; and the same hand that applied the rod removes it. "I form the light," says he, "and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I, the

Lord, do all these things." The great trial at Eyam came to an end in October. In the following month, its faithful rector addressed a letter to his uncle, John Beilly, esq., a gentleman in Yorkshire, who probably had charge of his children, in which a melancholy picture of the place is drawn.

"DEAR SIR, Eyam, November 20, 1666.

"I suppose this letter will seem to you no less than a miracle, that my habitation is *inter vivos*. I have got these lines transcribed by a friend, being loth to affright you with a letter from my hands. You are sensible of my state, the loss of the kindest wife in the world whose

PRICE ONE PENNY.

life was amiable and end most comfortable. She was in an excellent posture when death came.

"The condition of this place has been so sad, that I persuade myself it did exceed all history and example. Our town has become a Golgotha, the place of a skull; and had there not been a small remnant, we had been as Sodom, and like to Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations; and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. Now, blessed be God, all our fears are over, for none have died of the plague since the eleventh of October, and the pest-houses have been long empty.

"I intend, God willing, to spend all this week in seeing all woollen clothes fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction as for the safety of the country. Here has been such burning of goods, that the like, I think, was never known; and, indeed, in this we have been too precise. For my part, I have scarcely left myself apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have wasted more than I needed, merely for example. During this dreadful visitation, I have not had the least symptoms of disease, nor had I ever better health. My maid continued in health, which was a blessing; for had she quailed, I should have been ill set to have washed, and got my provisions. I know that I have had your prayers; and I conclude that the prayers of good people have rescued me from the jaws of death. Certainly I had been in the dust, had not Omnipotence itself been conquered by holy violence.

"I have largely tasted of the goodness of the Creator, and the grim looks of death did never yet affright me. I always had a firm faith that my babes would do well, which made me willing to shake hands with the unkind froward world; yet I shall esteem it a mercy if I am frustrated in the hope I had of a translation to a better place; and God grant that with patience I may wait for my change, and that I may make a right use of his mercies: as the one hath been tart, so the other hath been sweet and comfortable."

It was long before the thinned inhabitants could assure themselves that the scourge had ceased; and still longer before the people of the neighbourhood held free communication with them. Such was the general terror, that the adjoining villages appointed watches to question all comers, and prevent their entrance, unless the result of enquiry as to where they came from was satisfactory. The accounts of the constables of Sheffield have the following item:—"Charges about keeping people from Fullwood Spring at the time the plague was at Eyam." The high road from Manchester to

Sheffield then passed close to Eyam; and a guard seems to have been placed at the spring, to keep off persons who had travelled that way, as dangerous to its ordinary frequenters. There was one individual, from a hamlet near Chatsworth, bolder than his fellows, who passed through the place with a load of wood, as his nearest route. Showing some symptoms of ordinary indisposition on returning home, from exposure to wet weather, it was unanimously concluded that he had brought back the plague. This so incensed the people of his village, that they threatened to shoot him if he attempted to quit his dwelling. The Earl of Devonshire sent his own medical attendant to investigate the case, who pronounced it to be a false alarm. But he only saw his patient with the river Derwent flowing between them, standing on one bank, and the supposed invalid on the other, while the excited neighbours awaited at a distance the result of the interview. Three years afterwards, upon Mr. Mompesson leaving Eyam, having been presented to the rectory of Eakring, in Nottinghamshire, the inhabitants would not allow him to reside among them, owing to his connection with the smitten village. A temporary dwelling was therefore erected for him, in Rufford Park, which he occupied till their fears had subsided. He died at this place in the year 1708, at an advanced age. The preceding incidents illustrate the somewhat inhospitable attitude which society formerly assumed on the occurrence of pestilence, and its changed habits at present on such occasions, grafted upon advanced knowledge, which combine the most soothing attentions to the actually afflicted, with proper cautions against the propagation of disease.

Vividly has the memory of the desolation been preserved in the locality, one generation handing down its details to another. In the year 1766, the date of a century from the event, Mr. Seward, the incumbent, father of the celebrated Miss Seward, preached a centenary sermon in commemoration of it; and probably in a short time, the year 1866, the visitation will be improved by a second similar service. The benevolent Howard, just before he left England on his last foreign tour of humanity, visited the village to examine the extant records of the calamity; and at his suggestion a beautiful cross, now standing in the churchyard, which then lay prostrate, covered with docks and thistles, is said to have been placed in an upright position. Besides the plague—the great event in the history of Eyam—its list of casualties is unusually large for so small a place. They include fatal accidents to the workmen in the mines; and benighted travellers perishing on the moors from the snow-storms of winter. In the year 1755, the earth-

quake of Lisbon was felt at this sequestered spot. Five shocks were distinctly noticed; rocks ground one against another; pieces of rock fell; the plaster of a room cracked; a person was sensibly raised in his chair; and a chasm of a hundred and fifty yards wide was opened.

With some general observations we may appropriately close these chronicles of rural experience.

The ways of the Lord are equal. Short-sighted and impatient men have often thought otherwise, and have given expression to the sentiment. But they have drawn conclusions from deceptive outward appearances, or excited feeling has prevented sober reflection. They have, therefore, not judged righteous judgment. Inspired wisdom has authoritatively pronounced the verdict, that the dealings of Providence are strictly impartial; and the more knowledge we have of life and its experience, the more conscious we shall be of the fact that the dispensations of the Almighty are altogether apart from the arbitrary capriciousness and prejudice which are so often the features of human dealings. Society has its distinctions of rich and poor, high and low, learned and illiterate, citizens and villagers, the "merchant princes" and those who "grind at the mill." But the real lot of each of these classes, apparently so different, is to have bitter and sweet mingled in their cup by an unerring hand, as equally the members of a fallen race, under a mixed administration of judgment and of mercy. The sun warms, the air sustains, the breeze refreshes, the flowers gladden, and the bright blue sky canopies the peasant as freely as his lord, while fear and grief ascend to the highest station, and anxiety, rivalship, disappointment, pain and death, invade the loftiest ranks. If poverty has its straits, and feebleness its oppressions, gold has its canker, power its suspicions, and the prized gourd its destroying worm. There are lands of exquisitely beautiful contour and brilliant climate, clothed spontaneously with luxuriant vegetation, whose cultivation involves no effort deserving the name of toil. But these are regions shook by the earthquake, tossed by the volcano, or pestiferous by the very exuberance of their verdure, while the less attractive and fertile localities of other zones are comparatively exempt from such dread phenomena. Everywhere—in the city full, the desert wild, and the hamlet homely—and to all conditions of men, life is a scene in which the painful mingles with the pleasant, and shadows interchange with sunshine. The arrangement is a wise and merciful one, designed and adapted to remind us that this is not our rest, and that while in it we are not the masters of our own condition, but are entirely dependent upon God,

promoting in our hearts the fear and love of his own great name. The ways of the Lord are equal, and they are not more just than good.

Reverent acknowledgment of the hand of God as righteous in all his ways and holy in all his works, self-humiliation as offenders, and earnest prayers at the throne of grace to obtain mercy, are duties specially incumbent in a time of public trouble, whether it be from pestilence, famine, or the sword; while exemption from the sore distresses to which others have been subject is to be thankfully owned as one of the Lord's benefits, and to be carefully improved to the glory of his name. We are more liable to neglect this last branch of human obligation than the former. It is well, therefore, to be reminded that to forget mercy is to provoke judgment. One of Wither's hymns, entitled, "For Deliverance from a Public Sickness," has an introductory note, in which the poet of the plague appears as the wise Christian teacher. "The pestilence," he remarks, "and other public sicknesses, are those arrows of the Almighty wherewith he punishes public transgressions. This hymn, therefore, is to praise him when he shall unslack the bow which was bent against us; and the longer he withholds his hand, the more constantly ought we to continue our public thanksgivings; for when we forget to persevere in praising God for his mercies past, we usually revive those sins that will renew his judgments." The hymn is one of his homeliest strains, but pertinent to our subject.

"When thou wouldest, Lord, afflict a land,  
Or scourge thy people that offend,  
Prompt to fulfil thy dread command,  
Thy creatures on Thee all attend;  
And thou, to execute thy word,  
Hast famine, sickness, fire, and sword."

"And here among us, for our sin,  
A sore disease hath lately reigned,  
Whose fury so unstayed hath been,  
It could by nothing be restrained;  
But overthrew both weak and strong,  
And took away both old and young."

"To Thee our cries we humbly sent,  
Thy wonted pity, Lord, to prove  
Our wicked ways we did repent,  
Thy visitation to remove:  
And thou thine angel didst command  
To stay his wrath-inflicting hand."

"For which thy love, in thankful wise,  
Both hearts and hands to Thee we raise,  
And in the stead of former cries,  
Do sing thee now a song of praise;  
By whom the mercy yet we have,  
To escape the never-filled grave."

Thus are judgments appointed, suspended, lightened, or removed by Almighty Providence—a most consoling and instructive truth. It tells us that chance has nothing to do with our affairs, while it admonishes us to cultivate per-

sonal and public godliness as acceptable to God. It is seasonable to entertain this topic, especially considering the experience of the past summer in our land, the havoc made by a deadly malady in our metropolis, and the general alarm created.

Difficulties, it has been justly said, are the things that show what men really are. They develop the true principles and springs of human action, explore the secret recesses of the soul, and scatter the illusions which prosperity is apt to create. They also call into action graces of the Christian character which otherwise would be latent, improve them by the exercise, and thus contribute to make meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. How could fortitude be exemplified without peril? resignation without suffering? compassionate charity without objects of distress? and how could faith that righteousness is the habitation of God's throne be fully proved, unless there were clouds and darkness round about his ways? The hour of calamity likewise manifests the unspeakable value of personal religion, and the awful condition of the ungodly. At peace with God in Christ, the believer can be patient when troubled on every side, receiving the consolations of grace; and hopeful in the view of death, under all the circumstances of its occurrence, knowing the promises of the gospel to be sure mercies. If swept away by the wildly-rushing pestilence, he falls without being conquered, realising a more speedy translation to everlasting rest, than if gradually brought down to the grave; while the careless sinner, if sensible at all of his state, has a guilty conscience to deal with, a neglected God to think of, and a dread eternity to apprehend. Whether, therefore, we are city or village dwellers, and whether destined to experience the more grievous incidents of a mortal lot, or to be mercifully preserved from them, let us learn so to live, that it may be shown more evidently than ever in nature's expiring moments, to ourselves and others, that we are Christians—have truly served God and glorified Christ—able, therefore, to say, with all confidence, though with all humility, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

#### A SCENE IN BRUGES.

THE writer of the following little narrative was passing a few days with some friends in the above-named place, one of the principal towns in Belgium, and the residence of a large number of English. He was naturally desirous of seeing everything of an interesting character that presents itself to the notice of visitors; and it must be acknowledged that Bruges has

in it very much that is attractive. There are, for instance, several handsome churches, especially that of Notre Dame. But there seemed this peculiarity attached to the churches at Bruges, and, indeed, to those of some other towns in Belgium—that externally they do not strike the eye, being all masses of plain brick-work. The hall at Bruges is a noble building, with a very handsome tower of immense height, from which some pleasing chimes hourly peal forth. From its summit may be seen a vast extent of country, and the towers of Antwerp are plainly visible. On one side of the place or square in which it stands, are pointed out the dungeons of the inquisition, which have happily been closed for many years. Immediately opposite this building is the chapel of the Holy Blood, in which occurred the scene we are about to relate.

We had heard that there was to be an exhibition of the holy blood. I believe this takes place once every week, on which occasions grand mass is celebrated in the chapel. I was anxious to see the whole ceremony; for he who wishes to form a just notion of what popery is and does, must not receive the representations which it gives of itself, but should observe its proceedings in its native haunts, and among a people friendly to its pretensions; for there, of course, it has no occasion to concede or conceal anything. We were recommended, however, not to go at the commencement of the service, as the exhibition of the holy blood did not take place until some time after. We followed this advice, and were witnesses of the scene which we shall now attempt to describe.

In a chapel, to which we ascended by a staircase, we found a large concourse of people assembled, as many indeed as the building would conveniently hold. The majority of the congregation, we must acknowledge, appeared very intent upon the religious services which were going on; but some had evidently, like ourselves, only come with the intention of being spectators. We were given to understand that high mass was being celebrated at the upper end of the chapel; but the crowd was so great that we could not see anything that was done there. Opposite the door by which we had entered, raised some feet above the level of the floor, sat a priest. Before him lay a cushion, on a kind of desk about three feet high; and in front of this again a railing, within which were two or three steps, leading up on the one side from the chapel floor to the desk, and on the other, down from the desk to the chapel floor. Along these steps we saw a continuous stream of people passing, who, on coming up to the cushion, bent their heads down, and kissed something which lay on it—but which, from our position and its small size

we, on the floor of the chapel, could not see. This, we were informed, was the phial containing the holy blood. The attendant priest held a clean towel in his hand, which he passed over the phial after each person had touched it with his lips. No one could fail of being greatly struck with the solemn air with which he performed his duty. Yet it appeared to me, nor have I ever been able to divest myself of the idea, that his was the solemnity not of heartfelt devotion, but of deeply-ingrained superstition. After some little time the service concluded, all who desired to show their piety, by kissing the bottle, doing so. Now the priest arose, and with a more solemn air than before, if that were possible, lifted the bottle up and down three times, in order that all the people present might see it, and on each occasion of his lifting it up, they made an obeisance to the (so called) sacred relic. It was next deposited in its receptacle, a handsome silver box, terminating on the top in a pyramid, and in solemn procession, accompanied by the priests present, was borne to the place where it was usually kept, I suppose the vestry. I saw the bottle when the priest lifted it up; it seemed to be a small triangular phial, I fancied, of a deep blue colour, and much ornamented with designs in gold. Though standing at a very slight distance from the priest's seat, I could not distinguish whether it contained any liquid at all. My party then left the chapel, as most probably did also the rest of the congregation.

On descending the stairs, we went into another chapel, in which was likewise assembled a large congregation. Service was going on, but what I know not. Some of the people were on their knees praying, and oh! that I should have to say so, I beheld there an English gentleman and his family, who had lately seceded to the church of Rome. I had observed them in the chapel above, but there they appeared to be mere spectators; now I beheld the gentleman on his knees, and kneeling beside him a sweet little girl of about ten years of age, evidently engaged in prayer. To me it was a mournful sight, for the scene was thoroughly un-English. It was the spectacle of the little girl following where she was led with all the trust of childhood, that especially saddened my heart; and I turned away with the thought, that the scene which we had just witnessed up-stairs should at once and for ever have opened the eyes of that gentleman, and dispelled all illusion from his mind as to the real character of the new faith he had adopted.

To proceed with our account. At the end of the chapel sat some women selling rosaries, and books purporting to give the history of the holy blood. I bought one for a few sous, but I regret that I have since lost it, as it would have enabled

me to furnish my readers with the account of the relic which the Romanists themselves give. As well, however, as I can recollect, it was this: the book commenced with arguing the probability that Joseph of Arimathea, and those who assisted him in washing the body of our Lord, would preserve everything they had used on the body, but more especially the water tinged with his blood. It then proceeded to argue the likelihood of portions of this blood being presented to various individuals, and how the crusaders would become possessed of it. At one time this particular bottle was lost, but in virtue of its own inherent power, it came across the sea, and along one of the canals, to Bruges. A nun going out at night to the canal, saw something shining in the water: she immediately picked it up, and it turned out to be the precious relic which is now, I presume, the very glory and shield of the ancient town of Bruges.

We trust we have not in any way misrepresented the case. The only circumstances in which we can be in error, are those which relate to the history of the relic; all the rest we saw with our own eyes. And is it not sad that such things should be? Is it not grievous to see how the church of Rome deceives her people?—how her priests receive lying fables, and lead their flocks to believe them likewise? But do they really believe them? if they do not, then how much greater must be their guilt! If they do, what darkness, what delusion! Oh! fellow-countrymen, let us thank God that from these delusions we have been delivered. It has been of the Lord's unmerited goodness to us that we have been so delivered. Let us pray that this mercy may be continued to us and to our children to the end of time. Romanism is making great efforts to re-establish herself among us. We see what we may expect from her, if ever she does gain the ascendancy; for however pure (according to her own account) she may be now—however little she may use these mummeries in England at present—depend upon it, that if she once get the upper hand, she will appear in a very different garb. What in other countries she does, she would then do here, only taking care to adapt her measures to the character, temper, and prejudices of the people, but not the less surely fixing her iron yoke around their necks. Let us never cease to pray, then, that this evil may not come upon us. Let us cling to God's word; but at the same time let us pray for those who are benighted in these mazes of error. Oh, God! send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead them and bring them to thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacle, that they may serve thee the only God, and believe in thy Son Jesus, whom thou hast set forth as the only propitiation for

## OUR WINTER GARDEN.

## THE PALM.

ONE of the most graceful trees in the world is the palm. Heber employs it as a symbol of the temple :—

" No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rang ;  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung."

The Romans regarded it as a symbol of Palestine; so that, in the medal which was struck by Vespasian to commemorate the capture of Judæa, he placed on one side a palm, with the weeping figure of a woman sitting at its base. Around it is written, "Judæa Capta." Some of the finest of the sculptures brought from Nineveh are representations of this tree. It was evidently an object of admiration throughout all the east.

Let us see if it has not lessons for ourselves.

It grows in the desert, not in the depth of the forest, or in a fertile loam. It seems often to spring from the scorching dust. A little closer inspection, however, or at most the removal of a few spadefuls of earth, unveils the secret source of its verdure. It lives on the moisture which is already trickling down into this pool. "The palm is in this respect," says Laborde, "like a friendly lighthouse, guiding

the traveller to the spot where water is to be found." You may mark the greenness of its feathery leaves. They never fade, and the dust never settles upon them.

Mark also its beauty, its erect aspiring growth, its waving plumes, the emblem of praise in all nations. You now understand why it was twisted into the booths at the feast of tabernacles, was borne aloft by the crowds that welcomed the Messiah to Jerusalem (John xii. 13), and is represented as in the hands of the redeemed in heaven (Rev. vii. 9).

For usefulness, it is unrivalled. Its shade refreshes the traveller. Its fruit restores his strength. When his soul is failing for thirst, it announces water. Its stones feed his camels. Its leaves form his bed. Its boughs he carries home for fences, and its fibres for ropes or rigging. Its best fruit, moreover, is borne in old age.

A symbol of the temple did we call it? or of Judæa? May we not seek its representative nearer to us? Ought we not to find it in ourselves? Glance again at the place, and the means of its growth, the unsullied verdure of its leafy canopy, its joyous movements, its innumerable uses, and take home the lesson—"the righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree!"





## THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

### DAYS NUMBERED AND NOTED.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—*Psalms xc. 12.*

THERE is something very insidious in the lapse of time. When you pass the frontiers of a new country, they stop you at once and demand your passport.

They look to see whence you have come and whither you are going; and everything reminds you of the transition. The dress of the people is peculiar. Their language is strange. The streets and houses, the conveyances, the style of everything, are new. And often the features of the landscape are foreign. Unwonted crops grow in the fields, and unfamiliar trees stand in the hedge-rows, and quaint and unaccountable creatures slit over your head or hurry across your path. And at any given moment you have only to look up, in order to remember, "This is no more my native land; this is no longer the country in which I woke up yesterday."

But marked and conspicuous as is our progress in *space*, we recognise no such decided transitions in our progress through *time*. When you pass the frontiers of a new year, there is no one there with authority to demand your passport; no one who forcibly arrests you, and asks, Whence comest thou? or, Whither art thou going? Art thou bound for the better country, and hast thou a safe conduct in the name of the lord of the land? But you just pass on—'52, '53, '54, and every year repeats, we demand no passport; be sure you can shew it at the journey's end, for it is certain to be needed there. And as nothing stops you at the border, so in the new year itself there is nothing distinguishable from the year that went before. The sun rises and the sun sets. Your friends are about you all the same. You ply your business or amusements just as you did afore, and all things continue as they were. And it is the same with the more signal epochs. The infant passes on to childhood, and the child to youth, and the youth to manhood, and the man to old age, and he can hardly tell when or how he crossed the boundary. On our globes and maps we have lines to mark the parallels of distance; but these lines are only on the map. Crossing the equator or the tropic, you see no score in the water, no line in the sky to mark it; and the vessel gives no lurch, no alarum sounds from the

welkin, no call is emitted from the deep, and it is only the man of skill, the pilot or the captain, with his eye on the signs of heaven, who can tell that an event has happened, and that a definite portion of the voyage is completed. And so far, our life is like a voyage on the open sea, every day repeating its predecessor—the same watery plain around and the same blue dome above—each so like the other that you might fancy the charmed ship was standing still. But it is not so. The watery plain of to-day is far in advance of the plain of yesterday, and the blue dome of to-day may be very like its predecessors, but it is fashioned from quite another sky.

However, it is easy to see how insidious this process is, and how illusive might be the consequence. Imagine that in the ship were some passengers—a few young men, candidates for an important post in a distant empire. They may reasonably calculate on the voyage lasting three months or four; and, provided that before their arrival they have acquired a certain science, or learned a competent amount of a given language, they will instantly be promoted to a lucrative and honourable appointment. The first few days are lost in the bustle of settling all to rights, and in the pangs of the long adieu. But at last one or two settle down in solid earnest, and be-take themselves to the study of the all-important subject, and have not been at it long till they alight on the key which makes their after progress easy and delightful. To them the voyage is not irksome, and the end of it is full of expectation. But their comrades pass the time in idleness. They play cards, and smoke, and read romances, and invent all sorts of frolics to wile away the tedium of captivity; and if a more sober companion venture to remonstrate, they exclaim, "Lots of time. Look how little signs of land. True, we have been out of port six weeks; but it does not feel to me as if we had moved a hundred miles. Besides, man, we have first to pass the Cape, and after that we may manage very well." And thus on it goes, till one morning there is a loud huzza, and every passenger springs on deck. "Land a-head!" "What land?" "Why the land to which we all are bound." "Impossible; we have not passed the Cape." "Yes, indeed; but we did not put in there. Yonder is the coast. We shall drop anchor to-night, and must get on shore tomorrow." And then you may see how blank and pale the faces of the loiterers are. They

feel that all is lost. One takes up the neglected volume, and wonders whether anything may be done in the remaining hours; but it all looks so strange and intricate, that in despair he flings it down. "To-morrow is the examination-day. To-morrow is the day of trial. It is no use now. I have played the fool, and lost my opportunity." Their wiser friends meanwhile lift up their heads with joy, because their promotion draweth nigh. With no trepidation, except so much as every thoughtful spirit feels when a solemn event is near, without foreboding and without levity, they look forth to the nearer towers and brightening minarets of that famed city, which has been the goal of many wishes and the home of many a dream. And as they calmly get ready for the hour of landing, the only sorrow that they feel is for their heedless companions, who have lost a glorious opportunity to make their calling and election sure.

And so, my dear friends, we here are a ship-full of voyagers bound for eternity. There is a certain "wisdom" which, if we learn it on the passage, will secure us a welcome and a high promotion whenever we land. It is the knowledge of Christ crucified. If we know him, and are found sufficiently acquainted with him, he is the Lord of the better country, and whether we land to-night, or be left a long while at sea, he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." But, from the delusion I spoke of, few set about learning this knowledge in time. Every day looks so like its brother—yesterday as life-like as the day before, and the present day as hale and hopeful as either, that it becomes very natural to say, "To-morrow will be as this day, and much more abundant." And so the golden moments glide away. One is constantly adjusting his berth, and finds new employment every day in making it more comfortable or more complete; and will perhaps be so engaged the night when the anchor drops, and the sails are furled. And many more amuse themselves. They take up the volume which contains the grand lesson, and look a few minutes at it, and put it by, and skip away to some favourite diversion; whilst they know full well, or fear too sadly, that they have not reached the main secret yet. And so, in various ways, instead of giving all diligence to be found in Christ at his appearing, many are squandering in frivolity their precious term of probation.

Oh, dear friends, it is time to be numbering the days. It is time to apply your hearts unto wisdom. It is time to read—time to listen for the great hereafter. It is time to take up that blessed book with which at the outset God graciously furnished you, and make sure of that

excellent knowledge, without which you cannot see his face in peace. It is time to be seeking an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is time to be done with trifles; time to break away from silly and ensnaring company, and give yourselves resolutely to the one thing needful.

When you can read your title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
You'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe your weeping eyes.

When you can say, "I know in whom I have believed;" when you can aver, "I am persuaded that Christ is able to keep that which I have committed unto him;" when you have found in the blood of Jesus a cleansing from all your sin, and in his merits your own title to glory, a wondrous relief will come over your spirit, and you will have no forebodings about the end of the voyage. When we announce, as now we announce, that we are crossing another parallel, the intelligence will cause you no perturbation. And should you wake up at midnight and hear the hurrying steps and novel voices which bespeak the vessel come to port, you may calmly rise and make ready, for your friend is there, and your title is here. The gospel you believe, and the Saviour you know.

This is the first lesson we would learn from the text, "Lord, so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Teach us how short a time it is. Teach us to be always ready. And since the seasons are so subtle, since spring so quickly blossoms into summer, and summer so soon mellows into autumn, and autumn wrinkles into winter; since short days so stealthily lengthen, and long days shorten; since years dissolve so fast, and melted years bulk no more than moments; since we cannot fix these flying hours, nor detain one precious instant, Lord, teach us to number them; teach us to note their rapid flight, and, oh, may the lesson make us wise! May it force us to the great life-study! May it shut us up to heavenly wisdom! May it so urge our conscience and haunt our thoughts that we shall now apply our hearts to saving knowledge! May rapid life thus send us to a deathless Redeemer, and fleeting time bear us to a blissful immortality!

But there is a second lesson which the text suggests. May we not lawfully adapt it, "Lord, teach us so to notice our days, as to extract from each its emphatic lesson, and thus day by day, and year by year, grow wiser?" This psalm is a prayer of Moses; and from an expression in the tenth verse, it is likely that he wrote it forty or fifty years before his death. It is likely that he wrote it when verging towards the threescore and ten, and when he little imagined that he himself should add forty years to the four-

score. If so, the prayer was answered in his own experience. From the thirteenth verse and onwards he prays that the Lord would pity his captive countrymen, and rescue them from Egyptian thralldom. "Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." And the Lord returned. The Lord repented concerning his Hebrew servants. His work appeared in their wonderful deliverance, and his glory in their children's march to Canaan. And any one who has read the book of Deuteronomy knows that the lesson was not lost on Moses' observant and adoring spirit. He noted the gracious works and wonderful ways of God; and as the successive days developed new interpositions, the soul of Moses derived new impressions. And any one who reads the song of Moses, and contrasts its cheerful and experimental tone with the language, almost disconsolate, of his prayer, will perceive that part of the "wisdom" which his "heart" had learned was a more hopeful view of God's goodness, and a more secure confidence in God's presence. Again, when Moses was a young man at the court of Pharaoh, he seems to have shared the hot spirit of youth, or rather, we should say, the high mettle and prompt revenge of the gallant courtier; and when he saw an Egyptian ruffian abusing one of his compatriots, the indignation of Moses rose, and with a hasty blow he struck down the oppressor, and hid his body in the sand. But being for this act of tumultuary justice obliged to flee, and exposed to many jeopardies and hardships, his choleric temper cooled; and, by the time he was called to manage the headstrong million of his countrymen, so self-possessed and slow to wrath had the courtier become, that it is recorded as his eminent qualification for command, "Now the man Moses was very meek." He had learned by experience, and in numbering the days had applied his heart to the "meekness of wisdom."

And so it is for us to notice providence as we number days, and grow wiser and better as our years increase. I fondly hope, my beloved friends, that there are those among you who are growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ; and it is very delightful when that improvement is so decided that others discern it. If it be painful to hear doubts and fears regarding some—"I fear that such a one

is losing his first love; I fear that such another is going back; I am sorry to see so and so forsaking the sanctuary, or wearying in well-doing;" it is reviving when the opposite remarks are made—"I hope that this one and that other are growing in decision of character, and in devotedness to Christ and his cause. I am glad to find them keep the sabbath so well; and happy to find that their worldly friends are tiring of them and wearing away. I am thankful to hear that they have engaged in yonder good work; and it is a great enjoyment to be in their society, for their conversation is so frank and hearty, and so full of the things of God." When such progress takes place, it is from two things united. It is from prayer put up, and from effort put forth—"Lord, teach us, that we may apply our hearts." It is the Holy Spirit given, and it is the believer made earnest and active. And should any one feel that the year which is passing has been a year of alertness, a year of spiritual enjoyment or religious activity, a year when his views have brightened or his zeal waxed warmer, he must thank God and take courage. And should any one feel the reverse; should any one know that his mind has been more carnal, his thoughts more entangled, and his affections more earthly; should he feel that heavenly wisdom is to him less attractive, and the Saviour less precious than once he was, the Bible less engaging, and the house of God less dear; as his situation is dangerous, so there is little room for delay. In the midst of this declension, his years may be numbered, and very possibly, when the tree is most barren, the word may go forth, "Cut it down."

Finally, it is for each of us individually to apply our hearts, and pray that God would teach us wisdom from the numbered year.

Whether sad or happy, it has been very short—far too short for fulfilling all the schemes and purposes we cherished in its sanguine outset. The days have twinkled past, mere sparkles of existence, and the months have vanished like a dream; and yet we flatter ourselves that next year will have a charm about it; that its days will linger, and its weeks will lengthen out into a latitude and leisure which will admit of our doing everything and enjoying everything. Vain delusion! Next year will be swifter than a post. Its days will gleam and click like a weaver's shuttle; and those who survive to its closing sabbath will look back on a cloud that has melted—a vapour that has vanished; and it will not be till we have reached eternity—it will not be till the loom of time is stopped, and the endless day laps existence round, that we shall know the sense of leisure, and find that, however urgent the work, the opportunity is ample. And from this fugacity and fleetness of time let us

learn that whoever would do a great thing or a right thing in a world like this, must *set about it instantly*.

But top-speed through as the year has spun—rapid as the days have raced, and phantom-like though their flight appears—to some this year has been a year of progress and profit. It has not been a mere breathless rush, nor a guilty slumber, nor a feverish dream. It has been a year of active exertion and solid achievement. To some, I trust, it has been of all years the most memorable and blessed, for it has been the year when they began to seek the better part, and commenced to live for God. Some, I trust, have reason to regard it as of all years the most gainful, for in it they have found the pearl of great price; and gloomy as its outward visage has lowered, some, I believe, look back to it as the brightest year of their history, for it is the year on which the Sun of Righteousness, the Saviour, has shone. And some have made progress; they have gained sensible advantage over a sin that did easily beset them, or they have escaped from some snare or entanglement, or they have been enabled to take some decided step or make some difficult sacrifice, or they have grown in knowledge of some truth or enjoyment of some grace, or they have been privileged to do some good; they have been permitted to commence or carry forward some labour in the cause of God; and thus, short as the year has been, it has sufficed to initiate something everlasting, and from its tiny mustard-seed a great tree may spring in some soul or some community; and from their example let us learn a second lesson—*to redeem the time*.

Redeem the time! You sometimes think what a pound may purchase. Do you ever think what a day may do? Money is precious, but time is priceless! The man who has this year lost a thousand pounds may next twelve months make two thousand, and be richer than before, but the man who has lost the year itself, God may give him another year, but even the great God cannot give him back the year which he has lost. Of all losses, the greatest and most guilty is squandered time.

When Mr. Hardcastle was dying (once a noble-minded merchant, and long the Treasurer of the London Missionary Society), it was one of his memorable sayings, “My last act of faith I wish to be, to take the blood of Jesus as the high priest did when he entered behind the veil, and when I have passed the veil I would appear with it before the throne.” And in making the transit from one year to another, this is our most appropriate exercise. We see much sin in the retrospect; we see many a broken purpose, many a mis-spent hour, many a rash and unadvised word; we see much pride,

and anger, and worldliness, and unbelief; we see a long tract of inconsistency. There is nothing for us but the great atonement. With that atonement let us, like believing Israel, end and begin anew. Bearing its precious blood, let us pass within the veil of a solemn and eventful future. Let a visit to the Fountain be the last act of the closing year, and let a new year still find us there.\*

### TITLE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

#### PART III.

It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Jay was a conscientious student, entering his study every morning at five, devoting his chief attention to the word of God, and diligently reading the various authors who could assist him to understand and explain it. He was daily making additions to his mental treasures, such as would best fit him to bring forth “things new and old,” and constitute him a workman not needing to be ashamed. Especially in his after-life, it is related, that all his reading, his reflection, and his writing, centred on his pulpit working. He studied the best models of preaching; learnt French chiefly in order to read Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Saurin, in their own tongue; and attentively perused the non-conformist writers, together with more modern authors of sermons, the better to qualify himself to be a preacher.

At the beginning of this sketch, we found its subject fulfilling his daily task as a mason’s apprentice, working at the mansion of Mr. Beckford. That eccentric gentleman is said afterwards to have gone incognito to hear him preach in Bath, and to have frequently read his writings. “The Christian Contemplated” he often perused, making numerous notes in the margins of his copy, from among which the following high eulogy may be extracted:—“This man’s mind is no petty reservoir supplied him by laborious pumping; it is a clear transparent spring, flowing so freely as to impress the idea of its being inexhaustible. In many of these pages, the stream of eloquence is so full, so rapid, that we are fairly borne down and laid prostrate at the feet of the preacher, whose arguments in these moments appear as if they could not be controverted, and we must yield to them. The voice which calls us to look into ourselves, and prepare for judgment, is too

\* The foregoing excellent and seasonable counsels, so impressive from their weight and solemnity, and so remarkable for the elegance and beauty of the diction in which they are clothed, form a portion of a pastoral address, delivered a few years ago, by the Rev. J. Hamilton, D.D.

piercing, too powerful to be resisted, and we attempt, for worldly and sensual considerations, shut our ears in vain." This was a striking admission for the author of 'Vathek' to have made!

In various departments of our social system we find persons who have acquired excellence and eminence, but who began by asking diligently and honestly at the commencement of their course, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" and faithfully followed what they believed to be the path of usefulness, although at first repulsive and difficult. There are others, again, and these a much larger number, who imagine they can do anything which can come within the scope of human capabilities. They indeed do one thing as readily as another, ~~for~~ they do nothing well. These are the stones that lie on the road, because they are not fit for the building. In their own opinion, they could take their place in any department of society. Others, unfortunately, have not discernment enough to perceive their merits, on which account they have hard thoughts of their fellow men, and many of them, too, hard thoughts of God. Such individuals rarely rise very little above the level of unskilled labourers in the church or the world. If they would modestly estimate their own capabilities, and would sedulously cultivate them, they would find their proper station, which, whether high or low, might be filled with benefit to society, with comfort and happiness to themselves, and with glory to God. The life of Mr. Jay is an eloquent enforcement of this great truth. The youthful mason of Tisbury, indeed, seemed, on being called into a sphere of intellectual labour, to estimate his own peculiar mental capabilities with as much care as in his original occupation he would have decided on the form it was proper to give the stone on which he had been working—whether to make it the mullion or transom of a window, the "coigne of vantage," or any other portion destined to take its proud place among the finest decorations with which the structure was enriched.

Thus, referring to the early days of his short academic course, he says: "From report and observation, I began to think I possessed something *more* than I had formerly been aware of, and I supposed (I may say this without arrogance) what it was, and that it might be improved; and that it would be my wisdom to adhere *chiefly* to it. I knew some attainments were not in my power; and that few individuals ever had talent enough to excel in many or even in *several* things. A remark had struck me in reading Johnson's Life of Watts, in which he says, 'The reasons why the ancients surpassed the moderns was their greater modesty. They had a juster conception of the limitation of

human powers; and, despairing of universal eminence, they confined their application to one thing, instead of expanding it over a wider surface.'

"I cannot deny that even at this time I felt enough to excite and encourage a moderate hope, that, by the blessing of God in the diligent use of means, I might become a preacher of some little distinction. The work also appeared the noblest under heaven, and to be a sufficient employment of *itself*. To this, therefore, (not entirely neglecting other things,) I resolved to *dedicate* myself, keeping as much as possible from encroachments, and endeavouring to make every thing not only subordinate, but subservient, to my chosen and beloved aim." This was both wisdom and true modesty. Let not these lessons be lost on the young.

In his reminiscences of distinguished contemporaries, Mr. Jay has sketched the life of Mr. Robert Spear, who was an illustration of an individual not duly considering the post he was fitted to occupy. He was a rich cotton merchant of Manchester, of whom a very clever American, who had long known him, and had large dealings with him, said that, while he preferred English merchants to those of any other nation, he preferred Mr. Spear to any even of his own nation. This gentleman was princely in the liberality with which he assisted the various agencies he considered likely to promote the true interests of his fellow men. With great pain, however, Mr. Jay observes, that "some mistaken zealots urged him to leave his secular calling, and dedicate himself entirely to the service of God; as if he were not entirely serving him while trading for God, and by means of it doing so much good to men." He was urged to "leave the world, and go about personally relieving the poor, and consoling the afflicted, and distributing tracts, and preaching the gospel to souls perishing for lack of knowledge. During these excursions he sustained considerable losses in business, which he acknowledged afterwards might have been prevented, had he remained at home, with God's blessing, in his calling."

Long ago was the lesson of carefully concentrating their energies on the department of labour for which they were most qualified, enjoined on the professors of the religion of Jesus Christ, by the apostle Paul, when he wrote: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophecy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness."

Mr. Jay's history teaches us also that much good may be done to individuals and to society, by endeavouring to aid the young in the attainment of Divine wisdom, and in the dedication of their powers to the pursuits to which they are providentially adapted.

How much did the young apprentice owe to the kind Christian lady, who used to walk with him on his returning from his day's work, and whose "information and addresses were more useful than many sermons." If those who know the truth would, with equal kindness and care, seek out the young while their hearts are yet tender, how many who at present know not their right hand from their left in religion, might hereafter have to write an autobiography as interesting as that of Mr. Jay! Greatly was he, and greatly are we, indebted to that man of God, Cornelius Winter, who, as we have seen, "prayed with him, and enquired whether he should not like, and did not long, to communicate to others what he felt himself."

This interesting biography, likewise, affords us the rare opportunity of contemplating a long life devoted, without interruption, to the service of God. Mr. Jay reached the venerable age of 84, and appears to have, for threescore and ten years, walked in "the good and right way." Rare, indeed, is the spectacle thus presented to our view. How many spend their whole lives in the service of Satan! Of those, too, who serve God, how many allow a large portion of life to pass away without putting on the whole armour! How many, when they seem to have girded themselves with the divine panoply, turn aside in the day of battle, and, from various causes, walk no more with the Saviour.

Mr. Jay's life, indeed, acts as a link between the members of the redeemed family on earth, for a long term of its history. He knew Wesley, John Newton, John Ryland, senior, Cornelius Winter, Dr. Haweis, Samuel Pearce, Hannah More, and William Wilberforce. Another link in the chain of his acquaintance takes us back to the time of Dr. Doddridge—for Mr. Jay was well acquainted with Sir James Stonehouse, the personal friend of the commentator. Many are the delightful anecdotes of those men, which the work contains; but for them we must refer the reader to the volume itself.\* After a life crowned with usefulness, the good man fell

asleep in happy and tranquil repose upon his Saviour. At the close of a year, how appropriate to urge upon the young, who have followed us through these papers, the importance of taking the same Master to serve that William Jay did. At the termination of life, no satiety appeared to him in the retrospect of it. He did not say, with a witty but worldly writer:—

"Life's cup but sparkles at the brim,  
There's wormwood at the bottom."

No; in reviewing his lengthened career, he could illustrate the Divine declaration—"a good man shall be satisfied from himself;" for thus has he recorded his testimony of the Divine goodness to him.

"But you may ask, should I be willing, such as I have found it, to go over life again? I have heard many express the sentiment, though not in the poetry of Cowper—

'Worlds should not bribe me back to tread  
Again life's weary waste,  
To see the future overspread  
With all the gloomy past.'

But such language is not for me. I should not shrink from the proposal of repetition. 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' My trials have been few compared with my comforts. My pleasures have been cheap and simple, and therefore very numerous. I have enjoyed without satiety the seasons and the scenes of nature. I have relished the bounties of Providence, using them with moderation and thankfulness. I have delighted in the means of grace; unutterable have been my delights in studying and perusing the Scripture. How have I verified the words of Young:

'Retire and read thy Bible to be gay!'

My condition has been" the happy medium of neither poverty nor riches. I had a most convenient habitation, with a large and lovely garden—a constant source of attraction, exercise, and improvement. I had a sufficient collection of books of all kinds. My wife was a gentlewoman, a saint, and a domestic goddess. My children were fair, and healthy, and dutiful. My friends were many, and cordial, and steady. Where shall I end?

'Call not earth a barren spot,  
Pass it not unheeded by:  
'Tis to man a lovely spot,  
Though a lovelier waits on high.'

Mr. Jay died on the 27th of December, 1853.









